

should consider than Keelatee, and he's colored. I've from you."

Wiseman. May-me day. In the best turn in, too much said. I've make you, and big enough to you out of the

time on the trail. he struck off all that night dusk fell again, house at Villa man had lived

tly some fixed to a hollow tree the shanty door, dusk, presently

d on the veran- by the old ds. Over his vine, which he years ago, to le and wonder. the spruce bugs aint rhythm he k for hours on all this?

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tee pondered ew light came ered thickly and fell upon as Berry who ! It was Ber- and snatched Berry should

dagger from ry the naked sheath—that e—he would eter.

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ake camp, either side mountain ers of rock, the earth's there the ight set the

whole earth moving, burying the men and their cattle below as many had been buried before them.

As darkness fell the two men separated, Wiseman remaining at the heels of the herd while Berry rode down the defile to make camp at the other end. Thus they had the herd between them, but scarcely had Berry lighted his fire and settled down for the night than a sense of apprehension suddenly possessed him. He recalled that parting glance the Indian had given him, and a haunting terror came upon him that the red man would kill him while he slept!

So Berry did not sleep. He sat back against a boulder with his revolver ready, and listened. He had not to listen long. Scarcely had silence fallen upon the exhausted herd when a sound came from the heights above—soft at first, but growing in volume. It was a sound as of distant thunder, and as it drew nearer the bellow of terrified cattle and the pounding of cloven hoofs began to waken the midnight stillness.

Lucky for Berry that he had not slept. In an instant he was on his feet—next moment he had gained his cayuse, and was riding for dear life down the defile. But even as he rode he muttered a savage curse on Keelatee!

Downward swept the thundering boulders, gathering force at every bound, and setting the whole mountainside moving beneath them. Berry galloped on, taking his chance, little knowing whether he was riding away from the slide or into it. The thunder grew into an awful roar, he felt the whole earth shake, and then—silence!

From somewhere in the blackness behind him came the bellowing of maimed cattle and the trampling of hoofs among the boulders as the survivors fled hither and thither for safety. Berry rode slowly back and presently he saw that the whole defile was filled for a distance of one hundred yards. His camping ground of a few moments ago was buried, and buried also were two hundred head of cattle.

Presently Wiseman appeared over the melee. He drew rein and looked at Berry. "We have to thank the Indian for this," said the latter quietly, and Wiseman made no answer. Their task for the present was to prevent the remainder of the herd from stampeding, and that required all their skill and horsemanship.

Berry was convinced in his own mind that it was Keelatee who had set the landslide moving. The rolling of a boulder on the heights above—it was but one man's work! And Berry realized that though he himself had escaped, this was by the merest chance. The landslide had occurred right above his camp, and that fact alone was significant. That the Indian would try again and again, that his life would never be safe while Keelatee was free, Berry knew only too well, and fearful for his own safety, he began to think. That the Indian had caused the slide he had no shadow of doubt, but how was he to prove it?

Berry's hand fell upon the necklace in his pocket, and he laughed softly. It was not a pleasant laugh. Dawn was breaking and he rode across to Wiseman. A few minutes later both men were toiling on foot up the mountain side, intent on investigating the cause of the disaster.

It is well known that when a hot day is succeeded by sudden chill, these landslides are apt to occur, but that was not enough for Berry. They reached the point at which the earth had begun to move, and here they began to cast about for prints of moccasined feet in the sand. Small, straggling bushes grew here and there among the rocks, their sharp, dry branches threatening one's eyes at every step.

Suddenly Wiseman uttered a low cry of surprise.

"What's up?" queried Berry. "Oh, nothing," answered the rancher. Berry came a step nearer. "What's that on the branch at your right?" he asked sharply.

"This?" Wiseman gave a short, dry laugh. "It looks like—good heavens!"

It was a necklace of porcupine quills, on which hung a Mission Station Medal!

"With his name behind it!" muttered Berry, with a sneer. Hanging to a branch fifty paces from the spot at which the landslide was started. I guess that will settle any questions, won't it?"

Again Wiseman made no answer, but his eyes were downcast. Berry began to retrace his steps, feeling something of the satisfaction of a clever and single-handed achievement.

VII

Two days later the men reached White Cascade with the survivors of their herd. Among the cattle punchers who frequented the saloons, Berry found a sympathetic audience. He was not long in gathering round him a crowd of men, eager enough to win the favor of the wealthy young ranch owner, who consider the killing of cattle by an Indian as a crime deserving no mercy, and with the spokesman of the gang, Berry sought out Wiseman.

"Yes, it's true enough that I found the necklace," consented the latter. "But if this is going to be a lynching bee, don't look to me for support. Bring the Indian back here or take him to Villa Mare, and I'm with you, but you'll have to give him a white man's trial."

"This isn't a case for any trials," answered the spokesman. "We've got all the evidence we need, and there ain't no need for a trial. As you know, we've got to make our own laws to suit the case out here."

Wiseman shrugged his shoulders and walked away, so the party of man-hunters well mounted, well equipped, set out without him.

Reaching the buffalo track through the hills, they spread out to sweep the country. There was little doubt that the Indian, having discovered that his just attempt had failed, would be lurking in the vicinity waiting for Berry to return. That is the way of the Indian.



A steep glacier climb on G.T.P. Route

For days past Keelatee had been searching the trail for his lost medal, and it was on the trail that finally they found him. The rounding up of their quarry proved a tame affair. Keelatee stood his ground like a statue while the party of horsemen rode up. Then suddenly he recognized Berry at their head.

