THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1921.

THE ROAD OF HATE

THE October day was drawing to its ci as Walking Ann reached the gate of the Rancho de las Palomas y Mar.

Behind her the road dipped abruptly to the beach, a dusty ribbon betwixt the base of the mountains and the surf; before her it wound evenly over the shelf of bean flats upheld by the bluffs. An enticing road, smoothly metaled, fading away across the tawny bean stubble into the golden haze of the California afternoon, sapphire of sea on the one hand; on the other me peaks of the Cuyama, amber and languid with fall, between them the narrow, 20-mile stretch of the Ranch of the Doves and the Ses, but that road was not for chance feet, for across the whole messa ran a wicked-looking barrier of mingled barbed wire and prickly-pear, broken by a five-bar gate bristling with locks and chains, bearing the sign:

"Private. Keep out. Absolutely no passing across this ranch. ELLEN GLYNDE."

"By order, "Looks like some folks' idea o' heaven." Ann murmured as she gazed. "All just like it oughter be, an' most everybody else outside."

She knew that gate; with its counterpart 20 miles north it was known to the whole coast from Santa Barbara to the Montaras; known even to all California, now that the county's suit to force the Glyndes to open the road was before the state supreme court. For nearly 30 years it had been closed, cutting off the dwellers in the mountain ranches behind it-and especially those in the Nacimiento. Ann pon-Gred that a moment and there came a picture a bitter-mouthed woman, her eyes haggard with gazing over the road she might never travel.

"Hm-If you wants a real quarrel you sure got to go to your own family to get it." Ann remarked to the unresponsive gate. "Well, I guess I'll rest me a bit anyhow; not even Ellen Glynde can jail a body for looking at her ranch."

An odd figure she made, a woman alone in that expanse of mountain, sky, and sea. . . . A woman probably older than she looked, since, despite her white hair and puckered, berrybrown skin, there was so much unconquered vitality stiff lingering in her bony frame. In sunbonnet and decent dress of drab denim, pack and rolled blanket on her back, she sat like one surveying the world with a glance of twinkling shrewdness.

Just who Ann was it would be difficult to say, since no one really knew and she herself vouchsafed no information. From fall till spring she was swallowed up in that great winter refuge of Los Angeles, far to the south, but with each April, as the skies cleared of the rains and roses and poppies flamed in the foothills, would come when her winter haunts knew her no a day more. Even whatever name by which she might be known in the city would drop from her, and up through the fastnesses of the coast range or out where the seventh furnace of the San Joaquin dips down to the desert lonely dwellers would begin to wonder if "Walking Ann" would come their way that year. Nor did she give any explanation of that, either, possibly not even to herseif. There were many who questioned her, comfortable people following accepted paths, amused or slightly aghast at the sight of her tall old form passing on its solitary way, but to each she would give the same answer:

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"Well, it's kind of good to be on your wayand it's kind of good to think maybe you're goin' to get somewhere sometime."

That was all, and she would go, with never backward glance, her gaze always before her into that allurement of sheer distance.

"Guess I'll fetch round by the Nacimiento and look in on Jane Donohue tomorrow," she planned. "Land's sakes, if the court opens that there road 'tis she as'll be the first' to so sky hootin' across it-and a bitter pill for Ellen Glynde 'twill be.'

"For years I been wantin' to see it," she continued aloud in the manner of one who walks "The gates o' hate they call 'e much alone. back thar in the mountains. Well, you be big and ugly enough, Lord knows." It was an automobile that aroused her from her self-communing, an imported gray-gleaming car which came purring up the slope from the beach in a perfection of wrought-iron lugs. As the chauffeur alighted with jingling key chain the other occupants of the car turned a battery of cold inquiry on Ann. Entirely out of place she seemed, sitting there unmoved, yet with something of the naturalness of those chaparral bushes at her back, and a hint of their barbed potencies as well. The woman in the car spoke first, grayhaired, with a certain controlled sweetness in face and voice, every detail as soberly perfect as those of her equipage.

flushed as by a concealed excitement, the girl hurried back along the road; the bag lay there in full view, but her gaze seemed deliberately to avoid it as she made a slight detour that brought her close to where Ann sat.

are in the same old place with the same old hate!"

