

glide on the far end of the log, utter a maniacal laugh, throw her shawl to the winds and bound forward.

“Go back, you she-devil! Look out, Senator! That log won’t stand the weight of two—”

There was the flash of a knife in her hand. Moyese had jumped from the stabbing onslaught—when he lost his balance: the tree crunched, bent, doubled like a jack knife, and plunged in a swirl of smoke and dust to the bottom of the Gully. It had been burnt through to the green mossed outer bark. When Brydges looked fearfully over the bank, the Indian woman had crushed below the log; and Moyese lay very still, his face to the sky, his left hand in his pocket, his right hand thrown out as if to ward a blow, gashed and bloody, whether from rock or knife cut, one could not tell.

I do not intend to repeat the “Smelter City Herald’s” flare head announcement of “the deplorable and tragical accident that cut short one of the most promising political careers in the United States.” “Senator Moyese had long been accustomed to search the mountains in autumn for seeds and roots of specimen flowers for his herbarium, of which he had made a hobby. That reckless disregard of danger for which he was famous, etc., etc.” You’ll find the salient features of it all in “Who’s Who.” Pad that out with Mr. Bat Brydges’ imagination and devotion;