

walked towards her. She was little more than a child from her face and figure. Her hair was jet black, and hung in two long plaits down her back. Her skin too was dark, though her features bore little testimony to the Indian blood in her veins. She was a half breed.

Shal took the girl by the hands, and told her all that has been written here. She listened silently, her gaze fixed upon the man's face with an expression first of wonder then of fear. Finally she gave a low, half-savage little cry. Her fingers clutched the lapels of his tunic, and her eyes sought the trail along which he had passed.

Next morning Shal Morris sat in the trading room at Cape Tamarac. A pile of correspondence brought in by an Indian remained unopened on the bench, and presently Shal started to his feet at the sound of hoofs in the compound without. He moved towards the rifle that hung above the window, but checked himself midway and smiled grimly. Then he opened the door of the shanty and looked out across the prairie.

Shal's features relaxed as he saw, rid-

ing towards him, not the men he expected, but the half breed girl with whom he had spoken at Wolf Ford. She slipped from her steaming cayuse and hurried towards him.

"You, Lilloet!" cried Shal. "Goodness, I thought it was the sheriff."

"No," answered the girl breathlessly, drawing him into the hut and closing the door after them, "but the sheriff is on the way. He and his posse reached Wolfe Ford about four hours back. They asked me if I had seen you, and I lied. They then went to the Indians, and Trailing Feather, whom we laughed at when he spoke to me of his love, told them the truth.

"The sheriff asked Trailing Feather to accompany them, knowing him to be a skilled tracker, and Trailing Feather agreed readily. As they rode away he turned to me mockingly and said—"Your lover will learn ere the sun goes down that he has made a bad enemy in Trailing Feather."

"So they are on their way now?" said Shal, glancing through the open window.

"Yes, they will be here any minute. I

came by the short road, but there is not a moment to spare."

Shal knew that the law knew no mercy in the suppression of a crime at Outpost City—above all at Berwick's. He regretted now that he had waited so long in the hope that his identity would not be discovered. His one chance lay in throwing the sheriff off his trail, and finally crossing the International Boundary into Canada.

Snatching up his sombrero Shal left the shanty. Lilloet stooped down, her ear to the ground. Presently she rose and followed hastily at his heels. "They are almost here," she cried. "I can hear the orses' hoofs."

It was the work of a moment to saddle one of the many ponies in the corral.

"Good-bye, Lilloet," said Shal from the saddle. "I shall make for the Lone Tree Hills. Even Trailing Feather cannot follow me there."

The cayuse bounded forward in a cloud of yellow dust. Lilloet turned and saw the sheriff and his posse ride into view over a near by ridge. She saw them quicken their pace as they caught sight

of the fleeing Shal—heading not towards their fugitive, but towards the corral.

Lilloet understood. The sheriff's horses were spent, and he would stand but a poor chance of outdistancing Shal unless his men were re-mounted.

The half-breed girl slipped back into the shanty, a new light in her eyes. The years of civilization slipped from her, the Indian blood rose up in her brain. For a moment she was the primeval savage, defending her master.

She took the Winchester rifle from its place above the window, and slipped outside towards the corral. Here she dropped on one knee in the sand of the prairie, her face towards the advancing horsemen.

The sheriff saw the dark figure awaiting him. He mistook the half-breed girl for an Indian brave, and being versed in the ways of the Indians he drew rein at a respectful distance, and ordered the kneeling figure to lay down the rifle.

No response. Lilloet never moved. The sheriff deliberately urged his cayuse a few paces forward. As he did so there was a sharp report, and the girl staggered beneath the heavy recoil of the Winchester. With a shrill scream the sheriff's horse staggered beneath him and fell.

The man landed on his feet—reached for the rifle in his holster. The kneeling figure fired again, and a cloud of sand spurted upward from the sheriff's feet. Then followed shot after shot, poured upon them with deadly intentions. "Fire!" cried the sheriff.

A sharp report, then silence. The kneeling figure by the corral remained for a moment motionless, fell, and lay very still.

They carried Lilloet into the shanty, and laid her on her master's bunk. "Lord, I thought it was a brave," muttered the sheriff. "And I only meant you to wing her."

He looked accusingly at Trailing Feather, whose rifle was still smoking, but the face of the Indian was as expressionless as the face of Lilloet, who slept the long sleep.

For the first few miles Shal had but one idea—to get out of the way of the sheriff and his posse. How far Lilloet assisted him in doing so he never knew. He kept to the hollows of the prairie, riding hard, and when at length he ventured to ascend a ridge and look behind him, his pursuers were nowhere in view.

Shal headed now for the stretch of rocky country, towards the Lone Tree Hills, where travelling would be bad, but trailing almost impossible. He knew it would require all his skill to hide his tracks from Trailing Feather, and at length he reached a deep ravine, strewn with great boulders of rock, and down the centre of which laughed a small creek. He descended the steep bank, and with a sense of security began to ride up the centre of the creek.

But Trailing Feather was infallible. They had long since lost sight of their fugitive, owing to the untimely incident at the corral, but where the Indian's hawk eyes failed to serve him his senses seemed to suffice. Quickly he sought on the trail, followed it among the loose rocks to the very edge of the creek. Then he turned and nodded to the sheriff.

"Him ride down centre of the creek," said Trailing Feather. "Make for Lone Tree Hills, so cross divide ten—eleven—twelve miles up. Better riding in creek than among rocks, but creek twist and turn—long way round. Sheriff stay with me and follow trail. Posse go straight on and wait at the divide."

The sheriff saw at once the wisdom of such a move, and gave instructions accordingly. He despatched three of his men to ambush Shal as he crossed the divide, and himself remained behind with Trailing Feather.

Shal had not gone very far when he realized what the Indian had pointed out—that it was far better riding along the sandy bed of the creek than among the loose rocks, or over the dusty prairie. Thus as the afternoon went on he rode steadily down the gully, little thinking that Trailing Feather would have guessed his plan, and that he was riding into the ambush set for him.

Soon the sun lost its fierceness, and by then Shal had reached the head waters where going was more difficult. At times he found himself riding through

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