

worked prodigiously at his canal, exceeding the requirement.

Anne and Ellis used to come out to him of evenings, since Anne's car made it possible for them to be often at the ranch house, to sit on the edge of the mesa and watch the summer moon climb its slow arc above the valley. But their talk on these occasions was mostly of what Anne had been doing, or of the night owls nesting above the Gate, or the raccoons bubbling in the cañons. Now and then it touched the personal note, as when Anne brought him word that Virginia had gone to Los Angeles. She said her work had called her, but Anne chose that occasion to add that André Trudeau was there also.

"Ellis is afraid she means to marry him, but she need n't be," said Anne; "Virginia won't marry a man; she'll marry a situation." And Anne had put it to herself that Virginia must have seen by this time that André Trudeau was n't the man to provide her with that sense of the dramatic which Virginia's temperament demanded.

This was too subtle for Kenneth, but he thought it did n't matter. "At any rate, you were mistaken about her thinking of marrying me," he affirmed, "she never had any such idea." It was the best he could do for her. Perhaps by this time he believed it.

"Oh!" said Anne; and then after an interval, "Anyway, it would n't have done. Virginia's all right, of course, — but it is n't enough for a farmer's wife to like him; she also has to like farming." Pronouncements of this sort from Anne had ceased to be a red rag to Kenneth; he had all the appearance of taking this one seriously.

Things went on like this until the middle of August,