

wouldn't take me long to say which I'd take. Harry Dale is as big and strong and handsome a feller as you'll ever meet, and he'd ride through fire just to set his eyes on yer purty face."

Moyné looked steadily ahead, her face grew red as a rose at the mention of that name so dear to her heart, but she made no reply and the old man continued.

"I tell yer that you've got to choose soon, and the quicker the better or there'll be trouble. Not that I'm at all anxious to lose ye; not that my darter, but there's bad blood atween 'em, though they haint said nuthin'. They'll fight, and it'll be a hard one, too, one of these days. I seen 'em pass th'other day and the scowl they give each other meant bizness. I tell ye somethin' must be done soon."

The girl's face blanched a little at this announcement and grew sad and thoughtful. Her father had told her nothing that she did not already know, but coming from other lips it had a force which startled her. The question with her was not which to choose, for this she had done long ago, but with the instincts of a sensitive woman she wanted to make this choice without giving offense to the other. Therefore, woman-like, she had shown no preference to either of her determined suitors. But her father's words cut deeply into her heart and added to the disquiet that had been raging for weeks in her breast. The old man was about to continue the subject, now that the ice was broken, when his daughter exclaimed:

"See, father, look at that!"

Jackson looked in the direction her finger pointed and saw the inturned moccasin tracks of fully a dozen Indians.

"I don't like this, father, and I'm going back. Our cattle are all out on the range and the boys are at the house. They will be surprised and the stock run off. I'll go back and together we will drive the cattle into the corral."

This turn in affairs rather pleased him as

he thought more of the "good time" he would have with his chums at the fort than of the danger that might befall his children or his property, from the few Indians that had straggled across his path, so he jogged on toward the fort. The Sioux were seen occasionally but they had always been friendly and the old man never thought of danger. He chuckled a bit to himself and murmured the oft repeated saying that "wimmin is queer critters anyhow." He reached the fort before noon, met his friends, looked long and lovingly on the red liquor which the sutler sold to all comers, sung his gay old songs, danced and made merry for the crowd that always welcomed him because he had money and would "set 'em up," and in due time was happily unconscious of Indians or anything else. The soldiers who liked the jolly old man picked him up late in the evening and gave him a warm bunk in the guard house, where he spent the night in drunken slumber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Profs.

Miss Josephine Treeman has been appointed instructor in Latin.

Prof. Bowen was happily married to Miss Helen Stirling at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., August 25.

Chancellor Canfield addressed the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. meeting in the chapel at 3 o'clock last Sunday.

Prof. Nicholson has resigned the directorship of the experiment station. The press of other business necessitated this move.

The attendance of the faculty during chapel exercises is increasing. This alone is a sign of increased activity among the leaders of our school.

The Chancellor and Mrs. Canfield entertained the members of the faculty very pleas-