

sidered, "I'll go in for specializing. I have done with all this nonsense."

He sat his horse looking eastward over the hills that rolled far away to the horizon. His eye wandered down the river gleaming now like gold in the sunset glow. He had learned to love this land of great sunlit spaces and fresh blowing winds, but this evening its very beauty appeared intolerable to him. Ever since the death of Raven upon that tragic night of the cattle-raid he had been fighting his bitter loss and disappointment; with indifferent success, it is true, but still not without the hope of attaining final peace of soul. This evening he knew that, while he lived in this land, peace would never come to him, for his heart-wound never would heal.

"I will go," he said again. "I will say good-by to-night. By Jove! I feel better already. Come along, Pepper! Wake up!"

Pepper woke up to some purpose and at a smart canter carried the doctor on his way round the bluff toward a gate that opened into a lane leading to the stables. At the gate a figure started up suddenly from the shadow of a poplar. With a snort and in the midst of his stride Pepper swung on his heels with such amazing abruptness that his rider was flung from his saddle, fortunately upon his feet.

"Confound you for a dumb-headed fool! What are you up to anyway?" he cried in a sudden rage, recognizing Smith, who stood beside the trail in an abjectly apologetic attitude.

"Yes," cried another voice from the shadow. "Is he not a fool? You would think he ought to know Mr. Smith by this time. But Pepper is really very stupid."