

to him. He had dreamed all his dreams in this gallery. He had longed all his longings to belong to those many pictured friends who seemed to look down on him in such friendly fashion. The Anthonys, the Richards, the Anns and Jeans too, had all been such old and loved comrades of his lonely days. And now he was one of them—Robin Anthony Garaton.

But he had to rouse himself, because these three living Garatons had become more to him than even the dead ones. And he laughed as, after some minutes, he took in the meaning of Eric's words.

"Oh," he cried, "as if I should ever want you to go away!—at least not till you want to go, because Eric can't be a rancher till he is grown up. And Uncle Charles talked to me about it all. Uncle Charles was Sir Phil—I mean *my father's* greatest friend, and Sir—I mean my father—had meant to tell him all about his marriage with my mother, but there was a great deal of trouble which Uncle Charles says I would