

and then all at once the deadlock on Kenneth's spirit was broken. Lem Scudder broke it with his team and scraper and bag of dunnage; he came up one morning out of a mist of heat and joined Kenneth under the Warrior.

"Well, old scout," he hailed, "how's things progressin'?"

Kenneth gasped at him in amazement.

"Lem," he said, "Lem, I — I — thought you'd gone back on me."

"Well, now," — Lemuel looked appreciatively at the thick shade of the oak under which the camp was pitched, and the not too distant river, — "I told you I'd get along as soon as it was any way convenient. Did n't allow to get here much before fall ploughin' time, but it's pretty hot down the valley; I allowed a week's campin' would n't do me no damage . . . an', anyway, Baff says he's comin' to do his turn in September —"

Kenneth's arm went around his shoulder. "Lem, — you old son of a gun, — give the team a rest, and let's go swimming!"

At the end of two weeks the two went down to Tierra Longa together, and a week later, Kenneth burst into his sister's office at Summerfield in the very pink of spirits and condition. "Well, sis, what do you think? I've got an office in Arroyo Verde and I'm going to be there one day in a week, anyway, as president and attorney for the Howkawanda Development Company —"

"Ken! You've never —!"

"Absolutely! Company's all organized. I'm here now getting myself made notary public. And I'm going over to file a homestead on that hundred and sixty below the fence —"