

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

enough," he said, and she thrilled at the sound of her name. His voice went into her heart.

"I would like you to call me Nance right now," she told him.

So there's the story of Sam Haig and Nance Webley, though it all began with the lure of Mildred Henderson. I think I adopted the best way to tell of both. I wanted to write it down as an on-looker; and Grosset on the veranda of Timpkin's boarding-house was passable, but Grosset in Mildred's boudoir, when the Mathers were away, is not in my vein. Telling it this way I was able to tell considerably more about these other people—and they are the people I like.

The reporter inserted six lines in the *Kootenay News* to say that Sam and Marsden had, for a wager, gone up in the buckets—and he believed that was all the story too. There were a couple of columns every day for a week about Grosset, and the dollars of the Clothing Company that he had appropriated. He and Mildred can be in Chihuahua for all I care, tired of each other, but I am glad (as they say out West) to keep track of the rest. Marsden is now Mayor of Kootenay, and is one of Sam's best friends. Innes has the plateau ranch where the Chinese squatters used to be, and the lake one he sold to Franklin. The Chinamen have gone off to "squat" somewhere else, or to clear some parcel of land for a white man and make it fit for his uses, sitting rent free the while, and laying aside a nest-egg for China on what they raise on it