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[CONTINUED.] They were now well out mi open plains, the road, crossed and re-crossed with the deeply trodden trails of cattle, mere wheel marks, at best but little worn from travel, all so uncer-tainly defined that Edith copprehended fully Brown's objection to lertaking the trip by night. Larry seem to

numbers, looking up from their grazing with heavy eyed curiosity, sometimes a sullen faced Taurus moving a little toward them, as if with balf formulated thoughts of battle, while from a rise ahead, so imperceptible that it seemed that they might almost have risen out of the earth itself, a band of horses presently crossed the way, exquisitely graceful in their lithe, free motions.

It reminded Paul Brown to speak of the roundup, and seeing that she looked Single trip \$3.00. Round trip \$5.00 interested he went on to describe the scene when thousands of cattle were gathered together upon a plain like that, the wild, frightened creatures For Passenger and Freight Rates cowed to momentary helplessness, but ready to make a mad break for liberty at any moment. He told of the hundreds of riders swiftly circling around the herd upon the wiry little cow ponies, as intelligently trained in the running down of an unruly cow as the riders themselves. He described the routine of the roundup, its hardships and dangers; the extempore circus, with bucking horses scarcely more than half broken, which regularly begins the day; the long hours of riding in the fierce sunshine, often where gold could not purchase one drop of good water. He told of the dreariness of the night herding, when, worn with the labors of the long, hard day, the rest of the camp all sleeping, the poor cowboys told off for that duty must ride about the surly herd hour after hour, always singing, partly to keep themselves awake, but more to keep the animals diverted and prevent them from "milling," that crazy whirling round and round which may end in a stampede; going on to paint the horrors of that stampede by night, when the maddened herd must be rounded up and halted, though to venture before those flying hoofs might mean no less than death for somebody. He told "of moving accidents by flood and field," between at Cameron's. When they do ever encouraged to go on by the girl's come, we consider that the luck is all

experiences. '

'And your brother is a cowmansmile. "If he attends the roundup, it Sleeping Cars is only for the fun of it."

"While you have had the work," her glance undisguisedly questioning. "Yes. I have had the work," smiling and shrugging his broad shoulders as he spoke, "but then there is some fun about it too. By the way, have you no-

ticed that object ahead?' "A carriage! Do you think-can it be really Hugh?" eagerly peering ahead, flushing faintly with a consciousness that in the interest of this man's talk she had almost forgotten this possibility of encountering the carriage from the

"It is the Ellery outfit," he pronounced, although the carriage was still too far away for its occupants to be recognized. "It is the only four-in-hand in Wyoming, so far as I know." His smile was slightly sardonic. Of this, however, Miss Ellery was unconscious, being wholly absorbed in looking ahead. This turnout of Ellery's, a handsome victoria drawn by four spirited horses, so incongruous in its splendor against the grim background of bare plains, was generally regarded as a fit subject for good humored smiles among his un-

assuming neighbors. "I am so glad that you will be spared the rest of the long drive," Miss Ellery remarked, with a slight accession of dignity, as if with the approach of her friends she had remembered afresh who she was and to what sphere of life it had pleased heaven to call her.

ROUTE "Are you?" he dryly returned. "Well, perhaps you will "You are very kind," she has terrupted, "but I am sure that I have given you trouble enough Ah, it is"-in an ecstatic tone, excitedly fluttering a ly"handkerchief, radiantly pretty in her delight,—"it is Nelsine and Hugh and

the children!" In a moment more the sisters-in-law ly. were clasped in tumultuous embrace, pouring out incoherent exclamations of joy between even more confused efforts at mutual explanation. Hugh Ellery, a broad shouldered, blond whiskered, sunburned and handsome fellow of 30; whose own greeting had been cut short by the irrepressible enthusiasm of hes wife, sat smiling sympathetically at their rapture, while Brown waited rath-

what to do. "Oh, the baggage!" exclaimed Ellery, comprehending the dilemma. "There is a team a little behind, coming for that, so just throw the small traps in there and drive on a bit with the rest, won't you, like a good fellow?'

"To think of our not getting your telegram until last night!" cried Mrs. Ellery between two kisses. She was a him?' tall, strikingly graceful woman of the brunette type, sparkling with life, her black eyes flashing with a sort of mag- Wyoming."

