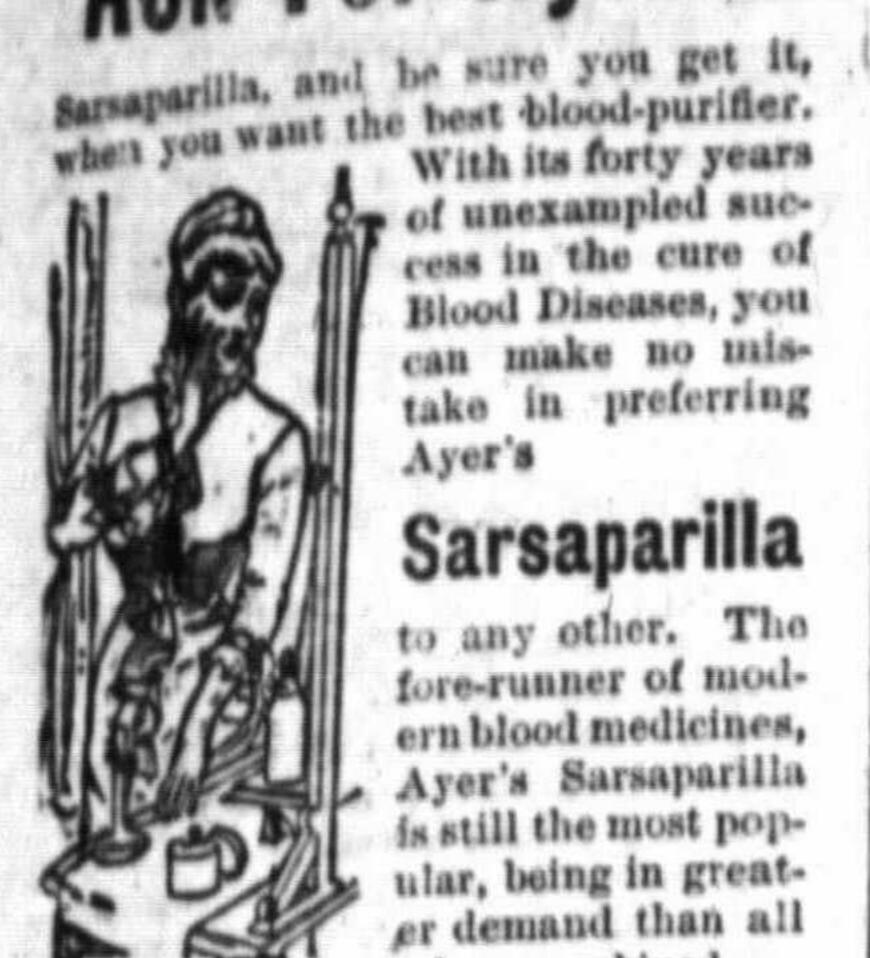
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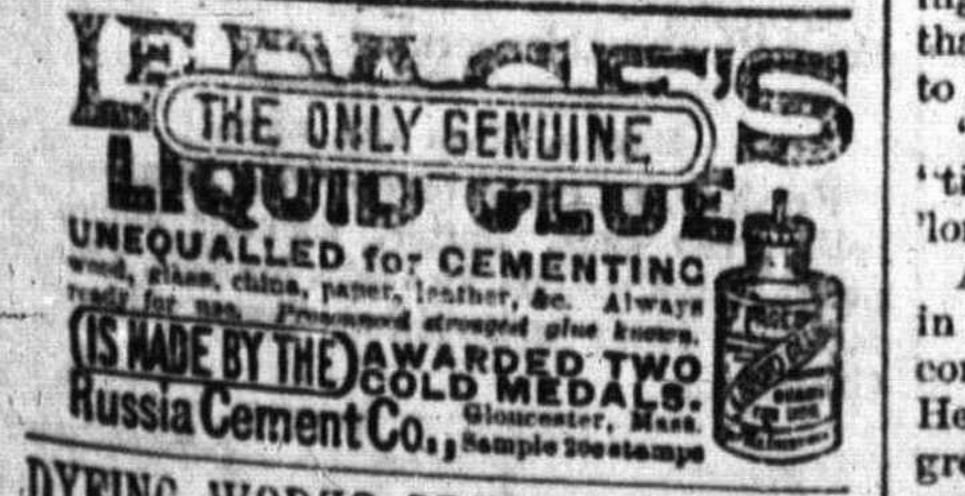
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The Belle of San Miguel.

