

finally parted from his former employer, it sent him back to Tierra Longa in a new and humble sense of hope in the people among whom for the rest of his life he had cast himself.

It was a mood which lasted him at intervals all through the four or five days' revisiting of old friends and associations which he allowed himself, and followed him to Summerfield and well out on the Palomitas road, for it was Saturday afternoon and his sister and Ellis Trudeau had already left the office. He rode out himself with the mail carrier, and felt again the nameless stir of incompleteness which had troubled him that night ride with Anne the time she had sent for him about this surplus water appropriation.

It merged in a need that he had felt growing on him all that summer for something warmer, more understanding than the tardy coöperation of Tierra Longa or even his sister's active business partnership. It drove him silent at last and with a strange pricking to get down from the carrier's buckboard, a mile before there was occasion, to seek on foot, along the ferny creek, the Ford of Mariposa.

It mingled, the pricking in his blood, with familiar, poignant images . . . his reluctance to lend himself wholly to Virginia's version of Jacob and the Angel, the fascinations of 'Nacio's *diablo negro* coming out of the Draw, the drowning lamb, and his old feelings about his mother. One by one the images wavered about him and were re-absorbed as shadows into the landscape.

It was the long hour of twilight. The creek ran a slender rill, and the grass of Mariposa, ripe and burned with summer, lay furry and lion-colored over the swell of the meadow; the wind stirred it like the waterings of some