

# The Free Traders

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

WNU SERVICE

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

## SPRINGING THE TRAP

**SYNOPSIS.**—Lee Anderson, Royal Canadian Mounted Police sergeant, is sent to Stony range to arrest a man named Pelly for murder. He is also instructed to look after Jim Rathway, reputed head of the "Free Traders," illicit liquor runners. At Little Falls he finds Pelly is credited with having found a gold mine, and is missing. At the hotel appears a girl, obviously out of place in the rough surroundings. A half-breed, Pierre, and a companion, "Shorty," annoy the girl. Anderson interferes in her behalf. The girl sets out for Stinson Lake, which is also Anderson's objective. He overtakes her and the two men with whom he had trouble the night before. She is suspicious of him and the two men are hostile.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

Shorty glared at him. "Say, what kinda game are you playin, that's what we want to know?" he demanded. "Is this a show-down or ain't it?"

"Not for me," answered Lee.

"All right!" Shorty clambered on his horse with an oath and cantered back to where Pierre was standing, cursing as he tried to tighten his girth. A colloquy ensued. The pair rode up to the girl, who was already in her saddle. There followed an animated pantomime, with gesticulations toward Lee. The girl seemed to sit obstinately mute, as if she remained neutral.

Suddenly Shorty wheeled his horse about. "Come 'long, Pierre, I guess we've give the fool his chance!" he shouted. And, to Lee's surprise, the pair kicked their mounts in the ribs, and in a moment were off at full gallop, along the trail leading into the range beyond the valley.

The girl and Lee looked after them till they were out of sight. Then she rode slowly up to where Lee was sitting on his mount.

"I understand that you insist on accompanying me?" she asked. "Despite the fact that I have made it clear I do not require your company?"

"I'm sorry you take my presence in that spirit. I assure you I have no desire to be troublesome. But under the circumstances I must ask leave to go with you as far as your destination."

She bit her lip.

"I suppose you mean what you are going as a kindness," she said. "And since you appear determined to accompany me, I suppose there is no use in our sulking with each other, is there?"

"I wish we could be friends," answered Lee, offering her his hand.

But the girl's little hand did not advance to meet his.

"I mean," she said, "if we are companions, we may as well acknowledge it, though I assure you, I am a very unwilling one. That does not imply friendliness. I hope your persistence will be properly rewarded."

"Let me say once and for all," Lee answered, "that I have no desire to pry into your business. I don't even know your name, or wish to ask it."

"If I dared to let myself believe that you have no other purpose in view than just to protect me—" she began. "But it is impossible. Men aren't like that. They are wolves, they are vultures, treacherous, cunning, remorseless. Oh, if I could believe you, if I dared trust you—"

"I would do anything on earth to help and serve you," answered Lee. "If you mean seriously that you find it so difficult to make your decision between those men and myself—I don't think it's conceit to say this, and, if it is, this isn't the time to think of anything like that—a man is said to bear the stamp of his life and character on his face. I don't know what impression I give to others, but I know what impression those two men gave me. Can't you read their faces? If you can't trust me, can you, at least, say honestly that you trust them?"

"But you—what are you—why—?" She looked at him fearfully. "It isn't that. It isn't—God forbid!—that I think you capable of—of what you told me about them. If it were simply a matter of choosing between yourself and them, I should put my trust in you without the smallest hesitation. But—Oh, I can't say any more. It's hopeless—it is worse degradation than death to me, and yet I must keep up my strength and resolution—I must—"

The breakdown came upon her like a lightning stroke. She seemed to crumple up; she sobbed desolately into her hands.

Lee moved to her side. "Do you know," he said, "we have to trust people in this life, even if they deceive us. It doesn't harm us to be betrayed." But he was thinking of Estelle as he spoke, and he wondered how far that was true. Estelle's betrayal had changed the whole setting of his life for him. "Trust me," he said.

"Let me help you. Tell me where you are going, and why, and what those men are to you."

It was a full half-minute before she took her hands from her face, but she did not reply. All that day they rode together. But not until they had

pitched their tents again for the night, did she refer to the men who had threatened her.

"Will you be frank with me?" she asked. "Will you tell me what you are doing in the range?"

"I am not free to do so."

"And am I free? Is any one of us free?" she cried. "No, it's impossible. I must just go on and ask God to give me strength to bear it! Don't speak to me for a few moments—there, I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself!"

