



could not allow anyone else to do. The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirkby had no right to the woman's secret any more than she; he must be silenced. Armstrong, the only other being who was privy to the truth, must be silenced too.

One thing at least arose out of the sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any other human being, she was done with Armstrong.

A singular situation! Armstrong had loved another woman, so had Newbold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, although she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service; if she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could settle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by the man of the picture; it was he, and not you, your wife loved," and Newbold would take her to his heart instantly.

These thoughts were not without a certain comfort to her. All the compensation of self sacrifice is in its realization. That she could and did not somehow ennoble her love for him. Even women are alloyed with base metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejoiced at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To possess power, to refrain from using it in obedience to some higher law, is perhaps to pay oneself the most flattering of compliments. There was a satisfaction to her soul in this which was yet denied him.

Her action was quite different from his. She was putting away happiness which she might have had in compliance with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was flattering to her mind. In his case, it was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of misplaced trust, of misinterpreted action. He thought the woman for whom he was putting away happiness was almost as worthy, if infinitely less desirable, as the woman whom he now loved.

Every sting of outrage, every feeling of shame, every fear of disloyalty, scourged him. She could glory in it; he was ashamed, humiliated, broken.

She heard him savagely walking up and down the other room, restlessly impelled by the same Erinyes which of old scourged Orestes; the violator of the laws of moral being drove him on. These malign Eumenides held him in their hands. He was bound and helpless, rage as he might in one moment, pray as he did in another, no light came into the whirling darkness of his torn, tempest tossed, driven soul. The irresistible impulse and the immovable body of the philosophers puzzled over were exemplified in him. Whilst he almost hated the new woman, whilst he almost loved the old, yet that he did neither the one thing nor the other absolutely was significant.

Indeed he knew that he was glad Enid Maitland had come into his life. No life is complete until it is touched by that divine fire which for lack of another name we call love. Because we can experience that sensation we are said to be made in God's image. The image is blurred as the animal predominates, it is clearer as the spiritual has the ascendancy.

The man raved in his mind. White faced, stern, he walked up and down he tossed his arms about him, he stopped, his eyes closed, he threw his hands up toward God, his heart cried out under the lacerations of the blows inflicted upon it. No flagellant of old ever trembled beneath the body lash as he under the spiritual punishment.

He prayed that he might die at the same moment that he longed to live.

He grappled blindly for solutions of the problem that would leave him with untarnished honor and undiminished self respect and fidelity, and yet give him this woman, and in vain. He strove to find a way to reconcile the past with the present, realizing as he did so the futility of such a proposition. One or the other must be supreme, he must inexorably hold to his ideas and his ideals, or he must inevitably take the woman.

How frightful was the battle that raged within his bosom! Sometimes in his despair he thought that he would have been glad if he and she had gone down together in the dark waters before all this came upon him. The floods of which the heavens had emptied themselves had borne her to him. Oh if they had only swept him out of life with its trouble, its trials, its anxieties, its obligations, its impossibilities. If they had gone together! And then he knew that he was glad even for the torture, because he had seen her, because he had loved her, and because she had loved him.

He marveled at himself curiously, and in a detached way. There was a woman who loved him, who had confessed it boldly and innocently, there was none to say him nay. The woman who stood between had been dead five years. The world knew nothing, cared nothing; they could go out together; he could take her, she would come. On the impulse he turned and ran to the door and beat upon it. Her voice bade him enter, and he came in.

Her heart yearned to him. She was shocked, appalled at the torture she saw upon his face. Had he been laid upon the rack, and every joint pulled from its sockets, he could not have been more white and agonized.

"I give up," he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want you. I have put the past behind. You love me, and I, I am yours with every fiber of my being. Great God! Let us cast aside these foolish quixotic scruples that have kept us apart. If a man's thoughts declare his guilt, I am already disloyal to the other woman; deeply, entirely so. I have betrayed her, shamed her, abandoned her. Let me have some reward for what I have gone through. You love me; come to me."

"No," answered the woman, and no task ever laid upon her had been harder than that. "I do love you. I will not deny it. Every part of me responds to your appeal. I should be so happy that I cannot even think of it, if I could put my hand in your own, if I could lay my head upon your shoulder, if I could feel your heart beat against mine, if I could give myself up to you, I would be so glad, so glad. But it cannot be, not now."

