

market a bit before we settle down into a pair that's warranted quiet to ride or to drive. We've both got tempers, an' we love each other too dear not to git hurt wi' each other quicker than folk who care less. . . . Well, we've got to battle that out by ourselves an' git over it. We won't have a third person into our rows, my girlie."

Betty pulled his face down and kissed him between the eyes.

"I'm obeying," she whispered. "But I've just had a letter from her, Jim, and she—she seems so bright, the darling, that I know she's missing us as hard as ever she can."

"I know. I tell you it was a thumpin' weight off my mind when the Kid told me he was goin' to stay with her, Betty."

"I kissed him when he told me," said Betty reflectively. "I threw my arms round him and kissed him twice. You don't mind, do you, Jim?"

Jim chuckled, remembering the austerity of the Kid in these days.

"Not as much as he did, I guess," he said.

"Well," said Betty, "he did mind it a lot. I was surprised that he minded so much. He told me that women had no sense of proportion. I wonder if you and I are ever going to get our sense of proportion back, Jim? I never knew that earth could be better than all my ideas of heaven before."

"Bless your dear heart, my girlie," said Jim reverently, and stroked his big hand across her copper-red hair where the sunlight polished it to gold wire.

They were silent. And Miladi cropped the long grass placidly, with occasional clinking of steel as she