

the room, and the half-caste thanked them by the eloquent tears rolling out of those lustrous eyes, undimmed by illness. She took her medicine passively; resigned mayhaps to death. She, taken into the Christian Church, knew she would find warmth, light, companionship, happiness, beyond the bare walls of the shed she called home, outside of that living palpitating flesh which enveloped her spirit.

They left, with regret, those two lone beings in their Rancho. Two days later the Irish Rancher within a few feet of his home, turned the sods with his spade, and the half-caste was laid to her rest by the hands of her husband, so much older than herself.

Brown Kirwan seemed to think some strange romance had linked those two lives together.

"Did anybody know her father?"

"Yes, he was one of the traders in buffalo skins amongst the savages."

"Do they ever marry with the Indians?"

"Unfortunately, yes; young Englishman. I believe the law stands thus: If they marry an Indian wife they have a right to a claim of 150 acres, and a certain amount for every child born to them. Many marry a wife in every tribe they trade with, under different names. But this is in the lower class of traders, and I hope it will soon die out, as the civilisation advances and the Government more efficiently grapples with the difficulties of government on the extreme limits of her great States. What of the Indian