POOR DOCUMENT

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

ON THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

By Izola Forrester.

"To the left the senorita will ob- "Do not look back!" he muttered serve the eastern slope of the Sierra hoarsely. "It is he."

Madres. Lopez lies at the base. You The second bullet caught them be-

Madres. Lovez lies at the base. You can see a tower or two from here. It can be reached in two days from Grismer. To the right"—Esteban swept an eloquent arm out toward the land below. "It is Mexico here, Arizona there. We have reached the border, Senorita." The senorita lifted her head and drew in a deep breath of appreciation.

"It is simply glorious! Aunt Nell, just look at the color down there on those rocks. It is wonderful! Don't you think Uncle Tristram would be willing to camp here for a day or so after we leave the arroyo?"

The second bullet caught them before they had gone ten feet. It lodged in the right foreleg of the burro bearing the senorita. The burro stumbled headlong and rolled. Esteban halted. For an instant the girl lay motionless, one foot beneath the burro, her face a ghastly white in the brilliant sunshine. As Esteban watched her, her lashes flickered and she looked up at him. "You go to Mrs. Knight at once," she said, breathlessly.

Esteban went. In small ways of caution he never wavered from his purpose.

willing to camp here for a day or so after we leave the arroyo?"

Mrs. Knight's mule side stepped with sudden agility and jerked its head the bridal length with a nervous, fretful bray. Mrs. Knight adjusted here eyeglasses for the eightleth time since she had mounted the mule, and refused to look at the glorious landscape.

"Marie Louise, if you dare to entice you uncle into living one hour in this place I shall go on to Mexico alone. The mosquitoes are eating me alive. Esteban, is there a hotel in Lopez?"

Esteban smiled slowly and reflectively.

"One hotel, ah yes, Senora. Very much the more worse than the mosquitos."

"It would be delighted to camp out here," said the girl. "Look at the grand view over the Sierras. Why, Aunt Nell, uncle would go crazy over it. It would be much better than one of those miserable little Mexican hotels, We could put you up a whole ten by yourself, made of mosquito netting, and you could live in it all the time."

"It is so very much the picturesque," "It is so very much the picturesque," "It is so very much the picturesque," "Steban used his United States yoca"Steban used his United States yocaext the horders wavered from his purpose.

Marie Louise waited, listening. There was absolute silence around her. The burro moved restlessly and kicked. She laid one hand on its head and patted it gently, Then she looked back up the hillside.

The Rattler returned her gaze. She saw him outlined between the bright, sunlit yelow and red of the earth, and the deep blue of the sky, a motionless, upright figure dressed in brown, with a knot of scarlet at his throat, and its mate on his sombrero. A thin line of pale gray smoke curled in the air from the revolver in his hand.

His horse was not the loosely jointed, sloping shouldered breed of the Mexican points. It was a slim chestnut. But Marie Louise did not notice the horse. She looked at the Rattler, and almost forgot the pain in the ankle under the burro. The Rattler was smooth faced and only the softness and charm of his eyes could cou



"An now he is right around here somewhere"
"On the section also, Senorities, "On the tail flavor beside her." If you are the tail flavor besides her. "If you are the tail flavor besides her." If you somewhere?"
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"Why not?" He looked up at her face, her like years, the tail flavor besides her. "If you somewhere?"
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"Not have the tail flavor besides her." If you somewhere?"
"What?" asked the flavor besides her." If you somewhere?"
"Steckhan more well cannot be looked up at her face, her like years, the same, her face, her face, her like years, the same, her like years, the s

"He's a— it ain't so." He stopped abruptly, the color surging darkly to his face. "A man's got a right to defend his own life, ain't he? And it in the defence the other fellow gets the worst of it, what is it, crime, or fate? It is you, or the sand on the bridle that did it? They tried to do me out of my shares on the whole properties, the three of them, and my partner, the man I had brought from Texas, and stood by through every game we got up against in hard luck, he tried to kill me behind my back. Was I to blame if I showed fight? And with all three opening up on me, was it my fault that their shots went wild and mine told true? Would you want a man to stand and let his life and property be stolen from him? I killed them; sure, I did. I'm not sorry I did it."

