

what the words mean. I came here as a friend, and immediately you poke a gun in my face and threaten me. Is that fair play? You speak of taking my life in order to further your own selfish interests. Is that fair play? Dagg," he continued earnestly, "you're a brute; no whit better than the prowling, slinking timber beasts in these lonely mountains. Why don't you throw away your revolver and fight me with bare hands?"

Long and thoughtfully Dagg considered this. A momentary light breeze had sprung up. It was deliciously cool. It played over the moist, warm earth like a gentle caress.

"No," said Dagg, "I won't fight that way. I got another shooting-iron somewhere under my bunk. I'll go get that."

When the big prospector returned McMann was one hundred yards away up the slope. He paused, laughing, looking down at the astonished Dagg.

"I'm practising your principles of fair play," he called out, then turned and plunged headlong into the thicket and out on the narrow, winding trail which led away southward in the direction of Judgment Mountain.

II

Edith Patterson welcomed him with shining eyes. Warmly she shook his outstretched hand, then led him indoors to a cozy seat near an open window, overlooking the shimmering, snow-clad tops of a distant hill range. In the centre of these, towering high above them, stood Judgment Mountain, the white-crested, lofty giant of northern British Columbia. Its topmost pinnacles were shot with light. Clouds, collid-

ing with its silver peaks, were broken into fragments, drifting away to join later through the action of scurrying air currents.

He caught a casual view of this before settling back to the soft and spacious comfort of the rustic chair to which he had just been escorted. The girl herself sat down opposite, first summoning her father with the words: "Travers McMann is here, Daddy," then turning to him with eager and questioning gaze.

"How did you do it?" she cried, clapping her hands in girlish approval, scanning his face critically. "You look so different. Why, you're only a young man!"

The prospector's modesty forbade a reply; nevertheless, he was secretly pleased with the implied compliment.

"I was hoping you'd come today," she stated. "It's nearly a week now, isn't it?"

"I've been busy," lied McMann.

Somehow, it seemed to him that there was little that he could say. His conversational powers apparently had forsaken him, leaving him mentally sterile and confused. But his eyes feasted on her. He regarded her silently, his gaze shifting from the velvety contour of her throat and arms to the soft, full cheeks, glowing with color.

Her father entered and he rose respectfully, advancing to meet him.

"I just now came to call," he said, somewhat embarrassed, as if offering an explanation of his presence.

"You are always welcome, McMann," came the cordial answer, accompanied by a handshake equally cordial and sincere. "Our visitors are few, but we appreciate them very much."

"Rosier came this morning almost

before we didn't ex

"Our father, to bring age, abo He never ing his s cut off fr

A few McMann leisurely led them a small clear of grass an exact co blue-gree now hung

They lence. I was sear epitomiz which he He was g lashing trying c knew the reached thing v expressio utteranc

"It s me," she there ca but peac and love earth, y them in Flanders

"Whe "I wa replied. Events counted are bein in an eff peace."