

round ; as they lay piled up in the great recess, where the sun could not reach, did it try ever so hard.

The susurra of the prairie wind in amongst the Indian corn patch was real music.

Willie Woodhouse did not move from his books ; they were on prairies and prairie life, and he would know something of this before he essayed exploring the country round, and he had also promised Charley Kirwan to wait in for his brother, Brown Kirwan.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, but in the still prairie life that was late in the day to those who rose with the sunshine, and retired an hour or so after darkness had fallen.

A strong shadow fell over his book, and a voice, with an unmistakeable Dutch accentuation close by, woke him from his studies.

It was Herr Lieboldt, the head farmer of Charley Kirwan.

"Ee-ee-ee. Sharley say him frind am cum, eee-eee-eee. What hands, ee-ee ! What ed, ee-ee-ee ! Wat buk am you read ? I Lieboldt. I ed man. Me frind ob Sharley also, ee-ee. What tink you ob Sharley's home ?"

Short, red-haired, thick-set, Lieboldt, with his sharp blue eyes twinkling under rugged brows, was a character of whom Kirwan knew the full value.

"You cum see me ? My ole voman, ee-ee, be glad to see you. You see my house, my mule, my boys, ee-ee."

"Where am Sharley ?" Receiving an answer, this intruder departed, to be followed by a tall thin man, whose