

AT ST ANTHONY'S CROSSING 15

young men who are the cause of merriment; there are 'oiled' young men who are kept a furtive watch on, not eyed too obviously lest that precipitate trouble, but watched from time to time from the corners of the eyes—a flick of a look, and gone. This one was of neither variety. There was something forlorn about him. He seemed to her to be the last man in the world who should be like this, with these mountains standing up before him so serene to-night after the storm had blown over, and a sacred sunset blazed in the new-washed west.

He was brown as a light Indian. He was groomed, shaved like an advertisement for shaving cream or a razor. He was, like those men in the smart novels, 'clean-limbed.' Whether he also had 'straight legs' she, of course, could not see, for they were tucked under the table. Of those near him, only one was inclined to 'josh,' and he was the most Yahoo-looking of the diners present. ('Yahoo,' by the way, is not slang, or journalese, or what is called Americanese. It comes from Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.) At the head of the table sat a man not unlike Uncle Sam, in a long