

"Oh, yes, you will. Clyde's money ——"

"Hang her money! Don't throw that up to me."

"Nonsense! Don't be so touchy. I wish *I* had it. You'll go where there are people and things happening. You'll keep the ranch, but Tom will look after it."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes. You won't be idle — you're not that kind — but you'll find other interests, and the money may be a stepping-stone. She's a dear girl, Casey. Be good to her."

"I couldn't be anything else. You n dln't tell me I'm not worthy of her; I know it."

"You're worthy of any girl," she said firmly. "Not a bit of hot air, either, old boy. I almost fell in love with you myself."

"By George!" he exclaimed, "there were times when I wondered how much I thought of you."

She laughed, well pleased. "We know the difference now, don't we? What a mistake it would have been! I'm glad we kept these thoughts to ourselves — glad we never played at being in love. Now we can talk without fear of misunderstanding. Somehow, now, the years here seem like a dream to me. Yes, I know they've been busy years, crowded with work for both of us; but just now they don't seem real. We seem — I seem — to be standing at the boundary of a new life. All that