The Strength of the Pines

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CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster ather. Bruce Duncan, in an eastern cit?. eccives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily o southern Oregon—to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but baforphanage, before his adoption by New-ton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination. Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent fa-miliarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's cross-reads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin. CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country puzzlingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Lands occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family, with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnaped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has the enemy's claims to the property, has

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sen-inel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, eems to Bruce's excited imagination to be andeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, sultness to the agreement between Linda's tother and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grigaly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

"What's the use of walting? Who'd now?" The two men stood face to ace in the quiet and deepening dusk f the barn: and there was growing etermination on each face. "Every dow. Dave went up to the door and second of their kiss, before he had ay our chance is less and less," Dave knocked. ent on, "With this land behind him, e'd be in a position to pay old debts, was a habit learned in the dreadful m telling you. We should have met days of twenty years ago, not to open im on the trail and let the buzzards a door without at least some knowl-

alk to him."

Dave took fresh heart at the sound that voice, "No one would have ever | course, "Dave Turner," he replied. nowed it," he went on, "No one nere'd be no one to point to. They'd voice, a curious hearseness, but at the ever get anything against us. I tell ou-it's all the way, or no way at all. ell me to wait for him on the trail." "Wait, Wait a minute. How long efore he will come?"

"Any time now. And don't postpone ils matter any more. We're men, ot babies. He's not a fool or a cowrd. either. And he's a shot-I saw lat plain enough-and how'd you ke to have him shoot through your indows some time? Old Elmira and Inda have set him on, and he's hot

"I wish you'd got that old helfer hen you got her son," Simon said. still spoke calmly; but it was in enough that Dave's words were ving the desired effect. "So he's ken up the blood-feud, has he? I right I gave his father some lessons that a long time since. Well, I supse we must let him have his way!" "And remember, too," Dave urged, what you told him when you met him the store. You said you wouldn't arn him twice."

I remember." The two men were lent, but Dave stood no longer mo nless. He was shivering all over

th malice and fury. Then you've given the word?" he

own way. Listen, Dave," Simon od, head bent deep in thought. ould you arrange to have Linda uce gets back?"

"We've got to work this thing right. e can't operate in the open like we she stared at her aged auch. Linda ed to. This man has taken up the was not thinking of Dave. Her whole brush

him come to us.

urts first. ts-and something happens to him trails for uncounted years and sees

there—in the dead of night? It the distant lights of his home at last uldn't look so bad then, would it? Besides-if we got him here-before moved over to the little pack she had the clan we might be able to find out carried on her back when she had where that document is. First, how walked up from her cabin. Linda still can you tell when the's going to gazed at her in growing wonder. The

"It's enough, I'm ready to give you breast. ise your head, and on some prefext | Into the gloon works-all right. If it doesn't, we'll Bruce." use more direct measures. I'll tend to the rest.'

He strode to the wall and took fown a saddle from the hook. Quickly he threw it over the back of one of e cow ponies, the animal that he had hand. "Stop at the house for the glasses, then ride to the ridge at once," he ordered. "Then keep watch."

CHAPTER XVII

The day was quite dead when Dave Turner reached his post on top of the ridge. Fortunately, the moon rose early. Otherwise Dave's watch would have been in vain. He didn't have long to wait. At the end of a halfhour he saw, through the field glasses. the wavering of a strange black adow on the distant meadow. He tried to get a better focus. It might be just the shadow of deer, come to browse on the parched grass. Dave felt a little tremor of excitement at the thought that if it were not Bruce. was more likely the last of the night the gray forest king had made finish his feast. In fact, this night would in all probability see the end of the Killer. Some one of the Turners would walt for him, with a loaded rifle, in a safe ambush.

But it wasn't the Killer, after all It was before his time; besides, the shadow was too slender to be that of the huge bear. Dave Turner watched a moment longer, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake. Bruce was returning; he was little more than a half-hour's walk from Linda's

Turner swung on his horse, ther shed the animal into a gallop. Less in five minutes later he drew up to a halt beneath the Sentinel Pine, al nost a mile distant. For the first rime. Dave began to move cautiously

It would complicate matters if the two women had already gone to bed. The hour was early-not yet ninebut the fall of darkness is often the going-to-bed time of the mountain peosened. But tonight Linda and old a battered, whimpering, ineffective Elmira were sitting up, waiting for thing in the moonlight of some distant Bruce's return.

