"I'm n-not, old d-dear!"

Dick says:

"It m-might be worse". and Birdie replies:

"Wes, and w-we're owners of 340 acres. "

Dick brightens and stands up.

"Lets go to bed and sleep on it".

They go into the room. Buck laoks after them, his face visibly softening, then turns to his own room?

with the cold, for no matter how warm the day the Alberta nights are always chill? Presently they get into bed, and for warmth and comfort their arms go about eeach other, the first time in years. They are dog tired and exhausted, and they drop instantly to sleep—the first real healthy sleep in fact these two have had in years.