

tion to Miss Driscoll, I understand, Mr. Moore."

Adrian somewhat resented this allusion to his own personal affairs but Saxon was so earnest and open that he passed it by.

"You are going away tomorrow," continued Saxon, "leaving the general impression that you will return within the month to follow up your courtship. Don't be offended, Mr. Moore," continued Saxon seriously. "There is a vital reason why I am intruding upon your affairs."

"Suppose it is true that I hope to win Miss Driscoll as my wife?" submitted Adrian.

"Well, Miss Violet Walton knows it."

"And suppose she does?"

"Then you will never see the lady you love in life again, once you are gone from here. Mr. Moore, you must trust me absolutely, as a loyal, grateful friend, Miss Driscoll is in deadly peril. She must be protected until her father returns and they remove to Winnipeg, as he plans to do, and retires on a pension."

"You startle me," admitted Adrian. "Please explain further."

"Violet Walton loves you, is bound to win you. I know her—ah, too well! She is of a tragic, sinister nature, a vampire, a true wolf woman, a creature without conscience or principle. Her maid, Ugalda, is the daughter of a famed medicine man of all Sioux tribes. She is an adept in all love charms and poisons. I have reason to know that through her this Walton woman plots to remove her rival, Miss Driscoll, from her path during your absence."

It did not take long for Saxon to give details proving to Adrian that the situation was a grave one. He marveled at his accurate knowledge of the wilful siren whom he warned him against. He looked anxiously as Saxon finally said:

"There is only one way to positively ensure the safety of Miss Driscoll until she leaves for Winnipeg."

"And that is?" inquired Adrian.

"You must ask Violet Walton to become your wife."

"Why—never that!"

"But you must," insisted Saxon, "you must engage yourself to her. You must not go near Miss Driscoll before you go away."

And so Adrian Moore left Chapelle, after calling upon Miss Walton and making to her a proposal of marriage. And Althea Driscoll heard of it and grieved. Adrian felt that he knew his grounds, now, for Saxon had given him a certain line of writing that convinced him that he was doing just right in following his directions.

It was three weeks to a day when Adrian returned to Chapelle. It was to find that Althea and her father had removed to Winnipeg. Then she was out of the danger zone—and nothing else mattered much.

There was Violet Walton to settle with yet. At first Adrian evaded her. One afternoon they met at the edge of the river, about a mile above the falls. She came drifting to shore in her little rowboat, fluttering delighted, yet with a searching challenge expression in her eye.

"You seem to have been in no haste to see your friends," she said—"and your fiancé," she added audaciously.

"I fancy that phase of our acquaintanceship is a past gone issue, Miss Walton," he said gravely, bracing for a scene.

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman, with dangerous gleaming eyes.

"This will tell you," and Adrian handed her the bit of writing that Saxon had given him. It read:

"I am still very much alive. Hence you have already a husband."

With glaring eyes the woman recognized the handwriting. She blazed forth upon Adrian:

"So, a plot to entrap me, to protect Althea Driscoll until she got away! Now listen," and she drew herself up