

CURLY

"When y'u love in yo' manhood, little boy,
When y'u dream of a girl who is angel fair,
When the stars are her eyes, and the winds her hair,
When the sun is her smile, and yo' heaven's there,
Will y'u care fo' yo' motheh, lillie boy?"

The horseman, brought up half-rearing, stepped from the saddle, then threw his rein in the old range way, and Balshannon hurried to his wife.

