

freeing one arm and was in the act of endeavouring to reach one of his revolvers when the sharp eye of the constable detected the movement. The constable leaped from his horse and quickly stepping up to him placed one hand on his shoulder and with the other held the cold muzzle of his revolver against his temple and quickly told him if he moved a limb he was a dead man.

The two cowboys disarmed him and the constable placed him under arrest. The constable produced two shining handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on the wrists of his captive. The cowboys secured the horse and the captive was assisted into the saddle. The constable leading the captive's horse to

the side of his own, mounted, and returned along the trail. The foreigner was taken to the Royal North West Mounted Police Barracks and there confined in a cell to await trial for attempted murder.

Meanwhile the life of Red Light Ross hung in the balance. One lovely afternoon he took a turn for the better and with the now ever attentive Marie at his side trod the path which leads to convalescence.

At the foreigner's trial other things developed. He had fled a far European country for a serious crime and bigamy. He was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

Interfering with Cupid.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

FREDDY opened the door in his best evening dress manner and wheeled a chair before the fire with a gesture so perfect that his wife would have stopped to admire it had she not been used to that sort of thing. It had awed her first—that evening dress manner of his—and for a while she felt her complete insignificance, but one day she dared to snuggle timidly against his immaculate shirtfront, and found his heart going a hundred to the minute. Then she knew that the real Freddy was inside all that dignified exterior, and from that moment she trod upon him at will.

She didn't take the chair—he knew she wouldn't.

Instead she quite irreverently placed her golden head upon the lapel of his coat.

"Kiss me," she commanded.

He obeyed in a manner which approached haste.

"Well there," she said presently. Then, after a moment; "I want to talk over something with you, Freddy. I really can't keep it any longer."

"I've been waiting for you to mention it," he remarked carefully selecting a cigar.

"Mention what?" she inquired.

"What you've come to talk over," answered Freddy, critically surveying the end of the cigar.

She dropped, Turkish-fashion, on the rug in front of the fire.

"Don't joke, Freddy," she said reprovingly. "It's awfully serious."

"It certainly is."

She gave him an astorshed stare as he stretched himself comfortably in the chair she had declined.

"Now the question is," he continued "do I or do I not approve of matchmaking?"

"Freddy! How did you guess? I haven't mentioned it to a living soul."

"Your eyes—" he began.

"Why—I've hardly thought it," she protested, "even to myself."

"Your dear eyes!" he finished.

She was in his arms in an instant.

"You do not approve, Freddy?" she said.

"Well, I haven't gone that far yet," he replied, smoothing the dress coat where she had rumpled it.

She shook him gently.

"You don't suppose that they—"

"I'm sure they haven't the slightest suspicion," he assured her.

"You see," she explained, "I don't like posing as a matchmaker."

"Of course not," he reed.

"And it would spoil everything if they knew."

He consulted his cigar.

"They are three awfully nice girls," she went on.

He nodded emphatically.

"And three awfully nice boys."

"Not so nice as the girls," he ventured.

"Oh, men never are," she returned loftily.

"Well, which is for who?" he inquired, presently, allowing her time to enjoy her triumph. "There's John, and Eleanor and Jane, and—get a pencil. We'll

put their names in a hat and draw them out in pairs."

She transfixed him with a glare.

"There's the pencil," she said, "but we will not do anything so awful as that. It's—its almost like—like shaking dice with Fate."

He bowed in humble acceptance of the reproof, and she rewarded him.

"Do you realize, Freddy," she asked softly, "what a terrible responsibility it is to hold the life-long happiness of six persons in the hollow of your hand? Now, we must decide which one is best suited to another."

She took the pencil, and began jotting down the names, one underneath the other. Then she drew perpendicular lines down the paper, and at the top of each column she wrote "Age, Complexion, Faults, Virtues, Habits, Likes, Dislikes." "I think that covers it," she remarked.

"Looks," he suggested.

"They are all pretty," she replied, "and the men—well, the men are all nice. Now, we'll begin. Eleanor!"

After some thought she wrote "twenty-two" under "Age," "dark" for "Complexion," and then after a long thoughtful stare into the fire and several appealing glances at Freddy, who remained discreetly silent, she chewed the pencil helplessly.

"Do you realize?" she asked at last, "how perfectly awful to put such things into words and write them? She's a dear, sweet, lovely girl."

"Fold that part under," Freddy suggested, "and we'll talk it over."

She did so, and felt immensely relieved.

"Pick out the man," he directed.

"John," she hazarded. "Good-looking, athletic, rich—"

"She's rich, too," Freddy expostulated.

"Save him for Jane. Excellent family—Jane—but not rich."

"John and Jane," she mused. "Why, Freddy, that sounds horrid. Besides he's wild over tennis, and she isn't. She plays the piano like an angel—so—give Jane to Sidney. He adores music."

"No, not music—rag-time," he corrected her, "and he talks football eternally, which is something else she doesn't like. Give Sidney to Marion. I saw her rap him over the head at the Yale-Harvard game last year."

"And have them fighting all the time? Why Freddy! Besides I think Leigh is the one for her, because they are both fond of horses. They really are awfully good friends."

"I'd give Leigh to one of the other girls. He's tall and she's short. Why, people would call them the long and short of it. Then another girl would take his word for it that a horse was two years old instead of arguing about it and feeling of his left hind fore leg—"

"That's not the way to tell how old a horse is," she burst out. Then she caught Freddy's eyes and looked helplessly at the paper again. "Oh, we're all mixed up," she continued forlornly, "and I really don't remember how I had it planned."

"I'd give Leigh to Eleanor," he said, "because—"

"They are both dark, Freddy, so that settles it," she replied positively.

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