wnere?" was the instant question. the packet of letters. Old Kirkby stretched out his hands "Don't ax me," he said, "he'd jest gone. I ain't never seed or heerd of him sence. Poor little Louise Rosser, she did have a hard time."

"Yes," said Enid, "but I think the man had a harder time than she. He "It looked like it," answered Kirkby

"If you had seen him, his remorse his anguish, his horror," said Mattdoubt about it. But it is getting late In the mountains everybody gets at daybreak. Your sleeping bags in the tents, ladies; time to go to

As the party broke up, old Kirk rose slowly to his leet; he looked meaningly toward the young women upon whom the spell of the traces still lingered, he nodded toward young brook, and then repeated his speaking glance at her. His meaning was patent, although no one cise had

seen the covert invitation.
"Come Kirkby," said the girl in quick response, "you shall be my cocort. I want a drink before I turn in. No, never mind," she said, as Brad-shaw and Philips both volunteered.

"not this time." The old frontiersman and the young girl strolled off together. They stopped by the brink of the rushing torrent a few yards away. The noise that it made drowned the low tones of their voices and kept the others, busy preparing to retire, from hearing what

'That ain't quite all the story, Miss Enid," said the old trapper meaningly. There was another man.

"What! exclaimed the girl.



"Read the Letters," He Said.

with Louise Rosser, wich she was Louise Newbold, but there was another man; I suspected it afore, that's why she was sad. W'en we found her

body I knowed it.' don't understand." These'll explain," said lirkby. He drew out from his rough hunting coat carefully enclosed in an oil skin and tled with a faded ribbon. "You see, he continued, holding them in his hand yet carefully concealing them from the people at the fire. "Ween she fell off the cliff—somehow the mule lost his footin', nobody never knowed how, leastways the mule was dead an' couldn't tell-she struck on a spur or shelf about a hundred feet below the brink; evidently she was carryin' the letters in her dress. Her bosom was frightfully tore open an the letters was lyin' there. Newbold ato the canon an' came up to the or bate head, were the body lyin, but we dropped down. I as the first man down an' I got 'em. that's ever looked on them letters, exot mine and now yourn."
'You are going to give them to

"I am," said Kirkby.

"I want you to know the hull story." "But why, again?"
"I rather guess them letters'll tell,"

"I rather guess them letters'll tell,"
"I rather guess them letters'll tell,"
"I rather guess them letters'll tell,"
"She was a perfectly formed woman
on the and at able lines of Milo
rather than the degenerate softness
you throwed away."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl
and fuller of breath, quicker and

carlously, tarilling to the solemnty of the moment, the seriousness, the kind affection of the old frontiersman, the weird scene, the fire light, the tents gleaning ghostlike, the black wall or than over the reduced slightly under rating the control of the cont the canon and the tops of the mountain range broadening out beneath the stars in the clear sky where they winkled above her head, the stars in the clear sky where they was so perfectly proportioned, the car field herself with the fearly and together. to be imbued with human feeling. patted her on the shoulder 'Read the letters," he said; "they'll

tell the story. Good night.'

CHAPTER IV.

The Pool and the Water Sprite. Long after the others in the camp had sunk into the profound slumber a solitary candle in the small tent occupied by Enid Maitland alone gave letters which Kirkby had handed to

It was a very thoughtful girl indeed who confronted the old frontiers-man the next morn as. At the first One night after a camping experience of nearly two weeks in the meantains and just before the time for

'Have you read 'em?" he asked.

er hunting shirt as she sp The packet was not bulk

ters were not many nor were

some strange and unexpli-she was rather glad to b

She could not, as she had said. any personal application to be them, and yet in some way feel that the solution of the

est be taught to cast the fly for the

intain trout which filled the brook

up life must be explained to the

The first few days were days of

learning and preparation, days of mis-hap and misadventure, of joyous

laughter over blunders in getting set-

acclimated. The weather proved per-

no rain and the bright supny days

and plenty of blankets and the colder

It was an intensely new experience

for the girl from Philadelphia, but she

showed a marked interest and adapt-

charming days. She was a good sports-

advantage.