"Well, you done a good work, lad, helpin' to make the world safe," Ann soothed, but the young fellow's smoldering resentment burst out again

"Yes, safe for Fred Glynde and that Jap partner of his to corral all the potatoes from here to the Mexican line and hold up the price."

30 years of unsvailing litigation. Her bosom, pinched and meager as though all its vitalities had been drained away by her consuming re-

By CHARLES SAXBY

sentment, rose and fell in convulsive gasps. "I'll never live to see it. Just heaven, what have I done that I should be tormented so ?" "Tis you as be doin' the tormentin'," Ann put in. "Terry could have a road through to

the valley in three months if you'd but let him." "Terry owns the ranch and I have told him to do as he pleases."

'Yes, I heerd you tellin' him so as I come in," Ann returned.

Again their glances met and Jane Donohue raised herself on her elbow.

"I can't give up-I can't. Oh, if I could but ride once across that ranch and laugh in Ellen's face as I ro-"

Her hand, a mere bunch of fevered boncs. fell on Ann's wrist and at its hot clasp the other started in genuine alarm.

"Woman, you are real sick." "Sick-I am sick to death," moaned Mrs.

Donohue as she fell back on her pillows again. "But I will never give in."

A quiver of pity crossed Ann's face. Wasted, narrow, held by that almost fanaticism of stubbornness, the woman lay between her masses of hair, and from her eyes, as from two windows, there seemed to her the very presence of that obsessing demon-the same one that. except for those drawn shades of blank decency, might have looked from the eyes of Ellen Glynde and her son. As Ann raised her an uncontroliable spasm shook her frame, causing her to fight for breath. "There's naught will cure her but to get what she wants," Ann thought. "And so long as she

lives she'll keep Terry cooped up here and begin dyin' whenever he talks o' quittin'." "Lie you still, Jane Donohue," she went on

aloud. "I got to speak to Terry a bit and then you and me is due for a talk."

Terry was sitting on the veranda steps, chin in hand, staring gloomily down the moon-flooded vale toward Las Palomas. Holding out the note picked up in the wake of the Glynde car, Ann spoke:

He did not stop to ask how she had obtained it; his eyes raced greedily over the lines, then sought the gleaming night dial of his wrist watch.

"Ten o'clock already," he exclaimed. "Most likely she'll be waitin' for you," Ann

encouraged. "She's been waiting since before the war." said Terry bitterly. "If mother would only let me do something I'd have had her out of Las Palomas long ago. I'm only waiting until I

have something to offer her." "She won't thank you none for that waitin'." "How do you know that?"

"Because I been a gal myself-you didn't think that of old Ann, did you? But I know, and you take her, lad-take her quick." "How can I ask her to come here from all she

has down there?" "She's awonderin' how you can't."

"She wants to see me tonight-but there's mother sick again," he hesitated with a glance at the house.

"Don't worry none about your ma. I'll stay with her till you gets back."

A glance of gratitude, warmly fleeting, and he was mounted and off, galloping down the vale with a lover's recklessness. Seated on the steps Ann pictured him passing on his way, insulated from all the world about him by the joy of that coming meeting, in his face a light that shamed the mild radiance of the moon. Then the girl. seemingly so meek and fragile, creeping out into the night from the great house among the cy-

press trees. "I'll lay she has to lie to get out," Ann mused. "Land's sakes, the lovers' lies the Lord

has to listen to! Million o' years of 'em, and all "What!" the same since the world began-and I'll bet there's a kinder twinkle in His eys when He

suggested.

bonds.

gates closed."

"But, mother-"

Mrs. Glynde rose

treated to the refuge of his national, in The woman sighed with the hopelessness of nonunderstandig. "Me o sabe. From the knot of men at Terry's b murmur went up. "One of them de Glynde Japa"-Refusing to let us bring of dead now "--"Madre de Dios-que cosa." it, from where she sat on the seat of the f

decked wagon, came Ann's cracked wan " "Terry Donohue-break that gate." The Japanese was more insolent now, ulent as only one of his race can be when h

by white authority. The sight of a gun hand brought an answering and wicked of steel amongst the crowd. "Pulling guns on a funeral-to hell wi

Glyndes!" "Kill the yellow-skinned deviff"

Then a sudden, concerted shout: "Come an, boys!"

An ugly moment, half hidden by a fre cess of fog: a snarl like that of fighting y the sound of crashing timbers, a shot c As the vapors thinned again the solid g a mass of splinters on the ground and the nese was flying down the road, already ha in the smoke wreathed mist.

