

The door opened slowly, a shawled head was thrust into the room and a voice whispered hurriedly, "You've only got ten minutes." Then the ghostly visitant was gone.

Clarissy felt Tom's hand turn cold in hers.

"I'll never get away," he said, hopelessly, "the bishop's got that devil, Dick Towner, up here to kill me. It's you they want, Clarissy, they'll kill me—and—" his voice broke, he was completely unmanned. His wife had hurriedly put on her shawl and lighted the lamp in the front room, so that whoever came would not think the house was deserted. She did not tremble or feel faint.

"We'll go this minute," she said, and noiselessly they stole out of the back door to the stable, where the horses stood saddled awaiting this hour.

"We'll go down through the pasture," he whispered, as they mounted. "If we can get to Bellevue in time for the train goin' north, we'll be all right; if not—Clarissy, promise me that if I'm killed you'll keep right on an' get away. No matter what happens, go right on."

"We must both get away," replied Clarissy, and they rode on in silence through the moonless night, every nerve tense, every sense alert. Not a pebble rolled under their horses' feet but they started. The far-off sound of a galloping horse turned doubt into certain pursuit. Tom urged his horse on, but Clarissy checked him.

"The road forks right up here," she whispered, "let's get off an' start the horses on the Heber road, while we go 'cross lots; it ain't far, an' hark! there comes the train."

It was but a moment's work to send the riderless horses flying down the road, and then Clarissy and Tom ran down into the narrow valley and hurried across to the little station. They heard the beat of a pursuing horse's feet, swiftly following on down the Heber road, and then every energy was bent to catch the train, their only hope of escape. The passenger trains made but brief stops at these small places, and sometimes barely paused. A steep bank still rose between them and the track when the shrill whistle rang out. Up, up, with feet that seemed weighted with lead. Tom almost lifted Clarissy on the steps of the last car, the train moved out, and he pulled himself up on the platform. Then, just as Clarissy dared to let herself feel thankful, a furious rider dashed down the track, and seeing Tom on the lighted platform, fired the pistol he held ready in his murderous hand. But Clarissy had understood the danger. Her strong, young arms were about Tom as he staggered and fell, and she drew him inside the car. Thank God, it was only a flesh wound, a mere scratch, and there was no more danger now, for the train, flying on over plain and through valley, had brought them safely "Out of Zion."

LUELING.