"What did you run away for?" Her voice was low. "Why didn't you stand a trail?"

"Because there wasn't a ghost of a chance for me," he answered coolly. "I didn't have any witnesses, nothing but the bodies of three dead men, and the straight, cold blooded fact that I had them. And the law won't take a man's word in his own defence. Over in Grismer they know I told the truth, and they let me pretty well alone. But public sentiment don't do a man any good when he is shut out from his sown his pelt."

"Then why don't you go away?"

"Awava?" He looked up a dad leta stafer it as soon as they had a reached camp. It had been the Mexican passed refluctantly and dubiously out of sight and left him alone with Tristram Knight. The did from the Mexican passed refluctantly and dubiously out of sight and left him alone with Tristram Knight. The tone was insistent and refused to be ignored. Marie Louise."

The tone was insistent and refused to be ignored. Marie Louise standing behind her chair. The linguish the newcomer's face. An empty chair stood just back of her own and she inclined her head slightigures tood just back of her own and she inclined her head slightigures tood just back of her own and she inclined her head slightigures tood just back of her own and sh

a wolf with a government bounty on his pelt."

"Then why don't you go away?"

'Away?" He looked up at her suddenly. "Out of the country you mean? Because the land's mine and I mean to hang on to it. The claims are all mine, and I took them up. The man that died was just a side partner to help me work the stuff. They're the best copper properties around here. Do you think I'd let them chase me out of the territory?"

"But you can't do anything with them," she persisted, "not when you are an outlaw."

"Well, I can't dispose of them exactly," he answered deliberately. "But there's nothing to prevent my taking another partner, is there? How does Mr. Knight like the looks of the arroyo?"

She caught her breath as the full meaning of the words flashed upon her, "Does my uncle know," she demanded.

"Know what?"

"But Yates had picked up a witness, a Mexican fellow who had been on the spot at the time of the murder, or rather, the killing. The fellow had been mixed up in the row himself, Yates had said, but with the assistance of assurance as to his personal safety in the case, and a liberal witness fee, Esteban had borne excellent testimony for the defense, and had cleared the reputation of Jack Yates, otherwise the Rattler.

And the government bounty had been lifted from the pelt of the wolf.

"It needs a little more local color, doesn't it?" said a voice at her side.

The curtain fell. In the momentary hush which lay over the house as the lights realsed, Marie Louise turned her head toward the speaker. With lips half parted, she met his gaze and did not speak. There was something lacking to the fitness of it all. A tilted

ART OR NATURE?

By Lucy Copinger.

Sophie's father. They were talking about Miss Lucy.

"My sister," said Sophie, "seen Miss Luzy, and she says she's a swell."
Sophie's sister, a creature of a very big pompadour that hung coquetishly into one eye, worked at the beauty counter of a department store, and was therefore the social oracle of the Bauerschmidt circle,
There was an element of gloom in

Anna Karenina and Sophie Bauerschmidt were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Bauerschmidt saloon, from beneath the bar they had just from beneath the bar djust been rudely ejected by had just been rudely ejected by should have a faither. They were talking should have a faither of the faces like my mother?"

Anna's natze that discounted for her work and some in the curb-stone all things pedagogical. "A swell!" she style," argued Sophie. "It's the curb, and some of the cheerful and long-sustained at the cheerful and long-sustained at sister put stuff on her hair, and some of it's red and the rest aint."

"You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed you a cent she don't," cried the cheerful and long-sustained at sister put stuff on her hair, and some of it's red and the rest aint."

"That's like my mother's," Anna agreed, "but Miss Luzy's jusd all the taunted Sophie. "All right," said Anna; "jusd waid the taunted Sophie. "All right," said Anna; "jusd waid the rend of the care fail."

"Nothun," said Sophie femininely.

"You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed you a cent she don't," cried the cheerful and long-sustained at made matters worse.

Anna Karenina looked like a wet fresh sausage and according to her usual custom in rainy weather she that tunted Sophie. "All right," said Anna; "jusd waid the cheerful and long-sustained at the cheerful and long-sustained at