

THE PROBATIONER

love it. It did not seem possible. Stern and forbidding, the land frowned upon him in its coldness.

So steeped was he in this mood that he took no heed of the trail. Scrub, bluff, and snowy waste passed by in dim procession until a shout, a crash, and the sudden impact of his own body against the dashboard effectually aroused him.

Turning quickly about a bluff, they had run into a mounted man and just missed a girl who rode behind him. When the student recovered and looked around, the man was pinned in the deep snow beneath his beast, while the girl sat her bronco and looked on with an expression of half amusement, half concern.

"Jake," yelled the fallen man, "kain't you give me a hand?"

But Jake's bronco were showing what a Western pony can do in the line of kicking when he humps himself, and Jake said so in terms that were anything but polite. Uttering an oath, the young fellow continued his struggles until the student jumped from the sleigh and raised the fallen beast. Then growling surly thanks, he rose and dusted the snow from his moose-skin coat.

"Jake," he growled, "I'll take up a subscription