

THE GARDEN OF FATE

The consul looked up and caught her eye.

"Dead," he answered. "Got killed tryin' to separate two fellers, fightin' in Cheyenne. Funny part of it was, both were friends of Jimmy's, and, when they saw what they'd done, both put their guns away, and blubbered, each one's feelin' 'mighty sure that he'd been the one that had done it."

The English girl's eyes opened very wide, with an expression of revulsion.

"Horrible!" she said. "Horrible! What a terrible country! What terrible men!"

"No," the Westerner hastened to reply in defense, "it wasn't a terrible country, and they were right good men; only, things were different out there, even the killin's. They weren't as bad as they are here, where you find women lyin' in the streets dead, every week or so. Feller told me a story here a few days ago, about a man that was called up about neglectin' the Mueddin, and he said he had to put off prayin' until he'd cut his wife's throat."

Margaret Clarke gave a gasp.

"You certainly don't believe that to be true, do you?" she asked.

"Can't say as I do."

"But you investigated it?"

"No; too busy with my own troubles."

The consul's face drew into a frown, and he seemed preoccupied with his thoughts.

"Of course, it's not true." Charlotte arose to the defense of the country. "Everyone here seems to take a delight in adding all they can to father's vexations."