She smiled. "At any rate, we are going to acknowledge each other's existence, aren't we?" she said. "And if you insist on riding with me—well, I can't help it. Only, I warn you, you are going into danger—grave danger. Those two men—I am afraid they may be planning to do you some injury."

"I don't think they are likely to try very hard," answered Lee.

"But—but others—" she whispered. "It is not only they!"

"You begged me to trust you. You said that you would do anything to serve and help me. Did you mean that?"

"Anything that is possible."

"Anything?" she persisted.

"If it lies in my power."

"Then would you—would you kill a man for me? A human wolf, one of those devil creatures that does not deserve to live? Would you kill him to serve me?"

"Wait before you answer. He is a man who has betrayed those who have trusted him, made humanity a mockery; he is the foulest thing that creeps upon the earth. Earth should be rid of him. If I help you, will you shoot him down like the savage dog that he is, in cold blood, without danger to yourself, while he is sleeping? If I help you?"

"No," answered Lee quietly.

She laughed in mocking scorn. "So I supposed," she answered. "You men, with your professions of loyalty and service—you're all the same when it comes to the test."

"I won't commit murder in cold blood and without provocation."

"No, of course not. You see, there might be just a little danger in it. He is very crafty, and your offer of service didn't include personal risk—"

Lee's fingers closed on her arm. "That's not the way," he said. "One doesn't right wrongs with wrongs, or even up scores by murder. Tell me everything, and I pledge myself to see that whatever wrong you have suffered shall be redressed."

"Oh, I've heard that before, and when I put you to the test I found just what those words were worth," she answered lightly. "No, please forget what I have just said to you. I didn't mean it, anyway. There is no such man as I spoke of. There couldn't be, for he would have been killed long ago. I was just wondering whether I was to take you seriously or not—and I found we were both playing a game. Good-night!"

She moved away abruptly and went into her tent.

And all that night he lay, hardly dozing, his automatic beside his hand, waiting and wondering.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Trap Is Sprung

In the morning she greeted him with a forced gaiety. She nodded and smiled when she came out of her tent.

"Well, we shall ride on together today, I suppose," she said. "I have told you that I do not desire your company, and that your enterprise is probably a dangerous one. You have taken the responsibility upon yourself. With the understanding, we go as companions instead of enemies. Is that not so?"

And this time it was the girl who extended her hand. Lee took it and held it for a moment in his own.

"That's the understanding," he answered. "I intend to see you to your destination, wherever that is, and after that you need not be afraid of my troubling you any more."

"And as for yesterday," said the girl, "you will forget that I was a little hysterical and upset? You see, it is quite an ordeal, going on so long a journey, and I was tired and said foolish things that had no meaning in them at all."

She watched Lee's face closely as she said this. But Lee did not reply. They mounted and continued the journey. It was about ten o'clock when they heard two or three full reverberations in the distance. The girl, who was riding a few yards ahead of Lee, reined in and stood her horse upon a turfy hillock, waiting for him to catch up with her.

"What was that?" she asked, looking at him with startled eyes.

"Dynamite," Lee responded.

"Dynamite? Why—who would—?"

"Some prospector blasting rock on his claim, no doubt," answered Lee, and again there sounded a detonation. She seemed to muse a moment or two. "It rather startled me," she said. "I have been afraid since those two men left us—afraid some harm may come to you from them. You will be on your guard, won't you?"

"Yes, I promise you that," Lee answered; and she fixed her eyes on his face with her peculiar scrutiny for a few moments, and then started her horse.

The afternoon began to wear away. They were slowly descending toward the northern pass of the range, beyond which lay the immense territories that they had seen. They began to traverse precarious ledges, overhung by huge boulders, prismatic from the corrosion of the season. Underneath them, at the bottom of a long descent, in places nearly perpendicular, the torrent raced among the rocks.

It was so still upon those heights that the rush of the torrent far underneath them sounded thunderous; and the air was so calm, the sky so blue, that it might have been an Italian summer, rather than a Canadian autumn. An eagle, floating motionless, high overhead, seemed to have been pinned against the background of the blue void.

The girl reined in and waited for Lee to ride up to her.

"Be very careful with that horse of yours," he said. "There's a difficult bit a little distance ahead, but it's the last, and then we'll have an easy journey down through the pass."