And Ann, catching up the reins with most ribald chuckle, urged the horses fo "Stand aside, lads. I got a score agin Glyndes myself and 'tis me and Jane Do will settle it together."

There was a bitterness also in the house of the Doves and the Sea that morn Ellen Glynde took counsel with her son. ceiled, in the fashion of the '80s, its quined windows looking out on the wind of twisted cypresses, the house was neve thing but a gloomy place. Now, in the chill of fog and keen-edged sea-wind, something of the cheerlessness of a

building. "You are sure that the supreme cou ruled against us?" she asked incredulous Fred Glynde stopped his pacing in iri

remonstrance. "Good heavens, mother, you heard, nessage yourself, didn't you?"

"I can hardly believe it," she Gowned in sober perfection even at ta hour, still preserving her superficial plac she sat there like the superior of some r sive institution of which that room was fice. But beneath that surface it was as her world were being rocked by sub carthquakes. To her the 30-year scal

those gates had almost the sanction of ligion, while their forced opening and the pect of her sister riding across the ranch with the shock of sacrilege,

"But the railroad lobby promised me they have always had influence with the c she protested.

"They don't want a coast highway d traffic from their valley line," Fred "But in these days-why, Dixon actual vised me to lower the price of potatoes to an indictment. My own attorney givin such advice; what do I pay him for exc

set me out of such things?" "It is bolshevism," declared Mrs. Glyn "It is bolanevism," declared Mrs. Giyn "Why, some of the fellows round has went to France are actually refusing to to me," Fred exploded. "Just as if I subscribe five thousand to the Y. M. C. hold the mortgages on two of them, two. The telephone bell cut sharply acro speech. There was consternation in h

as he clapped his hand over the instrume turned to his mother.

"It's Goldschmidt at the north-end house. Ho says Matsumoto has just b word that the people have come down fro house. Cuyama, broken the gate and are riding the ranch

"Several hundred of them. Matsumo

all the Reyes, even the Fallons-they ave got word of that court decision. The room grew acrid with silence

"Perhaps we had better order the c

But his mother was of sterner stuff:

not for nothing that, before her marrian had been known as "the high Fall." An

it was as though the thing which she

long cherished was holding her with i

"The judgment has not been served and until it is'I have the right to ke

"Frederick, God has given me the

ship of Las Palomas and until it is take

me I am mistress here. Those people

right on our lands-tell Goldschmidt if h

not stop them to blow up the bridge acr Lunas ravine."

It was five miles from the gate

'My mother will pay a visit to her sister

of the burden they laid at the foot o

steps in silent accusation, her face brok

Take a good look at your work," said

"You can realize now, then, Mrs

"Lad, lift that there lid and show he

The bearers and followers turned

away, for the face of Ellen was hardh

looked upon in that instant as Terry lif

loose cover. Only Ann stood erect, h

The heaped jasmine fell away and the

a scream from Ellen Glynde as she saw U

exposed between the flowers. Then it strass something happened, a miracle ft s

which left Ann alone unshaken as thou

The seeming dead had awakened.

hue's face, a sibilant whisper from a

the mocking grave flowers.

A smile of biting triumph on Jane

, Turn to Page Sepan M, Column Hom

twinkling with inner satisfaction.

"Oh-I did not realize-"

mercilessly.

had expected it.

within," Ann ordered.

The girl crept out into the night from the great house among the cypress trees.

"My good woman, are you in trouble?"

"Not as I knows on, thank you, Mis' Glynde," Ann precisely answered.

She sat still, her browned face quiet under the eaves of her sunbonnet. The answer seemed hardly what the other woman had expected, and a shadow of authority crept into her conscious benevolence.

"It seems very strange, your being here alone.

"There's many strange things in this world, ma'am," Ann mildly answered.

It was the man in the front seat who spoke next; a little fellow, already portly, his face overlaid, as by a mask, with an awareness of heavengiven authority.

"We don't allow strangers to cross the ranch. "'Ceptin' funerals," Ann amended. "I've heerd you allow 'em to bring out their dead, but I ain't quite ready for that."

"What are you doing here?" he rasped.

"A setting on the public lands, cir, and if I set long enough maybe I'll hatch something.

