

the corners of his eyes, — wonder at the calm self-possession of this radiant girl.

"Well," he ventured when she had finished, "I suppose you 'll be closing up the outfit and moving to town."

"No, I won't. I got to stick if I want to live. All Dad has is sunk in the sheep. I guess I got to live in a sheep wagon now or starve." She voiced this scope of her future with no shading of protest in her voice. Zang eyed her still more curiously.

"Good girl!" he exclaimed. "Give me that pick and you go 'long back to the house."

Hilma yielded the pick and stepped out of the trench. She sat down, drew off both her heavy shoes and shook dirt from them. Whistler stole a covert glance under his arm at the stockinged ankles, trim and shapely for all their coarse covering. Hilma saw the look, but continued unperturbed to brush bits of shale from her stocking soles. She pulled on her shoes and arose.

"A fresh inspector was here yesterday little while after you left," she said. "He ran off all those yearlin' calves of yours down to the corral and I shot at him. But I missed him," — this admission in a knife-edged stab of bit-