

# In Deer Fork Canyon

How a Man Helped to Save His Enemy's Life.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

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In the narrow box which always in the late summer wraps the rugged slopes of Deer Fork canyon Faith Austin was gathering wild red raspberries. A young man in ushers' garb was prospecting behind the bowlders on the opposite slope saw her and had just made up his mind to cross the stream that zigzagged down the canyon and join her when he saw a man swinging along up the trail toward her.

"It's Nick," he said to himself. "I had forgotten for the moment what he told me last night. I meant then to leave the canyon at once, and I must do it now. I can't stop to stay and see to throw her out of my way as a fellow as Nick Sanders." And Howard Our turned and walked away that he might not witness the meeting between the two.

The girl did not need to turn her head to know who was coming. There was an unmistakable individuality in the shilling steps, and recognition brought a look of annoyance to her face as she continued her work.

"Fie! fie! be you, Faith! You're looking sweet as a June pink. What's the use of your working so hard for them boarders when you know I'm ready for you?" he asked.

"But you ought to know by this time that I'm not ready for you," she snubbed back.

The man reddened to the roots of his sandy hair, but, controlling his anger, replied:

"I've got enough to keep you from leaving here, boarder's miners, as you're apt to say. There's no use in your stayin' here for Howard Oney. He left for good this mornin'. He's gone to keep books for Mr. Owen, the superintendent of the High Horse mine."

The delicate color mounted to Faith's cheeks, but she bent forward to capture a refractory vein, thus hiding her face from her companion.

"You think I'm not good enough for you," he went on, as she took no notice of his insinuation. "You think Oney's better'n me 'cause he's been a schoolmaster back east and can use his grammar. But if you'd lived in the mine, Faith, with him, as I've done, you'd know he's not such a saintly galoot as you think he is. It's no use that'll turn his back on the girl he loves him and go off courtin' Superintendent Owen's daughter. 'So he liked contemptuously."

Faith faced him with flashing eyes. "Nick Sanders, you're worse than I thought you were! Howard Oney took you into his cabin and turned you through a spell of fever when nobody else would, and now you try to injure him behind his back. That's your gratitude!"

His eyes fell beneath the withering scorn of hers of the allusion to her self she took no notice, but she could not help resenting the slur put upon the man she loved.

"You've no call to fire up on Oney for he's a decent body. He's a doctor, and he's a good doctor, besides her this canyon for miners. Besides, he's in love with Daisy Owen, and she's struck on to his good looks. It's bound to be a match."

Faith again bent over her berry picking, but her tormentor might not see the effect of his words. She had heard through her mother's boarders about Miss Owen's wealth, beauty and accomplishments and realized that she was a mere nobody compared with the superintendent's heiress. What right had she to hope that Mr. Oney would ever love her? Still, the mocking tones stung her keenly, and her basket being full, she said goodby and hurried away up the rocky trail that led to a dingy weather worn cabin half hid by the bowlders and evergreens surrounding it.

Faith and her mother were alone in the world. About a year before her father had been killed by an explosion in the mines. It was Howard Oney, a young schoolmaster from New York, turned prospector, who had risked his own life to recover the body. They could never forget this nor his untiring kindness during that time of bereavement. It was he who had encouraged them to go on with the regular routine of life, and from this and the young man's love for the poor and the young man. He had a shack two miles down Deer Fork, and most of his days were spent prospecting.

Soon after Sanders suddenly returned, having been away several months. He had been "speculating," he announced, and had brought back some money. Nick had known the family in Indiana, in fact, he had accompanied Mr. Austin to Colorado. He was a crafty, shiftless fellow and did not make friends among the miners. Indeed, so unpopular was he that when sickness visited he fever shortly after there was no one to care for him except Mrs. Austin until Howard, to relieve the overwhelmed woman, took the fellow home with him and nursed him back to health and strength. Had it not been for the fact that he would have been one of his selfish nature, he would have been a good man.

Howard's faith had wavered, and he was now a prospector, but he was still a good man.

## SARTORIAL NEWS.

**Eskimo Caps Are Newcomers in Motor Fashions—A Dress Hint.**  
Eskimo caps are the latest in motor togs. Seal, marmot and sable squirrel are employed for the caps as well as the motor bonnet.

Afternoon frocks and smart boned blouses for two piece suits have small yokes and lower sleeves yoked with the finest black chiffon. It is always better when doing this to add a lining under the face of silver or gold net.



PLAID PRINCESS GOWN.

This gives a brilliancy to the black chiffon and keeps it from deadening the gown.

This is a very stunning process frock that is easy for the home dressmaker to attack, and there are few such patterns about. The model includes novel and attractive sleeves and a chemise. J. L. H. C. BOLLER.

**VAPORINGS OF THE VOGUE.**  
Artificial Flowers on the Coat Worn by Modish Women.

Many women are wearing dahlias or gardenias on their outdoor suits. They are artificial and delicate perfume is used on their silky petals. It is just a novelty and a jery pretty one, and young and old are under the spell of these flowers.

A beautiful ball gown recently exhibited was composed of brilliant green satin embroidered elaborately with silk in various colors and set with a very fine blue imitation work with a rather a dull iridescent shade of gray lining down the bodice.

These are the latest and with some of the best apparel ever stamped out.

There was intense pain in the bones and he turned away. He gave a quick look at Nick and then he fell on his face. In the girl made no effort to restrain the man she loved. One word would have caused him to look to her side yet her lips seemed paralyzed. She knew that he loved her and was going because he believed she loved another. That she would never see him again and her old eyes lit with a gleam of unbroken brightness by him. He was slipping away from her forever, still she could not utter a word.

And Nick knew, too, that if Oney went now his own chances of sometime winning Faith were better than ever.

"Hold on a minute, Howard!" called the rescued man, sitting up.

"What is it, Nick?" asked Oney turning back, though he did not trust himself to look toward Faith.

"Come up nearer. I've got something to tell you both, and you don't know how hard it is for a man to call himself out loud and right before two good folks he's been a-wrangin' a onery big liar," said Nick. "But that's just what I am—a onery big liar. I lied to you about Faith's love!"

And then I lied to her about your leavin' Deer Fork to keep accounts for Mr. Owen just because you were in love with his daughter. I'm a low lived devil, but when I was down in that old shaft a-fact! death I made up my mind if I ever got the chance I'd be a better man. Now that you two have saved my worthless life and have given me the chance I asked for I'm going to begin with you and Faith by settin' you right. You love each other, and you want to see you happy, so my the ain't standin' in your trail any more."

"Maybe you wonder how I happened to be down in that old mine. You remember that Swede who got a pile of gold and some nuggets stole from his cabin over on Firecheck creek? Well, I am the thief, and I hid it all down in that shaft, where I knowed nobody would dare go pokin' round. I went down a time to get part of it to swap off, and that water ran right up like a strength angel. I hadn't got the gold's half a salt-in-me, but I'm makin' to take back that stuff where I got it from."

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