

blood, and that satisfied the tribe. They were married there with the Indian ceremony. Of course, that doesn't count, but she's white."

"You will tell Tess at once?"

"Yes. This is the fellow who shot Dan. He told me he tried to kill Coyote Barr because Barr had not divided Nelson's hush money properly. Barr was out on the road that night with the rustlers, but the *siwash* got Dan by mistake."

A short time later West had despatched a courier to the Nez Perces reservation to notify the tribe of the death of the chief, for the Indian had begged that he might be buried by his tribe. Once or twice Seb had seen Tess moving about the house, and once he heard her laugh, and the music of it told him that her heart was light because her veins held no drop of Indian blood. But it was near sunset before they met, and the bloom in her cheeks told its own story.

From the window they saw a horseman coming down the road at a full gallop, the evening sun showing the dull yellow of his fringed shaps.

"It's Dr. Lang!" exclaimed Seb.

"He's been to Whitman. He said he would