"Why not?" pleaded the man. He was by her side, his arm went around her. She did not resist physically, it would have been useless. She only laid her slender hand upon his broad breast and threw her head back and looked at him.

"See," she said, "how helpless I am, how weak in your hands. Every voice in my heart bids me give way. If you insist I can deny you nothing. I am helpless, alone, but it must not be. I know you better than you know yourself. You will not take advantage of affection so unbounded, of weakness so pitiable."

Was it the wisdom of calculation, or was it the wisdom of instinct by which she chose her course? Resistance would have been unavailing, in weakness was her strength.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth! Yes, that was true. She knew it now, if never before, and so did he.

Slowly the man released her. She did not even then draw away from him. She stood with her hand still on his breast. She could feel the beating of his heart beneath her fingers.

"I am right," she said softly. "It kills me to deny you anything. My hearts yearns toward you. Why should I deny it? It is my glory, not my shame."

"There is nothing above love like ours," he pleaded, wondering what marvelous mastery she exercised that she stopped him by a hand's touch, a whispered word, a faith.



She Stood With Her Hand Still on His Breast.

"No; love is life, love is God, but even God himself is under obligations of righteousness. For me to come to you now, to marry you now, to be your wife, would be unholy. There would not be that perfect confidence between us that must endure in that revelation. Your honor and mine, your self respect and mine, would interpose. If I can't have you with a clear conscience, if you can't come to me in the same way, we are better apart. Although it kills me, although life without you seems nothing, I would rather not live it, we are better apart. I can't be your wife until—"

"Until what and until when?" demanded Newbold.

"I don't know," said the woman, "but I believe that somewhere, somehow, we shall find a way out of our difficulty. There is a way," she said a little incautiously. "I know it."

"Show it to me."

"No, I cannot."

"What prevents?"

The same thing which prevents you: honor, loyalty."

"To a man?"

"To a woman."

"I do not understand."

"No, but you will some day." She smiled at him. "See," she said, "through my tears I can smile at you, though my heart is breaking. I know that in God's good time this will work itself out."

"I can't wait for God. I want you now," persisted the other.

"Hush, don't say that," answered the woman, for a moment laying her hand on his lips. "But I forgive you. I know how you suffer."

The man could say nothing, do nothing. He stared at her a moment and his hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "unworthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God forgive me, I never can."

"He will forgive you, never fear," answered Enid gently.

"And you?" asked her lover. "I have ruined your life."

"No, you have ennobled it. Let nothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you do, and whatever you may have been, I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now you must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw myself on your mercy again, I grow weaker and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadily, "I know not how I could drive you back. For God's sake, if you love me—"

That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the room, out of her sight, and leave her standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more, and at a touch she might have yielded!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Challenge of the Range.

Mr. James Armstrong sat at his desk before the west window in his private room in one of the tallest buildings in Denver. His suite of offices was situated on one of the top floors, and from it he had a clear and unobstructed view of the mighty range over the intervening house tops and other buildings. The earth was covered with snow. It had fallen steadily through the night, but with the dawn the air had cleared and the sun had come out brightly, although it was very cold.

Letters, papers, documents, the demands of a business extensive and varied, were left unnoticed. He sat with his elbow on the desk, his head on his hand, looking moodily at the range. In the month that had elapsed since he had received news of Enid Maitland's disappearance he had sat often

in that way, in that place, staring at the range, a prey to most despondent reflections, heavy hearted and disconsolate indeed.

After that memorable interview with Mr. Stephen Maitland in Philadelphia he had deemed it proper to await there the arrival of Mr. Robert Maitland. A brief interview with that distracted gentleman had put him in possession of all the facts in the case. As Robert Maitland had said, after presentation of the tragic story, the situation was quite hopeless. Even Armstrong reluctantly admitted that her uncle and old Kirkby had done everything that was possible for the rescue or discovery of the girl.

Therefore the two despondent gentlemen had shortly after returned to their western homes, Robert Maitland in this instance being accompanied by his brother Stephen. The latter never knew how much his daughter had been to him until this evil fate had befallen her. Robert Maitland had promised to inaugurate a thorough and extensive search to solve the mystery of her death, which he felt was certain, in the spring, when the weather permitted humanity to have free course through the mountains.