Simply that he is Brown of Lost thing to eat? You have been satisfied with the world, the flesh and the devil for the time being." netic fire that held all glances captive.

pretty, humming bird sort of restlessness, how it was that her husband's eyes were always turning toward her with a kind of doglike devotion in their gray depths. "We had happened to be invited out to tea at a neighbor's, ten miles away, and it was 10 o'clock when we reached home. Ah, I was perfectly frantic when we found your telegrape. frantic when we found your telegram there waiting for us. I wanted to start right off, lut it was so dark, and Hugh was persuaded that you would know how to take care of yourself perfectly well. He says you always do."
"He is very kind, but I might have

found it rather difficult last night but for Mr. Brown," Edith hastily interpolated, with a smile of sweet friendliness at the young man. Now that all her anxieties were at an end she was in a radiant good humor. "If he had not wened to be at the station"—
"And so you went on to Cameron's and were there all the while. How perfectly lovely!" or and Mrs. Fillery and the station of the stati

fectly lovely!" cried Mrs. Ellery raptur-"Oh, we were sure that you would manage just right.' But it was Mr. Brown who did all the managing," the girl protested, with "You must give him all the

"It was only a matter of luck that I happened to be over at the station, but of course I am very glad," he said, smiling back at her gratefully over his work of stowing her small baggage in the front of the carriage, where it considerably threatened the legs of the two small boys, who sat looking on in shy

"Ah, the poor children will be crushed under my things! Come here, you derlings. I want you both on my lap. Aid shall I offer to pay him for the team and for his trouble, Nelsine?" she whispered hurriedly behind a small

bey's back. "He has been so kind."
"Not for the world!" returned the other energetically. "He would take it as an insult. It was so fortunate for Miss Ellery that you happened to be there," she went on, turning to the young man with that radiant smile which, to most men, had been a reward sufficient for any service. "And we are so much obliged to you and to every-body at Cameron's. I wish we could have been sure that she was in such

The wagon from the ranch had just come up, and Paul Brown, with the driver of the team, was engaged in transferring Miss Ellery's trunk from the back of the buckboard. The work kept him silent for a moment, but he turned around with a gay, infectious laugh which showed all his firm, white teeth. "Hospitality, like virtue, is its own reward sometimes, Mrs. Ellery," he said. "Angels' visits are few and far

tomed garrulity. "My brother is not a tion with a vivacious flow of question- the garden beyond, the tiny flow laugh-Sleeping Cars good correspondent. He has told us so ing and talk which left no thought to little of this western life, of these wild spare for the young fellow still standing beside the carriage.

a cowboy. There is a vast distinction through down there?" asked Ellery, dehave quite a bunch of colts that ought

to be broken, and I was wanting to see you, to ask when you could come over.' "Why, as to that, I ought to be get ting back to my own place, I believe, Mr. Ellery," the young man returned, with an air of uncertainty, his eyes fixed upon the ground. "How soon

would you want me?" "Right now, if it would suit you-as soon as you get through at Cameron's." "I'm about through there now,

but"-"You might come for a month now if you can give us no longer and then some for another in the fall," urged El-

lery rather anxiously.
"Well, perhaps if that will do," he hesitantly agreed, with a half glance at the back seat of the carriage as he turned back toward his own team. "I have my own horse at Cameron's and will ride over in the course of a week or so if I can arrange it to come. Otherwise I will drop you a line."

The ladies were paying no heed to anything besides their own absorbing conversation, but aroused by seeing him moving to go Edith started forward impulsively. "Oh, Mr. Brown, are you going? You must let me thank you again," peremptorily holding out a small, gloved hand. The man had been really kind, and now that she might never lay eyes on him again, for she had not heard a word of the arrangement her brother had been making she felt that she could well afford to be gracious. "I appreciate all your kindness so much.

You need not have shaken hands with him, dearie," murmured Nelsine in her ear, "but of course you could not know. His manners are so gentleman-

"Except perhaps when he happens to be exhorting the bucking and impenitent broncho," laughed Hugh parenthetical-

"But he was so very kind, you know, and I could not pay him"-"He probably considers himself munificently rewarded now," laughed her brother teasingly.

