

## THE CABIN

fringe, its trickle of flowing water, its flowers, its floods of sunshine.

California John reined in his horse and threw his leg over the pommel of his saddle.

"Told you it was purty nice," said he.

Billy scrambled off her horse.

"Pretty nice!" she sniffed reproachfully.

We followed her example and set out to explore. Directly at the head of the long vista had been built a sort of elevated seat or throne. It was a luxurious affair, ingeniously constructed of barrel staves curved to fit the back. A group of young trees shaded it: a cool breeze sucked up the opening of the meadow.

"What a delightful throne!" cried Billy, "and how well it is placed! Who do you suppose built it? It must have been somebody nice to have cared for this."

"No, ma'am," the Ranger replied stolidly. "It was some old sheepman. He probably didn't care a cuss for the view, but he could watch his sheep better from here."

To the left of the throne, and slightly in the hollow, lurked an old cabin. It proved to be a commodious affair built of twelve-inch boards and shakes. Its rooms were thick with the forest litter; its foundation timbers were rotted and