

in the hotel below would find her husband on the morrow, but the grim-faced men who followed the lead of the pinto pony would hold him till he was joined in wedlock with a grimmer consort—death.

The four rode silently. The girl had told all that was necessary and they were now nearing the trysting place. When they reached the clump of firs which Therese had pointed out to Cousins from the hill above the three men drew back into the deeper shadows while their guide remained at the edge of the timber. The appointed meeting time was close yet the vengeful spirit still swayed her and she was as eager for the capture of her erstwhile lover as were the police behind. A dark figure slipping from

shadow to shadow drew near the sombre firs. It reached the shelter of the grove. Ah! Therese; on time little girl. Good! And the horse? You!—the cry was cut short in his throat by the sinewy fingers of one of the constables, but the ever-ready Colt's sprang into action at the same instant. The constable's blow came too late and a pinto pony dashed unchecked through the shadows.

The constables took their man in, tied to the saddle of one of their own horses. Another one bore the still form of the girl who kept the tragic tryst. The third horse carried a grim-faced man with ready weapon on his arm, and a pinto pony trotted in the rear, free-reined and alone.

Commotion is not devotion.

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The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—  
H. W. Beecher.

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It is a mistake to consider as wasted the power that is devoted to the help of others. That is the only part of our power which is really saved.

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It is a mistake to believe that happiness is on sale in the world's markets. All the gold of the West is insufficient to purchase true happiness.

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There is no one in the world of whom we are oftentimes so utterly ignorant as we are of the person who walks in our own shoes, and the things which we least anticipate are our own pitiful falls into sin.—Cuyler.

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As we are, so do we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus, of their own will and choice, souls proceed into heaven—into hell.—Emerson.

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Our unconscious influence over others is a tremendous force in life. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance."

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"Don't grumble. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corneres, and to find out all the disagreeable things. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it, and that you are to take your share of trouble, and bear it bravely."