

as Baff and Willard were. He could homestead a hundred and sixty acres under his own canal and be happy in it until she or Rickart or somebody of the same stripe came along and took it away from him.

"I could have stopped Rickart this time if they'd only pulled together," he affirmed.

"Yes, if you only had."

"Me?" he said; "well, I like that!"

"Yes, you, honey. It was a lovely plan and a fine feeling, but how much did you actually do?"

"They could n't pull together."

"Oh, I *heard* you, Ken. It's true they were n't with you, but then you were n't within a mile of *them*. Maybe if you'd been a little closer, they could have come the rest of the way." Anne, he thought, hit harder than she knew. But Anne thought she knew exactly.

"If he slumps now," she said to Ellis, "he's done for." Actually the greatest restraint she had put upon herself was that she might not swamp him with expedients to fortune such as sprang incessantly from her active brain.

Two influences combined to weave for Kenneth the frame of mind into which his young manhood had fallen as into a snare, influences proceeding out of that secret, submerged childish life; the consoling, sufficing presence of the Torr' and the corroding touch of his mother's private dissatisfactions. The one of these sustained him in the feeling he had of being born to live upon the earth and work it; the other obscurely served to push him farther still from *Tierra Longa*. Though he did not recognize it as such, there was something of his mother in the resentment he cherished against Rickart, who, after so many years of almost parental interest, had been willing to make him the