

heaver. Buck looks him over, grins, chews, spits, and shakes his head goodhumored.

"No, bo, but if you want them trunks to accompany you, you got to get 'em aboard. It aint my funeral. Its up to yourself."

Buck picks up the children, hauls one to either shoulders, tickles their legs and sets them to laughing, and to their huge delight they are placed on the high seat in front behind the big horses. Buck attaches them for safety by a strap to the back of the seat, and snugly wraps them up in big sheepskin lined coats, as the chill of the Alberta evening begins to descend about them. He is about to climb aboard, when Birdie haughtily inquires whether he is their hired man. Buck grins and says:

"Well, I expect I am and I aint maam. The boss give me orders to teach you guys the game. I'm plannin' to be with you till you know the ropes and can run the propposition yourselves."

Dickie and Birdie whisper, and she urges him to help put the trunks aboard. This he does with the greatest labor, holding his sides, groaning, stubbing his toes, nursing his hands after each trunk is aboard. Buck having done the lion's share of the work of putting the trunks and boxes aboard, puts on a sheepskin coat and climbs up to the seat in front, between the two children. He gathers up the reins and calls:

"All-l-ler -board!"

The Daytons stare at him in blank amazement. Does he expect them to ride in that awful wagon piled with trunks and boxes. Birdie demands where the car is that should meet them. Buck, with a plug of tobacco in his cheek replies: