

house about his greenness in allowing himself to be thus entreated by the ranchers near.

"I'm Brown Kirwan. You are Willie Woodhouse, Charley's friend. Will you be mine too?" They shook hands heartily, and then Brown descended from his buggy, took a chair, and sat in the bright sunlight in the ranche door.

"Let's have something to eat, and then you will come for a drive with me. I'm going to see a sick squatter's wife who is half Indian—about two miles away."

Brown Kirwan was a doctor living at the Osage Mission. He was tall, pale, with dark black hair, features more irregular than those of his brother, yet he had a kindly nature, and a heart as true as ever beat in human breast. He had served as surgeon in some regiment during the war between North and South, made a respectable little fortune, bought a claim out West, and started a sheep ranche. Perhaps he had been unsuccessful; certain it is, he had rented his claim to another, and taken again to his profession amongst the many squatters, and the small town forming round the Mission House of the Jesuits amongst the Osages.

Such was Brown Kirwan; a man full of knowledge, less picked up from books than knowledge practical, caught up in the hard run of daily life. His religion was founded and rooted in charity.

He seldom went to a church; but, as he often said, his church was the boundless prairie, the roof the blue curtain of heaven. There prayer welled out of his heart