

Justin Wingate, Ranchman

I have marked here I desire made right, so far as they can be made right. I don't want you to give away money to anybody. Money isn't to be shaken out of every tree, except by a man like Fogg. Pay whatever is just, but no more. The names are here, and the amounts. I have been generous in the estimates, and you will have no call to go farther than I have."

He put the papers in Justin's hands.

"There; I turn this business, and all the rest of my business, over to you! And you and Lucy may get married as soon as you like. Consult with Fogg concerning the land to be sold."

The blue eyes smiled from the deep sockets, and the face was softer and more kindly. Already Davison had a higher and more satisfactory opinion of himself.

"You are my son, Justin. I have no other son now; and we will try to be to each other what we ought to have been all these years."

"Father!"

Justin's voice trembled; and though when he stood erect he towered above other men, he humbled himself now as a child, and laid his first kiss of love on his father's wasted cheek.