

up dance you know. Only happens once a year---at Indian summer you know. Some fellows ride in forty miles just to dance with-----"

"I'd ride a hundred to dance with you--- Polly".

Polly dimples; then she considers him a moment.

"Stranger?"

Galloway nods.

"Tenderfoot maybe?"

Galloway considers this humorously.

"Something of a boob" he admits.

Sandy has his fingers between his teeth and is sending out screeching whistles. Polly with a hasty: "See you at the Barn dance" runs off.

Galloway follows her through field glasses. Sees her join her brother below, mount her horse with grace and agility, and follows her until she is only a speck across the range. He is hard hit. Suddenly his brows knit. Now where was that barn dance to be? T Bar T. He recalls the name. Studies his map. Picks out the ranch.

THE INDIAN RESERVE

Great excitement. Beating of tomtoms and drums calling to a monster powwow. The Indians have just learned of the threatened invasion upon the Reserve of ten thousand head of sheep. Sheep eat a range clear down to the soil and work irreparable devastation upon the pastures. It takes from