By FORBES HEERMANS.

Before sunrise the next morning the Don left the Horseshoe V 3 ranch. He had passed a sleepless night, thinking over what he had heard, and as he placed his left foot in the stirrup and mounted Rozinante, he swore a reverential oath that, come what might, Mirandy should be saved! It was true he had not been well treated either by the widder or Mirandy, he told himself again, yet -love your enemies-he'd heap coals of fire on their heads and do them good for evil. That had been his principle in life over since he reformed. Besides, what man of spirit and honor could see such an outrage committed and not interfere? Even if the girl were a stranger to him, he could not do less than shoot the villain and restore her to her weeping family. But when she was his heart's ease-Mirandy! Rejoice, for the hour is at hand.

He pulled out his carbine from its holster under his leg to see if it was all right. And yet, wasn't shooting too good for a man who would treat a woman as Bob Green was going to treat Mirandy? Shouldn't he be hanged? Then he examined the rawhide lasso that hung from his saddle horn, in painful doubt

on this question. He would intercept the party at the Montezuma crossing, he told himself, and show But Charge that there were one man of honor and courage still left in San Miguel county. And he'd do the deed single handed; perhaps Mirandy would smile upon him a little for that-perhaps she'd-marry him. B'hold th' bridegroom cometh-perhaps. His head grew dizzy at this thought, and he pushed his horse into a hard gallop and rode out of sight of the ranch.

When the sun rose that morning it lit up a perfect day. Here and there on the rolling mesas stood a sentinel cactus or pinion that split up the yellow light into long lanes that lay softly on the lea. As the day grew older and the shadows shorter, one might have noticed a small, cumulus cloud in the west, hanging close to the line where land and sky joined. This cloud grew larger and Carker as it sailed up toward the zenith, and others followed it until the blue was hidden behind the gray. Then swift, zigung streaks of gold darted from one part of the heavens to another, and dull, rambling peals of thunder followed the flashes. There was a coming storm in April - an extraordinary come rence in New Mexico.

Down the road that skirted Los Tanos man that the en seen two persons—a man and we man ling at full speed. The man sat boil that it in his saddle-a perpendicular line for a his shoulder would have , his knee and his heel-and he stuck at it the leather as if he had been side him galloped the woman, a spirited chestnut mara which s de le on a side saddle. Upon ber head

a huge white sombrero, tied tightly under her chin, and from beneath this her hair had slipped and hung in masses down her back. Her riding habit was a long, flowing skirt of some dark brown material, and her left foot-although concealed by her lress-carried a spur, with which she now and then urged her-steed onward. The man looked anxiously up at the sky, and turning to his companion, said:

"Can't you git a little more outen the mare, Mirandy? We must git across the Montezumy bog afore the rain comes, if we want to git married this year. Least bit o' water there'll make the mud too soft."

"I don't 'low I kin do anythin' better, Bob," said Mirandy; "still I'll try." She spurred the mustang again and again. To each prick of the steel the animal responded with a few vicious jumps, then settled back again into the lope.

"It's no use, Bob," she said; "I can't git

"Well, we must take our chances, then. said Bob. "We can't turn back now; the widder'll be after us in two hours with a

Before them stretched the low, flat expanse of the marsh, extending to the right and left for several miles. To look at, the surface of the bog appeared to be a hard crust, baked dry and stiff and covered with a white coating of alkali, through which grew no manner of living plant. So parched had the land become that it was split and seamed with cracks that yawned for moisture. Down through the middle of this desert flowed the sluggish stream that came from the Montezuma spring, a curious natural phenomenon that yielded a water as bitter and heavy as that of the Dead sea, yet, strange to say, nourished a row of trees, willow and pine, with here and there a scaly, narrow chested cypress that grew along the edges of the creek. These trees were the only green things for miles; the land elsewhere pre-