"Who's there?" Elmira called. It edge of who stood without. A lighted "Yes," Simon echoed in a strange doorway sets off a target aimost as alf-whisper. "Let the buzzards talk | well as a field of white sets off a black bull's-eye.

Dave know the truth was the proper A long second of heavy, strange siould ever know it now. They'd find | tence ensued. Then the woman spoke Is bones, some time, maybe, but again. There was a new note in her



"I've given the word, but I'll do it For the First Time, Dave Began to Move Cautiously.

same time a sense of exultation and id the old hig out of the house when excitement. But Dave didn't notice it. He might, however, have been interested in the singular look of wonder that flashed over Linda's face as | to a half in a little patch of mosalight. | in the trap. ood-feud-but the thing to do-is to attention was selzed and held by the unfamillar note in her aunt's voice, "But he won't do it. He'll go to the and a strange drawing of the woman's | he said. features that the closed door prevent-Simon's face grew stern. "I don't ed Dave from seeing. It was a look ant any more interruptions, Dave, 'I almost of rapture, hardly to be exan we will want to give the impress pected in the presence of an enemy. on free will. What if he comes into | shadows. It was the look of one who | all I knowhouse-a man unknown in these had wandered steep and unknown

She got up from her chair and

No one could mistake the em long years seemed to have fallen away The moon's bright and I can get up carpeted floor with the agility and st. languer in the furtive eyes. The dri through your field glasses when he the impression of latent power, but back," she told him.

your orders now. They are-just to | "What do you want?" she called out | that rang far through the silences.

so that Bruce can't find them when he less in the silence; but the voice reas- over an outstretched root. returns. Don't let them come back sured him. "Til tell you when you open The next instant she was in his for an hour, if you can help it. If it the door. It's something about arms, struggling against their steel.

Linda remembered him then. She leaped to the door and flung it wide, She saw the stars without, the dark fringe of pines against the sky line behind. But most of all she saw the cunning, sharp-featured face of Dave unished. He put the bridle in Dave's Turner, with the candlelight upon him. The yellow beams were in his eyes, too. They seemed full of guttering lights.

The few times that Linda had talked to Dave she had always felt uneasy beneath his speculative gaze. The same sensation swept over her now. She knew perfectly what she would have had to expect, long since, from this man, were it not that he had lived in fear of his brother Simon. The mighty leader of the clan had set a barrier around her as far as personal attentions went-and his reasons were obvious. The mountain girls do not usually attain her perfection of form and face; his desire for her was as jealous as it was intense and real. This dark-hearted man of great and terrible emotions did not only know how to grizzlies, the Killer. The previous hate. In his own savage way he could love too. Linda hated and feared him. an excursion into Simon's pastures but the emotion was wholly different and had killed a yearling caif; in all from the dread and abhorrence withprobability he would return tonight to | which she regarded Dave. "What about Bruce?" she demanded.

> Dave leered. "Do you want to see him? He's lying-up here on the hill." The tone was knowing, edged with cruelty; and it had the desired effect. The color swept from the girl's face. In a single fraction of an instant it showed stark white in the candlelight.

There was an instant's sensation of terrible cold. But her voice was hard and lifeless when she spoke, "You mean you've killed him?" she

"We nin't killed him. We've inst been teaching him a lesson." Dave explained. "Simon warned him not to come up-and we've had to talk to him

a little-with fists and heel Linda cried out then, one agonized syllable. She knew what fists and heels could do in the fights between the mountain men. They are as much wenpons of torture as the claws and fangs of the Killer. She had an in-

ple. It is warmer there and safer; stant's dread picture of this strong and the expense of candles is less man of hers lying maimed and broken, hillside. The vision brought knowledge A candle flame flickered at the win- to her. Even more clearly than in the gone to see Hudson, she realized what an immutable part of her he was. She leering face. "Where is he?" she asked. She remembered, with singular steadfastness, the pistol she had con-

cealed in her own room. "I'll show you. If you want to get him in you'd better bring the old hag with you. It'll take two of you to car-

