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With an air of brusque impatience, as if it had been minded to pass by a spot of earth so insignificant, the long overland wain halted before the tiny box of a station that introduced the traveling world to Hereford City. A few pieces of baggage and express matter were shot out upon the platform, while from the last sleeper, so far in the rear as to seem alton or outside the corporate limits of the ground with CHAPTER I

fore her features were fully revealed. Then, with blatant grumbling, as if wholly exasperated at so much time wasted, the heavy train strained doggedly onward toward the glowing west, and Hereford City was left to a desolation which seemed akin to shipwreck. Edith Ellery stood for a moment mo-

tionless on the bare, weather beaten platform, glancing expectantly around the assembled faces, her gaze rather blankstraying on to the frame section house across the way, like the station neatly painted in that dark red brown beloved of the Union Pacific railroad, surprisedly considering the untidy array of sheds and corrals that littered the foreground nearer the tracks and the ruge water tank on the other side, with the engine house squatting in its shadow, from the door of which the blue shirted engineer returned her gaze with meditative interest. These, with a few empty cattle cars on a side track, appeared to comprise all that man had been able to do for Hereford City. She had an annoyed consciousness that she had become an object of quite intense interest to all the small community.

A slatternly woman appeared in the open doorway of the section house, unceremoniously brushing the children out of the way while she usurped their place on the step. A couple of men, who had been lounging in the rear of the cow sheds, strolled heavily nearer. The alert young station agent plainly had one eye upon her while he delivered some of the late arrived express matter to a man of the cowboy type who also betrayed his interest in covert glances, while a mangy dog, having the advantage over his human competitors in freedom from conventional restraint, walked up, sniffing about her gown with sanguine demoustrations of friendliness.

There had been a distinct expression of surprise and discomfiture in the first friendly face was there to bid her welcome, which now was deepening into Sleeping Cars something like consternation as she smiled, Miss Ellery noted as she drove which she found herself, to all intents, sinking within her she still wore a stur-Sleeping Cars dy little air of self reliance as she made her way toward the observant gentle- He was clothed in the gray corduroy so

man in the official cap.
"I was expecting the Ellery carriage to meet me-from the K 6 ran h," she began, with a questioning inflection, a



"I was expecting the Ellery carriage to meet me." certain peremptory note sounding out of the polished sweetness of her voice, hinting that she had been schooled to expect all possible attention as no less than her legitimate right.

"They don't appear to be here," the young man superfluously observed, nerv-ously pulling at the cuas drawn over his shirt sleeves, as his glance reverted to a buckboard with a restless pair of horses waiting at a little distance. "Oh, I say, Brown!" he called out, at which the young man of the cowboy appearance, who had started toward the team with a box balanced upon his shoulder, turned back inquiringly. "Know if the Ellery outfit is likely to

"We haven't seen anything of them at our place today," flushing ingenu- congruous than the lack of pistols and ously as he spoke to the young lady. long hair in his general makeup. "They usually get down about noon, when they come.

"But I telegraphed from Denver the day before yesterday," she quickly protested, with a woman's unconscious trick of seeming to hold all men at once accountable for her mishaps. 'Surely the message must have reached them.' 'Probably you wired by way of Chey-

vaguely discouraging. "Certainly. That was the direction they gave me: 'No doubt. But a wire must go by mail from Cheyenne to-Big Cow Creek, isn't it?-just so, and the mails in this part of the country ain't like death and taxes for certainty. Probably your message got laid over somewhere Your friends may get it today and be along

tomorrow all right. "But meanwhile what am I to do?"

cried the giri anxiously, her giance wistfully following the gleaming lines of rail marking a straight pathway to-ward the red and gold of the western "Is there a train by which I can get back to Cheyenne tonight?"
"None but the freight at 11:30, which

ouldn't be pleasant for you, even if they were allowed to carry passengers, which they are not," he replied, his face clouded over with kindly concern. "Can I get a team to take me on to the K 6 ranch?"

'They might send somebody over with you from Cameron's," brightening at this possible solution of the difficulty. "How won. "to be about that, Brown?" "I guess we could manage that all the young man said, who had put down his box and lingered with evident desire to assist if he might. "We

feetly well if the Ellerys don't put in an appearance.' "In the morning!" she exclaimed, with frank dissatisfaction. "But why

can take you over in the morning per-

not tonight? Why, mainly because it is thirty odd miles and rather a blind trail even by daylight. It is half past 7 now. It would be an hour later before we could possibly get started from the ranch, and the night will be dark. I would not like to undertake it, knowing the road as little as I do, and I'm sure there is nobody at Cameron's any better posted about it.

"But there seems to be no hotel," her glance ranging ruefully over the unpromising array of buildings. "But I can take you over to Camer-

on's," said the young man, with friendly eagerness. 'Of course you could not

think of stopping here."
"Indeed, no! You will have to go over to Cameron's," put in the agent decidedly. "You will be very comfortable over there, while here—well, you see how it is," with a shrug which was amply expressive. "Mrs. Flannigan, over at the section house, has a lot of navvies boarding with her, besides hav ing the place about knee deep with kids. I bunk in the office and bach-rustle my own grub, you know. It is too bad. but really, as things are, I would not ask a cat to stay here."

A few minutes later the buckboard was rattling on its way, making toward a low line of hills which cut off the northern horizon at close range, Edith keeping an anxious eye on her belongings piled high in the rear, all of which she was secretly persuaded, were in imminent danger of being jolted to the ground. They presently came to a gate in a barbed wire fence, and the young man, stopping the team, jumped out to open it.

"And shall I take the reins?" asked Miss Ellery, holding out her daintily gloved hands. Her smile, if somewhat condescending, evidently meant to be

"If you would not mind," returning the smile with interest. "And could glance around, comprehending that no you drive through the gate? The horses are perfectly gentle." He was a handsome fellow as he

grasped the limitations of this place in by him-a brawny, blond giant, with even, white teeth gleaming under the alone, with night so near at hand. But heavy mustache, a shade lighter than his Edith Ellery was not given to nervous close cropped hair; with honest, laughtremors, and although she felt her heart ing gray eyes that looked up with a glance like a grasp of the hand in its frank assurance of cordial good will. popular among the cattlemen, the pantaloons tucked in the tops of a pair of high russet leather boots; his wide brimmed felt hat was turned up in front in that rakish but becoming cowboy fashion, the red silk handkerchief care lessly knotted about his neck supplying the one bit of color needed to make per-fect the artistic harmony of the whole costume. It was a figure to subtly suit the western landscape, she thought, with a glance toward the small, leather covered box which told of a taste for amateur photography. If he had had a couple of pistols and a bowie knife perhaps protruding from his belt-with a distinct sense of relief at noting that he had not-and if, in a general way, he had looked rather more lawless and dan gerous, he might have posed as an ideal type of the wild west. As it was, she would have been glad if she might have turned the effective glance of that small black box upon him as he stood there, with lithe, unconscious grace, holding

back the gate. She blushed faintly, suddenly conscious that, in the preoccupation of considering an interesting subject for the camera, her gaze had been prolonged to a degree which, even to the presumably dull perception of a cowboy, might seem rather to exceed the bounds of courtesy. 'Is that all there is of it-Hereford City?" she asked, with ready effort to divert his attention, nodding back at the place they had left, the little huddle of buildings dwarfed to pathetic insignificance, almost lost upon the measure-

less stretch of dun colored plains. 'It seems a good deal like giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, doesn't it?" he laughed as he resumed his place beside her. There was a slight flash of surprise in Miss Elery's averted eyes. Shakespeare on the lips of a cowboy seemed rather more in-

'The name seems rather a misfit," she remarked, furtively measuring him with another glance.

"Well, rather, but I suppose, at the outset, there was a city here-on paper. These places are generally planted out with no end of great expectations, only in this case the seed seems to have fallen upon stony ground." "And how far is it to this Camer-

enne," the agent suggested, his tone on's?" she irrelevantly demanded, somewhat dubiously regarding the road thead, which seemed to be leading away into an unbroken wilderness. "Only about three miles, though I am afraid it may seem to you longer," with a deprecating smile. "There is a certain over and overishness about the scenery

which seems appreciably to lengthen the

miles, and especially to a stranger. You will find it a tiresome trip, I am afraid."

the air after the dusty, stuny cars. Her tone had grown insensibly more friendly. The refinement of his speech, his easy courtesy, indicating no small-est consciousness of any social difference which might count to his disadvantage, tended to deepen her impression that this could be no common cowboy. "And do you live there?" she asked interest edly, pursuing her own train of thought.

stopping there for a couple of months say something. I am there off and on. I have a place of my own over on Lost rivernot much of a place"-as if fearful of seeming boastful-"but, such as it is, I live there when I am at home. I have

been breaking horses at Cameron's." and on, be "Oh!" returned Miss Ellery, with a just now. slight falling inflection. She was conscious of a vague disappointment, coupled with a sort of unreasoning resentment, as if he had been guilty of willful misrepresentation. Any distinction which might appear in her mind between a cowboy and an acknowledged . horse breaker could only be to the advantage of the former. With methods of companion as if he had not heard the deduction wholly feminine, she lumped query, indicating with his whip a all persons having avowed connection group of low buildings scattered in dark with that scapegoat of race track gam- silbouette in the valley ahead, where a bling, the horse, in one category of water course was plainly indicated by an sporting characters, all more or less dis-

reputable. no limit, line upon line of dull faded greens and browns and shadowy grays merging into hazy blues and purples at the horizon line. No tree or shrub or distinct object of any sort broke the monotony, that was as bare and starved of beauty as though God had completely forsaken this part of his world. But soon, passing through another gate, they came upon cattle innumerable, sleek, well fed creatures, all raising their heads to stare with wild, shy eyes, as the buckboard passed them noisily ly. "The cattle are looking well this

year," the young man observed after a little, with evident desire for making "Are they?" she dryly returned. Then, as if somewhat regretting the

snubbing tone of the speech, she added, "I am afraid that I am rather lacking in appreciation of cattle." 'Indeed," smiling amusedly, with a glance that asked for explanation. "Do

you share the usual feminine prejudice against their horns?" "Ah, they are objectionable in so many ways. They are so aggressively large, don't you know?" half laughing. In spite of herself, as it seemed, her manner would grow almost too friendly as she encountered the cordial good will of his smiling glance. "And then I can never get over the idea, given sufficient provocation, they might bite."

"Bite!" with a big, hearty laugh. 'You have never been west before, I

"No; this is my first experience." "And-perhaps the question has not grown quite stale yet-may I ask what you think of it up to date?'

of it," she returned, looking away, with an elusive smile. "In other words, you are not in love "Oh, I don't believe in love at first

"Well, there seems to be a good deal

sight under any circumstances. 'No-don't you?'' regarding her rather fixedly, with a broad smile. "And I have had so much to do to correct my preconceived ideas that I

have hardly had time to analyze my impressions yet." "And in what particular has it disappointed you?" 'I did not say that it had disappointed me. It is only a little-different.

For instance, these plains. I had imagined the plains as a vast stretch of country lying perfectly flat.' "'Flat, stale and unprofitable'-that is what a good many have found it all, A shadow flitted across his I fancy. face which hinted that he might have been speaking out of his own experi-ence. "But of course you are not going to charge it up against the country that it is spiced with a little more variety than you had anticipated, if it only happens to be a few feet here and there

in the matter of altitude." "Oh, no; it is quite an improvement on my expectations in that particular. And the people—I had somehow looked for a rougher class than I have met as yet," she said slowly, with a sharp glance at him. Perhaps, incidentally, this young man might be good enough to explain if he were to be taken as a fair type of the genus cowboy.

"Did you look for Indians in warpaint and cutthroats in the guise of cowboys to stand in the foreground of every landscape, firing their guns and flourishing bowie knives?" he laughed. 'That is rather a common eastern conception of the wild and woolly west, I believe; but, you will discover, the sentiment in favor of dying with one's boots on is rather out of date now in Wyoming, while it is not considered good form under any circumstances to these days.

"That was hardly my idea," drawing herself up stiffly, rather ruffled at the chaffing tone.

"At all events, it is very nice that we somewhat exceed your expectations. It is a great thing even to come up to other people's expectations, as a rule, to say nothing of going beyond." He added, with abrupt irrelevancy, as though of a sudden guessing that she was not quite pleased with his careless joking, the way, from the top of the next rise we shall see Cameron's place-the house, that is. Of course all this land

is a part of the ranch." "So soon?" with frank surprise. "It has not seemed like three miles!" There was a flash in the gray eyes that might have meant masculine vanity well pleased, and she hastened to add, her face warming with a sudden, unreasoning flush, "And is this place a sort of

"About as near an approach to such an institution as you will be likely to Dr. Price's C an Ba in Pe vder "Oh, no! It is pleasant to be out in find in this part of the country." he re-

gestion. "They don't hang out any sign, but they are always ready to take in whoever comes along and offer the best they have.'

"The lady of the house-Mrs. Cameron, I suppose-must be a model sort of housekeeper to be always prepared for company in a place where there appear to be no markets around the corner. "At Cameron's? Oh, I have been the girl went on carelessly, merely to

"Mrs. Cameron!" with an accent of surprise, almost of embarrassment, "Oh, the family don't live here, you know. They make their headquarters at Cheyenne. Mr. Cameron is down off and on, but he don't happen to be here

"But who does live here, then?" Miss Ellery indifferently demanded, looking ahead. It did not occur to her to feel any particular concern as to who her hostess might be so long as it appeared unquestionable that she was to be properly entertained.

"There is the place!" exclaimed her irregular line of trees. "That is honse-the frame bailding, with the red They were going at a brisk pace over roof, near the windmill. The great soda rolling country that seemed to have house at the right was built when the ranch was first taken up, but it is almost in ruins and is only used as a barn now. The new house is not much to even fitted up quite handsomely. Occasionally Mrs. Cameron comes down and fills the house with a great party of her friends, for the roundups, or perhaps for a hunt, and the rooms are always kept in readiness for her."

"There seems to be almost a small village," remarked Edith, curiously studying the cluster of dark blotches on the twilight grayness of the landscape. "Some of the objects that look like

houses at this distance are only the sod walls of corrals, and others are mostly sheds, toolhouses and the like," he explained, his attention occupied with holding back the horses, rendered fretful by the evident nearness of their

"And who did you say lives here?" "Oh, there are only the foreman, Mr. Blythe, and six boys-cow punchers, you know-besides the cook and myself. stopping here at present," he returned unconcernedly, halting the team before Miss Ellery gazed at him in blank

surprise, too much overcome with dismay to think of accepting the reins he half offered. 'And is there nobody else?' she faltered incredulously. "Nobody, barring the stranger withour gates," with a friendly little smile which seemed to bid her welcome

as he returned to the wagon after he had led the horses through the gate. "And is the cook a—cowboy, too?" she demanded, eying him severely, as though she would call him to account for a condition of things which began to appear so wholly objectionable, not

to say terrifying. "Well, by brevet rank, I fancy, counts himself one, "smiling amusedly; then, with a quick change of expression as he caught sight of the cold discontent so sharply expressed upon her face: "But-oh, I say, it is all right, you know. Of course I should not have brought you otherwise. You will have the family quarters quite to yourself, which you may find a bit dull and lonely, but"-hesitating, with a frankly mortified face, "you will be at least

comfortable and-perfectly safe. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Indian Tribes and Nations.

The difference between "tribes" and 'nations' of Indians is not generally understood, the two terms being frequently confounded. Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse thus marks the distinction: "The Seneca Nation is composed of eight tribes, and this nation is as distinct among Indians as France, Germany and England are distinct among the na tions of Europe. The six nations composing the original confederacy of the Iroquois, one of the most powerful confederacies ever known among primitive peoples, included the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Mohawks and the Oneidas. The Tuscaroras were added in 1723. The name Iroquois was not their proper Indian name, but was derived I believe, from the French and has been used instead of Ho-de-mansan-ne, which, being interpreted, signified the people of the long house. Only three of the original nations retain reservations in New York state, the Mohawks, Cayugas and Oneidas having crossed the border to Canada with Brant and Sir William Johnson during the Revolutionary war."

The Retort Courteous

In the course of the debate on the bill to dismiss railway postal clerks Mr. snuff the candles with six shooters in Grosvenor of Ohio was giving the house the benefit of his knowledge of the experience in the postal service as far as appointees in his own district were concerned. He thought that if the bill were amended so as to require the old employees to pass an examination and grade 50 per cent not one of the dismissed clerks, who, of course, were all Democrats, would come within 1,000 miles of getting back. The gentleman is a distinguished

nember of congress," said Mr. Pendleton of West Virginia. "Does he think he could pass the examination required to enter the railway postal service?' "I think so," said Mr. Grosvenor,

"if the gentleman from West Virginia had to put the questions."-Washington Post.

Every Time. Don't fool with a wasp because you

think he looks weak and tired. You will find out he's all right in the end.