



(Continued from last week.)

The man with the monocle was sitting with the self-satisfaction of his tribe. His thin hair was parted in the middle and a faint straw-colored mustache decorated his upper lip. Altogether, he might measure five feet five in his boots. The miner looked at him gravely. No faintest hint of humor came into the sea-blue eyes. They took in the dapper Britisher as if he had been a natural history specimen.

"So kindly tell them not to do it again," Dobyns Verinder ordered in conclusion.

"If you please, sir," added the young woman quietly.

Kilmeny's steady gaze passed for the first time to her. He saw a slight dark girl with amazingly live eyes and a lift to the pliant chin that was arresting. His hat came off promptly.

"We didn't know anybody was at the Lodge," he explained.

"You wouldn't, of course," she nodded, and by way of explanation: "Lady Farquhar is rather nervous. Of course we don't want to interfere with your fun, but—"

"There will be no more fireworks at night. One of the boys had a birthday and we were ventilating our enthusiasm. If we had known—"

"Kindly make sure it doesn't happen again, my good fellow," cut in Verinder.

Kilmeny looked at him, then back at the girl. The dapper little man had been weighed and found wanting. Henceforth, Verinder was not on the map.

"Did you think we were Utes broke loose from the reservation? I reckon we were some noisy. When the boys get to going good they don't quite know when to stop."

The eyes of the young woman sparkled. The fisherman thought he had never seen a face more vivid. Such charm as it held was too irregular for beauty, but the spirit that broke through interested by reason of its hint of freedom. She might be a caged bird, but her wings beat for the open spaces.

"Were they going good last night?" she mocked prettily.

"Not real good, ma'am. You see, we had no town to shoot up, so we just punctured the scenery. If we had known you were here—"

"You would have come and shot us up," she charged gaily.

Kilmeny laughed. "You're a good one, neighbor. But you don't need to worry." He let his eyes admire her lazily. "Young ladies are too seldom in this neck of the woods for the boys to hurt any. Give them a chance and they would be real good to you."

His audacity delighted Moya Dwight. "Do you think they would?"

"In our own barbaric way, of course."

"Do you ever scalp people?" she asked with innocent impudence.

"It's a young country," he explained genially.

"It has that reputation."

"You've been reading stories about us," he charged. "Now we'll be on our good behavior just to show you."

"Thank you—if it isn't too hard."

Verinder, properly scandalized at this free give and take with a hapless savage of the wilds, interrupted in the interest of propriety. "I'll not detain you any longer, my man. You may get at your fishing."

The westerner paid not the least attention to him. "My gracious, ma'am, we think we're a heap more civilized than England. We ain't got any militant suffragettes in this country—at least, I've never met up with any."

"They're a sign of civilization," the young woman laughed. "They prove we're still alive, even if we are asleep."

Miss Seldon had that morning incidentally overheard Lady Farquhar tell her husband that Dobyns Verinder's fortune must be nearer two million pounds than one million. It was the first intimation she had been given that he was such a tremendous catch.

CHAPTER II Night Fishing

Next day brought Kilmeny the office of camp cook, which was taken in turn by each of the men. Only two meals a day were eaten in camp, so that he had several hours of leisure after the breakfast things were cleared away.

The arrival of the party at the Lodge brought back to him vividly some chapters of his life that had long been buried. His father, Archibald Kilmeny, had married the daughter of a small cattleman some years after he had come to Colorado. Though she had died while he was a child, Jack still held warmly in his heart some vivid memories of the passionate unscrupled woman who had been his mother.

She had been a belle in the cow country, charming in her way, beautiful to the day of her death, but without education or restraint. Her husband had made the mistake of taking her back to Ireland on a visit to his people. The result had been unfortunate. She was unconquerably provincial, entirely democratic, as unscrupled as her native colubine. Moreover, her temper was of the whirlwind variety. The staid life of the old country, with its well-ordered distinctions of class and rutted conventions, did not suit her at all. All traditions which she could not understand the young wife scoffed openly. Before she left, veiled dislike became almost open war. The visit had never been repeated, nor, indeed, had she ever been invited again. This she had bitterly resented and she had nestled into Jack the antagonism she herself felt. When he was eight years old Jack's father had insisted on taking him back to meet his relatives. Immediately upon his return the young-

ster's mother had set about undermining any fondness he might have felt for his British kindred. Three years later she had died.

She had been a doting mother, with fierce gusts of passionate adoration for her boy. Jack remembered these after he forgot her less amiable qualities. He had grown up with an unreasoning feeling of dislike toward those of his father's family who had failed to get along with her. Some instinct of loyalty which he could hardly define set him unconsciously in antagonism to his cousins at the Lodge. He had decided not to make himself known to them. In a few days their paths would diverge again for all time.

Dusk found him in the river just above the riffles. He fished down the stream slowly, shortening his line as darkness settled over the hills.

(To be continued next week.)



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WHERE WAS THE BRAIN?
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VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Fruit Granites—Boil two cups of sugar with one quart of water five minutes. For very acid fruits, use three cups of sugar. Scald one pint of the whole berries, or sliced large fruits, in the boiling syrup for one minute, then skim them out and add to the syrup one pint of fruit juice. Strain and freeze when cold. Freeze soft, stir in the cooked fruit, and serve in glasses; or, stir in one pint of fresh fruit, sweetened, and serve at once.

Simple Syrup for Ices—Boil one pint of sugar in one quart of water twenty minutes; this will be reduced to about two and one-half cups, and will sweeten one cup of lemon-juice, or two cups of the milder fruits, like pineapple, peach, strawberry or orange.

Ice Bouillon, or Consomme—Boil one pint of water and one pound of sugar slowly for five minutes; when cold add one cup of lemon-juice and one quart of consomme, or bouillon, or clear chicken stock. Freeze soft and serve for luncheon in hot weather.

Cherry Ice—Scald one quart of ripe black cherries, and then squeeze out the juice. Measure and allow an equal amount of water and sugar. Boil water and sugar five minutes; skim, cool, and add fruit juice and one-fourth cup of lemon-juice. Freeze hard or soft, and serve with some of the largest uncooked cherries, halved and also stoned, with each portion.

Coup Jacques—Boil one cup of sugar in two cups of water ten minutes; cool, add one pint of any seasonable fruits in tiny pieces; turn into jars and pack in ice until chilled. Serve in tall glasses with a layer of lemon or pineapple ice on top, and garnish with maraschino cherries and some of the syrup.

Tomato Ice—Boil one pint of water and one cup of sugar ten minutes. Steep one teaspoon of mixed whole spices and the rind of half a lemon in one can of tomatoes; add the syrup and here sugar, if needed. Strain and freeze as usual. The sugar and water given in any of the plain ices or sherbets may be boiled, and will well repay for the trouble in the improved flavor.

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Sorbet of Mixed Fruit—Make a syrup of two cups of water and two of sugar boiled five minutes, and when cold add ½ cup orange juice, one pineapple minced and sifted, and one cup

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