

which had come to be so much to him. Clarissy had been right. They would make him go into this cursed business, but of course she would understand it was not because he wanted to. He wished he had told her about it, but it had seemed impossible. At any rate, he must find her now. He looked through the rooms, even venturing into the one sacred to the small fry, where he woke one innocent in his bungling efforts to see if Clarissy's wraps were gone. As he stood irresolutely watching the sets forming once more, he heard Mr. Luther's wheezy voice, as that gentleman stood with his back to him.

"Good joke on Tom," chuckled the old man. "While he's a-sparkin' Liz, lo an' behold, the bishop he's shinin' up to Clarissy."

Tom waited to hear no more. "Chalcy," he said, a few minutes later, on finding her sitting out a set, "I'm going home; get your things, and don't say anything about it to anyone else."

Chalcy obeyed, poutingly. She did not want to go so soon.

"Where's Clarissy?" she snapped, as Tom helped her in.

"Home," was Tom's curt reply.

Chalcy sniffed. She could put this and that together as well as anybody.

"Tom, you goin' to marry that dough-faced Liz an' set her 'longside o' Clarissy?" she asked, almost viciously.

"No," snapped Tom, in return; he was in no mood to talk. What a fool he had been to think that Clarissy would stand it. As for the bishop, his game was plain. He meant to get Clarissy one way or another. Tom knew how easily church divorces were obtained, and he had thought, idiot that he was, that Clarissy would look at the matter as he did—as a disagreeable necessity. He had planned to build another house at the far side of the farm, so that she need never see the other wife. He sneered at himself for supposing that would make it any easier for her. Then he began to wonder if she would forgive him. She was a proud woman, he knew, and, perhaps, in a moment of jealousy, she might have encouraged the bishop. He stood up and whipped the horses into a run. Chalcy screamed and clutched at him. Would he never get home!

Presently the house loomed up, dark and still. A new terror distracted him. What if she had finished that awful task from which he had saved her on their wedding night. Perhaps the bishop had goaded her to desperation. An oath at his own folly escaped his lips as he drew the lines, and jumping out of the wagon he ran into the house, leaving the terrified Chalcy to follow. The pale moonlight waving to and fro over the floor, as it came in through the swaying

poplars, showed him the sitting room empty. He opened the door of their room with a trembling hand. Thank God, she was there; her arms were about him, her dear face, tear-wet and trembling, was pressed to his, her true eyes shining with the love that his cowardice had not killed. Tom could only say, brokenly—

"Oh, Clarissy, I must 'ave been mad; forgive me, an' we'll leave Utah or die tryin'."

There was no need for him to ask it; she had already forgiven him, and presently they went out, hand in hand, to put up the team and relieve Chalcy's suspense.

When Uncle Tommy heard the story he shook his head sadly.

"You'll have to leave," he said, sadly, "they'll never let up on ye. But I can't hardly bide the thought o' ye goin'; happen it won't be long, though." He spoke the last words wistfully, as to himself, and they knew they could not leave him now, no matter what the cost of staying might be. That evening the old man called Clarissy to him.

"Clarissy, you'll need some money, an' I'd best give ye what I've got by me. I've had it many a long year," he went on, musingly, fingering the money absently. "Yes, ye'll need some money, an' it's hard to git here." He fell into the deep reverie of old age, and Clarissy waited patiently. "Money answereth all things," he went on, presently, his old eyes twinkling with quiet amusement. "When I came to Utah I turned most o' my money over to the church—they thought all—but I kep' some. I never liked the feel o' bein' a pauper. Here it is, Clarissy, keep it fer Tom."

Clarissy's simple faith in the God of her mother's teachings sustained and comforted her in the dark days closing about them. Yet it is hard to live in hourly dread of violence, perhaps death; to hear the muttering voices of hate; to meet the cold, averted faces that had once beamed with friendliness. It hurt Tom sorely to be an outcast in his own country. The evil time grew darker. The hired man and his wife left secretly and silently, after years of pleasant service under Uncle Tommy's roof. A pretty, sleek heifer came lowing piteously home, a deep gash in her side. Then Uncle Tommy died, and no one came to offer friendly service to them in their sorrow. They had laid him in his last narrow bed, and come back to the house that was no longer home, but the haunt of anxiety and unrest; the short twilight was fading into the cheerless dusk of the winter night, when a light tap on the door startled them both.

Clarissy instinctively put out the light, then seeing Tom turn to the door she held him back, her face deathly pale.