

Charley Kirwan knew what was passing in his mind, for he smiled one of his knowing smiles.

"Cheer up, my friend; Kansas life will do you more good than all your European travel, and as for experience, you will gain more here than elsewhere."

Reader, judge for yourself in closing this volume, was he right?

The waggon stopped in the full glory of the sunset, as the gleamy light fell over the hut, beautifying even the external ugliness of the structure.

"Cottage," had he called it? that word slipped from his vocabulary for ever when he had seen it.

"Tom,—Tom,—Tom," roared Charley Kirwan.

The door opened, and Tom issued forth.

Tom, in rough knee boots, knee breeches, and a cloth shirt.

Tom leered at Woodhouse, leered at his clothes, leered at the large box, leered at the valise, and with supreme contempt assisted in carrying them to the lean-to.

And the lean-to had no glass in the four-paned window for days after their arrival. They hung some sacking over that, so that the place was sleepable in after all.

"Tom, this is the gentleman we were expecting."

Tom scratched his head, eyed him from head to foot, walked round him, and held out his hand.

The guest felt almost ashamed of his hand near that other large, horny, brown hand, one so much younger and stronger than the other. Tom regarded that hand with wonder, and then said: