

"Oh, Clarissy, I will." So Tom brought his wife back home.

If Bishop Yelkton was a bitterly disappointed man when he learned of Clarissy's flitting, Silas Dean was not less so. Moreover, Silas was an old man, and his defeat was made more bitter by his failure to realize his one desire; then, he had to endure the bishop's anger, which was not pleasant; lastly he had not the hope of revenge to sustain him, as did the bishop. Even Time, the great healer, could not sooth away the sting which rankled in the bishop's memory of this affair. In secret he held a settled purpose, which was slowly ripening against the time of its accomplishment.

Fortunately for Tom and Clarissy, the good bishop was called away from Cache on business which took him to Washington and other places, so that Cache enjoyed a long absence on his part.

For two years Tom and Clarissy lived in almost perfect happiness. It was true, neither of them could forget the past. That was stamped indelibly upon their memories, but in the sweet content of their lives it seemed very far away. Uncle Tommy grew old happily, as good men should. Between Clarissy and her father there was simply a blank; he turned his heart against her, and she made no effort to change it.

But with all their happiness, there hovered away off on the horizon of the young couple's life a faint cloud. It was little, yet, but an unspoken fear. To Clarissy it came often when she was alone. When it weighed heaviest on them they would talk of leaving Utah. There were many things in the way, however. Uncle Tommy was very feeble, and clung to his home; then money was scarce; the church scrip, which passed current in Mormondom, was worthless anywhere else. Selling the farm was out of the question. No one could buy it without knowing why its owner sold, and it was not easy to leave the country openly. Tom was deeply attached to his farm, and it was easy for him to persuade himself that the days of the Danites were over.

But the Mormon policy of exclusion was being broken in upon by the incoming of Gentiles, and the peculiar people were alarmed. The head of the church was not idle at this time, nor did he let his hand grow slack. In the churches and the temples the preachers stirred up the people with denunciations against the godless Gentiles, who were to be crushed under foot and given to the elect as their spoils. Especially in the outlying districts did the elders deal strong meat of the word to their flocks. Denunciations against the faithless, the slack of purpose, grew more bitter, and there were ominous prophecies of a time when the Lord would make a threshing floor of Zion and winnow out the chaff from the good wheat. At

this time Bishop Yelkton came home. He was zealous in the cause. The observance of the divine revelations was enjoined more strictly upon the people, and among the Heaven-sent duties was plural marriage.

Tom Baker was a very busy man now, with his large farm and growing flocks and herds. The new railroad, the Utah & Northern, had pierced the rock-walled basin of Cache, and opened a market for farm produce, which the thrifty Mormons welcomed eagerly. Tom was up early and late, and out in the fields, and Clarissy would have been lonely at times if Chalcy had not given her frequent visits. Chalcy was a young lady now, her childish traits softened somewhat by a high conception of what was due society from a person of her importance. She rushed in on Clarissy one day brimming over with pleasurable excitement.

"They's a-goin' to be a weddin' termorrer night," she proclaimed. Your true rustic knows no evening, it is night from early candle lighting until daybreak.

"Who is it?" asked Clarissy, with the pleased little flutter with which most women hear of a wedding.

"Wal, it's Mame Luther goin' to marry George Paulson, an' Mame she sent you'uns a invite; an' say, won't ye go? 'cause I'm jest plum crazy ter go."

"Tom's pretty busy," said Clarissy, dubiously.

"Law, he'll go in a minute ef you say so," urged the girl.

Tom was willing, he said, but he had nothing to say in answer to Chalcy's rapturous comments. Clarissy was afraid he was working too hard; it would do him good to go to the wedding, she thought. He had not seemed like himself all summer. No instinct warned her of danger. She had as strong a faith in her husband as if plural marriage had never been heard of. Yet a great temptation was sitting at the door of Tom's soul, making its silent appeal to every fibre of his nature. He would not let it come in and take possession, he would drive it away. In nothing does the weakness of our natures and the subtlety of our intellect so cunningly work together for evil to our better selves, as in devising plausible reasons why we should do wrong things. Afterward, when Tom looked back on this period of striving with himself, he wondered that he ever allowed himself to yield, as far as he did, to the temptation set before him.

Clarissy's wedding, little as it had been like a wedding in all its details save the essential one, was a hallowed event to her. It was invested with a solemnity she was sure no ordinary wedding could have. Something of this feeling made her eyes deep and luminous as she and Tom were "fixing up" to go to the wedding. Tom became aware that she was look-