

yourself the punishments with which the Lord smites those who heed him not."

"I'll never be a plural wife," she repeated, hopelessly.

The bishop walked up and down the room a few times. "We might as well sit down and talk this over." He sat down near her, his priestly manner quite gone, his tone confidential.

"I rather expected you wouldn't say yes in a minute," he began, with an admiring glance, "and I'm willing to admit that a woman like you is worth the undivided love of any man, and I promise you that if you will marry me I will never take another wife."

He paused to note the effect of his promise. Clarissy winced at his words, for she remembered that Tom had said the same thing.

"I'll give you a beautiful home in the city," he continued. "You can travel if you like; I expect to have to go to Washington soon, and will take you. Surely you're not jealous of those other women? I didn't marry them for love."

"I'll never marry you," she said coldly, "I'd die first."

The bishop changed front again. "Oh, we don't want you to die," he sneered, "we don't intend you shall, but you may bring death, or worse, to that boy you think so much of. If you married him you would both be lost to all eternity. Do you think your father and I will stand by and see you go to destruction? If the young man is wise he will submit, but if not, if he is so foolish as to defy the will of the Lord, let him look to it lest he perish in his stubbornness. Better that one be lost than two."

Clarissy was frightened. She remembered vague stories of terrible punishments inflicted on apostates. There had been such dreadful things hinted at, and whispered about as something not to be spoken aloud. She thought of Tom, her bright-faced lover. Oh, could she do this, even for his dear sake?

"You see," said her tormentor, triumphantly, "you had better calm down a little."

"Oh, I will be quiet, only give me time to think," she almost sobbed.

"Too much thinking isn't good for pretty girls. Come, now, to show you mean to be reasonable, give me a kiss."

"I hate you," she cried, turning pale with anger. If she could have killed him, she would have done so in the strong emotion that took possession of her.

She faced him fiercely. "Don't think you can make me give in as they made poor Sarah Manton," she said slowly, "I'm not a weak, sickly girl, and your talk about saving my soul don't scare me. I don't believe in plural marriage. What do you want

to spoil my life for? I never done nothin' to hurt you."

The bishop called her father in. "Brother Dean" he said, solemnly, "you have been very derelict in your duty. You have allowed this precious soul to wander off after the devices of her own imagination, but the Lord is merciful to the erring, I will redeem her from the wrath to come. Let us implore Him to soften her hard heart, which rebels against both her earthly and Heavenly Father." With sanctimonious lips he prayed for her submission, and Silas said amen.

During the weary days that followed, Clarissy was constantly under the watch of condemning eyes. Martha and Serena, being plural wives, regarded her conduct as an insult to themselves.

"The truth is," proclaimed Martha, "Clarissy's allers sot 'erself up es bein' a heap better'n the rest uv us. She needs a good takin' down. It's too good luck fer her to be the bishop's wife. I can't see fer the life uv me why the men run after her so; but law, they're all fools."

Clarissy was kept in her own room and watched constantly lest she escape. Her sisters were kept away from her. She was cut off from all human sympathy. The little gleam of happiness she had known was darkened by hopeless despair, and she lapsed into a sad and silent state, which her friends assured her was but another evidence of her almost hopeless depravity. Only once she cried out for help. Sitting alone with Serena one evening, and remembering that this woman had not always been unkind to her, she broke the silence in a last appeal for human help.

"Sereny," she whispered, imploringly, "when your baby gits to be a woman, don't you wish she could be happier'n you be? You won't want her to be a plural wife, will you?"

Serena started. "You don't orter ask questions like that," she said in a frightened whisper.

Clarissy fell on her knees and put her arms about the thin, lathy form. "Oh, help me to get away," she begged. "I don't want to die, Sereny, but es sure es they's a God in heaven, I'll kill myself before I'll marry that man, an' you'll be one of my murderers."

"I dassent, oh Lord, they'd kill me," sobbed Serena, weakly.

Clarissy's eager hands dropped helplessly down; in that moment her last hope died.

"It's no use to humor her any longer," the bishop decided when he came again. "She is like a child that does not know what is good for it. We have been mild, now we must be firm. You had better bring her to Logan to-morrow and have it over. Then