

valley, the frost sparkled like woven glass, pleasing recompense for the chill of the night. Into the crisp air and brilliant morning light, came the girl, and carelessly passing the time that her father and the engineer spent in the tunnel, she wandered down the trail toward the Coyote, while Trigger, unwittingly, came to meet her. Bates, entirely recovered, seeing the unprotected girl walking down the stream, followed.

At a turn in the trail rose a frightened shriek and almost instantly came an answering cry—the yell of the native protecting his squaw; a savage expression of revenge—fury and long nourished hate. Into the trail leaped Trigger, all his Indian blood scorching to kill; four shots crashed as one; followed a fearful curse, and down went the white mothered beast, twin spurts of blood dying his blue flannel shirt.

“Curse you, Trig!” he snarled, helpless, looking viciously at his slayer, while the frightened girl stood by, near fainting at the awful suddenness of the tragedy.

“Remember the last man you killed in Murray?” sneered Trigger. “He was my father.

“So you’re the squaw-man’s brat, you dirty half breed!” and evil to the last, Bates died.

Horrified, the girl turned to her lover: “Trigger, that can’t be true!”

Ensued a silence while the New England corpuscles surged up, bravely combating and submerging those of the Siwash. “My mother was an Indian woman,” he answered, half turning to leave.

A moment’s hesitation; a brief wavering of race antagonism, heritage of untold white generations; then the eternal feminine: A white cheek was pressed against the brown one where a livid streak proved the almost fatal accuracy of “Two Gun” Bates.

—E. G. '05.