

scared. Hate need not disturb you.—I am a quick shot. I killed that mountain lion, and I ate the haunch of deer I dragged from under her . . . ”

He turned now, and, facing the doorway, looked out upon the village, to the roof of a house which they both knew. “Hate,” he said, “is not the most wonderful thing. I saw a woman look once as though she could lose the whole world—and her own soul. She was a good woman. The man was bad—most: he never could be anything else. A look like that breaks the nerve. It is not amusing. In time the man goes to pieces. But before that comes he is apt to do strange things. Eh, so!”

He sat down, and, with his finger, wrote musingly in the dust upon the table.

Liddall looked keenly at him, and replied more brusquely than he felt: “Do you think it fair to stay—fair to *her*?”

“What if I should take her with me?” Pierre flashed a keen, searching look after the words.

“It would be useless devilry.”

“Let us drink,” said Pierre, as he came to his feet quickly: “then for the House of Lords” (the new and fashionable tavern).

They separated in the street, and Pierre went to the House of Lords alone. He found a number of men gathered before a paper pasted on a pillar of the verandah. Hearing his own name, he came nearer. A ranchman was reading aloud an article