"There is something almost suspiciously refined about that young man's manner," observed Mrs. Ellery reflectively. "It seems as if he must have a history, as if he might be hiding in this er awkwardly in the road, uncertain out of the world place for some reason." "Ah, Nelsine, your imagination, if

devoted to sensational literature, would make your fortune," observed her hus-band indulgently. "As for poor Brown, though, give the devil his due and stick to what you know about him." But he does not seem quite like a common cowboy, really," put in Edith

interestedly. "What do you know about "Simply that he is Brown of Lost for the time being."
"I have, my d ar, certainly, and the

"It seems rather odd," murmured

the girl thoughtfully, looking away. "It is suspiciously odd," pronounced Mrs. Ellery decidedly. "I am sure that he has a history." CHAPTER II. The buildings of the K 6 ranch were

little plateau dotted over with box elder trees, forming a natural park at a bend of the shallow creek. The small stream deserved its name of Big Cow creek only by way of comparison with a tiny consort three miles or so across the country, to which it became united a few miles below. In point of beauty in-deed both deserved fairer titles, but the early settlers of Wyoming were practical souls, given to considering every object with reference to their particular interest, the cow. In all the country round no fairer grazing ground might be found than this, where the cattle might revel knee high in grasses in this blossom time of June. The val-ley was walled in on either side by abrupt, flat topped heights, revealing the boundaries of the ancient river, and along the banks ran a procession of old elder trees, gnarled and twisted as though they had joyously wrestled with the winds of centuries, their fresh foliage a glory of green and gold, while here and there an old cottonwood towered head and shoulders above the others almost somber in the dignity of duller and darker dress. Crowding down from the hills into luxuriant masses on the banks of the stream was a gay riot of wild flowers of every hue, as if, for this brief carnival time of summer, nature had been minded to give beauty for

ashes with mad prodigality. The house was a low, rambling structure, complacently violating every known law of architectural style in the series of additions which had grown upon the first settler's cabin, but within it was most ingeniously contrived for both comfort and convenience, lacking few of those luxuries that have come to

be the necessities of modern refinement. "It is not in the least an ideal cattle ranch," Edith declared, with a laughing affectation of disappointment. "I must reconstruct my ideas from first to last. I came expecting to 'rough it,' and find silk portieres and Persian rugs, high art furniture and the latest books. I feel that I have been a victim of misplaced confidence; that 'the wild and woolly west' is a myth. This is a para-

dise. She was lying in a hammock in the shade of the wide piazza, that, save for one broad entrance way, was all walled in on its open sides with vines of wild cucumber. Through that wreathed opening one looked down a velvety slope of lawn to the creek, across which a noble group of trees joined hands, flickering lights chasing each other across the polever encouraged to go on by the girl's come, we consider that the luck is all rant attention.

"Ah, it is all so interesting!"

"What a charming remark! Miss Ellery must thank you again," cried Mratellery pleasantly, at once, however, shamefaced consciousness of unaccus proceeding to engross her guest's attention with a vivacious flow of cuestion. ing, gurgling and rollicking on its way with ten times the noise and jollity of the murmuring creek below. Between the swaying branches one caught a sapphire flash here and there of the water

winding about among the wild rose tnickets, as though searching out the fairest flowers, its low banks guarded by a diminishing line of trees in fresh summer bravery softly outlined against the misty gray of the sandy bluffs below. Under the trees by the bridge, a pret-

ty picture against the background of shimmering greens, a young woman in a brown cotton gown, bareheaded, and with well rounded arms showing to the elbow, was feeding a flock of downy chickens, the clang of the spoon beating against the pan calling her charges together sounding like an accompaniment



Calling her charges together. phony of bird song and the hum of insect life, the soft swish of many leaves, and the melody of running water. Edith looked at all the fair picture with exquisite delight, but most of all she look-

ed at this girl. 'You have not had time yet to find out the thorns beneath the roses," returned Nelsine, almost with an air of pique, being, in fact, rather given to a certain enjoyment in the little airs of martyrdom she assumed by reason of her social isolation.

"I shall see nothing but the roses, my dear. I never saw so many together in all my life before. And to think that I actually have been wasting sympathy upon you, you wretched little impostor! You write charming letters, Nelsine, but you belong to the school of the impressionists. Your scenery is always delightfully vague and sketchy. I had imagined you in a howling wilderness.'

"Well, I think the wilderness is here, for all the roses. You forget that one of the drawbacks of Arcadia is a lack of "No, I don't. I count that in with

the roses and other blessings. Society is "Ah, you are like a man who had just dined, crying out, 'Who wants any-thing to eat?' You have been satiated

last may take the first and welcome, so far as I am concerned at this moment,' luxuriously swaying back and forth, enjoying the landscape with eyes half

"You are perfectly blasphemous, you conscienceless creature! I lament afresh

No. 44

grouped in picturesque disorder on a that we are 50 miles from church priv-What a relief it must be in the mat

ter of bonnets!" rejoined the girl, smiling incorrigibly. "For my own part, I shall appreciate the opportunity for finding 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and all that sort of thing, without the drawback of a congregation, but I suppose there are neighbors somewhere?" glauce speculatively ranging the distant hills.

"Oh, yes. Within a radius of 20 miles there are several families—such as they are. Good people, too, but you know the type"—shrugging her dainty shoul-ders. "Nottingham lace curtains in the parlor and 'God Bless Our Home' in

worsted work over the mantel." "I recognize the description, and is the young woman yonder one of the na-

tives?" "Artalissa" -- glancing down at tho young woman by the creek, who had now put down her pan and was gathering roses on the other side-"oh, Artalissa is from Nebraska!"

"Artalissa of Nebraska. What a fetching title that would be for a novel!"

idly amused with the idea. "I believe she might tell a bit of a story if she chose. I have heard some hints of a romance. Somebody-I think it was her sister-married her lover,' Nelsine explained, with the smiling indifference we accord to the tragedies of

other lives. "And so Artalissa's heart was broken," Edith rejoined, regarding the

girl with languid curiosity. "If it was, she believes in the theory of similia similibus curantur. In her limited sphere Artalissa is a dreadful flirt. The boys on the place are all dead in love with her, for which I am devoutly thankful, hoping they may amuse her sufficiently to induce her to

"Death to the frogs perhaps, but"-"Oh, men have died from time to time, but not for love," replied Nelsine, calmly cynical. "If it is fun for Artalissa, I am not disposed to worry about the frogs. The servant girl difficulty is too serious in Wyoming to be squeamish about trifles-another of the drawbacks of Arcadia. We have more than work enough here for two girls, but even with the bait of \$30 a month it is all we can do to find one. When I read of 200,000 working women on the verge of stervation in New York, it makes me furious. If only the sentimentalists and silly philanthropists would stop to A mg and writing about it and devote their energies toward bringing those starving women west, where they are needed"-

She is rather har Edith absently, her eyes following the girl. "There seems even a certain air of refinement about her. I should hardly have regarded her as belonging to that class.

"That class! For pity's sake, Edith, don't breathe such a reflection aloud!"

cried the other in comical dismay. "Artalissa belongs to the best society-in, Arcadia. She teaches a district school in the winter-with half a dozen scholars. In the summer she has done housework in certain well recommended families, partly, I believe, because of the little family unpleasantness before referred to, on account of which she pre-fers not to go home, and partly because of a canny eye to business. And I suppose the next thing she will be getting married. I live in fear and tremblingsuch havoe as matrimony has always played in my household. Never a girl have I had who has not left me to be married within six months of her coming. There seems a fatality about the place. I believe even you would succumb to the sentimental influence-hard hearted little wretch that you are-if there was any man in the country whom you could possibly marry."
"Do you think so?" and Edith looked.

away as she spoke, with an odd little smile. "Speaking of that, do you know it seems rather strange, dear, that you don't seem to find anybody to please you?" Nelsine observed insinuatingly, hitching her rocking chair a degree-nearer. "I wonder how much longernearer. you will keep us in suspense," regarding the girl with a sort of tender curios ity, a certain gleam of excitement lighting her dark eyes as she perceived a smile deepening and dimpling about the pretty mouth.

"Not much longer, I think, Nelsine," the girl's face flushing faintly as she answered, with a soft little laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Way of Long Twilight. On first thought it seems to be a rather paradoxical statement that the nearer we approach to the equator the shorter is that intermediate stage or transition from day to night and from night to day, which we call "twilight. This being the case, however, the period of duration of "the dim, uncertain light" in all tropical countries is very short when compared with that of countries of high northern or southern latitude. The explanation is this: On the equator the sun's path is at exact right angles with the horizon. The last beam of light fades from view when the sun is at 18 degrees below the horizon. This 18 degree mark is quickly reached at the equator for reasons given in the first sentence of this explanation. The farther from the equator we get the less become the angles which the sun's course makes with the horizon, and the longer the time required for him to reach the 18 degree mark; hence the longer the period of twilight. -St. Louis

Dr. Price's C an Ba in Pc vder