

"You are leaving us in a kind of an awkward position," said Mr. Barnstead meekly.

"How is that?" asked the Colonel.

"Where are we going to get a man to take charge?"

"I have made arrangements with Mr. C. W. Dalby, General Manager of the Cape Breton Consolidated, to take my place."

"I'd rather have you than any one else," said the venerable Aylward Lyons, of Detroit, an ex-Governor of Michigan, who was an old personal friend of the Colonel's.

"I know you would, Mr. Lyons," said the Colonel kindly. "Yet I cannot remain."

A vision of distant Wyoming—of mountain-sheep and white-tailed deer, of elk and grizzly—loomed large before his imagination; a call to the plains, and to the foothills, sounded loud in his ears—and he was firm in his decision.