

"I am ready to hold the light now for you to swedge your saw." It was his brother's voice just behind him.

"I believe I won't swedge it to-night," he said. "I guess I'll have time in the morning."

"Where is Mrs. Winchester?" asked his sister, who saw at a glance that something had gone wrong.

"She has gone to her room, I believe, and I guess I'll follow her example and go to mine. Good night." And he went down the steps two at a time; but instead of going to his room he turned off on a log road and went up into the canyon. Daylight was dawning when he returned, and the engineer was getting up steam. Dan fixed his saws and went in to breakfast. Dora's pallid face showed that she had not rested any better than himself during the night.

The day was one of those which are often found in the last of autumn, when the air is warm and sultry, and the blue smoke hangs over the mountain tops. Dora moved wearily about her work. Mrs. Carlyle came on the porch and called her to look at a fire on the mountain side. "What a queer kind of a day it is," she said. "I feel as though something were going to happen."

About nine o'clock Dora had finished her work, and going into her room commenced packing her trunk. She was going away; she could not stay here and endure the life she had been living for the past few weeks. She would tell Mr. Carlyle at noon that he must get some one to fill her place. Suddenly above the noise of the mill she heard a shout, and then another; then the mill was suddenly stopped, and, looking from her window, she beheld men running from all directions into the mill. A presentment that something terrible had happened flashed over her. Mrs. Carlyle came into her room with a white face.

"The mill!" she gasped. "I fear there has been an accident; let us go!"

Dora ran quickly toward the mill, outstripping her feeble companion. As she entered she saw a crowd of men stooping over a terribly mangled *something* that lay on the floor, while the saws were terribly stained with crimson blood. She saw at a glance *who* it was that lay upon the floor.

Dan stepped forward and caught her arm. "This is no place for you," he said, hastily.

"Let me go," she cried wildly; "he is my husband."

Dan dropped her arm and stepped back, while the look of horror deepened on his face. She knelt on the floor and took her husband's head in her arms; but she saw that he was dead, and sank down in merciful unconsciousness. It seemed that he had been helping the "off-bearer" take away the slab from a large log. After the carriage had gone back he stooped to pick a piece of bark from beside the saw, and they supposed he must have tripped and fallen forward. His body was almost severed.

They buried him on the mountain side above the mill in the shade of a group of whispering pines. Dora would have it so, and at the head they caused a marble slab to be erected.

Those awful stains were washed from the saws and the floor, a new engineer was procured, and the mill started again to finish the contract. Mr. Carlyle was obliged to find a new cook, as Dora was confined to her bed after the terrible shock she had received. Mrs. Carlyle nursed her tenderly, and in a few days she declared herself quite recovered, and announced her intention to leave. Mrs. Carlyle begged her to remain with her as a companion, but she was firm. So one day in the last of October she finished the packing which had been so fatally interrupted. She took down the withered leaves and long green ferns with which she decorated her room, and throwing them from the window watched them float away in the autumn wind. Then she opened the cage containing the little brown bird. His wing had healed and he had become very tame. He hopped out on her hand and uttered a chirp, as though to say good-bye, and then flew out into the shade of the madroño, where he trilled a song of joy at once more regaining his freedom. Dora was to leave the next morning, and that evening as she stood by the window in Mrs. Carlyle's parlor, pale and quiet in her black dress, Dan came in.

"It is a lovely moonlight night," he said. "Won't you come out and walk for a few minutes? I have a question to ask you."

She looked up at him. He was very pale, and there was a pleading look in his eyes that she found hard to resist.

"Yes," she said, "I owe you an explanation." She wrapped a shawl around her and they passed out.

"Let me tell you my wretched story first," she said. "Four years ago, after my father died, I went to live with my aunt. I obtained a certificate and taught school eight months. While teaching I became acquainted with Mr. Fairchild. He was the owner of a quartz mill in the vicinity, and was, as you know, a handsome man. He was also a good friend of my aunt's, and I was almost constantly thrown in his society. From the first he evinced a great deal of interest in me; and I—well, I had never before met a man for whom I could care. He seemed to possess a kind of magnetic power over me. I knew he was a very determined man and had a quick temper, but he took good care to show it as little as possible during our engagement. We were married as soon as my school closed in the fall, and went to San Francisco on our wedding trip. He was kind and attentive to me, but I saw all too soon that I must submit to him in everything or live in war. When we returned we lived near the mill, and here my trouble began in earnest. He dictated to me in everything. He seemed to love me, but certainly had a strange way of showing it. I could scarcely endure his jealous watch on all my actions. No one visited me except my aunt. He was not unkind in his manner toward me, but seemed to rejoice in his power over me.

"When my baby, my little Gracie, was born I hoped he would change, and love the little one as well as I did. And though he seemed pleased at first, he soon began to grow jealous of my attention toward her. She was a