but here the charm of tracted her, she liked to

The main stream that flowed

the canon was fed by many from the mountain sides, and

of them voracious trout appeare

sometimes with the others, but m

often by herself. She discove

charming and exquisite nooks, little stretches of grass, the size perhaps of

a small room, flower decked forny

bordered, overshadowed by tall giant

through their thin foliage, checkering the verdant carpet beneath. Huge moss covered boulders, wet with the

everdashing spray of the roaring brooks, lay in midstream and with

other natural stepping stones hardby

invited her to cross to either shore.

ears, deep still pools tempted her skill

blown, a nymph of the woods, upon

some pinnacle of rock rising needle-like at the canon's edge above the

sea of verdure which the wind wave to and fro beneath her feet. There is

the bright light, with the breeze ble

hilirated, triumphant.

ing her golden hair, she looked like

ounce of superfluous flesh upon her yet she had the grace of Hebe, the

strength of Pallas Athene, and the

swiftness of motion of Atalanta. Had she but carried bow and spear, had

she worn tunic and sandals, she might

have stood for Diana and she would

ave had no cause to blush by com-

Uncle Robert was delighted with

her; his contribution to her western outfit was a small Winchester. She

displayed astonishing aptitude under his instructions and soon became won-derfully proficient with that deadly

weapon and with a revolver also. There was little danger to be appre-

There was little danger to be appre-hended in the daytime among the

parison with the finest model of

Praxiteles' chisel or the most splen-did and glowing example of Appelles'

explored them as she had oppo

pine trees, the sunlight

and address.

and wander off alone.

nd pool, and all the varied duties, de

ails and fascinating possibilities of

any great length. She carry them on her pe

did she think this on ac

"Wall, you keep 'em," said the old

breaking up and going back to cly ization, she announced that early the next morning she was going down the canon for a day's fishing excursion. None of the party had ever tol-owed the little river very far, but it was known that some ten miles below like lake in a sort of crater in the mountains. From thence by a series of water falls it descended through the foothills to the distant plains be-

The others had arranged to

always to have a weapon in readiness.



"It Was In These Very Mountains," Sald Robert Maitland.

ered above them and which had never before been surmounted so far as roof of the world, a solitary human they knew. Enid enjoyed mountain being, so far as she knew, in the eye they knew. Enid enjoyed mountain climbing. She liked the uplift in feeling that came from going higher and the feeling that came from going higher and the

tled, or learning the mysteries of rod and line, or becoming hardened and all, bidding the others go their was.

Mrs. Maitland, who was not feeling tery well, old Kirkby, who had allowed too many mountains to feel the significant description. Surveying the great range she would not discover them. Surveying the great range she would not discover them. were invigorating and exhilarating to the last degree. They had huge fires ability, and entered with the keenest zest into all the opportunities of the woman and she soon learned to throw a fly with the best of them. Old Kirkter at home, but carried the revolver with the fishing tackle and substantial

by took her under his especial pro-tection and as he was one of the best luncheon rods in the mountains, she had every of life. Except in the privacy of her own chamber she had rarely ever been alone before—not twenty feet from a man, she thought whimsleady, at once, content are we with lower altitudes today.

There was no sound above her; the rushing water over the rocks upon the nearer side she could have a spritted and her fountain!

It had been Enid's purpose to cut where it turned eastward once more, avoiding the long deput back. In fact, she had declare her intention

excuse or reason for saving it, she never tired of the charm of the canon; therefore, instead of plunging directly over the spur of the range, she folhad passed westward far beyond the limits of the camp to the turning, she decided, in accordance with that ut-terly irresponsible thing, a woman's will, that she would not go down the canon that day after all, but that she would cross back over the range and strike the river a few miles above the

by the waterside, she climbed some particularly steep acclivity of the canon wall and stood poised, wind She had been up in that direction a few times, but only for a short dis-tance, as the ascent above the camp was very sharp, in fact for a little more than a mile the brook was only a succession of water fall; the bes fishing was below the finest woods were deeper in the would like to see what was up in unexplored section of the country so, with scarcely a momentary tation, she abandoned her for

and began the a coult of the Upon decisions so lightly what momentous conference pend? Whether she should go stream or down the sheam, y she should follow the rivelet to so a or descend it to its me we apparently a matter of little was so perfectly proportioned, the carried herself with the fearlessmess of a young chamois, that she looked tailer than she was. There was not an

