

After a minute's silence, while the ing in his eyes, that I said, quickly—
flush again crept to his cheek, he con- “Fair and false; forget her, Reub.
tinued— She wasn't worthy of you.”

“Ruth Martin and I grew up together He turned on me so fiercely that I
in D—, a West Virginia village, close cowered away from him. He reached
to the Pennsylvania line. I think we out his hand and drew me, gently enough,
loved each other even before we knew toward him—

the meaning of the word; and when she “Not even you, Dick, must speak of
was fifteen, and I several years older, we her, save with the utmost reverence.
had plighted our troth, and only waited False to me! Never in those dreadful,
the sanction of her father. He was first days of my agony, did I, for one
proud of her beauty, and she was an only moment, doubt the sincerity of her love
child. It was but natural that he should for me.”

want her to make an eligible match, af- He was walking back and forth now,
ter the manner of the world. There had like a caged lion.

been a feud of long standing between “False! For my sake she bore hu-
our fathers, and although he had no ob- miliation, threats, persecution, impris-
jections to me, personally, he declared onment—angel that she was! And when,
he would rather see her in her coffin at last, nothing would move her, they
than the wife of John Day's son. My forged a letter. Ah! I sifted the whole
father had the proud, old, Virginia spir- dark treachery to the bottom. She had
it, and retaliated in the same manner, never seen a scrap of my handwriting
although I knew he loved Ruth, and —all my letters had been intercepted.
would gladly have welcomed her as a They forged a letter over my signature
daughter. This state of affairs did not —a lying, infamous letter—in which I,
look very promising, but we were young who scorned to do a mean act, I, Reu-
and hopeful that time would bring about ben Day, derided and jeered at her in-
our wishes. I went to a distant town to nocent trust—scorned and trampled her
learn the tinner's trade. Although I love under foot. Good God! If there
wrote regularly to Ruth, I never received is not a hell, I could doubt the justice
but one letter from her. I knew her of the Almighty. She gave up then, for
proud old father was at the bottom of it. her heart broke. They did with her as
With the acute discernment of a lover, I they would.”

had fathomed his purpose. Her beauty He stretched his arms out wildly, in
should win for her wealth and position, the gathering dusk, and the cry rang up
and I knew that he would stop at no from his suffering heart: “Ruth! Ruth!
measure to accomplish his desire. At My poor lamb!”

the end of six months I came home, os- When he had grown calmer, he con-
tensibly on a visit; but in reality, I was tinued—

so hungry for a sight of Ruth's face I “My father said to me that first night,
could bear it no longer. Well, she had ‘Bear it like a man, Reub.; if it's any
been for two months the wife of George comfort to know she wasn't a willing
Rathburn, a rich neighbor's son.” bride, I can tell you that.’ I knew that

Here he paused, and bared his head was true, yet I determined to verify it
to the cool night wind; he flung back with my own eyes. Fortune favored me.
the heavy mass of grayish hair from his I was roaming the woods that skirted the
forehead, where the sweat drops stood in road; they rode by—my Ruth and her
beads. There was such a look of suffer- husband. I could plainly see them with-