A QUESTION of HONOR

by Ruth Cross

CHAPTER 13
A PUZZLING MAN

It was a stirring story to which Anne listened as she sat by Glenn's side in front of the blazing log fire; a narrative of an unconquerable will battling the forces of nature.

In its simple telling, it lost none of its drama and much against her will, Anne found her pulse quickening as Glenn pictured the thousands of acres of barren sagebrush desert transformed into gardens, orchards and farms.

Anne could see that it was a genuine pleasure for him to have a verbal outlet for the interest which claimed his attention and plumbed the depths of his engineering skill and tenacity.

He sketched the engineering obstacles in a clear, concise manner. Of the clash with Morse and Douglas over the right of way Glenn said nothing but did tell her of the stubborn, unreasoning hostility encountered from the ranchers in the vicinity of the reservoir.

"As for Burkhalter," said Glenn, "he's not a bad sort, once he gets on the right side of a question. But he's bull-headed and rather dense, and, unfortunately, he has a very strong following in the community."

"Don't you think he may try it again some day—some variation of the scene at the dance?" Anne inquired.

"Oh, I don't know—I shan't take any unnecessary chances of course." Glenn stood drumming his knuckles abstractedly against the window pane, staring off towards the distant peaks, beginning now to lift their heads above the thick gray mist which was succeeding the first downpour of rain.

Anne guessed that he had forgotten her—everything but his cherished dream that was materializing rapidly.

Suddenly her schemes for bringing him low, for avenging his first fancied insult seemed mean and indescribabdly petty. Her own enterprise—acquiring a rich husband—turned suddenly sordid and tears stung very close to her lashes.

Her companion roused sharply from his revery, lifted his head and looked down at her searchingly. A curious change came over his face. His eyes narrowed. He had not noted Annes emotion; her misty eyes were averted. He could see only her drooping shoulders, her head inclined a little towards the window pane—wearily—; her whole attitude that of unutterable boredom caught off guard. He crossed abruptly over to the fireplace and stood staring down into the flames, a mocking, self-derisive smile curving his lips.

Of course, he could not expect her to understand or to care about this dream of his. She was of another world; almost of another species—a brilliant, exotic world where such drab realities as work and struggle never intruded. But why had she pretended to be interested? Why had she encouraged him to make a fool of himself? Again he saw her as he had the first day they met—an unscrupulous flirt, bent on forcing her little due of tribute even from him—her feigned interest and attention the oft-tried trick of the professional coquette. What he did not perhaps understand, was why this knowledge should stir in him such black depths of unreasoning anger.

"The rain is almost over," he observed after a time, drawing out his watch. "I'm afraid if you are to reach the Lodge before dark—" His tone was punctiliously courteous, but the change in it, the unconscious note of irony, made Anne turn quickly—with unaffected surprise.

"Yes, of course, I must be going," she assented at once, glancing across at him in puzzled, almost shy bewilderment. She guessed that something had happened to alter the whole of their friendly good comeradeship. It was almost as if he had divined, somehow, the unworthy purpose that had been in her mind when she started out to find the cabin.

"Why, there's Sheb," she said as she pressed her face closer to the window pane, "coming right out of the mountain there!" She looked inquiringly at her companion.

Glenn glanced indifferently at the window. "Oh, that's an old mining shaft, a relic of the Forty-Niners no doubt, which comes out near the dam. Sheb and I use it for a little private subway. So far as I know, nobody is aware of its existence but the two of us—and you."

Glenn lifted her coat, warm and dry from a chair in front of the fire, and held it out to her. She slipped into it and donned her hat and gloves.

"I'm afraid," she laughed, "I've been a great nuisance—intruding on this man's paradise of your." Her tone was lightely ironic, but her mouth trembled a little suspiciously.

"Oh, not at all—" The words were faultlessly polite, but they carried no conviction. Glenn shook himself down into his great coat, took his hat from its peg, and threw open the door. "I will go ahead," he added briefly, "the footing may not be any too safe."

Anne followed Glenn into the chill dusk. He led the way along the familiar trail towards the Lodge. The rain was over as suddenly as it had begun and a stiff wind from the peaks had swept the last moist wisp off the valleys.

For almost an hour they tramped along in silence broken only by his regularly timed inquiries as to how she was coming. Each time she answered "all right" though it became increasingly difficult to keep her footing on the slippery and treacherous trail and a strain on her physical powers to maintain a reasonable distance between them.

Anne began to think as they trudged along that her pacemaker was some god of the mountains, with winged feet.

As Glenn rounded a curve ahead of her she sank down beside the trail, thinking to snatch a moment's rest and then catch up again. She felt she would almost rather die than admit that she was too tired to go on. She could hear him stalking on down the trail and she wondered vaguely how long it would be before he would miss her, if she did not go on at all.

'Tis footsteps died away altogether, and still she could not rouse her numbed and aching limbs. Tears of weariness stung sharply in her eyes. Finally, she put her head down on her knees and let them flow unchecked. She had never supposed that anybody could be so tired, just sheer physically tired.

After an interval all too brief she heard him coming back. She lifted her head, dashed away some of the tears and began hastily unlacing one of her boots. Thus engaged she did not see the look of mingled relief and worry in his eyes, as he brought up abruptly in front of her.

"Give out?" he queried laconically.

"No, rock in my shoe," she answered with equal brevity.

"Humph, tha's queer." He dropped on the wet ground, which slushed gurgingly under his weight, and reached for the boot which came two-thirds to her knee. But Anne jerked it off herself and shook out the supposed rock with her final spurt of energy.

"Why didn't you say you were tired?" he demanded rather impatiently.

