

The High Trail

Halfway across the Blue Mesa, Dorothy met her ranger man. She had been watching the trail. Lorry dismounted and walked with her to the cabin. Bronson was glad to see him. They chatted for a while. Lorry would have spoken of his father's offer — of his plans, of many things he wished Bronson to know, yet he could not speak of these things until he had talked with Dorothy. He would see Bronson again. Meanwhile —

A little later Lorry went to his cabin to take stock of the implements and make his final report. He swept the cabin, picked up the loose odds and ends, closed the battered piano gently, and sat down to think.

He had made his decision, and yet — he had seen Dorothy again; touched her hand, talked with her, and watched her brown eyes while he talked. The Great War seemed very far away. And here he was at home. This was ' ' country. But he had set his face toward the High trail. He could not turn back.

Dorothy stood in the doorway, her finger at her lips. Bronson was busy writing. Lorry rose and stepped out. He stooped and lifted her to Gray Leg. She sat sideways in the saddle as he led the pony across the mesa to the veritable rim of the world.

Far below lay the open country, veiled by the soft haze of distance. He gave her his hand, and she slipped to the ground and stood beside him. For the first time the tremendous sweep of space appalled her. She drew close to him and touched his arm.