ient, yet her whole life turned absolutely upon that decision. The idle and unconsidered choice of the hour, was frought with gravest possibilities. Had that election been made with any suspicion, with any foreknowledge, had it come as the result of careful rea-soning or far-seeing of probabilities. it might have been understandable but an impulse, a whim, the vagrant idea of an idle hour, the careless ing master hand. Caught up as it chance of a moment, and behold: a were to meet its maker. Thinking to make youth and innocence, freedom and happiness, a happy day, a good rest happy day, a good rest happiness, a happy day, a good rest happiness, a happy day, a good rest happy day, a good happiness, a happy day, a good rest by the cheerful fire at night; on the other, peril of life, struggle, love, the cheerful fire at night; on the other, peril of life, struggle, love, did not occur to her even to look at

prayer that he might know 21s end and be certified how long he had to live is one that will not and cannot be granted; that it has been given to or carried in her hand, or else the Colt dangled at her hip. At first she took both, but finally it was with reluctance that she could be persuaded to take either. Nothing had ear happened. Save for a few birds now nidthen she had seemed the only topact of the wilderness of her choice.

One night after a second to the cold to the cold to the wilderness of her choice.

we must, but the superiord to the girl that result sweep therning. Face hid mathes may remain the guise of mathese mayor the under the guise of mathese mayor the superior. fitted iancy. Lighthearted, carefree, fitted with because ion over with inevent joy over every fact of hie, the left the flowing water and scaled the cliff beyond which in the wilderness she was to find after all,

The ascent was longer and more difficult and dangerous than she had imagined when she first confronted it, perhaps it was typical and foretold her progress. More than once she had to stop and carefully examine the face of the canon wall for a practicable trail; more than once she had to ex-preise extremest care in her climb, but she was a bold and fearless mountaineer by this time and at last surmounting every difficulty she stood panting slightly, a little tired, but

riumphant upon the summit.

The ground was rocky and broken, the timber line was close above ker and she judged that she must be several miles from the camp. The canon eral miles from the camp. The canon was very crooked, she could see only few hundred yards of it in any direction. She scanned her circumscribed limited horizon eagerly for the aot a sign of it was visible. She was dinary, beget of innecence and inex-ovidently a thousand teet above the perience. uptessed peaks of the main range,

greater than that of heaving seas. Save in the infrequent periods of ealm, the latter always moves; the mountains are the same for all time. The ocean is quick, noisy, living; the mountains are calm, still—dead!

The girl stood as it were on the When the fixity of her decision was established she had a number of offers to accompany her, but declined them all, bidding the others go their

very well, old Kirkby, who had climbed too many mountains to feel much interest in that game, and Pete the horse wrangler, who had to look the stock, remained in camp; the stock remained in camp; She was in the very heart of the stock remained in camp; started at daybreak for their long as- the mountains; peaks and ridges rose cent. She waited until the sun was all about her, so much so that the genabout an hour high and then bade good-bye to the three and began the descent of the canon. Traveling light, for she was going far—farther, indeed, than she knew—she left her Wincheston of her that rose massively grand above the control of her than the control of her the all the others. Tomorrow she would climb to that high point and from its lofty elevations look upon the heav-Now the river—a river by courtesy only—and the canon turned sharply back on themselves just beyond the little meadow where the camp was pitched. Past the tents that had been their home for this joyous period the their home for this joyous period the triver ran due east for a few hundred.

swung around to the east on its prop- ly; there was no wind about her to stir the long needles of the pines. It was very still, the kind of a stillness of across the hills and strike the river body which is the outward and visible complement of that stillness of the soul in which men know God. There had been no earthquake, no of doing that to Kirl y and he had given her careful directions so that she should not get lost in the mountains had not heaved beneath her feet, the great and strong wind had not passed by, the rocks had not been rent and broken, yet Enid caught herself listening as if for a voice. The thrill of majesty, silence, loneliness was upon her. She stood-one stands when there is a chance of meeting God on the way, one does not kneel until he comes-with her raised hands tion unspeakable. God-conquered with her face to heaven upturned.