"I wasn't," Anne lied stoutly, her

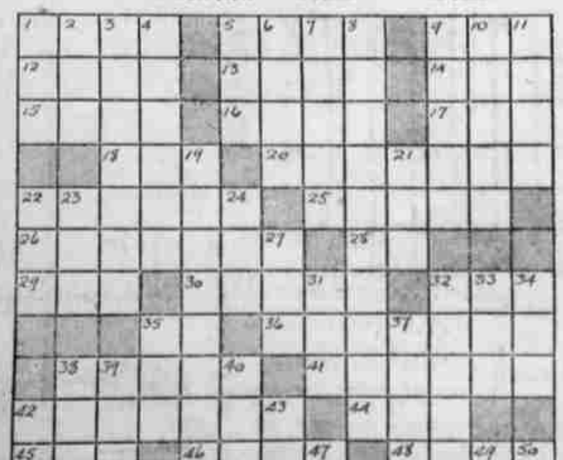
(Continued on Page 10)

ACROSS
1. Italian house
5. Inhabitant of an Asiatic country
9. Away
12. Money given to charity
13. Was carried
14. Charge for services
15. Garner
16. City in Iowa
17. Brown
18. Muscular twitching
20. Plants yielding a condiment
22. Regular customer
25. Principal conduits
26. Scoffed
28. Symbol for tellurium
29. Sailor
30. Respond to a stimulus
32. Old expression of disgust
35. Profound
36. Treatise on the art of poetry
38. Fleshy
41. Copies over the original
42. Turned the front wheels
44. Take a seat
45. Possesses
46. Verbal
48. Having life
51. Siamese coin
52. Three times three
53. Baking compartment
54. Golf term
55. Legal paper
56. Vibrating part of a clarinet

DOWN
1. Automobile
2. Liquor
3. Talk superficially
4. Desire eagerly
5. Southern constellation
6. Frolic
7. Revoke a legacy
8. Sprinkles with dirty water
9. Frequently
10. Is afraid of
11. Moors
19. Agree
21. Dessert
22. Sound to call attention secretly
23. Collection of facts
24. Born
27. Drop ball gently on the water
31. Portable bed
32. Capable of imaginative creation
33. Frozen water
34. Feminine ending
35. Edge of a garment
37. Maker of men's clothes
38. Speechify
39. Sew loosely
40. Uncanny
42. Informal conversation
43. Scandinavian
47. Guided
49. Five-dollar bill: colloq.
50. Finis

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

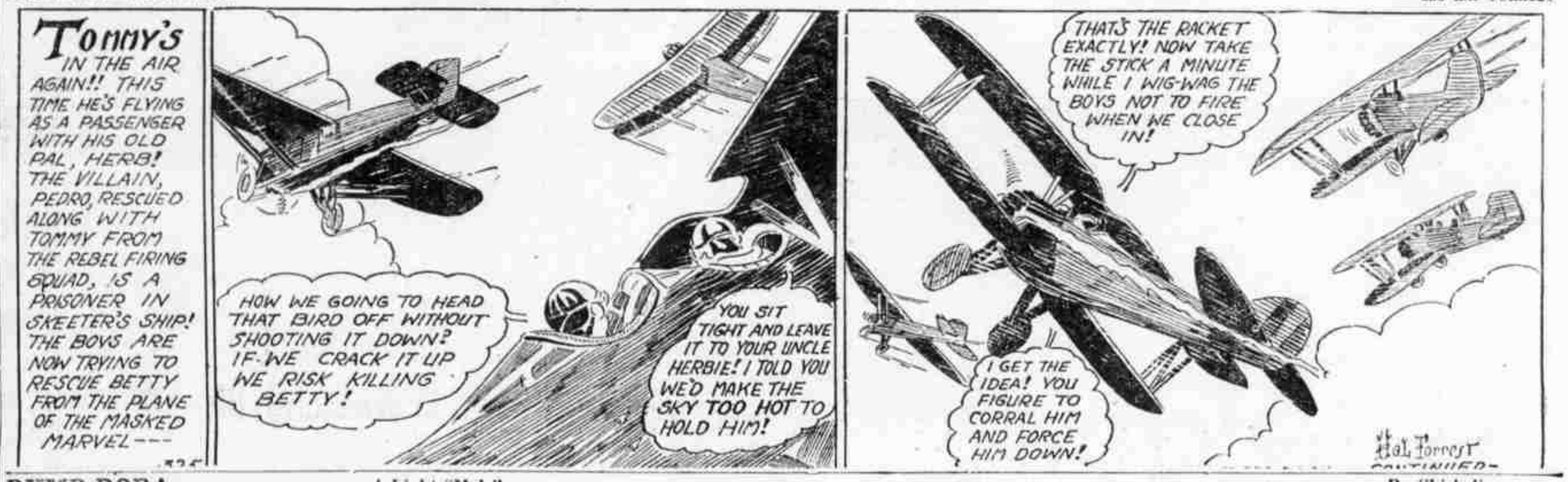
ANTS SPACE ERAS
PORT ERGON MEDE
ODOR PEONS PEAT
DETESTS COPALMS
ALAS EBON
CREMATE RELEASE
ROISTER TROLLEY
AID IVE
PLEASES RAVINES
SYRINGE ELEMENT
LEON TARA
STREETS IMAGERS
ARAR IATRO IRAN
NERO STEED NINE
KEEN TENSE ENID



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
The New Stock
By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS
Youthful Prodigy
By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY
Fear For Betty's Safety
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA
A Light "Male"
By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus

MUTT AND JEFF
The Beauty That Was Grease
By Bud Fisher