"Oh, Fred, perhaps the poor old lady is lost." That was hardly more than a murmur, such as might come from one accustomed to being disregarded. It was the girl who spoke; seated in the tonneau, overshadowed by the presence of Ellen Glynde, she had escaped Ann's notice. Now, as she leaned forward, she showed of a fragile, drooping prettiness, like that of a plant kept too long in a sunless place.

"No, I ain't lost, miss, thank you." said Ann, with a triffe less of hostility. "Body and soul, I knows jest where I be."

She turned to the older woman, a bint of malice in her tone.

"I was restin' at your gate, Mrs. Glynde, because 'tis here the trail turns off to the Nacimiento. I'm aimin' to fetch thar right soon, and if you have a message for your sister, Mis' Donohue, 'tis me as'll be glad to take it."

At that name it was as though a shade had been drawn over the faces of Fred Glynde and his mother; something blankly decent to hide whatever might be behind it. Only in the eyes of the girl came a hint of something humandesperation, perhaps, or possibly appeal. Her hand, slimly ungloved, fluttered an instant over the side of the car, and as the great machine tolled on through the opened gates Ann saw a leather wrist bag lying in the dust in the road.

She sat on, regarding it in motionleses silence. wondering what was to come. A few yards on the other side of the gate the car stopped again. and Mrs. Glynde's voice came on the breeze, clear and concise:

"You say you dropped your bag. How on earth did you do that?"

A moment of silence, probably covering an apologetic murmur that did not pass the car.

"Really, Lucy," Mrs. Glynde spoke again, in the irritated surprise of one whose own belongings were permanently in their proper place, "you are a most extraordinary girl. Now Harris will have to get out and go back after it."

The tonneau door swung open at that, and the girl sprang out with a swiftness evidently intended to forestall the chauffeur.

"No. please, aunt, don't let me trouble anybody—it won't take me a minute. I'm so sorry—" It was the overemphasized tone of an accus-somed under place. With her delicate prettiness

"I-I dropped my wrist bag," she laughed nervously.

Blue libbor fiction

"Did you, now?" Ann queried with some astonishment. Their glances met in a bland unconsciousness of the lost article lying within three feet of them, and with some embarrassment the girl went on:

"It isn't valuable at all, there's no money in it. I mean I never have any of my own." "She wants me to do somethin' and she's tellin' me as she can't pay me for it," Ann silently translated as she listened.

"Of course, my aunt is most generous," the girl amended. "I have really everything I want." "Exceptin' a dollar of two to spend as she eases," commented Ann to herself. Then, ris-

ing, she spoke aloud. "We'll have to look for 't, that's all."

Like the girl's, her own gaze seemed suddenly and violently astigmatic as, bending over the

road, she passed within six inches of the bag without seeing it. So this was the niece old Peter Glynde had left without a cent and to whom his widow had given asylum.

"It must be here somewhere," Lucy Glynda faltered on. "I know just where I dropped it-Are you the lady they call Walking Ann?"

'I be," Ann nodded shortly.

"I have heard of you from-from young Mr. Donohue," Lucy breathlessly continued. "He wrote to me all the time he was at the war, and I heard you say you were going around by the Nacimiento and-and-"

"You wants me to take a message to him," Ann finished for her. "Well, I'll do it_'tis a pity you ain't got a chanst to write him a line. Lucy Glynde's flush deepened as with a frightened glance toward the car she fumbled in the

recesses of her motor coat. "I-I have one written."

Ann stared straitly up from her search of the

road, a search so perfect that it had achieved the feminine pinnacle of deceiving herself. She knew nothing of the opera, she would probably have ismissed it as " apassel o' dog kon-in'," but as the girl drew out that note her chuckle was an echo of Figaro's at sight of Rosina's "viglietto."

"So you got it writ, have you?" she twinkled. "Don't you hand it to me, gal-you just drop it as you pick up that thar bag. That Fred Glynde's got his head outer the car a-watchin' of you."

"Oh-An added wave of red flowed up over the girl's face; her glance met Ann's with a look, part

fear, part guilt, largely courage, some gratitude, and completely of a strange mutual understanding. The next instant she had stooped, caught the bag, and was flying back to the waiting car. And Ann, looking down at the dust, saw a folded note plainly inscribed "Mr. Terry Donohue, Rancho Nacimiento."

