

"Yes, I heard about your mother's being lost. Hasn't she been found yet? It's awful to think of her alone and helpless in the woods. I'll gladly help look for her."

But Montgomery's search was confined to the road between the Smith residence and his own house. Others were looking in earnest for the poor woman. At last they found her, but she was lying in the creek.

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Some months later Ronald Montgomery and Clementine Smith were united in marriage. As every lover does, Montgomery had looked forward to marriage as the culmination of earthly happiness. But he was not happy. Sometimes a young husband finds that she whom he has regarded an angel is a mortal with many a human frailty; but this husband could not but help admire his wife.

"You're so good, Clementine," he would say to her, "that I don't feel at ease with you. You don't know what a mean person I am."

"You a mean person. You will have to tell that to someone else if you want to be believed. You are of too kindly a disposition to be mean."

"Hypocrites sometimes appear to be very kind."

"I can tell a hypocrite when I see one. You're no hypocrite. I don't like to hear you talk about yourself that way."

Montgomery appreciated his wife's confidence. Many a bitter moment did he spend in wishing that he deserved her trust in him. At times he wished to make a confession, but he could not bear to shatter her confidence in him. He would welcome any misfortune, even death itself, in preference to her discovery of his conduct.

Yet deep in the wife's heart there was a feeling of perplexity. Some things in regard to her husband's behavior were very difficult to explain. One day in particular when the two were out for a drive, the horse shied at a log in the road near Willard's Creek.

"Ronald, dear," she said, "what is the matter? You never before acted in so confused a manner when Molly shied."

"O, nothing. She took me by surprise this time."

Montgomery deemed it wise to sell the horse which had been with him on the day that he had last seen Clementine's mother, and with another animal, repeatedly drove by that log without a tremor.

Then, too, Mrs. Montgomery wondered at the attitude of the