

neighbor failed to recognize him as the squaw man's brat, and offered surly greeting at meetings on the trail. At these times the impulse often came to the young half-breed to kill as he would the prowling beasts of his hills, but an indescribable something, a surging of his Puritanical instincts, overwhelming the cowardly treachery of his Siwash fraction, forced waiting an opportunity for fair fight.

Now it often happens in the Coeur d' Alenes, that fortunes are made out of mines; thus Trigger gained wealth. After the big riots of '92, moneyed men came to the Coeur d' Alenes in search of opportunity to invest, and the Coyote, having an excellent showing, was one of the first to go. There commenced a new life for the half-blood youth. Faultlessly tailored he went into the place of his father's birth; met welcome from his own people; and for a time, became one of them. He showed little of the Indian and was never suspected by strangers of being other than a man of exceptionally dark complexion; Siwash blood could not exist where blonde curls and blue eyes were the predominating features.

Then Trigger won himself a white woman—a dainty little Puritan, who saw only perfection in the dark, mysterious Westerner.

A short time after the heart affair was definitely settled, news came, from a friend, that Bates was about to die of a fever. Trigger fairly sweat from fear that his game should escape him in so sneaking a manner, so West he flew to cure the enemy. Acting in secret, he saw that the best of care was given his man and awaited recovery, resolved that the long standing grudge should be brought to a climax.

Now the feminine one knew little of her finance's early life and had no knowledge of the fact that he was from the Coeur d' Alenes—he had always spoken of his home in an indefinite way, fearing inquiry that would disclose the secret of his birth. Hence, when the girl accompanied her father on a visit to his mines, she had no idea she was tracking young Trove to his old stamping ground. After a week of inspection in the larger mines, off hurried the father to the further gulches, intending to buy a much heralded new claim, the Melbourne. The daughter, bent on sharing all the excitement of the Western trip, followed. Trigger being quartered at his old cabin on the Coyote, it came about that they spent a night in shouting distance.

The following morning came cold; further peaks of the high Bitter-root range were tipped with points of glistening silver where the snow reflected sunbeams, and below, in the autumn browned