Not until the gates were locked again and the car had disappeared in a dip in the road did she pick it up. Raising her skirt, she stowed it away in a little bag slung from her waist which contained her most intimate belongings.

"So Terry Donohue wrote her durin' the war, did he?" she mused as she adjusted her pack "Them letters couldn't come to Ellen Glynde's house-I'll lay that gal rented a post box with a bit o' pawned jewelry and told her aunt as she'd lost it. Them as is always so dern right themselves can sure be a fruitful vine o' wrongdoin' in others."

Her mouth grew caustic as she turned away, lowing the trail through the chaparral where aried stalks of yucca bloom rattled in the breeze like skeletons of bygone springs. Into a canon It led, a mere cleft heavy with shadow in the dying afternoon. The loganberries were red on the slopes; below them madronos and sweet bay arched over the blue-gray bowlders of the dried stream bed. Hither she came on occas ols of brown water, then at last a flowing thread, clear and cool.

"The summer's gone," Ann commented as she saw it. "The streams is risin' to meet the rains." "Ellen Glynde and that chesty little sparrer "TH

of a son o' hern," she muttered hotly. teach 'em to sass me." In deliberate silence she made her camp by a crystal nool where water be trail, the straightness of surface and a huge black and yellow butterfly sailed on a festal barge of a fallen leaf . Laying Even so his father might have stood before out her blanket with neat exactness, she took

from her pack a coffee pot and folding fire grid, kindling a clean, hot fire of dry chips. Her silence grew deeper as she set out her meal, the scanty fare of the seasoned "hiker," a pile of natmeal crackers, a bunch of Tokay grapes. redly translucent on a platter of green leaves. With a self-control that was almost ominous she waited until the coffee boiled, biting dell-

cately into a cracker meanwhile. Then that control broke, the coffee pot flew through the air Palomas and promptly sealed its gates. and crashed against a tree, and after it, pungent and scalding as its contents, went Ann's words. "Rats bite 'em-take that! I wish 'twas

Ellen Glynde as I am aimin' at. I'd teach her to 'my good woman' Walking Ann." "I'd better hit the trall again, I be too bilin"

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to make camp," she scolded on. "'Tis a plumb sin for folks to be goin' around makin' a body so mad as I be right now. But 'tis queer, too; the wickeder I gets the spryer I be. I'll lay as I fetch the Nacimiento afore I quits hikin' this night."

Carefully drenching the ashes of her fire, she struck again up the trail. The short twilight had gone, the full moon still a pale promise behind the ridge. The spring chorus of the mocking birds was stilled, and even the stream's voice hushed by the long months of summer drouth; all was silence as, leaving the humid coolness the beach behind her, she went on and up into that Californian reversal of the higher the hotter. A dry-heat, the breath of the desert seeking the sea, bringing a sense of vastness as though the dark bubble of the night were distended by it. From behind Cuyama peak the moon came up, reddish and huge, poising an instant on the crest like some strange beacon fire before it swung off into limitless spaces.

It was at the Nacimiento Forks that she came upon Terry Donohue. She had heard him for some time, the beat of a horse's hoofs, an occasional quieting word as its rider urged it along the narrow trail. Then suddenly he came upon her round a bend, his pony shving violently in towards the bank as she stepped down from the outer edge to let it pass.

Leaning from his saddle, Terry Donohue scanned her closely. "Walking Ann, is that you ?- Thank God!"

"Amen to that, though what it be about I don't rightly know." Ann answered.

"It's mother-she has one of her spells," he went hastily on. "I was riding out to see if I could get some one from one of the ranches; ther's only old Telesfora with her now."

"Them Mexicans is no good," sniffed Ann. "If you don't watch out she'll be stickin' needles into your ma to drive out the devil. You take me right to her."

"That's sure a relief," he said as he dismounted. "Give me your pack. Could you ride my pony?"

"Young feller," returned Ann se "when the Indians quit the reservation back in the '80s 'twas me as rid 40 mile to Laramie to take the word."

The moon was flooding the canon as they turned up it, the bare bank of the trail gleaming yellowly amongst the chapparal. Scarletstemmed madronos with glossy leaves, mottled shosts of sycamores sere with fall, rock pin-nacles fantastic and macabre under the eerie light. Ann rode silently considering Terry Donohue as he strove ahead, slim-legged, erect, her pack and blanket on his shoulders.