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my salvation," her heart sang voicelessly. "We praise thee, oh, God, we magnify thy holy name forever," floated through her brain, in great appreciation of the marvelous work of the Almighty shap-



The Girl Stood as It Were on the Roof of the World.

jealousy, self sacrifice, devotion, suffering, knowledge—scarcely Eve herself the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point received the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point received the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point received the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point received the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees to watch on her wrist, she had swept the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees to watch the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees to watch the watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees to watch on her wrist, she had swept thought with almost superhuman without a backward look tramped swiftly and without a backward look tramped swiftly

ittle cloud hid on the norizon bening the rampart of the ages, as it were, no bigger than a man's hand, a cloud full of portent and which would alarm greatly the veteran Kirkly in the equally silent. There was an awful fixty in the gaze she turned upon him that the low greatly the properties of the mountain the low greatly the veteran Kirkly in the equally silent. There was an awful fixty in the gaze she turned upon him that the low greatly was a low seconds longer, and then she hurled herself through and her was read under it. It approved the veter and stepped out then the deep in the canon, and for both of them as for the girl the sun still shone brightly.

The declivity to the river on the upper side was comparatively easy and Enid Maitland went slowly and thoughtfully down to it until she reached the young torrent. She got her tackle ready, but did no casting, as she made her way slowly up the ever narrowing, ever rising canon. She was charmed and thrilled by the wild beauty of the way, the spell of the mountains was deep upon her. Thoughtfully she wandered on until presently she came to another little amphitheater like that where the camp was pitched, only smaller. Strange to say, the brook or giver here broadened in a little pool perhaps twenty feet across; a turn had thrown a full force of water against the bure houseward. the huge boulder wall and in ages of effort a giant cup had been nor-lowed out of the native rock. The pool was perhaps four or five feet deep, the rocky bottom worn smooth. The clearing was upon the opposite side and the banks were heavily wooded beyond the spur of the rock which formed the back of the pool. She could see the trout in it. made ready to try her fortune, but before she did so an idea came to smoke from the great fire that they always kept burning in the camp, but before she did so an idea came to always kept burning in the camp, but

river whence she had come. Her standing ground was a rocky ridge which felt away more goatly on the other side for perhaps two hundred feet toward the water at whence season. She knew that the only people of the water at t The water of course was very cold. officer side for perhaps two hundred feet toward the same brook. She could see through vistas in the trees the uptessed peaks of the main range, the uptessed peaks of the main range. bare, chaotic, snow crowned, lonely, majestic, terrible.

The awe of the everlasting hills is greater, than that of housing the satisfied board of them were as the camp below; the others were ascending a mountain miles away. The canon was deep sunk, and she satisfied by a sat she satisfied herself by careful obser-vation that the pool was not over-looked by any elevations far or near.

Her ablutions in common with those of the rest of the campers had been by piecemeal of necessity. Here was an opportunity for a plunge in a natural bath tub. She was as certain that she would be under no observation as if she were in the privacy of her own chamber. Here again impulse determined the end. In spite of her assurance there was some little ap-prehension in the glance that she cast about her, but it soon vanished. There was no one. She was absolutely alone. The pool and the chance of the plunge had brought her down to earth again; the thought of the en-livening exhilaration of the pure cold water dashing against her own sweet warm young body changed the cur-rent of her thoughts—the anticipa-

tion of it rather. Impulsively she dropped her rod upon the grass, unpinned her hat, threw the fishing basket from her She was wearing a stout sweater; that, too, joined the rest. Nervous hands manipulated buttons and the fastenings. In a few moments the sweet figure of youth, of beauty, of purity and of innocence brightened the sod and shed a white luster upon the green of the grass and moss and pines, reflecting light to the gray brown rocks of the range. So Eve may have looked on some bright Eden morning. A few steps forward and this nymph of the woods, this naiad of

The Bear, the Man and the Flood. The water was deep enough to receive her dive and the pool was long strokes. The first chill of the icy water was soon lost in the vigorous mo more human form, however hardy and inured, could long endure that frigid bath. Reluctantly, yet with the knowledge that she must go, after one more sweeping dive and a few magnificent water lapping her white shoulders and shaking her face clear from the drops of crystal, faced the shore. It was no longer untenanted, she was no longer