sented a bare, desolate appearance. Across the bog there was a faint path which could be traversed in the dry season; but once let the crust become wet, and it turned to a slimy mud that yielded to the weight of a man or horse, and gripped so tightly what it seized that self relief was im-

possible. Just before the two riders reached the edge of the bog, the storm which had been gathering all the morning suddenly burst upon them. Sharp flashes of lightning darted from one black cloud to another, and loud, rumbling thunder answered the flashes. Then came the rain. The man hurriedly sprang from his horse, and untying his "slicker," which he had carried tightly bound to his saddle, wrapped the huge yellow oil cloth coat about the girl, and mounting again, pulled his sombrero down over

"Wal, we got to go on, Mirandy. No use stoppin' here. In half an hour the creek will be up so's we can't cross anyhow. How's your mare-skittish, least bit?"

"Wal, yes, special when there's storm like this yer."

"Wal, I reckon I'd better slip a backamoor over head an' lead her, then; jest give her a loose rein an' she'll go all right."

Thus they advanced across the bog. The rain poured down in sheets, as it does in the tropics. The water soon obliterated the path, and the dry earth greedily drank up the moisture. The ground grew softer and softer every moment. Twice Bob's horse sank to the knees, and once the mare narrowly escaped. But at length they reached the stream that flowed through the marsh and gave it its name. It was perhaps fifty feet wide; shallow, sluggish and evil looking, with rocky banks that gave refuge to innumerable rattlesnakes and lizards. Pausing a moment on the edge to assure himself that his companion was all right, Bob started to ride into the creek.

"Don't you folier me, Mirandy," he said, 'till I pull on th' tug; the bottom's nasty long here, special since this rain begun."

All this time the Don had been concealed in ambush a few yards off, and dripped disconsolately in the rain which was falling. He had reached his present position with great difficulty. The trail across the bog was quite unknown to him, and he had been obliged to dismount and lead his horse. The storm that followed had washed out his tracks and prevented those who came after from suspecting his presence. He was too far away to hear what Bob said to Mirandy.

but ne could see her sad face-her eyes seemed big with tears-and her long, brown hair which hung down her back, resting in listinguish himself, to rescue helpless virginity from the power of the monster. Not only was here an innocent female being carried off by force, but she was his inamorata. Dulcinea del Tanos whom he had so long wor-

shiped, silently but faithfully. He watched Bob ride into the stream; he saw his horse lifted off his feet and carried down by the flood current; he saw him recover a foothold again; then be heard Bob shout to Mirandy: "Go back! go back!" and he realized that the horse was fast in the bog. for Bob was cutting him right and left with his beavy riding whip, while the animal was churning the water into foam in his frantic efforts to escape.

Now was the Don's chance. There was the wicked monster, helpless to harm his Dulcinea, while here was he, her savior, free and unfettered. So touching Rozinante with his heel, he dashed out from behind the chaparral and rode straight at Mirandy. She gave a little scream when she saw him coming; it was not like Mirandy to indulge in such feminine weakness, but just then her nerves were quite upset. The Den endeavored to reassure her. "Fear not, maiden; fly with me. I will save you," he said, and he laid his hand upon her bridle retn.

"Halt!" cried a voice. The Don looked up and his eye caught sight of a shining object that seemed suspended in Manomet. It appeared to seed of space to the exclusion of everything else, for the Don could see nothing but the sinister looking weapon, except the more smister eye of Bob, which glist ned behind it.

He saw it was a pistol, and although he showed no emotion, he mentally raved at his own rashness. He had stupidly put his head into the lion's mouth; Bob had got the drop on him with a forty-five, at ten yards. A nice predicament, truly, for one who wished to appear well before Mirandy.

"What you monkeyin' 'bout here fur?" asked Bob, sternly, and his gray eyes looked wicked as he snapped out his words. "Put yer hands up-put em up, I say!"

The Don reluctantly obeyed. It was a most humiliating position for a knight like himself to be placed in-just as he was about to rescue his Dulcinea-but what could be do! He was not afraid, he was simply yielding to circumstances. Bob's persuasive air and six shooter-when he raised his hands and sat there on Rozinarte, dripping from every angle.