She started off again. Lee following some twenty paces behind her. But of a sudden Lee's horse balked, laid back his ears and snorted, planted his forefeet firmly and refused to move.

It was almost impossible to dismount and lead him, for at that point, the narrowest part of the trail, there was hardly standing room for man and beast together. Lee held in the animal with a tight rein, and patted his quivering flanks.

He could not understand what had alarmed it, but now some instinct, perhaps communicated from the beast's brain to his, seemed to tell of danger threatening.

He glanced at the girl, and saw that she was almost across the danger zone. He dared not call to her, for fear of startling her. And, indeed,



He Caught at Her Horse's Bridle. "Jump! Jump!" He Shouted, Holding Out His Arms.

there was no reason to call, although that baseless instinct was now becoming so strong that it almost amounted to conviction.

He could not see the least cause for apprehension anywhere. His fears appeared absurd; and yet that electric message of warning went flashing back and forth between his mind and that of his frightened mount.

Then suddenly there came the roar of an explosion, muffled underground; the next the rocks over his head seemed to upheave. An enormous crack appeared in the face of the wall of solid rock, which trembled and appeared to move toward him, as if pushed by a gigantic hand; and before the reverberations had died away Lee heard a faint, crackling sound, like the rustling of paper—the sliding of the interior strata, one upon another.

A little avalanche of stones, dislodged from the surface, came rushing down the face of the cliff midway between the girl and himself. Had Lee's horse not stopped, it must have been swept over the edge of the precipice.

Another roar, and a huge rock toppled and fell, this time behind, and smashed into a score of fragments which went rolling into the chasm below, making a hundred reverberations among the hills.

And with that Lee understood the devilish scheme that was in the working. The dynamiting which he had heard that afternoon was the preliminary work of the two men in preparing their trap; now they had set fuses among the rocks at the narrowest point of the trail, with the purpose of blowing him to destruction.

And it was a murder plan that would leave no evidence behind it, surer and safer than a rifle shot.

Another explosion; and between the sound of the dull roar and the upheaval, Lee, seeing the girl apparently trying to urge her plunging animal back toward him, stood up in his stirrups and waved his hand frantically toward her.

"Go back! Go back!" he shouted.

But the girl seemed bewildered, and only clung to her plunging, snorting beast, over which she had lost control, the while it pawed the air and danced desperately upon the narrow way.

Lee vaulted from his horse, struggled upon the edge of the precipice, regained his footing, and ran toward her. He caught at her horse's bridle.

"Jump! Jump!" he shouted, holding out his arms.

And the few following seconds seemed to extend through all eternity. Another roar, and the whole face of the mountain wall appeared to crumple into a landslide. As in a helpless dream Lee saw the falling wall strike the girl's horse in the flank and sent it screaming into the chasm. And, as he vainly grasped at her an impact shot him over the precipice as if he had been hurled from the mouth of a cannon.

He felt himself hurtling into space, he grasped at emptiness and went tumbling far down into unconsciousness.

## CHAPTER V

### The Severed Strands

And the returning scene of consciousness was at first only the dim knowledge of pain, in terms of which he visualized existence.

That pain seemed to have existed from all eternity, filling all space and time. It usurped all the functions of the body. He was the nucleus of it, sprawling like an inert being at the heart of creation, and out of him pain radiated through the universe.

And then came sight—chaos of brown and green, fantastic mountains clothed with sparse, unbranching trees, earth's primitive creation, huge continents that he bestrode, a Brooding-nag of his species, solitary in the world.

Lee became aware that his eyes were open. And very slowly he grew aware of his own identity. He began looking about him.

Then he made the discovery that the mountains he had seen were boulders, the vegetation moss and grasses. He was lying upon the ground, with a great rock on either side of him, halfway down the gorge at the bottom of which the torrent coursed. Low scrub alder and other growth formed a sort of fan-work over him, completely concealing him. Above this fan-work was a glimpse of the gray sky.

He began to remember things. He had been riding, had been thrown from his mount. The inspector had sent him to bring somebody in—Snell, Kelly—Pelly! He must have encountered Pelly and have been shot. Pelly had been a fool not to finish the job. He must get after him again. And what had happened to his horse?