What she saw startled and alarmed her beyond measure. Planted on her clothes, looking straight at her, hav-ing come upon her in absolute silence, nothing having given her the least warning of his approach, and now gazing at her with red, hungry, evil, vicious eyes, the eyes of the covetous filled with the cruel last of desire and carnal possession, and with a glint of surprise in them, as if he did not know quite what make of the white loveliness of strange invader of the domain which he was role master and b paramount, stend a great, more frightful looking grizzly bear. Unifortities, indeed. mountains, reddish brown in

gray. His body was him averburly, his togs short, dark colored to immensely powerful. His broad a manufacture of restlessly. His fair mouth opened and a low human grocame from the red cavern of a throat. He was an old and tend monster who had tasted the blood man and who would not he state attack without provocation, especi

clothing a moment and stood with one fore foot advanced for a second than half a ton.

in the water or in the air; there were in the water or in the air; there were but two noints upon which her consciousness was focussed in the vast body, and then when it was all over ellipse of her imagination. Another moment or two and all coherency of upon the grass by the careass of the thought would be gone. The grizzly now harmless monster which had so still unsettled and uneasy before her nearly caused her undoing, and shivawful glance, but not deterred by to turned its great head sideways a little to escape the direct immobile stare brought his sharp clawed foot motionless sojourn, albeit it had been for scarcely more than a minute in the start of the start

threatening heave of the great body toward her relieved the tension. She found voice at last. Although it was that she cried; she was not a weepabsolutely futile, she realized as she ing woman, her tears came slowly as cried, her released lips framed the a rule and then came hard. She rath-

distant heaven, the appeal went forth accompanies, by the mightiest conjuration known to man.

How long she lay there, wermth coming gradually to her under the dijuration known to man.



"Help! For God's Sake!"

tashioning, instead of in that still whisper which is his own, and the since morning, and the nervous shock sound of which we fail to catch be- and strain through which she had cause of our own ignoble babble. The answer to her prayer came with a roar in her nervous frightened ear like a clap of thunder. Ere the first echo of it died away, it was succeeded by another and another and

another, echoing, rolling, reverberating among the rocks in ever diminishing but long drawn out peals. On the instant the bear rose to his feet, swayed slightly and struck as at an imaginary enemy with his weighty paws. A hoarse, frightful guttering roar burst from his red slavering jaws,

moment, and lay still. three times and that he was apparently dead. The revulsion that came over her was bewildering; she swayed She rose to h again, this time not from the thrust of the water, but with sick faintnes strung, the loose bow of her spirit

quivered helplessly; the arrow of her life almost fell into the stream. And then a new and more appalling terror swept over her. Some fired that shot. Actaeon h Actaeon had spied upon Diana. With this sudden revela tion of her shame, the red blood beat to the white surface in spite of the chill water. The anguish of that moment was greater than before. She could be killed, torn to pieces, devoured, that was a small thing, but that she should be so outraged in her modesty was unendurable. She wished the hunter had not come. She sunk to hide in its crystal clarity and realized as she did how frightfully cold she was. Yet, although she froze where she was and perished with cold. she could not go out on the bank to dress, and it would avail her little, ly, since the huge monster had fallen a dead heap on her

New all this, although it takes minchile hours, even a life-time, in their brief composition. She thought it would be just as well for her to sink down and die in the water, when a sudden splashing below her caused her to look down the stream.

make out little except that there was a man crossing below her and making directly toward the body of the bear. He was a tall black bearded man, she saw he carried a rifle, he looked neithnot bestow a glance upon her. She could have cried aloud in thanksgiving for his apparent obliviousness to her and and who would not helitate to actually a second and who would not helitate to be a second and actually second and the second and the second actually secon naked, defenseless, lost in the mountains, with the most powerful, sanguinary and feroclous beast of the continent in front of her, she could neither fight nor fly; she could neither fly the fight nor fly; she could neither fly the fight neither fly the fight neither fly the fly the fly the fight neither fly the fly th cules-and she had time to mark and more terrific detonations. continent in front of her, she could body of the monster from off her neither fight nor fly; she could only wait his pleasure. He snuffed at her clothing. She was to learn later what clothing a moment and stood at a feat of strength it was to more than the clothing a moment and stood at the concerned of the con concernedly and easily heaved the a human cry-an answering cry to

top. Both of them unfortunately were and he wavered under it. It annoyed unable to see it, one being on the him. It bespoke a little of the domother side of the range, and the other inance of the human. But she was too surprised, too unnerved, too desperately frightened to put forth the full power of mind over matter. There was piteous appeal in her gaze. The bear realized this and mastered her sufficiently.

