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In apile of the difficulties with which one which should meet with the favor of ore and the control of the cont

on for a short distance to a horse. He on for a snort distance to a bosse, put Rhoda in the saddle and fastened her there with a blanket. He slipped off the twisted bandana that bound his short black hair, fillet wise, and tied it carefully over Rhoda's mouth. with one hand steadying the quiet shoulders, he started the horse on through the dusk.

CHAPTER IV.

The Indian Way.

It was some time before the call of a coyote close beside her penetrated Rhoda's senses At its third or fourth repetition, she sighed and opened her eyes. Night had come, the opened her eyes. Night had come, the luminous lavender night of the desert. Her first discovery was that she was seated on a horse, held firmly by a strong arm across her shoulders. Next she found that her uneasy breathing was due to the cloth tied round her was due to the cloth the bound in mouth. With this came realization of her predicament and she tossed her arms in a wild attempt to free herself. The arm about her tightened, the horse stopped, and the voice went on

repeating the coyote call, clearly mournfully. Rhoda ceased her struggling for a moment and looked at the face so close to her own. In the starlight only the eyes and the dim outline of the features were visible, and the eyes were as dark and menacing to her as the desert night that shut her in.

Mad with fear, Rhoda strained at the rigid arm. Kut-le dropped the reins and held her struggling hands, ceased his calling and waited. Off the left came an answering call and Kut-le started the pony rapidly to-wards the sound. In a few moments Rhoda saw a pair of horsemen. Itterly exhausted, she sat in terror awaiting her fate. Kut-le gave a low-volced order." One of the riders im-mediately rode forward, leading another horse. Kut-le slinned another blanket from this and finished bind-ing Rhoda to her saddle so securely that she scarcely could move a finhe and one of the Indians started off, leading Rhoda's horse between them and leaving the third Indian standing silently behind them.

Rhoda was astride of the pony, balf sitting, half lying along his neck. The Indians put the horses to a trot and immediately the discomfort of her nosition was made agony by the rough motion. But the pain cleared her mind

Her first thought was that she never would recover from the disthought came fury at the man who was so outraging her. If only he would free her hands for a moment she would choke him! Her annor would give her strength for that! Then she fought against her fastenings. They held her all but motionless, and the sense of her helploss-ness brought back the fear paric, Itterly helpless, she thought! Ply-ing through darkness to an end worse than death! In the power of a nak-ed savage! Her fear almost robbed

her of her reason. hours, the horses were stoned sud-denly. She felt her fustenings re-moved. Then Kutle lifes moved. Then Kntle lifted her to the ground where she tumbled, helnless, at his feet. He stooned and took the gas from her mouth, Immediately with what fragmant of strength re-mained to hear, she grounded gas meined to her she screamed again and again. The two Indians glood stolldly watching her for a time, then Kut-le knelt in the sand heald her huddled form and laid his hand on

"There, Rhoda," he said, "no one You will only make ean hear you, yourself sick,"

(To be continued.)