Now from where he lay he had a glimpse of the fawn flanks, the shining steel circles beneath the hoofs. His horse was lying lower down the slope, at the very edge of the rocks beside the torrent. Pelly must have shot his horse as well. Or perhaps it was only the horse, and Lee had been stunned by the fall.

The red rim of the sun was just dipping into the horizon and Lee remembered that when he had last seen it, it had been seen from a cliff top.

With that the girl flashed into the picture. Lee saw her and her horse toppling down the ravine. He remembered his own fall, the landslide, the dynamite. Memory grew complete, the last links snapped into place.

He realized that he had been flung from the heights above, and that by a miracle of luck his descent into the rock-strewn torrent had been arrested by the scrub growth which held him. Otherwise those rocks would have ground and battered him almost out of semblance to a man, or tossed him into the whirling torrent.

As it was, it was a miracle that he had survived the fall. Probably he was badly injured. He must count on broken limbs.

He tried to rise, and instantly the body screamed its protest. With immense difficulty he succeeded in getting upon his hands and knees. He flexed each of his limbs in turn. He felt his body and ribs, he patted himself all over.

It was incredible, but though every muscle in his body seemed twisted, and he was aching and bruised from head to foot, no bones appeared to be broken.

Peering along the edge of the ravine, Lee saw the girl's horse lying a little distance away.

The effort to get upon his feet seemed to consume an incredible period of time. By the exercise of all his will Lee managed to keep his balance until the rocking earth had grown comparatively stable. Then, forcing his rebellious limbs and muscles into co-ordination, he staggered toward the girl's horse.

It was alive, but its back and limbs were broken, so that it was completely paralyzed. It looked at Lee as he approached out of its bright, pathetic eyes, instinct with the foreknowledge of death.

Lee was sick with the fear that he would either find the girl dead—battered almost out of recognition among the rocks—or missing; drowned in the torrent below.

He searched every inch of the surrounding terrain within a radius of three hundred yards, and then abandoned hope. Anger, boiling up within

him, assisted in reviving strength. He would follow her murderers and shoot them down like the wild beasts they were.

Before leaving the side of the injured horse Lee drew his automatic, which had remained buckled in his belt holster throughout the fall, and mercifully ended the animal's life with a single shot over the heart.

Now there remained the pursuit, vengeance—then the original duty of picking up Pelly. But he swore that he would take one man, not three, to Manitree.

And, with the decision, he retraced his steps, until once more he stood beside the gorge between the dead horses.

The contents of the packs had burst from the broken canvas and lay scattered everywhere, but the rifle was not to be found. Two or three cartridges at the edge of the chasm, were all Lee found.

Reluctantly he came to the conclusion that his rifle lay at the bottom of the river.

He turned doggedly to take up the pursuit again. But as he was passing the girl's horse, something yellow and shining on the ground caught his eye. He stooped to examine it. Long tresses of pale, yellow-brown hair coiled round his fingers.

It was the hair of the girl!

He tried to pick it up, but the ends were pinned under the dead animal, probably caught in the broken girth. The ends that lay upon the ground appeared to have been roughly severed with a knife.

There was no doubt it was the girl's hair, and the tresses must have been severed within a few inches of her head, for there was more than three feet of them in view, trailing along the ground.

He tugged at them to detach them, but it was a matter of considerable effort, and he only succeeded in releasing them strand by strand. At last, however, he managed to detach them, and, after a moment's hesitation, he thrust them into the bosom of his shirt.

And then of a sudden he understood what had happened, and his heart gave a bound. The girl had not been flung into the water.

She must somehow have become pinned by the hair beneath her horse after her fall; it had come near rolling on her, and her hair had been cut off to effect her quick release.

She was not dead. She had been carried off by the two ruffians.

It was nearly dark when Lee crossed the pass a second time. And he went on, under the light of the moon, scanning the trail ahead of him and the river bank for the kidnapers' encampment. But hours went by, and he did not come upon it, and only the dark river, with its twisted, desolate banks, and the eternal forest disclosed themselves.

In the small hours the wind veered, bringing with it a storm of icy, pelting rain, which changed to a driving sleet. The whistling pellets stung and whipped his face, and all through the storm Lee continued to struggle onward.

It was a superb exhibition of the force of will. Hour after hour he went on, until, in the beginning of that hour before the dawn when everything grows still, when the first faintness of the dawn begins to mingle with the darkness, he became conscious that the river had widened into a lake, one arm of which, thrust out before him, barred his course. On either side of this lake the forests had given place to reedy swamp.

