

The Reverie of a Bachelor

resented the old cattle king as being unapproachable on that side. On the other hand, we all know what Macpherson was. He had a pretty rough tongue when he was at his best; and he was in bad health for a long time before the derrick fell on him. I dare say he didn't try diplomacy."

"I'll make love to the cow-punching princesses," laughed Ballard; "that is, if there are any."

"There is one, I understand; but I believe she doesn't spend much of her time at home. The old man is a widower, and, apart from his senseless fight on the company, he appears to be—but I won't prejudice you in advance."

"No, don't," said Ballard. "I'll size things up for myself on the ground. I——"

The interruption was the dash of a switch-engine up the yard with another car to be coupled to the waiting mountain line train. Ballard saw the lettering on the medallion: "o8."

"Somebody's private hotel?" he remarked.

"Yes. It's Mr. Brice's car, I guess. He was in town to-day."

Ballard was interested at once.

"Mr. Richard Brice?—the general manager of the D. & U. P.?"

The president nodded.

"That's great luck," said Ballard, warmly. "We were classmates in the Institute, and I haven't seen