

to Farwell. A couple of hundred yards behind the others, just free of their dust, they jogged easily side by side.

"Our rides together are about over, Casey," she said, with a little sigh.

"How is that?"

"You know as well as I do. The blessed proprieties are butting in here nowadays; and, besides, we both belong to other people. Dick wants to be married soon. Of course, I'll have to go where he goes. Thank goodness, he hasn't got any people to be my people, and to pass judgment on me."

"I'll be sorry to lose you, Sheila; and I think you'll be sorry to go."

"Yes. I'll miss the rolling country, and the hills to the west, and the long days outdoors. Oh, heavens, how I'll miss them! And yet it's worth while, Casey!"

"I'm awfully glad, for your sake, that you think so much of him, old girl. He's a fine chap — when you get to know him. But I'll miss you. How long is it since we had our first ride together?"

"Seven years — no, eight. I was riding a bad pinto. Dad traded him afterward. You wouldn't let me go home alone. Remember?"

"Of course. Awful brute for a girl to ride!"

"He never set me afoot," she said proudly. "But you'll be leaving here, too, Casey."

"I don't think so."