

least, for I've no one else to give anything to, and I've much more than I'll ever require."

I thanked him and felt there was at least someone who considered that, so far, my short career had not been without some measure of success. I determined that the satisfaction born of the knowledge of something accomplished would not be allowed to die for want of a little effort in the future.

That night it was very cold, and the stars gleamed brightly in the blue. We had moved our camp close to the creek, amongst the cottonwood trees, for shelter, and till late in the night the police and cowboys sat round the great camp-fires talking and recalling incidents of the attack and pursuit. I was so dead tired, however, that I had soon to seek my blankets, and I fell sound asleep almost as soon as my head touched the bundle of dried grass, tied up in my towel, which served me for a pillow. I did not dream of being pursued by yelling Indians, but of a beautiful old house in a quiet English county where life went smoothly on from day to day, sweetly and peacefully as a summer's dream, but where the people did not realise it, because they had never known anything else. I had not realised it once upon a time, but I did now. Truly, as Colin Dunbar had said, the enjoyment of things is largely a comparative quality.

That night a picket-guard of five men kept watch over the prisoners. Next morning several of the cowboys accompanied the police to assist