

Saint Anthony's Crossing, as you know, is the centre for that great new bit of land called the Cartaret Block, up in the north-west, where, by a happy conjunction of protecting mountain spurs and alluvial soil, the ranchers can raise excellent crops of Number One Buckeye—or Cockeye, or some such-named wheat—sometimes, if the pamphlets are accurate, even two crops of wheat in the fierce, brief summer; and thanks to the same lie of the land they can winter horses, without stall-feeding, winter them in sheltered valleys. Places like the Cartaret Block lure the adventurous spirit, the lovers of elbow-room. Nominally they come there to open farms, to 'take up homes,' but they are really there because it is the last new patch in the north-west, because just beyond it is virgin land, because it is, even in this twentieth century, a 'frontier,' the latest maps showing half the rivers, only over its border to north, as mere uncertain dots, the result of hearsay rather than of survey.

Sadie Dixon, like a girl in a story-book, was up here to make a living for herself, and I would make her a schoolmarm too, only she