

"Oh, you're not plain at all, Mr. Max Lyster," she returned, "and I'll go bail many a woman who is smarter than either 'Tana or me has let you know it! It ain't the plainness—it's the difference. And—well, well! you know you've been quarreling ever since you met."

"But that is all over now," he promised; "and haven't you a good wish for us?"

"Indeed I have, then—a many of them, but you have surprised me. I used to think that's how it would end; and then—well, then, a different notion got in my head. Now that it's settled, I do hope you will be happy. Bless the child! I'll go and tell her so this minute."

"No," he said, quickly, "let her and Dan have their talk out—if she will talk to him. That fever left her queer in some things, and one of them is her avoidance of Dan. She hasn't been free and friendly with him as she used to be, and it is too bad; for he is such a good fellow, and would do anything for her."

"Yes, he would," assented Mrs. Huzzard.

"And she will be her own spirited self in a few weeks—when she gets away from here—and gets stronger. She'll appreciate Dan more after a while, for there are few like him. And so—as she is to go away so soon, I hope something will put them on their former confidential footing. Maybe this murder will be the something."

"You are a good friend, Mr. Max," said the woman slowly, "and you deserve to be a lucky lover. I'm sure I hope so."

Within the cabin, those two of whom they spoke stood together beside the dead outlaw, and their words were low—so low that the paralyzed man in the next room listened in vain.