And, lifting up his eyes, he saw, upon a low elevation in front of him, the log huts of the Free Traders' camp.

Then he knew that the long chase had come to an end.

And with that the man shook the fatigue from him, knowing that he must hold on to all his strength and wit for an hour or two longer, and that what he had to do he must do quickly, craftily, boldly.

He did not know how many men were in the Free Traders' headquarters, but he must save the girl, get her away.

The arm of the lake that was thrust out between the elevation and the end of the trail was no more than two hundred yards, if as much, in width.

him, assisted in reviving strength. He would follow her murderers and shoot them down like the wild beasts they were.

Before leaving the side of the injured horse Lee drew his automatic, which had remained buckled in his belt holster throughout the fall, and mercifully ended the animal's life with a single shot over the heart.

Now there remained the pursuit, vengeance—then the original duty of picking up Pelly. But he swore that he would take one man, not three, to Manitree.

And, with the decision, he retraced his steps, until once more he stood beside the gorge between the dead horses.

The contents of the packs had burst from the broken canvas and lay scattered everywhere, but the rifle was not to be found. Two or three cartridges at the edge of the chasm, were all Lee found.

Reluctantly he came to the conclusion that his rifle lay at the bottom of the river.

He turned doggedly to take up the pursuit again. But as he was passing the girl's horse, something yellow and shining on the ground caught his eye. He stooped to examine it. Long tresses of pale, yellow-brown hair coiled round his fingers.

It was the hair of the girl!

He tried to pick it up, but the ends were pinned under the dead animal, probably caught in the broken girth. The ends that lay upon the ground appeared to have been roughly severed with a knife.

There was no doubt it was the girl's hair, and the tresses must have been severed within a few inches of her head, for there was more than three feet of them in view, trailing along the ground.

He tugged at them to detach them, but it was a matter of considerable effort, and he only succeeded in releasing them strand by strand. At last, however, he managed to detach them, and, after a moment's hesitation, he thrust them into the bosom of his shirt.

And then of a sudden he understood what had happened, and his heart gave a bound. The girl had not been flung into the water.

She must somehow have become pinned by the hair beneath her horse after her fall; it had come near rolling on her, and her hair had been cut off to effect her quick release.

She was not dead. She had been carried off by the two ruffians.

It was nearly dark when Lee crossed the pass a second time. And he went on, under the light of the moon, scanning the trail ahead of him and the river bank for the kidnapers' encampment. But hours went by, and he did not come upon it, and only the dark river, with its twisted, desolate banks, and the eternal forest disclosed themselves.

In the small hours the wind veered, bringing with it a storm of icy, pelting rain, which changed to a driving sleet. The whistling pellets stung and whipped his face, and all through the storm Lee continued to struggle onward.

It was a superb exhibition of the force of will. Hour after hour he went on, until, in the beginning of that hour before the dawn when everything grows still, when the first faintness of the dawn begins to mingle with the darkness, he became conscious that the river had widened into a lake, one arm of which, thrust out before him, barred his course. On either side of this lake the forests had given place to reedy swamp.

And, lifting up his eyes, he saw, upon a low elevation in front of him, the log huts of the Free Traders' camp.

Then he knew that the long chase had come to an end.

And with that the man shook the fatigue from him, knowing that he must hold on to all his strength and wit for an hour or two longer, and that what he had to do he must do quickly, craftily, boldly.

He did not know how many men were in the Free Traders' headquarters, but he must save the girl, get her away.

The arm of the lake that was thrust out between the elevation and the end of the trail was no more than two hundred yards, if as much, in width.

One superb specimen proved to be 7 feet in diameter, 6 feet from the ground and to measure 152 feet from the base to the first limb. The perfectly symmetrical trunk, which is illustrated in natural history, had all the grandeur of a cathedral column. Though less shapely, other trees were even larger and one had a diameter of 13 feet at 6 feet from the river. The forest abounded in wild life, at least 200 species of birds occurring in the vicinity.

Lee was sick with the fear that he would either find the girl dead—battered almost out of recognition among the rocks—or missing; drowned in the torrent below.

