-where?" was the instant question. Old Kirkby stretched out his hands. "Don't ax me," he said, "he'd jest gone. I ain't never seed or heerd of

Poor little Louise Rosser

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 remorsa his anguish, his horror," said Mattland, "you wouldn't have had any doubt about it. But it is getting late. In the mountains everybody gets up at daybreak. Your sleeping bags are in the tents, ladies; time to go to

As the party broke up, old Kirkby rose slowly to his feet; he looked meaningly toward the young woman, upon whom the spell of the tragedy still lingered, he nodded toward the young brook, and then repeated his speaking glance at her. His meaning was patent, although no one else had seen the covert invitation.

quick response, "you shall be my escort. I want a drink before I turn in. No, never mind," she said, as Brad-shaw and Philips both volunteered.

girl strolled off together. They stopped by the brink of the rushing tor-rent a few yards away. The noise that it made drowned the low tones of their voices and kept the others, bus preparing to retire, from hearing what they said

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

exclaimed the girl. 'Oh, there wasn't nothin' wrong



"Read the Letters," He Said.

with Louise Rosser, wich she was Louise Newhold but there was an other man; I suspected it afore, that's why she was sad. W'en we found her ody I knowed it."

"I don't understand." a package of soiled letters; they were carefully enclosed in an oil skin and tled with a faded ribbon. "You see," he continued, holding them in his he continued, holding them hand yet carefully concealing them hand yet carefully concealing them from the people at the fire. "Wen she fell off the cliff—somehow the mule lost his footin', nobody never ved 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 didn't see 'em, because he went down nto the canon an' came up to the helf, or bute head, w'ere the body was lyin', but we dropped down. I as the first man down an' I got 'em no human eyes, not even my wife's, that's ever looked on them letters, ex-You are going to give them to

"I am," said Kirkby.

von throwed away."

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

curiously, thrilling to the solemnity of the moment, the seriousness, the kind affection of the old frontiersman, the weird scene, the fire light, the gleaming ghostlike, the black wall of the canon and the tops of the mounstars in the clear sky where they twinkled above her head, the strange and terrible story, and now the letters in her hand, which somehow seemed imbued with human feeling. "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 of weary bodies and good consciences a solitary candle in the small tent of Enid Maitland alone gave evidence that she was busy over the letters which Kirkby had handed to

It was a very thoughtful girl indeed who confronted the old frontiers, man the next morning. At the first

convenient opportunity when they were alone together she handed him the packet of letters.

"Have you read 'em?" he asked. "Wall, you keep 'em," said the old

man gravely. "Mebbe you'll want to read 'em agin." "But I don't understand why you want me to have them."
"Wall, I'm not quite sure myself
why, but leastways I do an'—"

"I shall be very glad to keep them," said the girl still more gravely, slipping them into one of the pockets of her hunting shirt as she spoke.

The packet was not bulky, the letters were not many nor were they of any great length. She could enaity carry them on her person and in some strange and unexplicable way she was rather glad to have them. She could not, as she had said, see any personal application to herself, them, and yet in some way she feel that the solution of the mass would be hers some day. Depoch did she think this on accounof the but quiet open emphasis of strange but que the old hunter.

There was much to do about the camp in the morning. Horses and burres to be looked after, fire wood to e cut, plans for the day arranged, excursions laid out, mountain climbs projected. Later on unwonted hands must be taught to cast the fly for the mountain trout which filled the brook and pool, and all the varied duties, details and fascinating possibilities of amp 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-tled, or learning the mysteries of rod and line, or becoming hardened and acclimated. The weather proved per-fect; it was late October and the nights were very cold, but there was no rain and the bright sunny days were invigorating and exhilarating to the last degree. They had huge fires and plenty of blankets and the colder was in the night the better they

It was an intensely new experience for the girl from Philadelphia, but she showed a marked interest and adaptability, and entered with the keenest zest into all the opportunities of the charming days. She was a good sports-woman and she soon learned to throw a fly with the best of them. Old Kirkby took her under his especial protection and as he was one of the best rods in the mountains, she had every

