CHAPTER XII.

A Fight for Life.
The stream of Saints to the Great
sin had become well-night continsaints of all degrees of prostity, from Parley Pratt, the Archer
arradise, with his wealth of wives,
the saints of the saints of the saints of the
his sarthly goods on a wheelhis sarthly goods on a wheelsarthly sarthly sarthly





artifogly would have had her and himself far away—alone.

Nor was the girfs own mind, all of a piece. For, if she fluunted herself before him, as if with an impish resolve to be his unfoling, there were still times when he awed her by his still times when he awed her by his still times when he awed her by his mined stand in some circle to which he knew she could never morant. That night, when he walked with her in the monight, she knew he had trembled on the edge of the guilf fated on systelymidy between them. She had ever felt herself leaning over to a stranger of the stranger of th



The Purse and the Prisoner

By ALFRED HURRY

