

But, as she stepped forward, a form arose before her—a tall, decided form, and a decided voice said:

"No, 'Tana, you have gone far enough."

"Dan!"

"Yes—it is Dan this time, and not the other fellow. If he is waiting for you to-night, I will see that he waits a long time."

"You—you!" she murmured, and stepped back from him. Then, her first fright over, she straightened herself defiantly.

"Why do you think any one is waiting for me?" she demanded. "What do you know? I am heartsick with all this hiding, and—and deceit. If you know the truth, speak out, and end it all!"

"I can't say any more than you know already," he answered—"not so much; but last night a man was in your cabin, a man you know and quarreled with. I didn't hear you; don't think I was spying on you. A miner who passed the cabin heard your voices and told me something was wrong. You don't give me any right to advise you or dictate to you. 'Tana, but one thing you shall not do, that is, steal to the woods to meet him. And if I find him in your cabin, I promise you he sha'n't die of old age."

"You would kill him?"

"Like a snake!" and his voice was harsher, colder, than she had ever heard it. "I'm not asking you any questions, 'Tana. I know it was the man whom you—saw that night at the spring, and would not let me follow. I know there is something wrong, or he would come to see you, like a man, in daylight. If the others here knew it, they would say things not kind to you. And that is why it sha'n't go on."