She had always lived in the midst 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 whimsically but here the charm of solitude at tracted her, she liked to take her re and wander off alone. She actuall

The main stream that flowed down the canon was fed by many affluer from the mountain sides, and in ea "These'll explain," said Lirkby. He drew out from his rough hunting coat a package of solled letters; they were often by herself. She discovered charming and exquisite nooks, little stretches of grass, the size perhaps of small room, flower decked, ferny ordered, overshadowed by tall giant pine trees, the sunlight filtering through their thin foliage, checkering the verdant carpet beneath. 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. Waterfalls laughed musically in her ears, deep still pools tempted her skill

Sometimes leaving rod and basket by the waterside, she climbed so particularly steep acclivity of canon wall and stood poised, wind blown, a nymph of the woods, upor 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 blow ing her golden hair, she looked like some Norse goddess, blue eyed, exhilirated, triumphant.

She was a perfectly formed woman answered the old man evasively, "an" on the ancient noble lines of Milo I like you, and I don't want to see rather than the degenerate softness like you, and I don't want to see a throwed away."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl and fuller of breath, quicker and steadier of eye and hand, cooler of nerve, in these demanding, compelling adventures among the rocks in this mountain air. She was not a tall woman, indeed slightly under rather than over the medium size, but she was so perfectly proportioned, she carried herself with the fearlessness of a young chamois, that she looked taller than she was. There was not an 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 ood for Diana and she would have had no cause to blush by comparison with the finest model of Praxiteles' chisel or the most splen-did and glowing example of Appelles'

> 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 wonhis instructions and soon became wonderfully proficient with that deadly
> weapon and with a revolver also.
> There was little danger to be apprehended in the daytime among the
>
> stood apple in hand with
> ignorance and pleasure around her
> beaks when first she came, and when
> at last she turned away—even divinest moments must hav, an end—she
> looked not backward. She saw not a
>
> the skyline cut off as it were by the
> thought with almost supernuman.
>
> the peaks when first she came, and when
> at last she turned away—even divinest moments must hav, an end—she
> looked not backward. She saw not a
>
> the skyline cut off as it were by the
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> the skyline cut off as it were by the
> thought with almost supernuman.
>
> the peaks when first she came, and when
> at last she turned away—even divinest moments must hav, an end—she
> looked not backward. She saw not a

always to have a weapon in readiness, so in her journeyings, either the Win-chester was slung from her shoulder or carried in her hand, or else the Colt dangled at her hip. At first she took because we are only human beings because that she could be persuaded to take either. Nothing had earth happened. Save for a few birds new and then she had seemed the only toward them she had seemed the only toward them. We will for the end because we must, but thank God we know it not until it comes.

Nothing of this appeared to the girl of the wilderness of her choice.

One night after a camping experience of nearly two weeks in the mean-tains and just before the time ten breaking up and going back to civ-ization, she announced that early the next morning she was going down the on for a day's fishing excursion

None of the party had ever tol-lowed the little river very far, but it was known that some ten miles below the stream merged in a lovely gem-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 beyond. The others had arranged to climb one especially dangerous and embition provoking peak which tov-



"It Was in These Very Mountains," Said Robert Maitland.

ered above them and which had never pefore been surmounted so far as they knew. Enid enjoyed mountain climbing. She liked the uplift in feel-ing that came from going higher and higher till some crest was gained, but on this occasion they urged her to accompany them in vain.

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 way. Mrs. Maitland, who was not feeling 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 after the stock, remained in camp; the others with the exception of Enid started at daybreak for their long asgood-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 Wincheswith the fishing tackle and substantial

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 river ran due east for a few hundred feet, after which it curved sharply, doubled back and flowed westward for several miles before it gradually swung around to the east on its prop-

It had been Enid's purpose to cut of doing that to Kir: y and he had given her careful dir ctions so that she should not get lost in the moun-

But she had plenty of time and no 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 fol-lowed the familiar trail and after she had passed westward far beyond the limits of the camp to the turning, she decided, in accordance with that utterly 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 camp and go up the canon.

