

with its mouth open, and its tail curled up behind.

"Why does that fish keep nodding at me," he asked. "Look at it nodding and nodding away as if it knew me. And, Jones," he shrieked, "do you hear the rats coming down the chimney—thousands of them—millions!"

Well, sir, we got him into bed. It was a bad case of D. T.'s complicated with a touch of pleurisy which soon turned to pneumonia. He raved all that night, but got a little quieter next day; in fact, he was worn right out, and looked more dead than alive.

"I'll have to get back to town," said the doctor the next morning. "I should have gone before. I don't suppose there is a nurse to be found out in this forsaken wilderness, is there?"

"No," I said, and then suddenly remembered that Barlow over on Elkwater Lake was expectin' his sister from the East. She was a nurse in New York and was comin' up to spend the summer. I told the doctor, and after breakfast rode over to Barlow's ranch.

She had come the day before. I made my errand known to Barlow and his wife, and turning to the girl asked her if she would come. I tell you, sir, she was a beauty—tall and fair, and straight as an arrow; just like one of them Gibson girls you see in copies of 'Life.' And though she had come up for a rest she though she had come up for a rest she didn't hesitate for an instant, but just said quietly, 'I'll be ready in ten minutes.'"

The doctor left for the Hat that afternoon and the nurse and I had Warrington to ourselves. Inside of three days he began to mend and in two weeks he was able to sit up. He was very quiet—didn't talk at all, but the way he watched that girl move about was a caution, and I tell you, sir, she was boss of the ranch. Warrington, as I said before, had a pretty strong will, but it didn't fizz with her, and she ruled him with a rod of iron.

I'll confess, sir, I was sorry to see her go. She was always so bright and cheerful, that when she went, the Boss and I got a fit of the blues that lasted more than a week. At last he said to me one

morning, "Jones, saddle Pete, I'm going for a ride," and when I saw him strike over towards Elkwater Lake I felt better than I had for weeks. He used to go over pretty often after that, and I wasn't much surprised one night, to see him look up and say, "Jones, I've a bit of news for you. I'm engaged to Miss Barlow, and we are to be married a year from now." I tell you, sir, I was glad, for I knew if anyone could make a man of him that girl could. And she did. Warrington turned over a new leaf. He bought a good bunch of cattle and worked like a nigger.

Of course he had his times of depression, when the old craving nearly drove him mad; but he won out, sir, he won out all right. The nearest call he had was just about Christmas. The Boss got a terrible fit of the blues—the weather was miserable and Miss Barlow had gone on a visit to the Hat. One morning he got up, shaking in every limb and his eyes burnin' like coals. I could see the craving was on him, and when he told me to saddle his horse, I don't mind tellin' you, sir, but I prayed as I hadn't done since I was a kid. And my prayer was answered. As he jumped into the saddle, who should come gallopin' up but Miss Barlow. "Thank God!" I heard him mutter, and the next minute he had her in his arms.

That was the crisis, sir. The Boss hadn't much trouble after that, but went about his work as happy as a sand-boy. The cattle wintered well, and early in the fall Miss Barlow became Mrs. Warrington. Medicine Hat was beginnin' to grow, and bein' pretty handy at hair-cuttin' I stuck up a striped pole and have been holdin' it down here ever since.

I went up to the Hills last month for a little shootin' and stayed a couple of days with the Warringtons. They have a little girl now—she favors her mother for looks and needless to say my old Boss thinks she couldn't have a better model. I agree with him there, sir, for ever a man was saved on the very brink of Hell that man was Warrington.

"That's all, sir. The wind's getting colder, isn't it? Thank you, sir! Good afternoon."

I sauntered down to the railway sta-