that did not of its own right belong. Nor did they prote them from their enemies. The horses and the colts ar the cows and the calves ran at pasture among them over them, and flower or shrub had to take its chance But the beasts were not noticeably destructive, for the were few in number and the ranch was large. On th other hand, Daylight could have taken in fully a doze horses to pasture, which would have earned him a dolla and a half per head per month. But this he refused to do, because of the devastation such close pasturing would

Ferguson came over to celebrate the housewarming that followed the achievement of the great stone fireplace Daylight had ridden across the valley more than once to confer with him about the undertaking, and he was the only other present at the sacred function of lighting the first fire. By removing a partition, Daylight had thrown two rooms into one, and this was the big living-room where Dede's treasures were placed-her books, and paintings and photographs, her piano, the Crouched Venus, the chafing-dish and all its glittering accessories. Already, in addition to her own wild-animal skins, were those of deer and coyote and one mountain-lion which Daylight had killed. The tanning he had done himself, slowly and laboriously, in frontier fashion.

He handed the match to Dede, who struck it and lighted the fire. The crisp manzanita wood crackled as the flames leaped up and assailed the dry bark of the larger logs. Then she leaned in the shelter of her husband's arm, and the three stood and looked in breathless suspense. When Ferguson gave judgment, it was with beaming face and extended hand.

"She draws! By crickey, she draws!" he cried.

He shook Daylight's hand ecstatically, and Daylight shook his with equal fervour, and, bending, kissed Dede on the lips. They were as exultant over the success of their simple handiwork as any great captain at astonishing victory. In Ferguson's eyes was actually a suspicious moisture, while the woman pressed even more closely