

oaks, evidencing a richer soil. The from the billsides had slowly formed fat earth. Under the oaks, almost stood a rough, unpainted cabin, the f which, with chairs and hammocks, ut of doors bed chamber. Daylight's in everything. The clearing was ire and berry bush, and even each had the water/personally conducted irrigation channels were everywhere of them the water was running. ed eagerly into his visitor's face for

think of it, eh?"

i, but the joy and satisfaction that contented the little man.

and brought them up. Come on and mmer," was Daylight's verdict, after

nd sampling, as they turned back for

was a surprise. The cooking being all, lean-to kitchen, the whole cabin iving room. A great table in the midtably littered with books and magarailable wall space, from floor to ceil-ed by filled book shelves. It seemed he had never seen so many books e place. Skins of wildcat, 'coop and n the pine board floor. yself, and tanned them, too," Fergu-

feature of the room was a huge fireones and bowlders.

eif," Ferguson proclaimed, "and by Never a ...isp cf smoke anywhere inted channel, and that during the big

Wny was he hiding away here in and his books? He was nobody's and see 'hat. Then, why? The whole age of adventure, and Daylight ac-tion to supper, half prepared to find don to supper, null prepared to sort ait and nut eater or some similar sort (the latter shot by Ferguson), they d Daylight found the little man had He ate whatever he liked and all uch combinations as exht him disagreed with his digestion. surmised that he might be touched quest about as he would in a converhe most divergent topics, he could ess or unusualness. So it was m they had washed and wiped the em away and had settled down to a the that Daylight put his question. guson. Ever since we got together about to find out what's wrong with screw loose somewhere, but ceeded. What are you doing here, made you come here? living before you came here? Go ate yourself."

he began, "the doctors wound up by or me. Gave me a few months at er a course in sanitariums and a trip tother to Hawaii. They tried elec-feeding and fasting. I was a graderything in the curriculum. their bills, while I went from bud ble with me was twofold. First kling, and next I was living unnatork and responsibility and strain. ditor of the Times-Tribune mentally, for the Times-Tribune and most influential paper in San ways had been so.

strong enough for the strain. Of vent back on me, and my mind, too, It had to be bolstered up with whisgood for it any more than was the hotels good for my stomach and the vas what ailed r

s shoulders and drew at his pipe. etors gave me up I wound up my the doctors up. That was fifteen been hunting through here when I intions from college, and when I was t seemed a yearning came to me to untry. So I quit, guit everything. ame to live in the Valley Indian name, you know, for Sonoma the lean-to the first year; then I l sent for my books. I never knew as before, nor health. Look at me tell me that I look forty-seven. a day over forty," Daylight con-

came here I looked nearer sixty. en years ago." g, and Daylight looked at the world

Here was a man, neither bitter laughed at the city dwellers and cs; a man who did not care for om the lust for power had long r the friendship of the city dwell in no uncertain terms.

In no uncertain terms. do, all the chaps 1 knew, the chaps whom I'd been check by jowl for v long? I was not beholden to them when I slipped out there was not rop me a line and say, 'How ars hything I can do for you?' For sev-in "What's become of Fergusor?" s.--What's become of Ferguson? me a reminiscence and a memory. of them knew I had nothing but hat I'd always lived a lap ahead

u do now?" was Daylight's query. sh to buy clothes and magazines or a month's work now and again, nter or picking grapes in the fall, odd jobs with the farmers through o't need much, so I don't have to of my time I spend fooling around do hack work for the magazines at 1 prefer the ploughing and the t look at me and you can see why And I like the work. But I tell break in to it. It's a great thing to pick m to it. It's a great thing to pick grapes a whose long day the end of it with that tired, happy being in a state of physical col-tee—those big stones! I was soft nic, alcoholic degenerate, with the nic, alcoholic degenerate, with the and about one per cent as much of those big stones nearly broke heart. But I persevered and used 'ay nature intended it should be over a desk and swilling whiskey here I am, a better man for it, and , fine and dandy, ch?

he about the Klondike, and how rancisco upside down with that You're a bonny fighter, you ch my imagination, though my me that you are a lunatic like 'or power! It's a dreadful afficou stay in your Klondike? Or out and live a natural life, for You see, I can ask questions, and let me listen for a while " ten o'clock that Daylight parted he rode along through the starto him of buying the ranch on the valley. There was no thought ar intending to live on it. His rancisco. But he liked the ranch, got back to the office he would ns with Hillard. Besides, the elay pit, and it would give him r Holdsworthy if he ever tried

Be Continued)





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