THE DAUGHTER

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A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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The story went along very smoothly till the girl came to the second night in camp beside the lake. There her



body could be braver.

voice faitered, and the reflective look in the mother's eyes deepened as she learned that her daughter had shared her tent with the young man, "It was the only thing to do, mother," Berrie bravely said. "It was cold and wet outside, and you know he lan't very strong, and his teeth were chattering he was so chilled. I know it sounds strange down here, but up there in the woods in the storm what I did seemed right and natural. You know what eau, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand. I don't blame you-only-if others should hear of

"But they won't. No one knows of our being alone there except Tony and "Are you sure? Doesn't Mrs. Beider

HOW?

"I don't think so-not yet." Mrs. McFarlane's nervousness grew

"I wish you hadn't gone on this trip. If the Beldens find our you were alone with Mr. Norcross they'll make much of it. It will give them a chance at your father." Her mind turned upon mother point. "When did Mr. Norcross get his full?"

"On the way back." Here Berrie in a windfall, wouldn't I?" "I don't like to tell positated again. ou, mother, but he didn't fall; Cliff jumped him and tried to kill him." The mother doubted her ears. "Cliff"

did? How did he happen to meet you? Berrie was quick to answer. "I don't know how he found out we were on the trail. I suppose the old lady plioned him. Anybow, while we were camped for noon yesterday"-her face flamed again at thought of that tender, beautiful moment when they were

vesting on the grass-"white we were at our lanch be came tearing down the hill on that big bay horse of his and took a flying jump at Wayland. As Wayland went down he struck his head on a stone. I thought he was dead, and I was paralyzed for a second, Then I flew at Cliff and Just about choked the life out of him. I'd have ended him right there if he hadn't

Mrs. McFarlane, looking upon ber daughter in amazement, saw on her tuce the shadow of the deadly rage which had burned in her heart as she clinched young Belden's throat.

"What then? What happened then?" "He let go, you bet." Her smile came back.

"When did this take place?"

"Yesterday about 2. Of course Wayland couldn't ride, be was so diszy and kind o' confused, and so I went into comp right there at timber line. Along about sunset Nash came riding up from

this side and insisted on staying to help me, so I let him." Mrs. McParlane's tense stiltude re-

inxed. "Nash is not the kind that tatties. I'm glad he turned up.' "And this morning I saddled and came down."

"Did Nash go on?"

"Yes. Daddy was waiting for him,

no I let him go along." "It's all sad business," groaned Mrs. McFariane, "and I can see you're keeping something back. How did Cliff happen to know just where you were, and what started you back without

your father?" For the first time Berrie showed Why. signs of weakness and distress. you see, Alec Belden and Mr. Moore were over there to look at some timber, and old Marm Belden and that to heat you up," persisted the girl,

Moore girl went along. I suppose they sent word to Cliff, and I presu Moore girl put him on our trail. Loastwise that's the way I figure it out. That's the worst of the whole bust-She admitted this with darkened brow. "Mrs. Belden's tongue is hung in the middle and loose at both ends-and that Moore girl is spiteful She could not keep the con-

fempt out of her voice.
"Oh, 1 wish you hadn't gone!" ex-claimed the worried mother.

"It can't be helped now, and it hasn't done me any real harm. It's all in the day's work anyhow. I've atways gone with daddy before, and this trip isa't going to spoil me. The boys all know me, and they will treat me fair."

"Yes, but Mr. Norcross is an outsider, a city man. They will all think evil of him on that account."

"I know. That's what troubles me No one will know how fine and considerate he was. Mother, I've never known any one like him. He's a poet! don't care what people say of me if only they will be just to him. They've got to treat him right," she added firmly.

"Did he speak to you-are you en gaged?"

Her head drooped. "Not really engaged, mother, but he told me how much he liked me, and-it's all right, mother, I know it is. I'm not fine enough for him, but I'm going to try to change my ways so he won't be ashamed of me."

Mrs. McFarlane's face cleared. "He surely is a line young fellow and can be trusted to do the right thing. Well,

dizziness and almost free from pain, is a man to be trusted." and when he came out of his room his don't know why I should be, but I am."

