

quented trails south to the boundary line and comparative safety.

After giving her consent to the plans for escape, Therese lingered on the jutting point which overlooked the road, gazing for the last time across the stretch of bunch grass range which spread as far on either side as the eye could see. Every feature of the outlook had been familiar to her since childhood. She loved the range country in its every mood, but never more than now as the long rays of the evening sun cast warm lights upon the brown slopes and tinged the distant hills with great blotches of purple and mauve, shaded into deep blue on the horizon and lightened with splashes of crimson on the nearer crests.

In the west the sky was all alight, but in the east the hills cast long shadows across the bunch grass through their tops still glowed bright against the darkening night-clouds.

A wandering cayote in quest of his evening meal gave voice to a long, weird wail and ended with a querulous staccato bark which was echoed from a distant hill. Whizzing nighthawks swung high in pursuit of invisible prey and a mournful Towho! who! who! belled from the feathered throat of an owl perched in a nearby fir.

It was all so beautiful to Therese, and the night voices chorded so well with her mood that the girl lingered on the point till darkness fell. She was bidding it all farewell, loathe to leave, yet never for an instant hesitating in the course she was to take. Was she not to go with the man she loved, the man whose attentions, careless as they had been, had won her heart and whose dire need had forced him to feign an attachment which he did not feel. Although she was troubled by a dim forbidding which gripped her very soul, the girl was happy through it all.

When the morning broke Therese rose with feeling of foreboding still strong up her. She forced herself to go about the household duties, which her position as her father's mainstay in the management of the hotel placed on her shoulders, just as she would have done had she not believed it to be for the last time. The stage from below came in and there were tired and dusty travellers to be

looked after, one of them by the woman of the house.

It was not often that other than men arrived from the outside, but this morning was an exception. There was a woman, a strikingly handsome woman of the florid type, who presented a strong contrast to the thin, dark girl who waited upon her when she came in, tired and travel-worn. The newcomer was handsome rather than beautiful; Therese was beautiful, not handsome. Her lithsome, graceful figure was hers by virtue of the active, untrammelled life she had spent in the health giving air of the wind-swept ranges. A man of tawny hair and the cream-like pallor of her skin were heritages from her Scotch forebears, only the lustrous depths of her eyes languorously tender or passionately fierce as her mood compelled spoke of the wild red blood of Indian ancestors.

The fair-haired, pink and white being of generous mould who had drifted in from the coast was tired and irritable and she took pains to vent her irritation on Therese.

It was only after the stranger had refreshed herself sufficiently to forget the worst features of the trying stage journey that she gave any inkling of the reason for her presence in this town at the front. Her husband had sent for her, she informed Therese, some time ago, but she had not been able to leave Frisco until now. She wondered why he was not here to meet her. She had written him in plenty of time. Where could he be?

Who was he? Why—

Then came the crash which shattered Therese's dream—the blow which drove the loving Scotch heart into the very depths of hills and cleared a way for the savage blood to work a woeful change—Cousins—Ralph Cousins.

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Silently through the night a little party of four road upwards over the trail. In the place of the leader, a slight form sat a pinto pony, riding as firmly erect as any of the three police who followed. Therese was on the way to keep the tryst with her lover, but she would keep it in the spirit of relentless vengeance which was part and parcel of her mixed blood. The fair haired woman waiting