this

courage born of the wide plains and

and its freedom from convention. The

Miss Dwight was surprised. She

had not expected a philosophy of this

nature from her chance barbarian. He

had the hands of a working man,

brown and sinewy but untorn; yet

there was the mark of distinction in

the lean head set so royally on splen-

flesh and narrow of flank, had the

seen before that look of competence,

of easy self-reliance. Some of the

men of her class had it-Ned Kil-

meny, for instance. But Ned was an

officer in a fighting regiment which

had seen much service. Where had

ner that inheres only in a leader of

long to your West?" asked the young

both voice and face was a vivid eager-

tanned fisherman won the man-

"And how long does it take to be-

nan, with the inflection of derision.

But her mockery was a fraud. In

"Time hasn't a thing to do with it.

er westerners. Others are of us in

Men live all their lives here and are

a day. I think you would qualify

She knew that she ought to saub his

"How do you know?" she demanded

"That's just a guess of mine," he

A musical voice called from within

A young woman stood in the door-

way, a golden-white beauty with soft

prise at sight of the fisherman. A

faint muraur of apology for the inter-

Kilmeny could not keep his eyes

from her. What a superb young crea-

ture she was, what perfection in the

animal grace of the long lines of the

soft rounded body! Her movements

had a light buoyancy that was charm-

ing. And where under heaven could a

man hope to see anything lovelier

than this pale face with its crown of

Miss Dwight turned to her friend.

that he might easily outwear his wel-

that was enough. The miner had met

toe many like him not to know that

the man belonged to the family of

common or garden spob. No doubt

he rolled in wealth made by his fa-

ther. The fellow had studied carefully

the shibboleths of the society with which he wished to be attimate and

was probably letter-perfect. None the

less, he was a bounder, a rank out-

sider tolerated only for his money. He

might do for the husband of some pen-

niless society girl, but he would never

in the world be accepted by her as a

friend or an equal. The thought of

"Cheeklest beggar I ever saw,"

Verinder bit his mustache angrily.

He had been cherishing a fiction that

he was in love with Miss Dwight and

more than once he had smarted be-

Joyce sank gracefully into the easiest chair and flashed a dazzling

smile at him. "Has Moya been very

He had joined the party a few days

before at Chicago and this was the

first sign of interest Miss Seldon had

shown in him. Verinder was grateful.

"Dashed if I understand Miss

"That's just her way. We all have

us with inconstancy?" The least rip-

ple of amusement at her sex swelled in her throat and died away.

do you have moods too, Miss Joyce?"

nation soared.

"Oh, by Jove, if that's all! I say,

neath the lash of her contempt.

unkind, Mr. Verinder?"

him stirred the gorge of the fisher-

fumed Verinder. "Don't see why you

let the fellow stay, Miss Dwight."

man.

"Don't you?"

the house.

ruption escaped her lips.

Verinder volunteered.

house. "Have you seen my

ing eyes that showed a little sur-

excursion into the personal, but she

was by nature unconventional.

shoulders. His Body, spare of

grace of a panther. She had

West is a condition of mind."

clean hills-in its big democracy

(Continued from last week.)

rne man with the monocle was smug 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," Dobyans Verinder ordered in "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 piquant 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 enthuslasm. If we had known-

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

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

"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 fant? up," she charged gayly.

Kilmeny laughed. "You're a good "I haven't seen the Graphic, Joyce,

one, neighbor. But you don't need to dear." He let his eyes admire her "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. turned to leave.

"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 haphazard savage of the wilds, interrupted in the interest of propriety. "I'll not detain you any longer, my man. You's may get at your fishing."

The westerner paid not the least at-tention to him. "My gracious, ma'am, we think we're a heap more civilized than England. We ain't got any milltant 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."

We've got you beat there, then. All the women vote here. What's the matter with you staying and running for governor?" "Could I-really?" she beamed.

"Really and truly. Trouble with us in that we're so civilized we bend over backward with it. You're going to find us mighty tame. The melodramatic romance of the West is mostly in story books. What there was of it has gone out with the cowpuncher."