"Fil come," the old woman said from across the shadowed room. She spoke with a curious breathlessness. "Til go

The door closed behind the three of them, and they went out into the moon lit forest. Dave walked first. It was wholly characteristic of him that he should find a degenerate rapture in showing these two women the terrible handiwork of the Turners. He rejoiced in just this sort of cruelty. Linda had no suspicion that this excursion was only a pretext to get the two women away from the house, and that his eagerness arose from deeper causes. It was true that Dave exulted in the work, and strangely the fact that it was part of the plot against the face of a greater emotion. He was alone in the darkness with Linda- swered, in a distant voice. "Leave ing to tell him-partly in words they except of course for a helpless old | Dave Turner to me." woman-and the command of Slaion in | It was a strange picture. regard to his attitude toward her hood-the softness and tenderness

an instant's glimpse of something that | the lower species.

deeper into the shadows.

Fifteen minutes later Dave drew up surrounded by a wall of low trees and

a date for a walk with a pretty girl,"

The girl stared coldly into his eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Then why did you bring us here?" swarthy skin.

"I'll tell you, Linda. I wanted to talk to you. I ain't been in favor of a lot of things Simon's been doing-to you and your people. I thought maybe you and I would like to be-friends

will give me a full half-hour before he little object from the bag and slipped have a kiss and make friends. Too old

He laughed again, a hourse get those two women out of the house. Dave had been getting a little rest- backed away. Then she half-tripped



Was in His Arms, Struggling Against Their Steel.

She didn't waste words in pleading. A sob caught at her throat, and she fought with all her strength against the drawn, nearing face. She had forgotten Elmira; in this dreadful moment of terror and danger the old woman's broken strength seemed too little to be of aid. And Dave thought her as pines that watched from above them.

His wild laughter obscured the single sound that she made, a strange cry care to do so. that seemed lacking in all human quality. Rather it was such a sound as a puma utters as it leaps upon its prey. It was the articulation of a whole life He was of naturally strong physique, house, into the shadows. of hatred that had come to a crisis at | and although the days fatigued him un last-of deadly and terrible triumph! after a whole decade of waiting. If freshed in the dawn, At noon he would Daye had discerned that cry in time he stop to lunch, eating a few pieces of would have hurled Linda from his arms | jerkey and frying a single flapjack in | the Ross estates, he made a swift calto leap into a position of defense. The desire for women in men goes down to desire for women in men goes down to noon rest, he would practice with his et. The gun held six. He had perhaps we the roots of the world, but self-preser- rifle. vation is a deeper instinct still.

mira had not struck with her knife. The distance was too far for that. But have felled the grizzly with one shot but had left it with the remainder of she swung her cane with all her force. Instead of administering merely a flesh his pack. He knew that the lighter he The blow caught the man at the tem- wound, accuracy to take off the head traveled the greater would be his or the ple, his arms fell away from the girl's of a grouse at fifty yards and at the chance of success. body, he staggered grotesquely in the same time, an ability to swing and Obviously the girl had written when carpet of pin needles. Then he fell aim the weapon in the shortest possiface downward.

"His belt, quick!" the woman cried. No longer was her voice that of decrepit age. The girl struggled with herself, wrenched back her self-control, and leaped to obey her aunt. They snatched the man's belt from about his waist, and the women locked it swiftly about his ankles. With strong, hard hands they drew his wrists back of him and tied them tight with the long bandanna handkerchief he wore about his neck. They worked almost in silence, with incredible rapidity and deftness.

The man was waking now, stirring in his unconsciousness, and swiftly the old woman cut the buckskin thongs from his tall logging boots. These also she twisted about the wrists, knotting them again and again, and pulling themso tight they were almost buried in | was red and warm over him. He could the lean flesh. Then they turned him face upward to the moon.