Mr. Stephen Maitland found a certain melancholy satisfaction in being at least near the place where neither he nor any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it—an engineering task of no great difficulty—and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on either side of the main stream down which she had gone, for she might possibly have strayed away and died of starvation and exposure, rather than drowning. At any rate, he would leave nothing undone to discover her.

He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intention of going into the mountains immediately to search for her. Armstrong was not easily moved from any purpose he entertained, or lightly to be hindered from attempting any enterprise that he projected, but by the time the party reached Denver the winter had set in, and even he realized the futility of any immediate search for a dead body lost in the



"It Is Madness," Urged Robert Maitland.

mountains. Admitting that Enid was dead, the conclusions were sound, of course.

The others pointed out to Armstrong that if the woman they all loved had by any fortunate chance escaped the cloudburst, she must inevitably have perished from cold, starvation and exposure in the mountain long since. There was scarcely a possibility that she could have escaped the flood, but if she had, it would only be to be devoted to death a little later. If she was not in the lake, what remained of her would be in some lateral canon. It would be impossible to discover her body in the deep snows until the spring and the warm weather came. When the snows melted what was concealed would be revealed. Alone, she could do nothing. And admitting again that Enid was alone, this conclusion was as sound as the other.

To be continued

DEL MANZANO

La gente de esta villa en general se halla de placemes, las abundantes nieves que cubrieron nuestro suelo durante el invierno seguidas por frecuentes lluvias de esta primavera, todo auguran

un porvenir muy alahuano para esta humilde pero orgullosa villa.

Podemos con satisfaccion declarar que no hay otra villa en todo el condado de Torrance que supere a la nuestra en recursos naturales. Con la inmensidad de agua que poseemos, podiamos suplir agua para todad el valle de la Estancia combinado, ademas nos quedaria un sobrante de agua para participarle a Mountainair, Encino y otros lugares.

El bien conocido y prominente caba lero Nestor Candelaria, cantinero de esta villa esta para concluir un grande y costoso edificio. Este edificio mide 20 pies de ancho y 66 pies de largo. El mismo estara concluido para el dia 4 de Julio. Sera acordado entre varios senores a celebrara el dia de nuestra independenciam de un modo digno y patriotico. En honor del evento se dara un hermoso baile en el nuevo edificio del Senor Candelaria.

El Hon. Dr. C. J. Amble, actual tesorero y colector de condado, junto con otros senores han propuesto edificar un Park en el centro de la plaza. El mismo sera suplido de agua por medio de una linea de tubos que se construira desde la fuente hasta el Park.

Sr. Tamous Tabet, el enerjico comerciante, de esta villa, ha vuelto de su rancho de ovejas en la canada del Leon y reporta una buena cosecha de borregos. Hijara el 9p por ciento.

Sr. Maximo Zamora, caballero prominente y verndedor de licores, ha hermoseado su casa de residencia, habiendole edificado un elegante portal.

El brillante joven, Candido Padilla, se ha visto defendiendo un pleito por Sr. Saturnino Lueiras de Willard, en la corte de Juez de Paz hoy. El Sr. Padilla en un orador muy elocuente en el dulce idioma Espanol.

Don Serafico Romero ha estado sirviendo como interprete en la corte de Juez de Paz hoy.

Muy orgulloso se ha visto Don Valentin Candelaria, comerciante de esta plaza por el regalo que le ha hecho su esposa de un heredero mas. Tiene razon el Sr. Candelaria.

Muy buenas prospectas hay de cosecha en esla vecindad. Se ha sembrado mucho maiz, trigo, aveno, frijol, sandias, melones, calabaza, patatas, chili, coles y muchas otras plantas. La mucha humedad que hay en la tierra indican buen suceso para las plantas.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.
May 13, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that A. S. Flickinger, of Estancia, New Mex. who, on Feb. 21, 1906, made Homestead entry No. 8953, for sw $\frac{1}{4}$ nw $\frac{1}{4}$ & Lots 4, Section 3, sec $\frac{1}{4}$ ne $\frac{1}{4}$ & Lots 1 Section 4 Township 6 north, Range 8 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Neal Jenson, U. S. Commissioner, at Estancia, New Mexico, on the 17 day of June, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James Walker, Amos A. Hine, Harvey Jackson, George B. Fenley, all of Estancia, New Mexico.

MANUEL R. OTERO,
Register.

Small Light.

"De man that tries to hide his light under a bushel," said Uncle Eben, "generally ain't got light enough to take chances on in a awdinary draft."