"So you got back fom Siberia at last?" "Yep. Just my luck to get sent there.

"I guess you be right glad to be back."

"I suppose so." Ann thought about that for a while, feeling dimly that this was a different Terry from the irresponsible lad who had marched away nearly three years before.

"Don't it seem good to be home?" "It ought to," he answered dully; then came a hotter tone: "Home! Good God, after

all I've seen and been through, and here they

by the deep shadows of the moon, his eyes blackly bright under blacker brows and hair.

"I could help break that if mother would

only listen," he went on. "There's men would

finance me in putting a road through the back

range to strike the S. P. at Carmelo; it would

make the ranch worth half a million at least.

But no, mother must go out over Las Palomas

or not at all, and here I am, poor as a cholo, with all this land going to waste." He had turned, standing bareheaded on the

him. Ann thought: that dead Terence Donohue, too handsome, too winning, too impulsiveshort, too Irish. Ellen Fall, they said, would have given the heart from her body for him in those days. It might have been a match had not her sister Jane returned suddenly from the east. In two weeks Donohue had married her and carried her off to the Nacimiento; a month later Ellen had married old Peter Glynde of Las

"So your ma's sick again?" Ann queried as Terry turned once more to the trail. "Was you by any chance talkin' o' leavin' the ranch?" He stopped in his tracks, casting a surprised

question over his shoulder. "What makes you ask that?"

"Mayhap because I be a woman myself," said Ann shortly.

Topping the ridge, the trail descended to the vale of Nacimiento. A softer place, a richer luxuriance. its arable bottom lands wreathed in silver mist; far off between the slopes showed the dark line of the sea; a single light that told of the Palomas ranch house and a ribbon of faint gray that was the road of hate. Down they went between high hung orchards of pear and prune, of plives and almonds, or figs still heavy with fruit. A spicy breath of pine, a mingling of palm, oranges, and untended shrubs, a long, low house half buried in purple creeper

"There's many a soul would think they was in heaven could they pass their days here," Ann thought, "while Jane Donohue-but 'tis what a body's got inside of 'em as makes the difference, not what's outside."

Dismounting, Ann stalked into the house, a place of that precise neatness which only a small soul seems able to achieve, heavily shut in against the glory without. A bedroom full of dark mahogany and the hot glare of an off lamp. By the bed a Mexican woman crouched and fingered a rosary, casting glances of emotional pity at the thin form outlined by the sheets.

Of the beauty which had seduced Terence Donohue only her hair remained, its masses hardly touched by gray, spread out on the pillow about her. There was something almost startling in the contrast between those lustrous curls and the face between them, narrowed and pinched by years of self-pity, the lips compress to a line of unconquerable stubbornness. Her eyes, large and brilliant, were open, but at the sound of Ann's footsteps outside they closed with almost a snap and the whole face fell into an expression of patient suffering.

"Is that you, my son?" she murmured as Ann came in.

She paused, her lips still closed, apparently spent for breath. Then her voice went on again, a faint trickle of desperate pathos.

"You are right, Terry, and you must do as you please about putting that road through. Do not regard my feelings, my boy-I am but a dying woman and this world is for the young and strong. Do as you please, Terry. I can bear it and I will never reproach you-it is only for a little longer that I must suffer. . . .

Standing by the bedside, Ann listened while the voice flowed on in all the anapping tyranny of helplessness. Then suddenly her words came down across it like an acid-dipped chopper. "Jane Donohue, you quit them carryin's on."

The eyes opened at that and there followed an exclamation.

"Walking Ann!" "Aye, 'tis me all right, and I ain't no poor innercent lad to be took in."

For an instant their glances countered and clashed, a pampered willfuiness on the one side,

on the other an understanding grim and im-partial. Mrs. Donohue spoke eagerly. "What is the news outside?"

"As I came through San Luis Obispo they was bettin' even money that the courts would open the road."

"Oh-the courts!"

Her face softened as she sat there, her sun-Glynde sat there facing the picture o umphant horde already advancing alo bonnet thrown back from her white hair, her features puckered and brown, almost mystic in road. From the fallen receiver the voice their stillness.

distant foreman could be plainly hear "One o' my own he might be, if they'd but lived. 'Twas such a night as these their father ploring instructions. Fred stirred uneas came acourtin' me under the cottonwoods down by the Platte_" clear out to San Luis for a few day

She thought of the fence at the bottom of the vale, high, barbed, grown through by thorny, prickly pear.

