

The Mountain Divide

the door, waiting to congratulate you. Shall I let him in?"

"I don't want any congratulations, Bob."

"I'll promise he doesn't say a single word, Bucks." As he spoke, Scott opened the hall door and whistled into the darkness. For an instant there was no response. Then a small and vague object outlined itself in the gloom, but halted questioningly on the threshold. Wagging his abbreviated tail very gently and carrying his drooping ears very low, Scuffy at length walked slowly into the room. Bucks hailed him with delight, and Scuffy bounding forward crouched at his feet.

"I can't do a thing with him over at the ranch," complained Scott, eying the dog with a secret admiration. "He is eating the hounds up; doesn't give them a chance to pick a bone even after he's done with it."

"I'm afraid there is nothing to do with Scuffy, but to make a despatcher of him," returned Bucks, picking him up by the forepaws. "I can see very plainly it's going to be a dog's life most of the time."