Mrs. McFarlane met him with something very intimate, something almost maternal in her look, but her words were as few and as restrained as ever. and would have killed Norcross if Ber-He divined that she had been talking rie hadn't interfered. He was crasy with Berrie and that a fairly clear understanding of the situation had been reached. That this understanding involved him closely he was aware, but

nothing in his manner acknowledged it. She did not ask any questions, beleving that sooner or later the whole story must come out. The fact that Siona Moore and Mrs. Beiden knew that Berrie had started back on Thursday with young Norcross made it easy for the villagers to discover that she had not reached the ranch till Satur-"What could Joe have been think day. ing of to allow them to go?" she said 'Mr. Nash's presence in the camp must be made known, but then there is Clifford's assault upon Mr. Norcross. Can that be kept secret too?" And so while the young people chatted the troubled mother waited in fear, knowing that in a day or two the countryside would be affame with accusation.

A long day's rest, a second night's sleep, set Wayland on his feet. He came to breakfast quite gay. "Barring the bickory nut on the back of my bead," he explained, "I'm feeling five, almost ready for another expedition.

may make a ranger yet" Berrie, though equally gay, was not so sure of his ability to return to work. "I reckon you'd better go easy

till daddy gets back, but if you feel like it we'll ride up to the postoffice this afternoon."

"I want to start right in to learn to throw that hitch, and I'm going to practice with an ax till I can strike twice in the same place. This trip was an eye opener. Great man I'd be

He was persuaded to remain very quiet for another day, and part of it was spent in conversation with Mrs. McFarlane, whom he liked very much, and an hour or more in writing a long letter wherein he announced to his father his intention of going into the forest service. "I've got to build up constitution," he said, "and I don't know of a better place to do it in. Besides. I'm beginning to be interested In the scheme, I like the supervisor, I'm living in his bouse at the present time, and I'm feeling contented and

happy, so don't worry about me. He was indeed quite comfortable, save when he realized that Mrs. Mc-Parlane was taking altogether too much for granted in their relationship. It was delightful to be so watched over, so waited upon, so instructed: "But where is it all leading me?" he continued to ask himself, and still that wall of reserve troubled and saddened

Berrie. On the fourth morning the phor rang, and the squawking voice of Mrs. Belden came over the wire-"I wanted to know if Berrie and her feller got iome all right?"

"Yes, they arrived safely." The old woman chuckled. "Last 1 ee of Cliff be was hot on their trailooked like he expected to take a hand in that expedition. Did he overtake 'em?" "I don't hear very well. Where are

you? "I'm at the Scott ranch. We're coming round 'the horn' today.'

"Where is the supervisor?" "He headed across yesterday. Say, Cliff was mad as a hornet when he started. I'd like to know what happened"-

Mrs. McFarlane hung up the receiver. The old woman's nasty chuckle was intolerable, but in sliencing the phone Mrs. McFarlane was perfectly aware that she was not sileneing the gossip; on the contrary, she was certain that the Beldens would leave a trail of polsonous comment from the Ptarmigan to Bear Tooth. It was all sweet

material for them.

Herrie wanted to know who wa speaking, and Mrs. McFartane replied. "Mrs. Helden wanted to know if you got through all right."

"She said something else, something

who perceived her mother's agitation. "What did she say-something about me-and Chiff?

The mother did not answer, for Way and entered the room at the moment but Berrie knew that traducers were already busy with her affairs. "I don't care anything about old lady Beiden," Moore girl telling lies about me."

CHAPTER XV.

Wayland Hears From Home I was almost noon of the fourth

day when the supervisor called up to say that he was at the of-G o'clock

once," his wife argued, and something years, would only be a vacation. His in her voice convinced him that he was more needed at home than in the town. "All right, mother. Hold the fort an our, and I'll be there."

Mrs. McFarlane met him at the hitchng bar, and it required but a glance for him to read in her face a troubled state of mind.

"This has been a disastrous trip for Berrie," she said after one of the hands had relieved the supervisor of his horse.

"In what wav?"

She was a bit impatient, "Mrs. Relden is filling the valley with the story of Berrie's stay in camp with Mr. Nor-

His face showed a graver line, "It couldn't be helped. The horses had to be followed, and that youngster could down?" we might as well go to bed. We can't not do it, and, besides, I expected to old snoop like Seth Belden would think Wayland rose next morning free from evil of our girl, and, besides, Norcross

"Of course he is, but the Beldens are expression was cheerful. "I feet as if ready to think evil of any one connect-I'd slept a week, and I'm hungry. I ed with us. And Cliff's assault on Wayland"-

He looked up quickly. "Assault! Did he make trouble?" "Yes. He overtook them on the trail

with jealousy." "Nash didn't say anything about any

nesenult." "He didn't know it. Berrie told him that Norcross fell from his horse."

