

each other, the one with unmasked admiration, the other with a certain charming impudence and yet timidity.

Polly is an eye full. She has leather broeks and riding boots, ~~and~~ a soft white hide shirt, ~~and~~ the Indian beaded, a gaudy scarf about her neck. Her hair curls about a face charmingly tanned by open air and sun. She is the prettiest girl that young Lieutenant Galloway has ever set eyes on, and he is hit hard at first sight.

"Where in Nick did you spring from?"

"I did 'nt spring. I belong here".

Polly makes a generous gesture, taking in the whole of the country.

"Who are you" she in turn demands, "and where did you spring from?"

Tad's white teeth gleam.

"Just camping".

Polly's eyes widen.

"Did you sleep there last night?"

"I sure did".

"And I slept there".

She indicates.

As if there was something big between them now, the two young people have another good laugh. He invites her to have breakfast with jim. They sit by the camp fire, and eat the meal in the glow of the morning, meanwhile looking at each other and falling in love deeper and deeper.

Meanwhile, Sandy is awakening. He stretches, sits up, looks about. Hollers: