

overstep the bounds of good taste in doing so.

"Have you ever seen the play 'What happened to Jones?'" I ventured. "No? Well may I ask the name of the gentleman you called 'my lord,' just now?"

"Certainly, sir," said Jones, "Lord Firlow of Firlow Place, Devonshire; his brother died the other day and he has just come into the title." "He looks as if he would do it credit," I rejoined. "I've never seen a finer looking man."

"He *is* good looking," said Jones now thoroughly roused, "and between ourselves, sir, he owes a lot to those good looks of his."

"Indeed!" I said.

"You may well say 'indeed,'" said the barber growing warmer, "but its gospel truth I'm telling you. Three years ago Warrington—that was his name before he came into the title—was going right plumb to hell. He was what they call a remittance man—you know what that usually means, sir. He had got into some scrape at home, nothing very serious I guess, and his people shipped him out here to try 'ranching.'

"He was a jolly chap, and when he bought a ranch up in the Hills, his fame soon spread. He had only about twenty head of cattle all told, and every quarter day when his cheque arrived from home, he'd come in and properly paint the town red. The Hat wasn't very big then, sir, but it was a dashed sight livelier than it is now, and Warrington did his best to make it more so. When he had spent his money he'd go back with a few kindred spirits and plenty of spirits frumentic, and stay on his ranch for another three months."

"Had he no housekeeper?" I asked.

"No, sir; did his own cooking and a rattling good cook he was too. He kept a hired man to do the rough work, but looked after the house himself. It's just three years since I went to work for him; I had been out on the fall round-up and had got pretty badly crippled up with rheumatism, so I agreed to work for him until the spring."

"I stayed longer, but you'll soon see how that was. A mighty funny thing happened that same spring; it fairly makes me double up yet just to think

about it. Warrington had gone to the Hat and I didn't expect him back for three or four days. Judge of my surprise then when that same night I see him gallopin' in, just hittin' the high places for home. I ran out and opened the gate.

"Anything wrong?" says I.

"Anything wrong!" he says, cursin' like a trooper.

"Read that," and he handed me a telegram. It was from his father.

"Just arrived in Montreal. With you in a week."

We went into supper and talked things over. The Firlow Boss was in a blue funk, and no wonder. You see he had been writing home about his big herds of cattle and had raised the old man's curiosity. We talked and talked, but didn't seem to get no further ahead. Suddenly Warrington gave a whoop and jumped clear out of his chair.

"I've got it, Jones! I've got it!" he shouted. "We'll pull the wool over the old man's eyes yet. Let us round up all the cattle in the country, and the governor'll think they're all mine."

"Well, the old gentleman came, and Warrington brought him out from the Hat. I had a good supper waiting, and everything went off famously. Next day they went shooting and the day after, Coyote huntin'; in fact there was something doin' every day and Lord Firlow declared he hadn't felt so well for twenty years. At last he said he would have to be gettin' back, but he would like to see the Boss's cattle."

"We had been expectin' this, and for two or three days, me and two cow-punchers from the T. Bar ranch had been roundin' up steers over on Willow Creek. Next morning Warrington took his Gveornor out, and say! he was pleased. "By Jove!" he said, "you have got a bunch." Then Warrington branded a calf to show him how it was done, and the old man was tickled to death. The calf belonged to a German, and I slipped down and paid him for it the same night on the Q. T. The trick had worked like a charm."

"The next day, the Earl left for England. He must have enjoyed his stay, for six weeks later Warrington got a