"Good God! I never suspected a word of this. I didn't think he'd do that." He fixed another penerating look

upon her face, and his voice was vibrant with anxiety as he said, "You don't think there's anything-wrong?" "No, nothing wrong, but she's profoundly in love with him. I never have seen her so wrapped up in any

one. She thinks of nothing else. scarea me to see it, for I've studied i him closely and I can't believe he feels the same toward her. His world is so her." different from ours. I don't know what to do or say. I fear she is in for a period of great unhappiness." The return of the crew from the

corral cut short this conference, and when McFarlane went in Berrie greeted him with such frank and joyous expression that all his fears vanished. "Did you come over the high trail?"

she asked. "No. I came your way. I didn't want to take any chances of getting mired. It's still raining up there," he answered; then turned to Wayland; 'Here's your mail, Norcross, a whole batful of it-and one telegram in the

ounch. Hope it isn't serious." Wayland took the bundle of letters and retired to his room, glad to escape the persistent stare of the cowhands, The dispatch was from his father and was curt and specific as a command; Shall be in Denver on the 23d. Meet me at the Palmer House. Am on my way to California. Come prepared to join me on the trip."

With the letters unopened in his lap he sat in slient thought, profoundly roubled by the instant decision which this message demanded of him. At first glance nothing was simpler than to pack up and go. He was only a ourist in the valley, with no intention of staying, but there was Berea! To go meant a violent end of their pleasant romance. To think of flight saddened him, and yet his better judgnent was clearly on the side of going Much as I like her, much as I admire



audden realization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

her, I caunot marry her. The simplest way is to frankly tell her so and go, It seems cowardly, but in the end she will be happier."

His letters carried him back into his own world. One was from Will Haili- you." day, who was going with Professor Holaman on an exploring trip up the the said later, "but I hate to have that Nile. "You must join us. Holsman has promised to take you on." Auother classmate wrote to know if he did not want to go into a land deal on the guir of Mexico. A girl asked: reavement has come. 'Are you to be in New York this winter? I am. I've decided to go into this suffrage movement." And so, one by one, the threads which bound him fice and would reach the ranch at to eastern city life respon their filsments. 'After all, this Colorado out-"I wish you would come home at ing, even though it should last two

> of the mountain land and not to be taken from it. At the moment mar riage with her appeared absord. A knock at his door and the super visor's voice gave him a keen shock. Come in he called, springing to his feet with a thrill of dread, of alarm, McFariane entered slowly and shut the door behind him. His manner was serious and his voice gravely gentle as

real life was in the cities of the east.

Charming as Berea was, potent as she

eemed, she was, after all, a fixed part

not call you away." "It is from my father asking me to meet him in Denver," answered Norcross, with faltering breath. "He's on his way to California. Won't you sit

he said, "I hope that telegram does

The older man took a seat with settle anything till your father gets get back that night. Nobody but an quiet dignity. "Seems like a mighty fine chance, don't it? I've always wanted to see the coast. When do you plan for to pull out?"

"I haven't decided to go at all, I'm still dazed by the suddenness of it. 1 didn't know my father was planning this trin."

"I see Well, before you decide to go I'd like to have a little talk with you. My daughter has told me part of what happened to you on the trail. 1 want to know all of it. You're young, but you've been out in the world, and you know what people can say about you and my girl." His voice level and menacing as he added, "And I don't intend to have ber put in wrong on account of you."

Norcross was quick to reply. body will dure accuse her of wrong coing. She's a noble girt. No one will ance to criticise her for what she could

not prevent." "You don't know the Beldens. My girl's character will be on trial in every house in the county tomorrow. The Belden side of it will appear in the city papers. Sympathy will be with Clifford. Berrie will be made an issue by my enemies. They'll get me through

"Good Lord," exclaimed Norcross sudden resilization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

"Moore's gang will seize upon it and work It hard," McFarlane went on. with calm insistence. "They want to bring the district forester down on me. This is a fine chance to badger me. They will make a great deal of my putting you on the roll. Our little camping trip is likely to prove a seri-

ous matter to us all. "Surely you don't consider me at 'ault." Worried as he was, the father was ast.

one is to blame. It all dates back to the horses quitting camp. But you've got to stand put now for Berrie's to give in for a time at least." ake."

"But what can I do? I'm at your rvice. What role shall I play? Tell

McFarlane was staggered, but he answered: "You can at least stay on the ground and help fight. This is no time to forget it. They pretend they have to stampede."

"You're right. I'll stay, and I'll make any statement you see fit. I'll do anything that will protect Berrie." McFarlane again looked him square-

ly in the eyes. "Is there a-an agree ment between you?" "Nothing formal-that is, I mean 1admire her, and I told her"- He stop-

ped, feeling himself on the verge the irrevocable. "She's a splendid girt," he went on "I like her exceedingly, but I've known her only a few McFarlane interrupted. "Girla are know why she's taken to you so terri

flighty critters." he said sadly. "I don't ble strong, but she has. She don't seem to care what people say so long as they do not blame you. But if you should pull out you might just as well cut her heart to pieces"- His voice broke, and it was a long time before he could finish. "You're not at fault-I know that-but if you can stay on a little while and make it an ounce or esty, which moved him deeply. two easier for her and for her mother wish you'd do it."

Wayland extended his hand Impul sively. "Of course I'll stay. I never really thought of leaving." In the grip of McFarlane's hand was something warm and tender.

Berrie could not be entirely deceived. She read in her father's face a subtle change of line which she related to something Wayland had said. "Did he tell you what was in the telegram? Has he got to go away?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he said it was from his fa-

"What does his father want of him?" "He's on his way to California and wants Wayland to go with him, but Wayland says he's not going.

A pang abot through Berrie's heart. 'He mustn't go-he isn't able to go," she exclaimed, and her pain, her fear, came out in her sharpened, constricted "I won't let him go-till he's cones. well.

Mrs. McFarlane gently interposed. "He'll have to go, honey, if his father needs him."

"Let his father come here." rose and, going to his door, decisively "May I come in?" she deknocked. manded rather than asked before her mother could protest. "I must see

Wayland opened the door, and she entered, leaving her parents facing each other in mute helplessness.

Mrs. McFarlane turned toward her husband with a face of despair. "She's ours no longer, Joe. Our time of be-

He took her in his arms. "There. there, mother, don't cry. It can't be helped. You cut loose from your parents and came to me in just the same way. Our daughter's a grown woman and must have her own life. All we can do is to defend her against the covotes who are busy with her name." But what of him, Joe; he don't care for her as she does for him. Can't you

"He'll do the right thing, mother; he told me be would. He knows how much depends on his staying here now. and be intends to do it."

see that?"

"But in the end, Joe, after this scandal is lived down, can be-will bemarry her? And if he marries her can dantly. "He can't do us any harm. they live together and be happy? His way of life is so different. He can't content himself here, and she can't fit in where he belongs. It all seems hopeless to me. Wouldn't it be better for her to suffer for a little while now than to make a mistake that may last a lifetime " "Mebbe it would, mother, but the

decision is not ours. She's too strong for us to control. She's of age, and if she comes to a full understanding of the situation she can decide the question a whole lot better than either of us.

"That's true," she sighed. "In some ways she's bigger and stronger than both of us. Sometimes I wish she were not so self reliant."

When Wayland caught the startled look on Berrie's face he knew that she had learned from her father the contents of his telegram and that she would require an explanation. "Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes. At least, I must go down to Denver to see my father. I shall be gone only overnight." "And will you tell him about our trip?" she pursued, with undinching di-

rectness, "And about-me?" He gave ber a chair and took a seat himself before replying. "Yes, I shall tell him all about it and about you and your father and mother. He shall know how kind you've all been to me." He said this bravely, and at the moment he meant it, but as his father's big, impassive face and cold, keen eyes came back to him his concage sank. and in spite of his firm resolution some part of his secret anxiety communicated Itself to the girl, who asked many questions with intent to find out more particularly what kind of man the eld-

er Norcross was. Wayland's replies did not entirely reassure her. He admitted that his father was harsh and domineering in character and that he was ambiffour to have his son take up and carry forward his work, "He was willing enough to have me go to college till he found I was specializing on wrong

lines. Then I had to fight in order to keep my place. He's glad I'm out here, for he thinks I'm regaining my strength. But just as soon as I'm well enough he expects me to go to Chicago and take charge of the western office. "No, you're not to blame. No Of course I don't want to do that. I'd rather work out some problem in chem istry that interests me, but I may have

"Will your mother and sisters be

with your father?" "No. indeed! You could of them west of the Hudson river with a log chain. My sisters were both born in Michigan, but they want forgotten it. They both have New Yorkitis. Nothing but the big hotels

will do them now." "I suppose they think we're all 'In-

juns' out here?" "Oh, no, not so bad as that. But they wouldn't comprehend anything about you except your muscle. would catch 'em. They'd worship your splendid health, just as I do. It's pitiful the way they both try to put on weight. They're always testing some new food, some new tonic. "They'll do anything except exercise regularly abd go to bed at 10 o'clock."

CHAPTER XVI. Deserting the Ranch,

LL that Wayland said of family deepened Berrie's dismay. Their interests were so alien to her own.

"I'm afraid to have you go even for day," she admitted, with simple hondon't know what I should do if you went away. I think of nothing but you now.'

Her face was pitiful, and be put his arm about her neck as if she were a child. "You mustn't do that, You must go on with your life just as if I'd never been. Think of your father's

job-of the forest and the ranch." "I can't do it. I've lost interest in the service. I never want to go into the high country again, and I don't want you to go either. It's too savage

and cruel." "That is only a mood," he said confidently. "It is splendld up there. 1 shall certainly go back some time."

"Of course, we are not rich, but we are not poor, and my mother's family is one of the oldest in Kentucky." She ottered this with a touch of her mother's quiet dignity. "Your father need not despise us."

"So far as my father is concerned, family don't count and neither does money. But he confidently expects me to take up his business in Chicago, and

She | he finds me looking fit he may order me into the ranks at once.

"I'H go there. I'll do anything you want me to do," she urged. "You can tell your father that I'll help you in the office. I can learn. I'm ready to se a typewriter-anything."

He was silent in the face of her naive expression of self sacrificing love, and after a moment she added esitatingly: "I wish I could meet your father. Perhaps he'd come up here if you asked him to do so."

He seized upon the suggestion. "By George, I believe he would! I don't want to go to town. I just believe I'll wire him that I'm laid up here and can't come."

A knock at the door interrupted Way land and Mrs. McFarlane's voice, filled with new excitement, called out, "Berrie, the district office is on the wire!"

Berrie opened the door and confronted her mother, who said, "Mr. Evingham phones that the afternoon papers contain an account of a fight at Coal lity between Settle and one of Alec Belden's men and that the district forester is coming down to investigate it." "Let him come," answered Berrie de-

What was the row about?" "I didn't hear much of it. Your faher was at the phone.

"What is it all about, father?" ask-

ed Berrie. "Why, it seems that after I left yesrerday Settle rode down the valley with Belden's outfit, and they all got o drinking, ending in a row, and Tony beat one of Belden's men almost to death. The sheriff has gone over to get Tony, and the Beldens declare they're going to railroad him. That means we'll all be brought into it. Belden has seized the moment to pre fer charges against me for keeping Settle in the service and for putting a nonresident on the roll as guard. The whelp will dig up everything he can to queer me with the office. that kept him from doing it before was Cliff's interest in you."

"He can't make any of his charges stick," declared Berrie.

"Of course he can't. He knows that But he can bring us all into court. You and Mr. Norcross will both be called as witnesses, for it seems that Tony was defending your name. The pa pers call it 'a fight for a girl.' Oh, it's sweet mess. You and Berrie and Mrs. McFarlane must get out of here before you are subpoensed.'

"And leave you to fight it out alone? exclaimed his wife. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Berrie and Mr. Norcross can go. "That won't do," retorted McFarlane

quickly. "That won't do at all. You must go with them. I can take care of myself. I will not have you dragged into this muckhole." Berrie now argued against running away. Her blood was up. She joined

her mother. "We won't leave you to

inherit all this trouble. Who will look after the ranch? Who will keep house for you?" McFarlane remained firm. "I'll man age. Don't worry about me. Just get out of reach. The more I consider this thing the more worrisome it gets. Sup-

pose Cliff should come back to testify?" "He won't. If he does I'll have blm arrested for trying to kill Wayland,"

retorted Berrie. "And make the whole thing worse No; you are all going to cross the range. You can start out as if for a little turn round the valley and just naturally keep going. It can't do nny harm, and it may save a nasty time in

"One would think we were a lot of

criminals," remarked Wayland. "That's the way you'll retorted McFarlane. "Belden has retained old Whitby, the foulest old brute in the business, and he'll bring you all into it if he can."

"But running away from it will no

prevent talk," argued his wife. "Not entirely, but talk and testimony are two different things. Suppose they call daughter to the stand? Do you want her cross examined as to what basis there was for this gossip? They know something of Cliff's being let out and that will inflame them. He may

be at the mill this minute." "I guess you're rght," said Norcross andly, "Our delightful excursion into the forest has led us into a predicament from which there is only one way of escape, and that is flight."

McFarlane was again called to the elephone. Landon, with characteristic brevity, conveyed to him the fact that Mrs. Beiden was at home and busily phoning scandalous stories about the country. "If you don't stop her she's going to poison every ear in the valley," ended the ranger.

"You'd think they'd all know my daughter well enough not to believe anything Mrs. Belden says," responded McFarlane bitterly.

"All the boys are ready to do what Tony did. But nobody can stop this old fool's mouth but you. Chif has disappeared, and that adds to the excitement." "Thank the boys for me," said Mc

Farlane, "and tell them not to light Tell 'em to keep cool. It will all be cleared up soon. As McFarlane went out to order the horses hooked up Wayland followed him as far as the bars. "I'm conscience smitten over this thing, supervisor, for

I am aware that I am the cause of all your trouble." "Don't let that worry you," responded the older man. But he spoke with effort. "It can't be helped. It was all

unavoldable." "The most appalling thing to me is the fact that not even your daughter's popularity can neutralize the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Belden. My being an outsider counts against Berrie, and I'm ready to do anything-anything," he repeated earnestly. "I love your I suppose it is my duty to do so. If daughter, Mr. McFarlane, and I'm * ready to marry her at once if you think

best. She's a noble girl, and I cannot bear to be the cause of her calumnia

tion. There was mist in the supervisor's eyes as he turned them on the young man, "I'm right glad to hear you say that, my boy." He reached out his hand, and Wayland took it. "I knew you'd say the word when the time came. I didn't know how strongly she felt toward you till today. I knew she liked you, of course, for she said so, but I didn't know that she had plum set her heart on you. I didn't expect her to marry a city man, but I like you, and-well, she's the doctor. What suits her suits-me. Don't you be afraid of her not meeting all com



I'm right glad to hear you say that my boy."

ers." He went on after a pause, "She's never seen much of city life. but she'll hold her own anywhere, you can gamble on that.'

"She has wonderful adaptability, I know," answered Wayland slowly. "But I don't like to take her away

from here-from you." "If you hadn't come she would have married Cliff, and what kind of a life would she have led with bim?" manded McFarlane. "I knew Cliff was rough, but I couldn't convince her that he was cheap. I live only for her happiness, my boy, and, though I know you will take her away from me, I believe you can make her happy, and so-I give her over to you. As to time and place, arrange that-with-her mother." He turned and walked away, unable

to utter another word. Wayland's throat was aching also, and he went back into the house with a sense of responsibility which exalted

him into sturdier manhood. Berea met him in a pretty gown, a dress he had never seen her wear, a costume which transformed her into something entirely feminine. She seemed to have put away the self reliant manner of the trail and in its stead presented the lambent gaze, the tremulous lips of the bride. As he looked at her thus transfigured his heart cast out its hesitancy, and he entered upon his new adventure without further

It was 3 o'clock of a fine, clear, golden afternoon as they said goodby to McFarlane and started eastward, as if for a little drive. Berrie held the reins in spite of Wayland's protestations These bronchos are only about half busted," she said. "They need watching. I know them better than you do." Therefore he submitted, well knowing that she was entirely competent and

question or regret.

fully informed. At last the topmost looming crags of the continental divide cut the skyline, and then in the smooth hollow between two rounded grassy summits Berrie halted, and they all silently contemplated the two worlds. To the west and north lay an endless spread of mountains, wave on wave, snow lined, savage, sullen in the dying light, while to the east and southeast the foothills faded into the plain, whose dim cities, insubstantial as flecks in a veil of violet mist, were hardly distinguishable without the aid of glasses. Berrie turned in her seat and was about to take up the reins when Wayland asserted himself. "Walt a moment. Here's where my dominion begins. Here's where you change seats with me. I am the driver now." She looked at him with questioning.

smiling glance. "Can you drive? It's all the way downbill-and steep." "If I can't I'll ask your aid. I'm old enough to remember the family car-

riage. I've even driven a four in hand." Their descent was rapid, but it was ong after dark before they reached Flume, which lay up the valley to the right. It was a poor little decaying mining town set against the hillside. and had but one hotel, a sun warped and sugging pine building just above

the station. Not much like the Profile house, said Wayland as he drew up to the porch. "But I see no choice." "There isn't any," Berrie assured

(Continued next Saturday.)

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