

Justin Wingate, Ranchman

gardens were many houses and clumps of shade trees. The flat-topped mountain behind the town lay against the bosom of the summer sky like a great cameo. A Sabbath peace was on the land, and a great peace was in the heart of Steve Harkness.

"It's nice to have a home," he declared thoughtfully, as he looked at the quiet valley, "and it's nice to see other people have homes. But until a man is married and has one of his own he don't know how 'tis."

Pearl glanced down at her dress of China silk and settled its folds comfortably and proudly about her.

"I think farming is better than the cattle business, anyway."

"Yes, farmin' this way, with irrigation; irrigation with plenty of water beats rainfall in any country under the sun. I'm satisfied. But you don't never hear me saying anything ag'inst the cattle business; it's all right, and it will continue in this country fer a good many years yit. But Paradise Valley was cut out fer farmers and their homes. I'm always reckonin' that the Lord understood his business when he made men and land and cattle. The valleys that can be irrigated fer the farmers, and the high dry land that can't be fer the men that want to raise cattle. And things will always come out right, if you'll only give 'em time. It's been proved right here."

When, after pleasant greetings, Harkness had