Che did not know whether the very large to the rest of her clothes, covered with blood. She threw it aside and with nervous, franche energy, wet, cold, though she was, she jetked on in some fashion enough clothes to sufficiently. She did not know whether she was more leisurely order and with neces-

Scarcely had a minute elapsed in that icy water, and yet the blood which all this happened. That huge threatening heave of the great body hidden part of her in waves as she crief, her released lips framed the artile and then came hard. She rather prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths to the bleak walls of the canon, the drooping pines, the rushing river, the to break forth.

juration known to man.

"For God's sake, help!"

How dare poor humanity so plead, the doubter cies. What is it to God if one suffers, another bleeds, another dies? What answer could cone out of that silent stry? Sometimes the Lord speaks with the loud voice of mea's speaks with the loud voice of mea's from behind the souther blind over the yet uncovered positions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the irresistible swiftness and steadiness of a great deluge. The wall of them lowered above her head while they extended steadily and rapidly across the sky toward the other side of the canon and the mountain wall.

of the canon and the mountain wall. A storm was brewing such as she had never seen, such as she had no experience to enable her to realize its malign possibilities. Nay, it was now at hand. She had no clew, however, of what was toward, how terrible a danger overshadowed her. Frightened but unconscious of all the menace of the hour, her thoughts flew down the canon to the camp. She must hasten there. She looked for her watch which she had lifted from the grass and which she had not yet put on. The grizzly had stepped upon it, it was irretrievably ruined. She judged from her last glimpse of the sun that it must now be early afternoon. She rose to her feet and staggered with weakness; she had eaten nothing and strain through which she had gone had reduced her to a pitiable condition.

Her luncheon had fortunately es-caped unharmed. In a big pocket of her short skirt there was a small flask of whiskey, which her Uncle Robert had required her to take with her. She felt sick and faint, but she knew that she must eat if she was to make the journey, difficult as it might prove, back to the camp. She forced herself to take the first mouthful of bread and meat she had brought with her, but when she had tasted she needed no further incentive, she ate forward, fighting the air madly for a to the last crumb; she thought this was the time she needed stimulants. With staring eyes that missed no too, and mingling the cold water from detail, she saw that the brute had the brook with a little of the ardent been shot in the head and shoulder spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the

She rose to her feet and started down the canon; her bloody sweater still lay on the ground with other had grown colder, but she realized that the climb down the canon would and all would be well.

Before she began the descent of the pass, she cast one long glance backward whither the man had gone Whence came he, who was he, what had he seen, where was he now? She thanked God for his interference in one breath and hated him for his

The whole sky was now black with drifting clouds, lightning flashed above her head, muttered peals of thunder, terrifically ominous, rocked through the silent hills. The noise was low With a singular and uneasy feeling that she was being observed, she started down the canon, plunging desperately through the trees, leaning the brock from side to side where it nar-rowed, seeking ever the easiest way. She struggled on, panting with audden inexplicable terror almost as bad as that which had everwhelmed her an hour before—and growing more intense every moment, to such a tragic pass had the day and its happenings

brought her.
Poor girl, awful experience really down and die in the water, when a sudden splashing below her caused her to look down the stream.

She was so agitated that she could now the terror of the storm.

The clouds seemed to sink lower, until they almost closed about her. Long gray ghostly arms reached out toward her. It grew darker and dark-er in the depths of the canen. Sho

screamed aloud-in vain. Suddenly the rolling thunder peals concentrated, balls of fire leaped out as she crouched now neck deep in the tains where she could actually see

In one of those appalling alterna-tions from sound to silence she heard her own? It came from the hi! hind her. It must proceed, she thought, from the man. She could not meet that man, although she craved human companionship as never before, she did not want his. She could not bear it. Better the wrath of God, the fury of the tempest.

Heedless of the sharp note of warning, of appeal, in the voice ere it was drowned by another roll of thunder.

(To be continued)