The two women stood an instant. breathing hard. "What now?" Linda even greater truths, and sometimes it asked. And a shiver of awe went over seemed to him that he could almost Bruce had been almost forgotten in her at the sight of the woman's face, catch and hold them. Always it was "Nothing more, Linda," she an-

seemed suddenly dim and far away. He | which men have learned to associate led them over a hill, into the deeper | with the name-seemed fallen away | from Linda and Elmira. They were So intent was he that he quite failed | only avengers -like the she-bear that to observe a singular little signal be. | fights for her cubs or the she-wolf that tween old Elmira and Linda. The wo- guards the lair. There was no more man buil turned about, giving the girl | mercy in them than in the females of

she transferred from her breast to her Dave awakened. They saw him stir, sleeve. It was slender and of steel. They watched him try to draw his and it caught the moonlight on its arms from behind him. It was just a faint, little-understanding pull at first. The girl's eyes glittered when she | Then he wrenched and tugged with all beheld it. She nodded, scarcely per-ceptibly, and the strange file plunged dirt. The effort increased until it was some way suggestive of an animal in the death struggle-a fur bearer dying turn of the Ross estates.

Terror was upon him. It was in his the Sentinel Pine. He wondered why wild eyes and his meonlit face; it was Linda was not waiting beneath it; in "There's more than one way to make in the desperation and frenzy of his his fancy, he thought of it as being struggles. And the two women saw the ordained place for her But per-

still in the pine needles. He turned door, The man laughed harshly. "I mean his head, first toward Linda, then to that Pruce ain't got back yet-he's still the inscrutable, dark face of the old n that he attacked us first-on his The dim eyes seemed to glow in the on the other side of Little river, for woman. As understanding came to rang through the silent rooms and him, the cold drops emerged upon his echoed back to him. He walked over

you going to do?" "I'm going back," Linda answered.

"You had some other purpose in bringing me out here-or you wouldn't have brought Elmira, too. I'm going back

of the old woman's declining years. bush in a half-forgotten fight of long The man shivered in his bonds. Lin-

da turned to go. The silence of the wilderness deepened about them. "Oh, Linda, Linda," the man called. "Don't leave me. Don't leave me here withher!" he pleaded. "Please-please don't leave me in this devil's power. Make her let me go."

But Linda didn't seemed to hear. The brush crackled and rustled; and the two-this dark-hearted man and the avenger-were left together.

CHAPTER XVIII

The homeward journey over the ridges had meant only pleasure to Bruce. The days had been full of little nerve-tingling adventures, and the nights full of peace. And beyond all these, there was the hope of seeing Linda again at the end of the trail. It was strange how he remembered her kiss. He had known other kisses

n his days-being a purely rational and healthy young man-but there had been nothing of immortality about them. Their warmth had died quickly, and they had been forgotten. They were just delights of moonlight nights and nothing more. But he would wake on the bed. up from his dreams at night to feel Linda's kiss upon his lips. To recall it brought a strange tenderness - a oftening of all the hard outlines of his picture of life.

But aside from his contemplations of Linda, the long tramp had many delights for him. He rejoiced in every manifestation of the wild life about him, whether it was a bushy-tailed old gray squirrel, watching him from a I know from its structure that they helpless to oppose him as the tall insult him, or the fleeting glimpse of a the east wing. Use the window on that deer in the coverts. But he didn't see the Killer again. He didn't particularly hope is that you will come at once to

Both days of the journey home he morning hours were the best for travel. slipped through the rear door of the mercifully, he always wakened re-

He knew that if he were to fight the But he didn't hear it in time. El- Turners, skill with a rifle was an ab- the supply Elmira had brought. He Linds solute necessity; such skill as would hadn't brought Dave's rifle with him, ble space of time. The only thing that and finding her in the front room, Las, then slowly crawled toward it. retarded him was the realization that there had been no occasion to search Once a light sprang up in a window he must not waste too many care the other rooms and thus discover it. near the front, and he pressed close tridges. Elmira had brought him only The girl had kept her head even in to the earth. But in a moment it went

