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CHAPTER I.

EARLY the entire boat load of passengers was jammed along the forward gates, ready to spring out upon the Jersey wharf, restive to reach the waiting trains, but quite apart from all these whose faces were set westward three people-a girl, a man nearing forty and a slim lad-lingered on the after deck as though loath to take their leave of the imperial city.

The resemblance of the monstrous hive of humankind to a height of land was so marked, so singular, that the girl remarked upon it, and the boy, a pale lad of seventeen, cried out in shrill staccato:

"Yes; but think of the real mountains we're going to climb!"

The girl did not speak for a moment, and when she did her voice was distinctly sorrowful. "I feel as though I his art. He had recently determined were saying goodby to everything worth while."

"Including me?" asked her escort. She did not smile, but her accent was kindly as she answered, "Yes, Wayne, including you."

"Oh, sis, you make me tired!" cried the boy. "Just as if going west were bidding goodby to everything!" He beat his thin chest. "I'm just beginning to live now. I'm glad to get away from the stuffy old town. I want to see something besides Fifth avenue and Central park."

Wayne Peabody laughed good naturedly down at the boy. "You wouldn't care if civilization did stop at the west bank of the Hudson river, would you?" "I should say not. I'm tired of it

all-the noise and the pavements and the heat and the wetness. I want to get out where the wolves and the cranes and the cowboys are: I want to hit the trail and find where father's

The girl spoke musingly. "It's singular, but I have a premonition of some dark fate-some vague sorrow. I never felt so before-not even on my trip to Egypt. If I don't come back I want you to note that I was forewarned. Let's go forward."

Peabody remarked in a low voice: "Louis is transformed already. It will do him all kinds of good to go west." "I hope so," she replied rather drearily, "but he seems unwholesomely ex-

cited at the present moment." "He'll get over that." "I fear he will be disappointed. Fa-

ther's trip was made nearly twentyfive years ago, when it was a really wonderful land." "He is young. He will reimagine it."

The boy stood like some beautiful animal poised for a spring as the ferry shouldered its clumsy way into the Jersey dock. He was of less bulk than his strong, composed, modish sister. and his face was as dark, as mobile and as eager as hers was fair and impassive. Peabody experienced once again a twinge of keen regret that Ann had not some of her brother's radiant

Surrounded by porters and wearing an air of command, Louis led the way to the sleeping car, impatient of his sister's deliberation. On one hip he carried a pair of large field glasses and over the other a costly camera, while half concealed cases of pencils and pads of drawing paper bulging from his pockets announced his artistic in-

As the time for the train to start drew near Peabody strove to win some softer word from Ann, but she was not of those who manifest emotion. Her training and her temperament were alike opposed to easy expression. When he tried to take her hand a sec-W. D. CONNOR ond time with eyes that entreated she

"No, no! You have no right to expect

He was no longer a boy, and he was bred to self control; therefore, though his voice trembled a little, he spoke quietly: "Goodby, Ann. Write every day, won't you?"

In a voice which chilled him she replied: "Every day is pretty often, but you will hear from me. Go and see mother, please. She will not say so, but she will be glad to have you come." "Depend upon me," he said, lifting his hat. His bearded face betrayed no emotion, but his eyes were hot with

pain and grief. The girl on her part felt a sudden twinge of remorse as she left him there, a fine, strong, manly suitor, who uttered no complaint, though she wounded him. The twitching of his lips troubled her, but she did not relent. In her heart she said: "I can't help it. It isn't in me. He shouldn't

Louis threw himself flat on the couch in their stateroom and said boyishly: "Gee! We're off at last. Now let her whiz. This old train can't go fast enough for me."

ask it."

Looking down at him at that moment, Ann's bosom swelled with an emotion almost maternal. "How thin he is," she thought, as her eyes took in his slight body. "I'll go. I'll do anything for him, if only he can grow strong and well."

