SONG

As many maidens be, Her loveliness I never knew Until she smiled on me; Oh! then I saw her eye was bright, A well of love, a spring of light. But now her looks are coy and cold, To mine they ne'er reply, And yet I cease not to behold The love-light in her eye: Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maiden's are.

—Hartley Coleridge.

#### A Wyoming Schoolmarm.

BY EDGAR S. BRADLEY. (Copyright, 1900, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Hey, Bill, why do you call this

place Diamond?" The "shock-head" extended itself into a tall, broad-shouldered young man of twenty-three, dressed in the usual loose woolen shirt, corduroy trousers covered with leather leggings, below which gleamed the long, starshaped, single spur of the cowboy.

Grace Loveland suddenly paused in the burst of gaiety with which she greeted the appearance of the "shockhead" around the corner of the dilapidated log hut used as a station by the which she was tripping with her companions on a tour of investigation as a relief from the long hours of the hot, dry ride across eastern Wyoming. She became impressed with the fact that the "shock-head" was more of a silky texture and less unkempt than that of the regulation cow puncher, while something in the clear, blue eyes, turned sharply upon her and then dropping as though in bashfulness, caused her own to droop.

"Wa'l, I 'spose it's 'cos it's set in the rough," replied the man.

"Say, Grace," cried Jennie Waterton, a strongly-built, handsome brunette. "You seem to have found more than one Diamond, from the sharpness of that reply."

Grace blushed deeply as, in response to this sally, the stranger slowly drawled:

"Wa'll, diamonds ain't a-plenty about hyar, but of there be two on us, we be'ent alone on the ring. Jest now there do seem to be a mighty fine pearl settin' along with the diamonds.

This gallant compliment was followed by an awkward but expressive bend of the body in the direction of the group of teachers, who were returning to their districts from the annual examinations just closed at Cheyenne.

Rapidly as girls' tongues will roll came a volley of mirthful shots, which were responded to with equal readiness of wit, though with the slowness of utterance and monotone of the ranchman, unaccustomed as he is to lively or continued conversation. Grace, however, had grown strangely silent, though she was the acknowledged life of the party, and showed some signs of embarrassment when the stranger boarded the train with the party at the signal from the engine. An indefinable impression that the stranger was not all that he seemed crept over her, and his occasional lapses from the dialect of the ranch to smooth, polished utterances, served to confirm her opinion. The other girls, however, were delighted with the advent of this unexpected wit of the prairies, who would serve to shorten

the wearisome journey. As the train proceeded the heat of the car forced the party to the doorway to catch the slight breeze imparted by the motion of the train. Grouped in as comfortable attitudes as the conditions permitted, the party was in the height of merriment over a dis-



"Grace, Grace, come back. I cannot let you die."

cussion of the reason for calling the station they were approaching by the strange and unpleasantly sounding name of Chugwater, when a sudden jar, followed by a frightful, crashing sound, caused each to grasp at the nearest support. At the same instant a slight female form was seen flying out over the trestle spanning the canyon they were crossing, and Jennie

shrieked: "Grace has fallen into the canyon." She leaned far out over the platform of the now stationary coach, but before she had completed her startling sentence another form flew past her, down over the side of the trestle and could be seen working its way hurriedly along the steel girder to the side of the canyon, and to a ledge of rock on which she now saw the petite, unconscious form of her companion, lying doubled and soiled, twenty feet be-

A coupling had broken, the two parts of the train had come together with such momentum as to force Grace to release her grasp of the platform railing and she was now lying where the slightest movement on return to consciousness, would precipitate her to the bottom of the canon, two hundred feet below.

Instantly the stranger had grasped her danger, and with the agility of a trained athlete, had clambered over the side of the trestle, allowed himself to silde down the steel supports to the | Richmond counties.

first girder, across which he sprang to the rescue of the silent form, which might be that of life or death.

