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rest insisted on my seeing you. I pur-pose starting to-morrow." "What happened to Colonel Barring-ton?" asked Graham. "His sleigh turned over," said Wit-ham. "Horse trampled on him, and it was an hour or two before his hired man could get him under shelter." "You would be content to turn farmer again?"

again? "I think I would," said Witham. "At least, at Silverdale." Graham made a little grimace. "Well,"

Graham made a little grimace. "Well," he said resignedly, "I guess it's human nature; but I'm thankful now and then there's nothing about me but my dol-lars that would take the eye of any young woman. I figure they're kind of useful to wake up a man so he'll stir round looking for something to offer one of them, but he is apt to find his business must go second when she has got it and him, and he has to waste on house fixings what would give a man a fair start in life. Still, it's no use talking. What have you told him?" Witham laughed a little. "Nothing," he said. "I will let him come, and you shall have my decision when I've been to Silverdale."

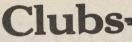
he shall have my decision when I've been to Silverdale." It was next day when Dane arrived at Winnipeg, and Witham listened gravely to all he had to tell him. "I have two questions to ask;" he said. "Would the others be unanimous in re-ceiving me, and does Colonel Barrington know of your mission?" "Yes to both," said Dane. "We haven't a man there who would not hold out his hand to you, and Barring-ton has been worrying and talking a cood deal about vou lately. He seems to fancy nothing has gone right at Sil-verdale since you left it, and others share his opinion. The fact is, the old man is losing his grip tolerably rapidly." "Then." said Witham quietly, "Till go down with you, but I can make no promise until I have heard the others." Dane smiled a little. "That is all I want. I don't know whether I told you that Maud Barrington is there. Would to-morrow suit you?" "No," said Witham. "I will come to-day." It was early next morning when they

No, said witham. I will come to-day." It was early next morning when they ' stepped out of the stove-warmed car into the stinging cold of the prairie. Fur-clad figures, showing shapeless in the creeping light, clustered about them, and Witham felt himself thumped on the shoulders by mittened hands, while Alfreton's young voice broke through the murmurs of welcome. "Let him alone while he's hungry," he said. "It's the first time in its his-tory they've had breakfast ready at this hour in the hotel, and it would not have been accomplished if I hadn't spent most of yesterday playing cards with the man who keeps it and making love to the young women!"

young women!" "That's quite right," said another lad. "When he takes his cap off you'll see how one of them rewarded him. But come along, Witham. It—is—ready." The greetings might, of course, have been expressed differently, but Witham also was not addicted to displaying all he felt, and the little ring in the lads' yoices was enough for him. As they voices was enough for him. As they moved towards the hotel he saw that Dane was looking at him. "Well?" said the latter, "you see, they want you."

want you." That was probably the most hilarious breakfast that had ever been held in the wooden hotel; and before it was over, three of his companions had said to Witham, "Of course, you'll drive in with me!"

Witham, "Of course, you'll drive in with me!" "Boys," he said, as they put their furs on, and his voice shook a trifle, "I can't ride in with everybody who has asked me unless you dismember me." Finally, Alfreton, who was a trifle too quick for the others, got him into his sleigh, and they swept out behind a solendid team into the frozen stillness of the prairie. The white leagues rolled while Witham was for the most part silent and apparently preoccupied, Alfre-ton talked almost incessantly, and only once looked grave. That happened when Witham asked about Colonel Barrington. The lad shook his head. "I scarcely think he will ever take hold again," he said. "You will understand me better when you see him. They stopped awhile at mid-day at an outlying farm, but Witham glanced



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