

for a sight of the face that was so dear to him. Yet, his first thought was for Keith. She was so timid; and in that strange public thoroughfare, how could she endure the long waiting?

At last, he threw off his coat and worked with the men till he was dripping with perspiration. About the middle of the afternoon, the pilot succeeded in backing her off, and when she steamed into her mooring at the Sacramento wharf, dusk was already settling down upon river and town. He hurried into the waiting room. It was empty. He stepped to the office and found it locked. He could not have told why a chilling disappointment swept over him. There was no cause for uneasiness, he told himself. The agent, with whom he was quite well acquainted, had taken pity on Keith's loneliness, and carried her home with him for supper. He knew where the agent lived—it was only a brisk walk of a few minutes, and he needed the exercise to quiet his nerves. They would all walk back together, and he and Keith could take the night boat for the city.

He struck off, whistling as he went, and soon turned into Main street. As he hurried along in the waning light, a heathenish jabber caught his ear, and a monkey swung himself down from a limb overhead and held out his paw. The apparition was so unexpected, that Hepworth recoiled a step, then, as a sudden remembrance flashed across his mind, his eyes swiftly sought the open doorway at his left, over which was placed, in large letters, "Steven Burbank, Justice of the Peace."

Across the street, opposite, a restaurant was ablaze with light, and the noisy babble was at its height.

"My dream! My dream!" he cried, with wonder and dismay.

Then, as the rest of it, in rapid detail, bowled across his memory, he, for the

first time, took in the awful significance of it. He had been warned in a dream, that his darling was in deadly peril, and he had been so blind—so blind! And now he felt sure she was in the clutches of that villain, who had so persistently dogged his steps to such a successful issue. He saw it all now, plain as day. While he had built his day dreams in fancied security, the wolf in sheep's clothing had carried off his one ewe lamb.

It had not been a scheme of robbery, at all; but a deep-laid plot of revenge, to strike him in the most vital spot. But who was he—this pitiless enemy, masked under the sacred semblance of gray hairs? He ground his heel in the dust and uttered a terrible oath, as a name leaped to his thought. His face grew ashen, and his eyes had a deadly look in them. He would rather have laid her away in her coffin, than know she was the wife of such as he. He staggered up the steps, and met the portly justice coming out.

"Show me your authority for executing that marriage to-day at noon."

The justice saw that there was "death brewing in the pot," and without a word, stepped back to his desk and banded the license to Hepworth. The latter had dropped into a chair, and was shaking like one with a chill. He ran his eye slowly down the quivering page, then fell, senseless, to the floor. The names inserted in the blanks, were Wilson Edwards and Keith Conway.

Five years rolled by. In all that time, Hepworth had lived with but one thought—to find and rescue poor Keith. There had been foul play used, and the blackest treachery. He was certain of that. He knew the girl well enough to be sure that she would never have married Edwards of her own free-will. His bonanza was valuable to him only as it fur-