"They has a way through it, them two. There ain't no beatin' two young things in love.'

"Now for Jane Donohue." she muttered as she rose. "And maybe for a lick at Ellen Glynde as well. I be as mild as milk so long's I be let alone, but if a body tries to sit on Walking Ann they'll think they've sot plumb on a cactus." Lovers' meetings are beyond time, and it was late when Terry Donohue returned. Anxiously tiptoeing, aghast at the hours' flight, he came along the veranda to where Ann stocd, austerely outlined in a bar of yellow lamplight.

"Lad-'tis over."

"What do you mean?" he gasped. At her gesture he followed to where Jane

bridge, and two more to the ranch ho Donohue lay in heavy shadows on her bed, paleecho of the explosion came to the ears ly still, her hands crossed on her depleted breast. procession long before they reached "You can get a coffin ready this night," said Ann. "And send word through the moun-A dreary place under the fog, the road down between high banks to where th tains to all the neighbors. Them Glyndes will cut deeply through the mesa, the sp have to open their gates to your ma at last." bridge showing forlornly above the b Through the midst of his tears the form of and shivering windows. the woman on the bed seemed almost to quiver. Silently they regarded it, a silence ominous than even the dull roar of the Her mouth, willful even in that deathly stillness, was set in a wraith of a smile, as though mite had been, as they realized that th in triumph that after 30 years of waiting she was impassable for wheels.

was at last to ride the road so long closed "There's still our legs, a way ac stream, though," said Terry, through against her. The fog was rolling in as Jane Donohue's procession reached the northern gate of Las

for the first time in 30 years," Palomas Rancho. "We better nail that lid, I guess," wh Mountain and sea alike were gone, only a one of the Fallons as they lifted the ter dim vista of the mesa was left, bare and brown jasmine-wreathed coffin from the wag under the drifting vapor, vibrating to the thud Ann was instantly at his side. of the unseen turf, the piles of burning bean "Jud Fallon, you leave that lid loose, trash sending up great wreathes of smoke like as it be, and you carry her gentle acro there wash, too." funeral torches. It was Terry who, with Ann at his side, drove the wagon containing his moth-Her words carried authority and er's coffin, pillowed on pepper boughs, covered they eased their burden down the bai by trails of scented jasmine. Behind them the across the stream. Ann, with pack an cortege spread out, representatives of all the mountain familles for 20 miles about. Dingles, stalking grimly by Terry's side in the les up the opposite side and over its rim, McMurrays from the back ranges: the Fallons in silhouette against the shimmering f of San Ojos; a score of Sepulvedas, three geneon across the cheerless bean flats to the rations of Reyes, 80-year-old Dona Arcadia de Marquez, wrapped in a black reboso, adroitly gardens and front door of the ranch h Ellen Glynde was awalting them, with rolling cigarets with one claw-like hand. So a triffe bohind her. Lucy hovering pa the background; she stood on the steps h the jigsaw indiscretions of the old he they came, a cloud of witnesses in buggies or on horseback, all the solemn joy of a mountain funeral enhanced by the adventure of accomstrange woman, implacable in her conv panying Jane Donohue on her ride across the forbidden road. right, her external sweetness no more t yellow moss upon a boulder. But at th

They drew up at the gate looming through the fog in exact counterpart of its fellow to the south, a wind-blown cypress tree drooping above it like a draggied hearse plume.

"There it be, locks and all," said Ann. "Locks or not, it will have to open now,"

Terry answered somberly. "Aye, there is sure a heap o' virtue in bein'

good and dead," Ann agreed. "I'll lay your ma is just a grinnin' behind us at the thought of what she's about to do." "Have you no decency?" blazed Terry, but

she faced him nnahashed "I got what I got and I know what I know,

nd that's more nor you do right this minute. Now get you down and have that heathen open that there gate."

It was a black-browed Japanese laborer who lurked behind the gate, sullen with suspicion at sight of such a throng pouring down on Las Palomas from those inimical mountains. "This is a funeral, open that gate," Terry ordered as he strode forward.

"Open-that-gate," Terry repeated, his face

blanching dangerously, but the Japanese re-

"No sabe."