She loved that slender lad and assumed for him a greater weight of care and hope and fear than for any other human being. He was so like his fa-

ther-the soul restless as flame, the slender body racked, worn with endless enthusiasms, the burning, mesmeric eyes and the delicate mouth. All these she had known and valued in her father, and when the doctor seriously advised the Rocky mountains she readily gave up her own plans, and here and now she sat, rushing toward the west to a town repulsive to her, a place of emptiness and weariness, a social desert, where no one lived but her cousins, the Barnetts, to whose hospitable door they were bound as voyagers on a wide sea to a snug harbor. Without that home as a point of arrival Ann Rupert would have been in such uncertainty of mind as besets a sailor on a chartless sea.

She was making this abhorrent trip in order that her brother might thrive in his physical well being as well as in on being an illustrator of wild animal books. "I'm going to study them at first hand," he repeated often, "the way Melborn Foster has done. And, besides, I want to illustrate father's journal." This journal, the record of a trip into the west made by Philip Rupert before his marriage, had come to be the most powerful influence in the lad's life. It was a worn little red book in which the father had written the daily happenings and impressions of his trip, and its discovery by Louis in a box of old papers had quite transformed his life. It had made him an American, filling him with a longing for the "Hesperian mountains," as the father called the romantic land he had seen but once, but whose splendor lived with him throughout the remainder of his short life.

As they sat at the table in the dining car Ann again listened indulgently to her brother's plans, and permitted him to order the dinner and assume all the manners of a grown man, honestly trying to conceal her own weariness of spirit, sincerely regretful of her bitter words on the ferry.

Louis was not weary. He eyed every murk. man who came in, avid to discover some western trait, some outward sign of inward difference between himself and his companions, but could not. They were all quite commonplace business men, well dressed, close clipped and urbane of manner. Some of them were evidently salesmen going over to Philadelphia or out to Chicago, and they all ate long and with every evidence of enjoyment. Some of the women were young and pretty-students returning to the west for their summer

room and looking out at the landscape things." reeling past, Ann sank back in her seat wholly dismayed. "What in the world can I do out there?" she asked herself most poignantly. "Of course they don't play golf or tennis, and I can't ride, again the small round of her interests car and saw only remotely those who -she had no gayeties-was borne in upon her. "I shall die of inactivity."

Louis excused himself quite formally and went back into the smoking compartment to sit with the men, while Ann, left alone, gave herself up to a close, half ironic study of the absurdity of her position. With a dozen most desirable invitations to distinguished London homes, with everything before her



"Hello, Don!" shouted Louis.

that a girl of her age and tastes could desire, she had turned away to face the crude conditions of a western state in

a warm glow of sisterly affection. She took up the little red book, in which she had taken only a languid interest before, and, turning the leaves at random, fell upon bits of description that stirred her unaccountably. Now that she was about to enter this land of her father's delight, the words took

on passion and power. They arrived in Chicago behind their

schedule time and had but a few minutes in which to make their transfer, and so they saw little of the great central metropolis. To them it was only a gloomy, clangorous shed fitted with long strings of railway coaches all marked with strange names-names which meant little to her, but which excited Louis almost to tears. "See," he cried, "there is a car from Oregon and one from Wyoming!" The people who filled the coaches were not markedly different at first glance from those she had been traveling with, but Louis, to the right place to have men ride up more keenly discerning, began to distinguish types at once, and when one or two big men came in wearing wide hats and chin beards he trembled with joy. "There are some cattlemen-I'm she's here. Now watch things 'bile.' " sure of it," he whispered hoarsely. Louis did not return to the Pullman

till after the train had left the city, and

hours till he might be able to discern slightest unbending on her part. Mogalyon, the great peak of the Ramagainst the western sky.

left on its southerly course, and the at any time. . whole Rampart range began to stretch Meanwhile Ann was really troubled and wind away to northward and south- about Louis. He was eating less and ward, while between the plain and the less each day, and his sleep was brofoothills rolled a tawny sea of sod, ken, and at the end of the first week deeply marked with ravines and dot- he fell in a state of collapse. The exciteted with pine clad buttes. The range ment, the late hours, the contact with grew dimmer as they gazed, and at last new types and, above all, the attempt | Peppers, all varieties. even Louis was content to sink back to understand the country and his rein his seat and wait.