"What's a cowpuncher?" "He rides the range after cattle." "Oh-a cowboy. But aren't there any cowboys?"

"They're getting seldom. The barb Dwight at all. She blows hot and cold," he confided in a burst of frankwire fence has put them out of business. Mostly they're working for the moving picture companies now," be our moods, don't we? I mean we poor women. Don't all the poets credit

Mr. Verinder prefaced with a formal little cough a second attempt to drive away this very assured native. "As I was saying, Miss Dwight, I wouldn't mind going into parliament, you know, if it weren't for the bally labor members. I'm rather strong on speaking-that sort of thing, you know. Used to be a dab at it. But I couldn't stand the sounders that get In nowadays. Really, I couldn't."

"And I had so counted on the cowboys. I'm going to be disappointed, I think," Miss Dwight said:

Verinder had sense enough to know that he was being punished. He had tried to put the westerner out of the picture and found himself eliminated Instead. An angry flush rose to his

"That's the mistake you all make," Kilmeny told her. "The true romance of the West isn't in its clothes and its

"Where is it?" she asked. "In its spirit in the hope and the

Miss Seldon had that morning incidentally overheard Lady Farquhar tell her husband that Dobyans 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 cleared away.

The arrival of the party at the Lodge brought back to him vividiy some chapters of his life that had long been buried. His father, Archibald Kilmeny, had married the daugh ter 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 uncurbed woman who had been his

ful 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 The result had been unfortunate. She was unconquerably provincial, entirely democratic, as uncultured as her native columbine. Moreover, her temper was of the whiriwind variety. The staid life of the old country, with its well-ordered disfinctions of class and rutted conventions, did not suit her at all. All traditions which she could not under stand 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 instilled into Jack the antagonism she herself When he was eight years old Jack's father had insisted on taking him back to meet his relatives. Im-



Dusk Found Him in the River Just Above the Riffles.

Thought I saw it there. I'll look," "Good of you," Miss Joyce nodded, ster's mother had set about undermin her eyes on the stranger, who had ing any fondness he might have felt

for his British kindred. Three years Kilmeny was going because he knew later she had died. She had been a doting mother, with come. He had punished Verinder, and fierce gusts of passionate adoration for her boy. Jack remembered these after he forgot her less amiable quali ties. He had grown up with an unreasonable feeling of dislike toward those of his father's family who had failed to get along with her. Some it stinct of loyalty which he could hard ly define set him unconsciously in an tagonism 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

> Dusk found him in the river ju above the riffies. He fished down the stream slowly, shortening his line a darkness settled over the hills.

(To be continued next week.)

WHERE WAS THE BRAIN? He tried to cross the railroad

The girl's scorpful eyes came round to meet his. She had never before known, how cordially she disliked him. track Before a rushing train; She rose and walked quickly into

They put the pieces in a sack, But couldn't find the brain.

Household Dept. ALUABLE 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 after the breakfast things were 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 loss_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, She had been a belle in the cow or two cups of the milder fruits, country, charming in her way, beauti- like pineapple, peach, strawberry or orange.

> leed Bouillion, 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 buillon, or clear chicken stock. Freeze soft and serve for luncheon in hot weather.

Cherry toe—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; saim. cool, and add fruit juice and ness, your stomach sours, tongue is cool, and add fruit junce and ness, 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 Jacque—Boil one cup of sugar in two cups of water ten minutes; cool, add one pint of 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 tall glasses with a layer of emon 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 pixed whole spices and the rind half a lemon in one can of omatoes; add the syrup and nore sugar, if needed. Strain and freeze as usual. The sugar and freeze as usual. The sugar and water given in any of the plain ices or sherbets may be beiled, and will well repay for the trouble in the improved fla
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ness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bac

cup orange juice, one pineapple

minced and sifted, and one cup

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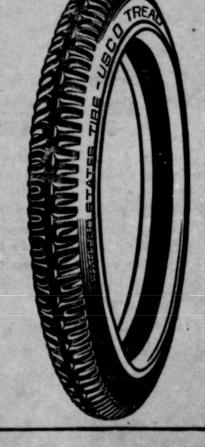
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