

length she saw what appeared to be a faint gleam of light on the hills at the western extremity of the prairie. Presently the glimmer developed into a long sparkling line of light advancing towards the plain.

At this sight a flood of tumultuous feelings swept through the girl's breast. The flashing was the flashing of steel, and the last time she had seen anything like it was when Ernest Trevor had bidden her a long good-bye, and was disappearing with his escort into the Passes of the Wahsatch.

Might not this same flashing of steel herald her lover's return? It was not likely that he would come alone. He would either be travelling in company with some caravan, or, as was more likely, have hired the services of a party of hunters or trappers for the journey across the mountains. These would of course be well armed, and hence no doubt the glitter of steel.

For a moment Connie indulged in an ecstasy of joy at the thought that at last Ernest was really come. Then doubts began to creep into her mind as she noted the size of the approaching cavalcade, and saw the frantic haste with which Harry continued to urge his unruly mob of cattle towards the home paddock. Was it possible that the glittering line so rapidly approaching was a troop of marauders bent on plundering the ranche?

She grew pale at the thought, and hastened to give