

Winnipeg, May, 1910.

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relief saw them employed in not only arranging the dominoes, but actually commencing a game before she left. The spring was half way down the decline of the arroyo, close to the house, and an absence of ten minutes would appear reasonable, and neither Robert nor the Mexican notice it. It was her purpose, instead of going to the spring at the left of the house, to slip off to the right, and run the quarter of a mile up the road to the rock corral where her father was to be. The fate of the three, the whole of that precious household which her father daily thanked God for keeping together, lay in her discretion, her courage, her action. Slipping round the corner of the house, she crept under the yellow shaft of light streaming from the end window, and—but her heart seemed to stop and the blood to flow back in a warm flood all over her, as the old adobe ruins grew out of the dark toward her. These remains of an earlier homestead had been peopled with many ghosts and other apparitions since Lucy's residence here, caused by shadows and twilight legends. The old walls and chimney had resisted time and weather, and now came as a bugaboo to daunt her. Could she pass that place? Yes, she was strong in her responsibility, and shutting her eyes, she ran past, when upon the clear night air came from its recesses a light neigh that was responded to by Robert's horse at the house. No need now to call on duty, on courage, on God! Away, away like a flash, across the smooth turf, into the scrubby mesquite, whose thorns scratched her face and

torture Lucy—Robert was either murdered or kidnapped. An instant was taken to devise plans when the remembrance of that ghostly neigh caused Lucy to whisper:
 "The old adobe, papa. Quick, quick!"
 Just in time, for the clatter of hoofs as they turned in that direction told of the Mexican's mount and escape. After him go the pursuers, every man leaning forward in his saddle and shaking loose reins over the wild beasts they ride. Hi-ji! like a pack of hounds in full cry, but the broncho ahead is of a wild nature, too. The mesquite scatters the band, as they force a passage way through, trying to pull them from their saddles. Out again to the open, and the Mexican still in view, for sight is sharpened by the excitement and a strange clearness comes from the star-lit sky. For a good half-mile the chase is direct, when he heads for the arroyo, which in this place is steep and stony.
 "He's a goner!" shouted a herder, as over the brink they see him pass. For a second's length they rein in, only to see the tough little pony's form coming into shape on the opposite bank. Down go the whole band then, like a house of blocks tumbling against one another in the pitchy darkness of the hollow, among stones and boulders. Only two men and Mr. Alden, through more care and better management, are able to keep up on the other side, but the latter's horse, with his double load, is longer reaching the level, and the two herders are already in pursuit. One gains head rapidly, then is lost sight of in the shadow of a hill, then

The following is one of the interesting and encouraging appreciations that can any day be found in the Western Home Monthly mail bag:

Western Home Monthly,
 Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:—A meeting of the Fort Pelly Grain Growers' Association, held on April 2nd, 1910, the following resolution was passed: "That the secretary be instructed to write the Editor of the Western Home Monthly thanking him for the article 'Legalized Piracy,' which appeared in the March number, and hopes that in future readers will be favored with articles of like nature." Carried unanimously. It is such articles as this that will bring to the mind of the farmer the True Cause of the enormous increase in the cost of living and the grave necessity of co-operation. Throughout this district your paper is read through and through, and thoroughly appreciated for its many interesting features.

Yours truly,
 E. CHALLEN CLARK,
 Sec. Ft. Pelly G.G. Association.

hands with a sharp sting, sometimes falling over treacherous dead trunks, up again and again, and ever on, the ringing in her ears and the throbbing of heart and head being her only sensations. The last little hillock was mounted and the gate of the corral, lighted by the big camp fire, came into sudden view. She leaped forward as her father's voice again came to her across the wild, "My old Kentucky home, good night!"—the strain they had so often sung together. She presses forward, the collie sees the oncoming figure, and with a sharp bark over he goes for an enemy, and finding his friend, knocks her trembling feet from under her in his joy. Before she can rise her father is there, too.
 "Papa—Giacomo—Robert—there!" is all she can articulate, as she points back to the house, but the great eyes, strike consternation to the father's heart. His boy is dying or dead! No time to ask questions. Back to the fire to mount, and a word to the others to join him.
 "Papa, papa, take me, too," pleaded Lucy, as he drew rein by her.
 "No, no, little daughter, there may be shots. You are best here."
 "Papa, dear, precious papa, do not leave me! I must go, I must, indeed!" She clung to the pommel and drew herself up behind him, and they were off to regain the others. As they drew near the house the mellow beams from the window flowed as calmly as ever. A glance in the window showed the room to be bare and no signs of life about. The same dread thought that had passed through Mr. Alden's brain now came to

the forms of pursued and pursuer are sharply outlined against the starry horizon, they see the herder gather his rope, rise in his stirrup, his body bends forward—once—twice—three times goes the lariat about his head—whiz-p-z—the trained horse comes to a standstill, throws his weight on his haunches, and over tumbles Giacomo, skirts and all, with a thud, having saved his worthless neck from another rope by throwing up his arm as the lariat went over him. Sputtering Spanish curses and calling upon all the saints of his calendar for revenge, he was securely tied and fastened on his wearied horse, which was soon caught. The party then retraced their way to the house to seek for Robert, as they could get no information from the Mexican, who had relapsed into a sudden silence. Lucy was crying and her father's lips tightened as they reached home again, just as Rob came around the house with a bucket of water in his hand.
 "Well, missy, where did you fly off to? I thought you'd joined old senora on her broomstick. I guess you weren't as thirsty as you made out."
 But didn't his eyes open at news of the capture, and wasn't his sister Lucy a heroine? Yes, for not only at home, but throughout the section, long after Giacomo had met his just deserts, was that plucky girl of Alden's extolled.
 A pony, a saddle, a beautifully ornamented quilt and many rare flowers were some of the presents bestowed upon her by her admirers, and Lucy began to find out how much of life's pleasant side she had been missing.

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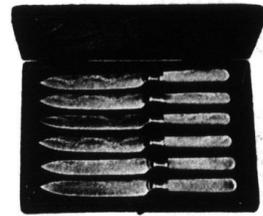
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