She had been up in that direction a few times, but only for a short distance, 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 best fishing was below the camp and the finest woods were deeper in the caron. She suddenly concluded that would like to see what was up in th so, with scarcely a momentary be tation, she abandoned her former pl and began the ascent of the range

Upon decisions so lightly what momentous consequences of pend? Whether she should go up t stream or down the stream, wheth she should follow the rivulet to it source or descend it to its mouth was apparently a matter of little me ment, yet her whole life turned absolutely upon that decision. The idle and unconsidered choice of the hour was frought with gravest po 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 chance of a moment, and behold! a life is changed. On one side were youth and innocence, freedom and happiness, a happy day, a good rest other, peril of life, struggle, love, jealousy, self sacrifice, devotion, suffering, knowledge—scarcely Eve herself the watch on her wrist, she had swept when she stood apple in hand with the skyline cut off as it were by the

prayer that he might know 218 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 but One to foresee his own future for no power apparently could enable us to stand up against what might be because we are only human beings

not until it comes.

Nothing of this appeared to the girl that bright set by morning. Fate hid in those mornitains under the guise of lancy. Lieuthearted, carefree, fitted with inexant joy over every fact of life, the left the flowing water and scaled the cliff beyond which in the wilderness she was to find after all, the world.

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 exorcise 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, timber line was close above her and she judged that she must be several miles from the camp. The canon was very crooked, she could see only a few hundred yards of it in any di-rection. She scanned her circum-scribed limited horizon eagerly for the smoke from the great fire that they always kept burning in the camp, but not a sign of it was visible. She was evidently a thousand fact above the river whence she had come. Her tanding ground was a rocky ridge which fell away more gently on the other 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, bare, chaotic, snow crowned, lonely, najestic, terrible

The awe of the everlasting hills is greater than that of heaving seas. Save in the infrequent periods of calm, 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 roof of the world, a solitary human being, so far as she knew, in the eye of God above her. Ah, but the eyes divine look long and see far; things beyond the human ken are all revealed. None of the party had ever come this far from the camp in this direction she knew. And she was glad to be the first, as she fatuously believed, to observe that majestic soli

Surveying the great range she won-dered where the peak climbers might be. Keen sighted though she was, she could not discover them. The crest that they were attempting lay in an-other direction hidden by a nearer spur. She was in the very heart of the mountains; peaks and ridges rose cent. She waited until the sun was about an hour high and then bade all about her, so much so that the general direction of the great range was eral direction of the great range was lost. She was at the center of a far flung cocavity of crest and range. She marked one towering point to the right of her that rose massively grand above all the others. Tomorrow she would climb to that high point and fro lofty elevations look upon the heavens above and the earth beneath, aye and the waters under the earth far below. Tomorrow!—it is generally known that we do not usually attempt the high points in life's range at once, content are we with lower al-

titudes today. There was no sound above her; the rushing water over the rocks upon the nearer side she could hear faint-ly; there was no wind about her to stir the long needles of the pines. It was It had been Enid's purpose to cut across the hills and strike the river where it turned eastward once more, avoiding the long debur back. In fact, she had declare her intention of doing that to Kirk, and he had the mountains had not heaved beneath 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 clasped, her head uplifted in exultaunspeakable, God-conquered with 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

ing master hand. Caught up as it were into the heavens, her soul leaped to meet its maker. Thinking to find God she waited there on the heaven

How long she stayed she did not realize; she took no note of time; it did not occur to her even to look at

little cloud hid on the norizon penind 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 Kirk', in 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 river here broadened in a little pool perhaps twenty feet across; a turn had thrown a full force of water against the huge boulder wall and in ages of effort a giant cup had been hol-lowed out of the native rock. The pool was perhaps your or five feet deep, the rocky bottom worn smooth The clearing was upon the opposite side and the banks were 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 ber-daring, unconventional, extraordinary, begot of innocence and inex-

season. She knew that the only people in that wilderness were the men bers of her own party, three of them were at the camp below; the others were ascending a mountain miles away. The canon was deep sunk, and she satisfied herself by careful observation that the pool was not overlooked 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 apprehension in the glance that she cast

The water of course was very cold.

