

The delight which would otherwise have filled Rodney's mind at this bit of good luck was dimmed by the excitement of alternating hopes and fears which confronted him, as he considered the possibility of securing the position of private scout for the newspaper man.

He would have hung about the campfire until the group broke up, in the hope that he might find just the right opportunity to speak for the place, but he did not dare remain, now that his business was done.

He resolved to hasten back to the shoemaker, put the matter before him, and ask his aid in securing the position. When he reached the shop he found it closed. "Two-cent" was across the way, in front of the post, giving the crowd the benefit of his philosophy upon the situation. Rodney knew that it was hopeless to attempt to secure a private audience with him that evening, for it was already getting late. There was nothing more to do but to go home and talk it over with his mother.

What a fortune even two dollars and a half a day would be! And then if the newspaper man *should* be willing, after awhile, to give something out of his own pocket, that would be "too glorious for anything!" Then he called to mind just how much and how little he knew of the valley, and felt a tinge of fear and disappointment as he realized that although intimately familiar with the country for a few miles immediately surrounding the fort, the valley as a whole was comparatively unknown to him. He was glad that he could say that he had been to