

threw them into the stove. Joe was on his feet in a second.

"Say, them papers!" he cried.

Kate put up a hand to his lips, but Joe brushed it aside. She stood facing him. Jocelyn and Dick, clutching each other by the hand under the table, were revelling in this battle for supremacy.

"It's got to be as I sez," cried Joe authoritatively. "I ain't leavin' Dyke Hole—I'm sheriff!"

"Just so, Joe,—dear. You're sheriff," said Kate, with something approaching maternal tenderness. "But you won't be when—when you're my husband."

FINIS