try to get that some time. It isn't as again." precipitous as the Alps, but it's superb wilder it was when father came here!"

boy," she replied, laying her hand on nothing to see but coyotes and cowhis shoulder and caressing his cheek, boys. We'll put him under Rob Ray-"but you need rest. You're seeing too mond's wing. Rob's my foreman and

The train was now winding down to- anything. I'm sure of it." ward Valley Springs, and only the splendid sky line of the range could be involved a trip on his automobile for distinguished as the lights of the town began to sparkle out of the obscure

down the aisle. "This is Valley Springs,

They were met at the car door by a nette." big, smiling man in modish summer dress, while behind him stood a pale. sweet faced woman in blue. "Hello, Don!" shouted Louis.

"Hello, laddie! How do you do, Ann?" replied Barnett, and as Ann and her cousin embraced the big man caught Louis by the hand. "How's your muscle, my boy? Got all your traps? Here, Tom!" he called to a Once more in the privacy of her state- colored footman, "look out for these

CHAPTER II.

slept all night in the cramped corners of the ordinary coaches. Her cousins were not native; they were, indeed, only translated Philadelphians who had gone west in search of health-at least Mrs. Barnett was there for that reason. Her husband made the change for love of his wife.

A certain percentage of the townspeople and the members of the special circle in which the Barnetts moved were health seekers, and Ann was deeply relieved to find that all the comforts of an eastern home were to be enjoyed in the big graystone houses on Rampart avenue. Indeed, the Barnetts lived quite as they would have done in Seabright or Lenox. They had a dozen horses, a suitable assortment of vehicles, saddles and bridles and were enthusiasts concerning polo and golf. Their neighbors and friends were unfailingly ecstatic in praise of the climate and the views and seemed illogically anxious to placate the prejudices of this haughty, pale faced, scarlet lipped young girl, who looked with calm eyes upon the great peak glooming to the westward. They formed, in fact, a colony of alien health seekers, busied with pleasures, set distinctly apart from the toilers and the traders of the place.

moved by what she saw.

his father. I remember when he came |self. Mr. Wampole was 57 years old. back from his first and only trip to the west. I was only a child, but I recall his enthusiasm. He was a lovable fellow, but I never could stand Alicia. She was positively stony. I have hopes of Ann. Her hand is strong and warm -buman, in fact. Don't you think her indifference a pose?"

"I wish it were. No, it's genuine."

"She needs to be shaken up by a good, hot love affair. Some man will

"That's what I've been saying, but the man don't come. She's twenty-six." "How awful!"

"That's the part I don't understand about Ann. She has money, is handsome, and yet here she is quite disengaged, if we except her affair with Peabody, which Adney writes is quite as tepid as any of Ann's other affairs."

"Well, now, I'll tell you. She's come and demand attention. If she doesn't have at least an offer a week it will not be my fault. I'm going to invite all the young fellows home to dinner while Barnett, nominally a mining broker,

was, in fact, president of the polo club, secretary of the Sage Grass Golf assoshe was just beginning to wonder there ciation-in short, financial nurse to evat when he came in with eyes ablaze. ery collection of amiable sports in the "I've struck 'em at last!" he fairly town. He knew all "the best fellows" shouted in her ear. "They're all up in the state and now became more popthe reclining chairs, chin bearders, plar than ever. The young men acceptspitters and all. I'm just crazy to ed his dinner invitations with gratisketch two or three of them. It doesn't tude, and each and all paid prompt and pay to ride in a statercom if you want undisguised court to "the proud eastern to see types," he added in conclusive beauty," as one young fellow called her. But they soon acknowledged fail-As that day and the next wore on the ure. Her reserve led to a sense of inboy began to burn with a new phase of jury and was reported to be arrogance. his fever. He commenced to count the They were seldom flattered by the