An involuntary shout of joy came from him before he reached her side, lifted her head from the side of which the red blood was slowly trickling, and discovered she was breathing and was apparently not seriously injured. Something in the white, blood-stained face, the pitiable weakness of the dainty form new nestling closely against his breast, caused a strange fluttering at his heart strings. Strongly impressed by her gentle manner, her piquant form and fairy-like face during their ride up the road, he had cast more than one glance of deep interest in her direction, and now as she lay panting, broken, helpless, senseless in his arms, a strange yearning to which he had never before yielded, took possession of hi mand he cried despairingly:

'Grace. Grace, come back. I cannot let you die. Live, live for me." As if recalled to life by the pleading of the tones, the pretty brown eyes opened, and a look crept into them which caused the young stranger to more strongly clasp her to his breast and his heart to beat furiously against

hers. As full consciousness returned, Grace realized the position in which Cheyenne & Northern road, towards she was held, and blushing divinely, gently drew herself away.

She quickly returned in terror, for below her she saw the death she had escaped and the fright took from her all her strength. Notwithstanding her feeble protests the stranger took her again into his arms, as lightly and tenderly as though she were a child, and started along the narrow, dangerous ledge, from which a misstep would hurl them both to the cruel, sharppointed rocks far below.

Fortunately the ledge rose to the top of the canyon, and a few moments' the head and a slight nervousness from suspense resulted in Grace being restored to her friends, unharmed, ex-



"Grace, I have come for you." cept from the light cut at the side of

At Wheatland, the next station, the stranger took his departure from the train. Grace bade him farewen with a sinking of the heart, but it was re-placed by a pleasant calmness, when as he bowed over her hand, he murmured so she alone could hear: "We shall meet again.'

It was not until after the train had passed beyond the town that it was remembered the stranger's name had not been learned in the excitement of the incident in which Grace had so importantly figured and chagrin took the place of the wondering comment of

the girls as to his identity. Two months passed, when one day, sitting in her school room at Lusk, the scholars just dismissed. Grace was dreamily recalling the incidents of that day near Chugwater. Suddenly a stalwart form passed across the line of her vision from the open door, and glancing up in momentary alarm at the unexepected intrusion, she looked into the eyes of her rescuer. For a moment neither spoke, then with a soft light spreading over his features, he opened his arms, his eyes beaming with manly love, forced hers to remain within their light, and he said, almost in a whisper, but every word penetrating her heart:

"Grace, I have come for you. 1 could not keep away. From the moment I met your glance that day at Diamond, I knew I had met the one in whom the happiness or the despair of my life would lie. My fate is in

your hands." She stood silent and a tear gleamed across her ruddy cheek, splashed to the floor and was tamped lightly with the delicate foot. This stranger, strong, handsome, the pleading manliness of his tone, the wealth of love in his eyes, caused her breast to pant and thrill with conflicting emotions. Again he spoke and more earnestly the words of passion poured forth until she could no longer resist, when suddenly the incongruous position of both struck her fancy, and unable to control her risibilities, she emitted a peal of laughter which caused the stranger to shrink back with an expression of pain at her seeming carelessness of his feelings. But as she quickly and roguishly exclaimed: 'Wny, I do not even know your name,' he caught the infection and joined heartily in her laugh.

'Well, call me Frank, until you know me better," he said, and then resuming his seriousness, he pleaded for her love until she was fain to submit as he drew her slightly resisting form to him, tenderly raising her face to his she succumbed.

As they were leaving the school, his arm about her, his eyes tenderly gazing into hers, seeking for assurances of her love, sae quaintly asked:

"Frank, what will my name be?"

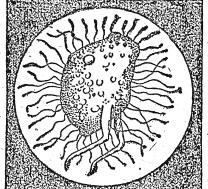
"Lady Grace Caverleigh." Grace had gained an English title. 'Frank was one of the proprietors of what is probably the largest ranch in eastern Wyoming, and had been on one of his occasional trips to his property when he met his fate.

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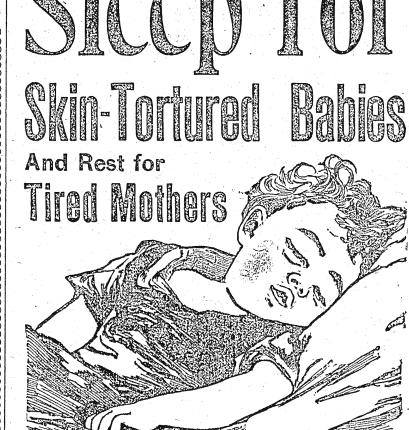


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