keep watch, and if he should undertake to leave the house he must be prevented in some way. Now, be quick, and above all be careful!

Yours, B—-

Twid carefully read the note over again, and then tearing it into fine bits, threw them into the fireplace.

After having taken a revolver from his pocket and carefully examined the chambers, he replaced it, and putting on his hat went out.

He had not changed much in the two years since he left Pineville. He had become, perhaps somewhat taller, and the boyish lines of his face had hardened, until it was a trifle set in its expression.

Now, as he hurried along, it was evident that the strange note worried him. He realized the risk he was about to run; he well knew the quick and terrible vengeance this gang, who were the scourge of the region, visited on those foolhardy enough to cross their path. Although he was no coward, his heart misgave him tonight, and he had a feeling, a vague sort of presentiment, that the night was going to bring forth trouble. He stopped, on the very outskirts of the town, at a house which had two stories, and was painted. Going up to the door he knocked. Presently it was opened by an old negress, who stuck her head through the opening, and, eyeing him askance, asked what he wanted.

Pushing roughly past her, Twid entered the hall, and shut the door after him. "Is Mr. Surbiton in?" he demanded.

"Yes, sah, he am. You jist step in dar, an' I'll go tell him that Misto—Misto——"

"Never you mind," interrupted Twid, sternly; "tell him a man wants to see him on important business!"

The negress shuffled off down the hall, and Twid entered the room that did duty as parlor and office; for Surbiton disguised his real occupation by tendering medical aid to the few who needed it.

Twid seated himself in a chair and looked around him. It was fast growing dark now, and objects in the room were not easily distinguished.

On a stand by the window, however, was a photograph of a woman resting on an easel. This caught Twid's eye, and as he looked at it, even from across the room, it had a familiar look. Going over to the window he took up the picture, and a sudden exclamation escaped him as he looked at it.

For a minute or more he stood silently looking into the face; slowly the tears came into his eyes, and raising the picture to his lips he kissed it. Suddenly he started back; his lips were tightly pressed together, and his breath came thick and fast. Leaning close to the window he read the fine writing on the card, "To Jack, with much love, from May."

With an oath Twid hurled the picture to the floor! The room was dark now, and he could scarcely see. Turning, he strode to the door; with his hand on the knob he stopped.

"Tell him? Never!" came from between his clenched teeth, and in another instant he was gone. . . .

It was past midnight. The moon, clear and full, rose majestically above the trees, and spread a weird light along the highway. The branches swayed and creaked before the night-wind, and the turning leaves fell in silent showers.

From away off down the ravine came, clear and distinct, a long-drawn-out bird-call, and from the slope on the left came an answer. After a short silence it was heard again, but this time much nearer, and when the answer came it was from the woods above the highway. Then the shrill notes came at quicker intervals, and soon were heard from all sides.

Suddenly above them came another sound, the sound of a galloping horse. Nearer and nearer it came, until, around a sharp bend in the road, just where it entered the ravine, appeared a horse and rider. The horse slackened his gait to a walk, and advanced leisurely down the road. The rider, apparently lost to his surroundings, has his head bowed forward toward the loose bridle-rein lying across the pommel. He is aroused from his thoughts by a shrill bird-call which rings out on the air from the ravine