However, several of these young felpart range, whose fame is worldwide. lows turned out on acquaintance to be Ann experienced her first decided flush socia'ly related to some of her friends of interest as the swinging, reeling in Boston and New York and in that rush of the train brought the great way won a certain acceptance which peak into view, a dim, blue dome no mere civil engineer from Omaha or professor from St. Louis could hope to Mace. At last, just as the red was paling attain. They were met on the convenout of the sky, the train swung to the tional plane, and they got no further

lationship with it had worn him out. "It isn't a bit as I expected it to be," Then Ann said in her decisive way: "I he said, "but it is glorious. That pur- don't believe this altitude is good for ple green was wonderful. I'm going to Louis. I think I will take him home

"Oh, don't do that. It isn't the altijust the same, and just think how much tude; it's the social whirl. Send him Corks-all kinds and sizes. down to my ranch. It's a hole of a "I'm glad you were not disappointed, place, but it's just what he needsa good chap. He'll take to the boy like

The plan as worked out by Barnett the four of them; but he delayed too long. Mrs. Barnett entered upon one of her "poor spells," and Donnelly, The porter, with brush in hand, came faithful as a big dog, promptly told Louis to go ahead and not wait for the party. "I must stay and nurse Jean-

Ann was afraid to let Louis go alone, but Barnett poohpoohed her. "He'll get on all right. In fact, he'll rejoice to be free of us for a day or two. I'll wire the mail carrier to meet him and take him down, and I'll send a letter to Raymond to look out for him. He'll be more than safe. He'll be happy, and he won't miss us in the least."

"I want to see him properly settled,"

NN'S entrance into the Barnett "It'll do her good to rough it a little," per day, but the act distinctly says home cut her off from all con- he said privately. Thereupon Louis, that no person authorized to sell by tact with life distinctly west- trembling with eagerness, began to wholesale shall allow liquor to be and, besides, whom could I play with? 🛦 ern. She found herself still "rustle his outfit." He bought a pistol, consumed on the premises. Mr. Jeannette is not a bit athletic." And amid the velvet and silver of the parlor a rifle, a broad rimmed hat, some blankets and the most highly ornamental | ted the practice and said if his worcattleman's saddle in the Springs.

claimed as she watched him, her eyes have to plead guilty. Col. Denison warming with love and pride. "You're imposed a fine of \$20 and costs or 15 a dear boy!" she added as he came to days' imprisonment.

He looked up at her tenderly. "You're good to me, Hesper," he said fervently. "Sh! Don't ever call me by that absurd name."

"It isn't absurd. I like it," he said. Barnett, seated at his telephone, made every arrangement for them. "You'll be met by old Jones, and when you get there Mrs. Jones will look after you. She's a very good cook, so don't get nervous when you see her. She's not pretty. Raymond will do his best to entertain you, and when you come back you'd better ask Raymond to put his own horses in the cart and drive you out. He'll be better company than Jones." (To be Continued.)

MR H. K. WAMPOLE DEAD.

Well-Known Manufacturing Chemist A Suicide. Philadelphia, Sept. 14.-The body

of Henry K. Wampole, the wealthy Ann was puzzled and a bit bored by Philadelphia manufacturer of chemitheir insistence on winning her admi- cals, who had been missing for sev ration of the mountains and, being nat- eral days, was found in the East urally perverse, withheld the expres- River, New York, last night. He sions of pleasure she might otherwise had undoubtly committed suicide. have uttered, for she was profoundly Mr. Wampole's mind became unbal anced through worry over business "I never did understand that girl," entanglements. A trusted employee said Donnelly Barnett to his wife one of the firm of H. K. Wampole & night after a drive into the great Bear | Company in Canada, Mr. Brick, formcanyon. "She has everything to make erly of Toronto, was short a large her happy, and yet she goes about tor- sum of money, and Mr. Wampole pid as an oyster. What's the matter brooded over the matter until he be come insane. While in New York Jeannette sighed. "That's her moth- last week in a hotol he eluded the er's blood. She's like her mother in a vigilance of the trained nurse who hundred ways. Louis is exactly like was caring for him and drowned him-

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