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 anticipation of it rather. Impulsively she dropped her upon the grass, unpinned her hat, threw the fishing basket from her shoulder. She was wearing a stout

sweater; that, too, joined the rest. Nervous hands manipulated buttons 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 mountains, plunged into the clear, cold waters of the pool—a water sprite and her fountain!

CHAPTER V.

The Bear, the Man and the Flood. The water was deep enough to re-ceive her dive and the pool was long enough to enable her to swim a few strokes. The first chill of the icy water was soon lost in the vigorous me tions in which she indulged, but no more human form, however hardy and bath. Reluctantly, yet with the knowl edge that she must go, after one more sweeping dive and a few ma strokes, she raised her head from the water lapping her white shoulders and 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, having come upon her in absolute si-lence, 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 lust of desire and carnal possession, and as if he did not know quite wh make of the white loveliness of the unwonted apparition flashing so denly at him out of the water, denly at him out of the ware, any strange invader of the domain of which he was cole master and lord paramount, stood a great, monstrough frightful loching grizzly bear. Uraus Horribilis, indeed.

He was an aged monarch of the was a way aged monarch of the was a way aged monarch of the was a way aged monarch of the way aged monarch of the way aged monarch of the way age

mountains, reddish brown in originally, bet now a hoary gray. His body was macrive burly, his legs short, dark colored and immensely powerful. His broad equahead moved restlessly. His far mouth opened and a low house greame from the red cavern of throat. He was an old and terrible monster who had tasted the blood man and who would not hesitate attack without provocation, especially anything at once so harmless and so whitely inviting as the girl in the

The girl forgot the chill of the water in the horror of that moment. Alone, naked, defenseless, lost in the mountains, with the most powerful, san-guinary and feroclous beast of the ontinent in front of her, she could neither fight nor fly; she could only wait his pleasure. He snuffed at her clothing a moment and stood with one fore foot advanced for a second or two growling deeply, evidently, she thought with almost superhuman keenness of perception, preparing to leap into the pool and seize upon her.

otherwise she stood motionies and His gentle and generous burpose we apprehausive, awfully expectant. She obvious even to that made no sound, and save for that tated, excited girl. full of portent and which would alarm growl the great beast had been The woman watched him until he greatly the veteran Kirkly in the equally silent. There was an awful disappeared, a few seconds longer, and then she hurled herself through 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 had dragged forward in its advance,

she did not know whether she was in the water or in the air; there were sary care she got the rest of her appared in its accustomed place upon her solusness was focussed in the vast ellipse of her imagination. Another moment or two and all coherency of upon the grass by the carcaes of the thought would be gone. The grizzly still unsettled and uneasy before her awful glance, but not deterred by it,

absolutely futile, she realized as she ing woman, her tears came slowly as

dooping pines, the rushing river, the to break forth. distant heaven, the appeal went forth accompanies by the mightiest conjuration known to man. For God's sake, help!"

if one suffers, another bleeds, another and a rim of frightful black, dense dies? What answer could come out of clouds had suddenly blotted out the that stent sky? Sometimes the Lord sun. The clouds were lined with gold but she had been accustomed all her dies? What answer could come out of the totaking a bath at the natural temperature of the water at whatever speaks with the loud voice of men's



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 suc-ceeded by another and another and another, echoing, rolling, reverberat-ing among the rocks in ever diminish-ing 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 paws, here the hist modulul of bread and meat she had brought with her, but when she had tasted she then he lurched side ways and fell forward, fighting the air madly for a to the last crumb; she thought this

With staring eyes that missed no detail, she saw that the brute had been shot in the head and shoulder spirit from the flask, she drank. Some the brook with a little of the ardent spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone.

She rose to her feet and started of the most of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone. again, this time not from the thrust of the water, but with sick faintness.

