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and keeping them out of mischief. But, somehow, Dorna wanted a little mischief thrown in.

In another year they would have performed the necessary duties to make the triangle ranch theirs. They would be land wealthy. They might sell and move to Baker or another city and taste of the easy life, thought Dorna. The secret of her unrest was that she wanted someone to love her.

Ranching in times of peace is difficult enough. When the war came and took away all the young men the work multiplied and new burdens piled up.

Even "Reggie" would be a help in these times, Dick confessed, and Dorna agreed with him. Indeed she had been thinking a great deal of young Furlow in those trying days. She wondered if he had found himself or just naturally drifted to the dogs. Perhaps he had enlisted. But no, he would be turned down as physically unfit.

She had not much time to dwell on those things. The most important thing was to get a threshing outfit for the grain they managed to stook by arduous overtime.

She was out looking for the cows early one morning and went as far as the highest plateau on the ranch in search of them. This was a flat piece of ground only about an acre in extent and five hundred feet above the river. It's sheer edge was thickly grown with giant timber and the view over the forested valley to the east superb.

"This is where the ranch house should be," she mused. "It should have a broad

staple viands that make harvest time the season of all seasons.

The boss of the outfit was a ferocious-looking individual with bearded jaws and sharp eyes. He moved slowly, and seldom spoke, giving the impression that he was a bigger man than he was. He loaded his own wagon to nearly twice the height of the others and unloaded it in the same time as the other loads that were brought up to the separator. This marvelous feat proclaiming him the champion sheaf handler of the outfit placed him in a class by himself more than the fact that he owned the outfit.

On the last day of the threshing he remarked to Dick: "Why don't you let somebody run this ranch that knows how?"

"I'm satisfied with the way it's run," retorted Dick, acidly.

"It's not fair to the women," went on the thresherman.

"What do you know about the way this ranch is run?" asked Dick, evenly.

"Anybody can see that your women folks are drudging and getting no fun. You spend too much time drawing tanks of water for the stock—you'd save time by having a ram or a power pump. Then, you lose a third of a day chasing in cows, running all over the mountains for them instead of having a fenced-in pasture for them. You told me when you engaged my outfit that help was scarce. Machines are plentiful and more constant than hired help. You haven't enough up-to-date machinery on your ranch."

Dick could not afford to quarrel with



Canadian cooks, with their gas masks at the alert, taking tea up to the men in a village near the line.

verandah here right to the edge of the hill where one could just sit and enjoy the gorgeous view. A tennis court and lawn there," she indicated. "Barns and gardens and everything else far away—this secluded for decent living. Oh, if we could only afford it! Wonder what smoke that is 'way down the valley, a threshing outfit, I sure believe."

She told Dick about it and he promised to go down next day and make arrangements if he could.

An Indian brought in the week's supply of papers, a catalog and a magazine. Letters were rare. Dorna took a notion to read the papers before the catalog and in the casualty lists there published she saw the name of Capt. Reginald S. Furlow among the "killed in action."

She put the paper down suddenly and without saying a word to her sister who was washing dishes she went to her room and gave up to a half hour of quiet sobbing.

Dick saw the list, too. But both he and Bertha took it with the impersonal grief that goes out to all who fall in battle. Dick grunted:

"Wonder how he ever managed to get into the army!"

The threshing outfit was engaged but would be several days getting round to the triangle after working all the ranches in the valley.

Meantime Bertha and Dorna busied themselves with special cookery for the occasion, dainty things to go with the

this man. He would want him another year. He therefore humored him.

"Of course anybody is free to criticize," he said.

Dorna was after cows next morning when she ran across the thresherman on the high plateau. The outfit was ready to move out.

"Come here a moment," he called to her.

"Just look at that view," he invited. "The dream valley of the Rockies!"

"It's lovely—I've looked at it often," she responded.

"I'd love to build a home here," he went on, musingly. Then approaching Dorna more closely, he said, passionately: "Dorna, I'd love to have a home here with you as my wife. Will you have me?"

Dorna looked at him starkly. And staring thus she made a discovery. Through the wreath of whiskers she identified him as Reginald Strong Furlow—she wasn't sure, so well was the illusion of changed speech and changed appearance carried out.

"Come, Dorna, dear—I see you know me. A lot of changes can take place in two years but you have not changed. I left here determined to do something worthy of you. I took the doctor's advice and rested two months, taking mild exercise and special diet. Luckily my uncle kept up small remittances or I should have gone under. He was killed in action the other day, poor chap."

"I read of it," Dorna breathed. "I thought it was you."

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