

LOST FARM CAMP

special fond of her. That hoss knowed her step and used to whinner afore he seed her comin'. She 'most allus had a piece of maple sugar for 'em. I reckon that helped 'em remember, likewise. I used to go o'er their way some, too, in the evenin's. Jules he never said much, but smoked. Me and Nanette done most of the talkin', sech as we could, seein' I war n't no Frencher, but nex' to a hoss a woman kin understand some things 'bout talkin' 'most as good as a hoss kin.

"Wal, it was goin' on three year I'd been comin' in the evenin's, sayin' to myself I'd ast her nex' time, but nex' time I come I'd set the figure how to go at it, bein' short on the French words, to make a good job of it, and one night — wal, anyhow — I ast her and she promised. Said she'd take me along with the hosses so 'st to keep us all t'gither. Said she liked Gray Billy more 'n she done me, — jokin', fur sure, — but she war n't jokin' when she put her hands out and said, quiet-like, jest as I was leavin' her thar in the moonlight, 'Bud, I know you good to Gray Billy and Gray Tom and I know you be good to me.'

"It war n't jest what I calc'lated she'd say, if I done any calc'latin' jest then, but it sounded like it was so. And it was.

"Wal, we went to keepin' house, and was as