

was playing havoc with his precious oats. We've got to pay damages, he says."

Robinson's face clouded and his eyes sparkled with anger.

"Damages be blowed! Did ye tell him to put up stronger fences?"

Fred pulled his moustache and sat silent.

The old man rose and paced about the room. Suddenly he stopped.

"Did ye see the fence, Fred?" he asked.

"Yes. I drove the cattle away. Anyhow, the fence was that drifted up wi' snow the cattle had no trouble getting in—it was all a plain, clear road for 'em."

"And he expects me to pay damages for that? I'll damage him! Mark me, Thompson doesn't rule the Northwest—not by a — sight—no matter what swell he be."

He turned and left the room.

Fred rose and went into the kitchen. He saw that his father was thoroughly worked up; and no wonder! There had been enough trouble to drive a stronger man off his head, he mused. "Such is life in the Northwest," he said with a sigh.

Gladys was bending over the stove, and Fred stole up to her on tiptoe, so that she would not hear him, and threw his arms gently around her.

"Well, my little sister," he said kindly, "what are you busy at? Always at work, eh?"

She started.