He searched every inch of the surrounding terrain within a radius of three hundred yards, and then abandoned hope. Anger, boiling up within

him, assisted in reviving strength. He would follow her murderers and shoot them down like the wild beasts they were.

# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

## BABY WALLABY WAYS

"I've heard," said Baby Wallaby to Billie Brownie, "that babies must be kept very quiet."

"In fact sometimes people will come to the zoo and they will wheel a baby carriage. They wheel it along very gently and sometimes they stop and sit on a bench and let the baby have a long, quiet rest and sleep."

"They are always talking about not disturbing the baby."

"It seems to be a very dull life for a baby to lead."

"That makes it a healthy baby," said Billie Brownie.

"Well," said Baby Wallaby, "that may be so, but I'm glad I'm not a baby of that sort then."

"I'm thankful I'm a Baby Wallaby."

Billie Brownie thought to himself that other babies were doubtless very thankful that they weren't Baby Wallabies, but he thought he wouldn't say just that to the Baby Wallaby.

"Oh, maybe very healthy," said Baby Wallaby again, "but so very dull. I am very thankful I don't have to lie in a carriage and be kept so quiet."

"I've never seen a single mother go hopping and jumping along with the baby carriage."

"I've never seen one leaping and bounding along at a high old speed."

"No, they go walking along so slowly and they sing in a low tone sometimes to the baby."

"Now I have some excitement."

"When I was very young I was very small, of course, and I stayed in the comfortable little pouch every mother Wallaby and every mother Kangaroo has for her baby."

"I was so helpless my mother had to put my food right down my throat."

"But even then my mother went jumping and bounding along with me



"I'm Thankful I'm a Baby Wallaby," riding contentedly in my baby wallaby carriage.

"Then I became a little bigger and I could see all that was going on about me just as I noticed babies will often look about them."

"But did Mother Wallaby keep me quiet even then?"

"No, she went bounding along with me just the same as ever."

"She gave gorgeous big leaps and glorious big jumps and there was I in my comfortable pouch she has for me, and I just had the best time ever a baby wallaby had."

"Oh, I have said to myself so often as I've seen babies here in the zoo: 'You poor little dears, you don't know what a good time really is.'

"There has been excitement among the Mountain Zebras."

"Mother and Father Mountain Zebra announced to their friends lately that they had a fine son."

"But no sooner had they sent out this notice than they had another to send out."

"The Baby Colt Zebra was only ten hours old when he jumped right over his mother's back as she was lying down."

"Now you know he is a fine baby who is able to do that. I couldn't have done that myself."

"He showed he could do some fine leaping, and such a young baby, too."

"Fancy! He had a trick before he was a day old and a good trick, too."

"He wasn't quite a half-day old."

"That's what I call smart."

"But poor little real babies are kept so quiet. It seems a shame."

"I feel sorry for the poor little dears."

"Yes, if any one wants to know what I think you may tell them that Baby Wallaby thinks they don't have much fun."

So Billie Brownie laughingly promised to deliver the Baby Wallaby's message.

**Had Sold the Kiss**  
Johannie—Teacher, didn't you say you'd give me a kiss if I could get some greenstuff for your little rabbit?  
"Yes, I did."  
Johannie—Here's the greenstuff, and I've sold the kiss to my big brother for 50 cents.

Nice job, tackling the Free Traders' camp all alone! But does he find the girl?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Fine Mahogany Trees

A recently discovered species of mahogany of gigantic size exists on the western coast of Panama at the San Lorenzo river, and the American museum bird-hunting expedition of Ludlow Griscom and three assistants found it to be one of the commonest trees of the primeval forest of that little-known region, according to the Baltimore Sun.

One superb specimen proved to be 7 feet in diameter, 6 feet from the ground and to measure 152 feet from the base to the first limb. The perfectly symmetrical trunk, which is illustrated in natural history, had all the grandeur of a cathedral column. Though less shapely, other trees were even larger and one had a diameter of 13 feet at 6 feet from the river. The forest abounded in wild life, at least 200 species of birds occurring in the vicinity.

Lee was sick with the fear that he would either find the girl dead—battered almost out of recognition among the rocks—or missing; drowned in the torrent below.

He searched every inch of the surrounding terrain within a radius of three hundred yards, and then abandoned hope. Anger, boiling up within

him, assisted in reviving strength. He would follow her murderers and shoot them down like the wild beasts they were.