

travel on time. I used to try, but she's gettin' too big to spank. When she was no higher than that —" he held a hand above the tile, indicating a very indefinite height — "she would lay rolled in her blankets till camp had been struck. I remember one cook of an outfit that kicked, and after that we used to let her sleep rolled up in the grub-wagon."

The English girl laughed heartily at the consul's aggrieved tone, and he began his breakfast, after she was ing some indecision as to whether or not he should break his newly formed habit, and tuck the serviette beneath his chin.

"What a dear old grumbler Jimmy was!" his daughter said, reminiscently. "How well I remember him!"

She turned to her friend, with a little laugh.

He was as white-headed as father is now. He wore a long, straggling mustache and a white beard, which he used to trim himself — sometimes in notches, when he was in a hurry. He would growl loud enough to be heard a mile away, would swear at, and tyrannize over, every cowboy, and lose his temper when they played pranks with him. He looked very threatening all the time, and yet, on nights when the cattle stampeded, and father rode with the others, and I sat up and whimpered, he used to take me in his arms, and sing me to sleep with the most lugubrious ditties that any one ever heard."

The girl's face saddened a trifle, and she resumed her breakfast in silence. Margaret Clarke looked at her friend as though wishing to hear more of a story that to her was one in such strange setting.

"What became of him?" she asked.