He would walk all afternoon-going miration for her passed over him. when a watchman in one of the dark somewhat easier and resting more often than in the morning; and these ample for him. He knew that only figure. But he did know perfectly just were the times that he appreciated a rigid self-control and cool-headed what manner of greeting he might exfragment of jerked venison. He would strategy could achieve the thing he had pect in this event. There would be a halt just before nightfall and make his set out to do. His impulse was to single little spurt of fire in the dark-

shadows with his pipe. At this hour ing sorrow, their infinite wisdom, their inexpressible aloofness with which they kept watch over the wilderness. The smoke would-drift about him in soothing clouds; the glow of the coals think then. Life revealed some of its lesser mysteries to him. And he bogan to glimpse the distant gleam of some message that the pines were tryer, partly in the nature of a great alleforms were the symbols. If he could that passion blinded his eyes. More like the stars, were living symbols of great powers who lived above the world, powers that would speak to men if they would but listen long and

The last afternoon he traveled hard. He wanted to reach Linda's house before nightfall. But the srall was too long for that. The twilight fell, to find him still a weary two miles distant. And the way was quite dark when he plunged into the south pas-

Half an hour later he was beneath it and smiled into each other's eyes. haps she had merely failed to hear his Slowly his efforts ceased. He lay footsteps. He called into the open

"Linda," he said, "I've come back." No answer reached him. The words

over. His heart leaped at the sight | cliffs and hauled with infinite labor of it. "Linda," he called in alarm, over the steep trails,

"where are you? It's Bruce."



Her Coat and Hat Lay on the Bed, but There Was No Linda to Stretch Her Arms to Him.

there was no Linda to stretch her arms to him. He started to go out the way he had come, but went instead to his own room. A sheet of note-paper lay

It had been scrawled hurriedly; but although he had never received a written word from Linda he did not doubt but that it was her hand:

"The Turners are coming-I caught a glimpse of them on the ridge. There is no use of my trying to resist, so I'll wait for them in the front room and maybe they won't find this note. They will take me to Simon's house, and tree limb, a magple trying its best to | will lock me in an interior room in

Bruce's eyes leaped over the page; wakened sharply at dawn. The cool, then he thrust it into his pocket. He

CHAPTER XIX

As Bruce hurried up the hill toward

fifteen others in his pockets, and he that hadn't stopped to replenish them from

And the little action had set an ex- windows would discern his creeping storm the door, to pour his lead ness, so small that probably his eyes And the best hour of all was after through the lighted windows; but such would quite fall to eatch it. If they his meal, as he sat in the growing things could never take Linda out of did discern it, there would be no time Simon's hands. Only stealth and cau- for a message to be recorded in his he felt the spirit of the pines as never | tion, not blind courage and frenzy, orain: It would mean a swift and cercould serve her now. Such blind tain end of all messages. The Turners killing as his heart prompted had to would lose no time in emptying their walt for another time,

Linda had told him it rested upon the and the range was close.

swiftly along it. way to the edge of the timber. All confined.

with a ladder. The ancestral home of then. the Rosses, however, had fully a dozen Many times, he knew, skulking figrooms, and it loomed to an incredible ures had been concealed in this garsize in the mystery of the moonlight. den, Probably the Turners, in the He saw quaint gabled roofs and far-spreading wings. And it seemed more days of the blood-feud, had often wait-ed in its shadows for a sight of some like a house of enchantment, a struc-ture raised by the rubbing of a magic dow. Old ghosts dwelt in it; he could

Probably its wild surroundings had a great deal to do with this effect. blown by the wind. There were no roads leading to Trail's End. Material could not be carried over its winding trails except on pack animals. He had a realization of tre- side him; and he could scarcely requered by tireless effort, of long months of unending toil, of exhaustmonths of unending toil, of exhaustless patience, and at the end-a dream but the coverts and the moon above come true. All of its lumber had to them. A garden snake, or perhaps a be hewed from the forests about. Its blind mole, had made the sound. "Just to be sociable," Dave returned. "Good G-d." he asked, "What are A chair in the front room was turned since had been quarried from the rock

