

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

smile toward Nance she said, looking at her as though only now aware of her presence: "What a nice thought! And so men do enough for you already—or is it the story of the Fox and the Grapes?" and she wrapped her words up in a laugh. "But though I am a woman myself," she added, "I can say, because I am not speaking personally, that there are women for whose sake men do things without being asked."

"That's so, that's so," agreed Innes, bowing low to nobody in particular, genially "oiled," it would appear, tapping unpleasantness, and desiring to make things pleasant. "O the power of woman! Helen of Troy, and that sort of thing. Cleopatra, and—and——" he tailed off, "and Potiphar's wife, you know," he murmured to Sam, who stood beside him. "Whoo—I must sober up! I had two or three shots before we came over, and they're operating now. I feel squiffy. Well, come along, you people."

They drifted away, nodding adieux, and as the last of them disappeared in the strip of jungle between the ranches, Miss Walters giggled.

"That was supposed to be a smack at you, Nance," she said. "I miss a lot of these sort of remarks that members of my sex sometimes go in for, but you are evidently supposed to know nothing about men doing things for women. Her face added *that!*"

"Oh, it's nothing," answered Nance. "I'm sorry for Mr. Marsden. He's getting quite upset. He comes in and talks to us sometimes at home,