

"What do you mean," he asked presently, "when you say you ain't a Mormon?"

"I hate it," she replied bitterly. "You can't know how I feel, but I'll tell you. When we first came here to Utah, father an' mother didn't know nothin' about plural marriage, an' when they first heerd of it they both thought 'twas dreadful; but the elders kep' talkin' to father, an' so fin'ly he give in." She shuddered at the remembrance of that time, then went on in a low, hurried tone: "That was an awful day when he told mother he was goin' to take another wife. She begged him not to, an' told him mebbe she wouldn't live long, she wasn't very strong; but 'twas no use. He said it was his duty to do it, an' hers to submit, an' when she wouldn't they degraded her an' put Marthy over her as first wife. She didn't live quite a year after that, an' I 'most hate father when I think how he treated her. He made me stay away from her, an' said she was bad, but I'd creep into her room of nights an' we'd talk in whispers for fear they'd hear us. I told Marthy she lied once, when she said mother was a wicked woman an' sure to go to hell, an' father he took me in mother's room—she was sick abed—an' he whipped me till I was sick. Nex' time I saw her she was dyin'. She hadn't spoke all day. I guess they thought she was too weak to talk, or they wouldn't ha' let me in. She put her arm 'round my neck an' whispered low for me to promise her to never be a Mormon, an' to git away from 'em. Then she died, but I kissed her poor face, an' promised jest as if she could know. I'd learnt enough not to tell nobody how I felt about Mormonism, an' I never have till now. I know I don't feel right to father, but oh, I can't never forgive him for keepin' me away from her."

She burst into bitter tears that would not be re-

pressed. Tom was silent, not knowing how to comfort her.

"I'm a wicked girl," she said presently, "I don't love my father, an' if I married you, an' you took another wife, I'd hate you both. I'll keep my promise to mother, an' I can't marry you 'less you'll be a Gentile."

"Clarissy," said Tom earnestly, "if you'll marry me I'll never take another wife. W'y, I couldn't; I've loved you ever since I've knowed you."

"They'd make you do it, or they'd kill you," replied the girl sadly.

"Oh, the days of the Danites are over," said Tom, with youth's easy confidence. "I hear they're going to build a railroad up through Cache, and father says if once the railroad comes this way the people won't be so bogoty. The Gentiles will come in and everything will be different then; but Clarissy," his voice was very tender and his lips almost touched her flushed cheek, "you know father won't go away, he's so old now. He wants to die at home, he says, and I promised him this time I came home I wouldn't leave him again. It's very lonely down at the house, my dear, won't you trust me and let me try to make you happy."

Clarissy was not made of marble, and she loved Tom very dearly, yet she could not forget her mother's warnings.

"You make it awful hard for me," she said, simply, "but you know I love you, Tom," and with that he had to be content for the present.

"I've got to go down to Ogden to-morrow," he told her at parting, "and I may be gone a week or two. Will you be glad to see me when I come back?"

"Wait and see," she said demurely, and with that they parted.

LUELLING.

To be continued.