He understood now why the Turn-He stood an instant listening, a ers had coveted it. It seemed the great fear creeping over him. He name of luxury to them. And more called once more, first to Linda and clearly than ever he understood why then to the old woman. Then he the Rosses had died, sooner than Boquish it, and why its usurpation The kitchen was similarly deserted, the Turners had left such a debt From there he went to Linda's room. hatred to Linda- All men know the Her coat and hat lay on the bed, but the love of frome is one of the regreat impulses that has made town ivilization, but by the same token has been the cause of many wars. P haps the day is coming when this ! will die in the land, but with it w dle the strength to repel the heat! from our walls, and the land will

be worth living in, anyway. But

was not dead to the mountain people

No really primitive emotion ever is, The Rosses had known this instin very well. As all men who are strong thewed and of real natural virtue, the had known pride of race and name and it had been a task worth while t build this stately house on their falying acres. They had given the fiber to it freely; no man who beheld the structure could doubt that fac-They had simply consecrated their lives to it; their one Work by which they could show to all who came after that by their own hands they had carned their right to live

Bruce saw the broad lands lying under the moon. There were hundreds of acres of alfalfa and clover to furnish hay for the winter feeding. There were wide, green pastures, ensilvared by the moon, and fields of corn inid out in even rows. The old appeal of the soil, an instinct that no person of Anglo-Saxon descent can ever pletely escape, swept through him They were worth fighting for those fertile acres.

Not for nothing have a hundred gen erations of Anglo-Saxon people been tillers of the soil. They had left a love of it to Bruce. He knew what it would be like to feel the earth's pulse through the handles of a plow, to behold the first start of green things in the spring and the golden ripening in fall; to watch the flocks through the breathless nights and the herds feeding on the distant hills.

Bruce looked over the ground. He knew enough not to continue the trail farther. The space in front was bathed in moonlight, and he would make the best kind of target to any rifleman watching from the windows of the house. He turned through the coverts, side nearest the north corner. My one seeking the shadow of the forests at

By going in a quartering direction he was able to approach within two merging into the moonlight. At that point the real difficulty of the stalk began. He hovered in the shadows, then slipped one hundred_feet further to the trunk of a great oak tree.

He could see the house much more sen. Bruce rejoiced to see e were no lights in the east the house; the window that Indicated in the note was back square on the moonlit

was a neglected garden close g of the house. If he could his spot in safety he could apn a few feet of the house clan was closing about the house, and still remain in cover. He went

that moment of crisis. A wave of ad- away. He crept on, He didn't know rifles at him, and there wouldn't be the He knew only the general direction slightest doubt about their hitting the of the Ross house where Simon lived, mark. All the clan were expert shots

crest of a small hill, beyond a ridge | The place was deeply silent. He of timber. The moonlight showed him felf a growing sense of awe. In a moa well-beaten trail, and he strode ment more, he slipped into the shad-

ows of the neglected rose gardens. He had a vague sense of familiarity He lay quiet an instant, resting. He with this winding trail. Perhaps he didn't wish toerisk the success of his had toddled down it as a buby, per expedition by fathering himself now. haps his mother had carried him along He wanted his full strength and it on a neighborly visit to the Rosses, breath for any crisis that he should He went over the hill and pushed his meet in the room where Linda was

at once the moon showed him the Nevertheless, the stock of his rifle He couldn't mistake it, even at this would be a running fight after he got distance. And to Bruce it had a singu- the girl out of the house, and then his lar effect of unreality. The mountain cartridges would be needed. There men did not ordinarily build homes of might even be a moment of close work such dimensions. They were usually with what guards the Turners had set merely log cabins of two or three low- over her. But the heavy stock used patiently enough, and in whose creed er rooms and a garret to be reached like a club, would be most use to him

> lamp, than the work of carpenters and see their shadows waver out of the corner of his eyes." Or perhaps it was only the shadow of the brambles,

> Once his heart leaped into his throat at a sharp crack of brush bemendous difficulties that had been con- strain a musculer jerk that might have

> > (Continued Next Week)