Instantly the Indian's manner changed. He realized now that a plot had been worked against him. A low hiss passed from his lips and his hand fell upon his unsheathed dagger.

But as the blade flashed in the evening light, strong hands were laid upon him, and Berry's coarse laugh mocked his helplessness.

"Would you, my son?" sneered the rancher. "You observe that he carries his dagger unsheathed? I guess that's another point of evidence. We all know that when an Indian carries a naked blade at his hips, he's waiting for someone. Well, it's pretty clear that this swipec was waiting for me by the road, he knew I would return. We all expected it."

The trial was a mere mockery of an affair. The captain mounted a boulder facing the setting sun, and the Indian, with hands bound, was stood at his feet.

"We ain't going to waste words," the Captain began. We all know pretty well what has happened. This yer Indian meant burying Berry, and as he couldn't bury him, he meant knifing him. That's clear. Anyway, we ain't much use for

ding-dong Indians these days and it don't count for much if one goes under. Give your evidence, Ben."

Berry got up and repeated his evidence. He dwelt at length on the long hatred the Indian had borne towards him, the finding of the necklace directly above his camp, and finally the finding of the Indian himself just where they had expected to find him and with dagger unsheathed.

"What you got to say to that?" bel- lowed the spokesman, prodding Keelatee in the ribs with his foot.

"I say this," the Indian answered, "that if Berry found my necklace on the ridge the crows carried it there. I have never left the trail."

A roar of laughter went up, and a look of savage hatred came into the Indian's eyes. He turned to Berry, his eyes flaming "If you have found my necklace," he demanded, "give it to me. It is mine."

"Look here, my son," interposed the spokesman, "you don't quite grasp how you're fixed. We've accused you of attempting to kill Berry and of actually killing two hundred steers. Well, you know what it means if you can't prove to us that you haven't done it. 'Ere—show 'im the rope, Ben. That will bring 'im to his senses, very easy. Now, then. Did you or didn't you set the landslide moving?"

Keelatee made no answer. He understood well enough what was taking place, yet he did not speak. Again the facts were laid before him, and this time he was

taut. Some fool began to play a mouth organ in doleful strains, and there was no absence of laughter. It seemed like a child's burlesque of death.

"For God's sake, keep order!" yelled the grey haired rancher. "We're hanging a man who hasn't spoken a word in self defence!"

"Guess that's his show," Berry shouted back. "Anyway we've asked him. You'd better speak pretty blame quick if you want to, Keelatee!"

But the Indian was staring away into the gloom across the prairie with fixed intentness. Instinctively several of the men turned in the same direction. The grey haired rancher leapt to a boulder and shaded his eyes. "Hold on, boys!" he shouted. There's some one coming."

"What's that got to do with it?" growled Berry.

But the men waited expectantly and presently a cowboy appeared upon the plateau, shouting like a madman and urging his exhausted cayuse. He was covered from head to foot with dust and had clearly travelled far and fast. It was Sil Wiseman!

He rode up to the party and slipped from his mount. The poor beast tottered and fell from exhaustion. Berry strode forward, his eyes upon the Indian, and several of the men sat down to await developments.

"Take a seat, Sil," shouted the spokesman. "You look done."

"So I am," Wiseman answered. "But I prefer to stand if sitting means becoming a member of this riff-raff who would hang an Indian without proper enquiry."

"What's up with us?" demanded the spokesman. "We've questioned him. He wouldn't answer."

"So you're going to hang him, are you?" sneered Wiseman. "Well, I ain't surprised that he wouldn't answer you, but I guess he'll answer me. First of all, when did you lose your necklace, Keelatee?"

"Dunno," answered the Indian.

"When you had the scrap with Berry, did he grip you by the throat?"

"Yes," Wiseman glanced at Berry. He was listening intently. Briefly the spokesman described how they had found Keelatee waiting on the trail with dagger unsheathed.

"That's nothing," Wiseman observed. "He might have carried it unsheathed for weeks for all Berry knows."

"It's a lie!" cried the last named. "He was wearing the sheath till he left us. You know that."

"You're certain of it?" Wiseman asked. "Yes!" emphatically.

"Very well then, so am I. Keelatee, what have you done during the last five days?"

"I have been searching the trail for my necklace."

"And where did you go on the night that you left us, after the quarrel?"

"I started out for Villa Mare. I got there the following evening."

"Go on."

"I found the key and let myself into the shanty. I discovered then that I had lost the Medal."

"What had you meant doing with it?"

"I had meant leaving it for you."

"Go on. This was the night of the landslide, remember."

"So I left the sheath of my dagger."

"Where?"

"On your mattress."

Wiseman turned upon the would-be lynchers. Unconsciously he quoted the Captain's own emphatic maxims, uttered early during the trial.

"The Indian does not lie," he said. "We all know that no Indian could invent a story of this sort. Either he speaks the truth or he says nothing. What Keelatee has said is true."

"Prove it!" cried Berry. There was a note of desperation in his tone.

"I will. When I returned I found that someone had entered the hut before me. No one but Keelatee could have entered it. He only was with me when I hid the key. On going in, I found the sheath of his dagger on my mattress. Here it is!"

Wiseman held up the ornamented sheath. There was silence.

"My word might not pass," he went on, "so without moving anything, I called in the sheriff. He will be here in an hour or so to corroborate my story."

For some seconds there was silence, then the spokesman asked: