

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use As the tones in which you convey it.

THE MOUNTAIN DECIDES.

She could not resist stopping once more at the window to fill her lungs with the crisp, sweet air, and her eyes grew misty as they devoured the mountains' awesome loveliness: the thundering Bow River, jade green, fliegred with silver and ridden by foaming crests, that swept her rapt gaze on to timbered slopes, with glaciers creeping down them, to range on range of mighty ridges blotched with snow and soaring dizzily to silver crags and pinnacles, chise against the inviolable turquoise.

touching the stone rail with a foot in passing, he leaped clear, landing with a flying stagger close to them. He also fell, but recovered and saw Melody. "I always knew that horse had sense," he drawled as he swept off his big hat. "But that's the first time he ever introduced me to a lady."

something satisfying about these mountains. It comes stealing over one after you've been in them a little time. "There is. It gets you. You should be out on the Wolverine, all alone, at night, sometime, at the full of the moon, when there's no wind. Then you'd know what silence is."

or you will bust your neck, sure." She saw Rhodes turn white again, but he made no other sign that he had heard. She found herself restraining a wild desire to cut Dick with her quirt across his handsome face.

"Can't we climb down below?" "I can't! It's overhanging devilishly. Perhaps you can!" There was no mistaking his allusion, but Rhodes ignored the sneer and looked thoughtful.

"W-w-w-what is it? Where's Rhodes?" Her eyes were wide. "He jumped off. This minute. I saw him go! Ohhhhh." She covered her face with her hands.