Bob studied the situation a moment "What hed we better do, Mirandyf" he asked. "I've a notion to turn my forty-five loose into him-fur mixin' himself up in fam'ly affairs. How'd he get here, anyway?" "Better get outen that quag first, Bob," said Mirandy, with good sense; 'you kin

"That's bout so, I guess. Look here, you," he said to the Don, "what you hangin' round here fur, anyhow?"

shoot him most any time."

"I come here to rescue Innercence-from a villain, an' to have-Vengeance," said the Don, with an effort, for his position, with his hands above his head, was a tiresome as well as a ridiculous one.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Bob, hoarsely. "You seem to be doin' it in great shape. None o' that! Put 'em up!" he added sharply, as the Don lowered his aching arms a little. "Wal, you are a tenderfoot," said Mirandy,

looking at him scornfully. "Fust place, I ain't innercent, an' Bob ain't a villain. We're on our way to Santy Rosy to get mar-

Married! The Don was thunderstruck. He had not expected this. - It was not an abduction, but an elopement after all. Here was he blocking the wheels of Love's chariot, when he believed he was pushing them out of the slough of despond. Mirandy going to marry Bob! Then she could no longer be his Dulcinea! What should be do? At first be trembled with indecision and doubt, but in a moment, like the true knight he was, he bowed to the lady's choice and saluted her gracefully. Mirandy watched his face attentively, and, as he bent forward in obeisance, said:

"I reckon you kin put up your gun, Bob. He's all solid," and Bob returned his pistol to its holster.

Then the Don sat manfully to work to smooth the path of true love, which thus far had been rough enough. If he could not be the very best man, he would be the next best, and he hurriedly untied the raw hide lasso that hung in a neat coil from the saddle horn, just in front of his right knee. All this time Bob had been seated on his mired horse in miastream, quite powerless to help himself or his animal. The Don-rode to the edge of the bank and said:

"I callate to chuck this over ye, Bob, and git ye outen thar. Look out!" Bob nodded his acquiescence.

Very deftly the Don swung the loop about his head, opening it at each turn with a gentle movement of his wrist, then, when it had acquired just the right momentum, he let it slip from his hand. It went weaving and twisting through the air, and settled down over Bob's shoulders. Taking a turn of the free end about his saddle horn the Don backed Rozinante away from the stream and in another second Bob, wet and muddy, stood by Mirandy's side. The Don did nothing by halves, and when he saw Mirandy jump to the ground to greet her lover, he discreetly turned his head aside and endeavored, though ineffectually, not to hear the sounding smack that followed. That little matter over, once more he swung his lasso, and once more it shot snakily through the air. This time the open loop dropped over the head of the horse. Now the Don had his hands full; the animal reared, and struggled, and snorted, but the effect of the strong, steady pull was apparent in time, and at last the horse stood upon the bankmuddy trembling and weak TO BE CONTINUED.

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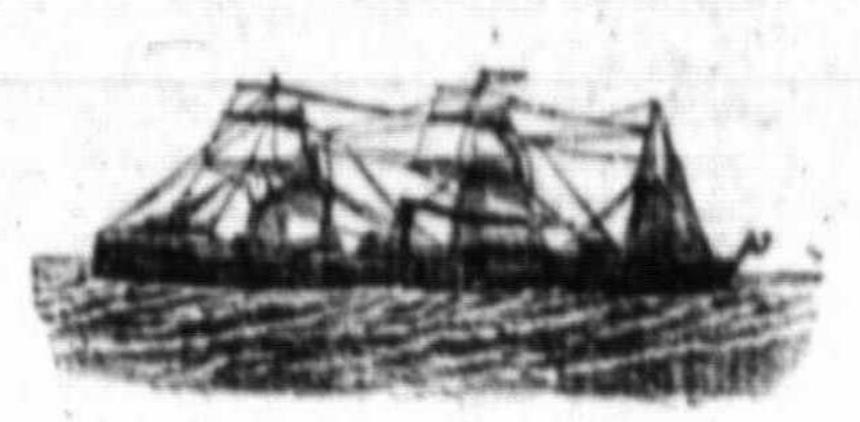
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