The tension suddenly taken off, until the tension suddenly taken off, strung, the loose bow of her spirit had grown colder, but she realized arrow of her life almost fell into the stream.

And then a new and more appalling terror swept over her. Some man had fired that shot. Actaeon had spied upon Diana. With this sudden revela to the white surface in spite of the chill water. The anguish of that mo-ment 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 lower in the water for-a moment fain 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, started down the canon, plunging desshe could not go out on the bank to dress, and it would avail her little, viftly, since the huge mon ster had fallen a dead heap on her

s to tell, had happened in but a, few seconds. Seconds sometimes in dude hours, even a life-time, in the 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.

She was so agitated that she could now the terror of the storm. 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 neither to the right nor to the left, he did not bestow a glance upon her. She could have cried aloud in thanksgiving for his apparent obliviousness to her benumbing cold. The man stepped on the bank, shook himself like a great over to the bear. He uprooted a small nearby pine, with the ease of a Hercules-and she had time to mark and more terrific detonations. and then with that as a lever he unconcernedly and easily heaved the body of the monster from off her clothing. She was to learn later what a feat of strength it was to move that inert carcass weighing much more

than half a ton.

Thereafter he dropped the pine tree by the side of the dead grizzly and without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point of it and was instantly lost to sight.

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. She did not know whether she was more leisurely order and with neces-

wful glance, but not deterred by it, turned its great head sideways a little to escape the direct immobile stare brought his sharp clawed foot down heavily and lurched forward.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed in which all this happened. That huge threatening heave of the great body toward her relieved the tension. She found voice at last. Although it was absolutely futile, she realized as she ling woman, her tears came slowly as cried, her released lips framed the a rule and then came hard. She rathloud appeal.

"Help! for God's sake."

a rule and then came hard. She rathler prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths Although she knew she cried but of her nature had been undermined to the bleak walls of the canon, the ntains thereof were fain

How long she lay there, warmth coming gradually to her under the direct rays of the sun, she did not know, For God's sake, help!"

How dare poor humanity so plead, the doubter cries. What is it to God

and it was a strange thing that caused her to arize. It grow suddenly, the doubter cries. What is it to God and silver and the long rays shot from behind the somber blind over the yet uncovered portions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the trrestsible swiftness and steadi-ness 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.

A storm was brewing such as s 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. "Heip! For God's Sake!"

Tashioning, instead of in that still whisper which is his own, and the sound of which we fail to catch because of our own ignoble babble.

The inom 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 since morning, and the nervous shock and strain through which she had

condition. Her luncheon had fortunately caped unharmed. In a big pocket of her short skirt there was a small flask of whiskey, which her Urale. Robert had required her to take was her. She felt sick and faint, but she knew that she must eat if she was to was to see the state of the state make the journey, difficult as it might prove, back to the camp. She forced herself to take the first mouthful of was the time she needed stimulants, too, and mingling the cold water from

put her stagnant blood in circulation

and all would be well. Before she began the descent of the pass, she cast one long glance backward whither the man had 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 presence in the other.

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 rocked through and subdued, but almost continuous. With a singular and uneasy feeling that she was being observed, she perately through the trees, leaping the brook from side to side where it narrowed, seeking ever the easiest way. She struggled on, panting with sud-den inexplicable terror almost as bad Now all this although it takes min- as that which had overwhelmed her an hour before-and growing more intense every moment, to such a tragic pass had the day and its happenings

Poor girl, awful experience really was to be hers that day, The fates sported with her-bodily fear, cut-raged modesty, mental anguich and

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

Suddenly the rolling thunder peals concentrated, balls of fire leaped out of the heavens and struck the mounas she crouched now neck deep in the tains where she could actually see them. There were not words to scribe the tremendous crashi dog might have done and marched which seemed to splinter the hills, to be succeeded by brief periods of si-lence, to be followed by louder and

In one of those appalling alterna-tions from sound to silence she heard a human dry-an answering cry to her own? It came from the hills behind 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)