

a book, with little worldly wisdom. May laid down the blue and took up the white, and fastened them at her collar.

"Such pretty flowers," she murmured. "How kind some people are! I like them both so much."

Philip choked with pleasure behind his tea-cup, while Jim turned white, and set his teeth; then, looking up, caught a grin on the face of old Jock, as he bent busily over his bacon at the lower end of the table. Jim muttered something obscure, but certainly uncomplimentary, and got up and left the house with surprising want of civility. May stared. Mr. Dent, behind a newspaper, took no notice.

The next day, May walked out when her work was done. She went to the corral, or enclosure where the cattle were kept, which she liked, because she loved the gentle eyes and sweet breath of the cattle, and also because there was a fine peep of the Rockies from it. There were no beasts in the corral now, but she leaned against the fence and let her eyes rest on the soft dream-like forms of the mountains, and her fingers played gently with the white flowers still in her bodice. A step close behind her made her start, and, looking up, she saw Jim Seaton, who came and leaned on the fence beside her.