

sympathy was united with his love and she was doubly dear to him. His was a border love, compared with which the sickly effeminate passion of the youths of the crowded cities pale with insignificance. But like all men who love so intensely, because he loved her, he stood in awe of her and uncovered his head and bowed humbly in her presence. She was a something so different from the every day realities of life, that he did not dare lay hands upon her except in reverence and the touch of her inanimate form as he had lifted her tenderly and placed her on her rude couch, had sent a passionate thrill through his whole being.

But, while he sat and waited and watched there came another unseen, who halted at some distance and looked long on a sight that filled his soul with jealous rage. It was Frank Fisher. He did not linger long as the scene was not one calculated to please. But he carefully treasured up these incidents and laid them away with others for future revengeful use.

And Dale still stood guard. He did not know that shortly after he had placed her so tenderly on the couch she had opened her eyes, kissed the hem of the blanket, covered her face with its folds and had fallen into a deep sleep. But still he watched and waited.

The sun sank to rest, and the stars came out one by one and looked down upon a scene rarely witnessed by their ever watchful eyes. He had eaten nothing since early morning, but he felt no hunger or fatigue. All night long he paced back and forth, a solitary gaurdsman over one, who, to him, was the most precious being on earth. It was the most pleasant task of his life, even though the sharp wind whistled and the frost sought out the weak spots in his clothing. He had been several times at her side and from the deep breathing he knew that she slept, and that when she awakened she would be refreshed. He occasionally gave an extra tuck to the blanket about her, and then resumed his solitary watch which

he had to make an active one to keep from chilling through.

Just as the sun was breaking through the pine trees in the east, he was startled by hearing the clank of sabers and the rustle of horses' feet in the grass. A troop of cavalry had arrived from the post, and with them, now thoroughly sobered, came John Johnson, who had spent the night in the guard house. Fisher had returned late to the fort the night before, and had told of the raid on the ranch and the murder of the two boys, and this scouting party had been sent out to hunt down the Indians and punish them for their deviltry.

Moyne awoke early, and the party moved on to the ruins of the old home. The bodies of the two boys were placed in an ambulance and the old man and the girl were taken back to the post, where the boys were given a Christian burial. The detachment of cavalry started in pursuit of the Indians and Harry Dale went with them as a volunteer. They returned in a few days, reporting that they had overtaken the band and killed and wounded a number.

With the assistance of some friends, Jackson soon rebuilt the log cabin and enclosed it and the stables in a heavy stockade for better protection in the future. The old man seemed but little different from his former self; the loss of his boys and his stock did not set very heavily on his mind. He visited the post as before and joined his companions in the flowing bowl, but somehow the thought of his daughter, alone and unprotected, nerved him up, and kept him sober enough to start home in time to arrive before dark. Thus the weeks passed by. Though they looked for him hourly, Harry Dale did not come to visit his friends, to cheer and comfort them in their sorrow. Moyne grew weary of waiting. The color left her cheeks and she grew wan and thin. The old man was often silent now, as if thinking of the past, and the two sat hours by the old fire place, she knitting, he smoking his pipe, and not a word nor hardly a glance would be