



rays—a bright frank face, a blond woman with wide blue eyes and full lips; a fine and quickening influence, but physically paramount. I could not imagine her lying. She confided at once that she liked the company of men better than women; that she understood few women. Here is a natural outlaw, thought I,—not a destroyer, but a woman who needs big ranges, who could not keep her health in any sort of corral,—a woman dangerous when shut up.

when shut up.

My first idea of Yarbin had been that he was somewhat insignificant to carry such an elegant manner. His voice was out of proportion to his weight, a deep cultured utterance which made the eye look over his head. My mind continually strove to trace where I had seen him. A face is always harder to discern in a dim light than dead objects.

They knew nothing of Huntoon. This room was more livable than minea touch of a feminine hand here and there. Many things of their own were about objects of more richness than taste. The woman seemed aching with eagerness to tell long-pent matters. She started with a new freshness, the lyric of Mary Romany in my brain. Perhaps she felt, in some vague way, that she recalled another to me. I like them both and wondered if they were quite happy together.

He lit a cigarette, and I turned with the flare. His face was deeply, tensely lined; small, but not paltry; it was not exactly a gamester's face, but a gentleman's, in the sense of being well-bred. The whole had come forth with strange vividness in the slow flame of the match. He had met his rights and wrongs, and had found trouble in getting them straight with the rights and wrongs of the world. The old worry of mine about having seen him somewhere kept up an obtrusive activity in my memory, that spoiled either connected talk or thinking.

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A queer evening, altogether: the old sweet song humming in my mind; the open-hearted, unfenced creature, serving cakes and wine; the mystery of Yarbin; talk of the West, Ohio, New York—and at last, the flash that I had seen Yarbin's face in a newspaper, associated with the loss of a great sum of money—one of the wanted. The San Franscisco papers had been filled with it the day I arrived from China with Jane Forbes and Yuan. I remembered nothing of the story, nor the man's name (it wasn't Melton, certainly not Yarbin),—onlý that it was big game and a clever get-away. This was just the mental process. I did not definitely affix the man before me to the robbery.

I heard their voices vaguely for a moment; saw Yarbin regarding me with keenness. His affair was none of mine; but I saw that if guilty, he had no way of being sure I had not come for him.

Talk waned after that, except from the woman. The wine made her delightfully communicative, but Yarbin again and again interposed in his gentle humorous way. They were waiting in Libertad for a chance to get down into the valley of Tropicania. The danger of a battle daily between Orion and Romany's defenders was responsible for their delay in Libertad. Yarbin remarked that the settlement of Tropicania was worth trying if a man wanted to make a fortune.

"It's just my kind of an adventure, if we can only get there," the woman said.

"Are there other women there in the valley?" I inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders. "They say so, but of course they went down before this Orion whistled up his army."

"If Romany were whipped," Yarbin explained, "the valley would be open again, but there wouldn't be a chance for a fortune. The natives would swarm this enterprising stranger's

over this enterprising stranger's machinery."

"What if Orion were whipped?" I asked.

"That's hardly possible," said Yarbin.
"Reinforcements are unlimited. Romany's got the position, but the best he can do is to hold off the jackals and wash gold. After that he's got to escape with it. But they say he's the man for the job.—"

I had heard much of this sort of thing about Nichelas Powers I areas to

I had heard much of this sort of thing about Nicholas Romany. I arose to retire. Yarbin seemed dismayed at my passing from his sight. There appeared to be no way to make him see that I was without pecuniary interest in his past.

To be continued.

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