

milk cows from the rest of the herd and driving them down to the milk shed.

"Good old Pat! Nice old Pat!" I call at him in reward, but only the wagging tail and lolling tongue and a yelping bark of that small dog reveals that he hears me. Pat is at work, and not to be beguiled by the fair words of a mere woman. Those cows must be taken and driven into the cowshed, and then Pay has a job to close that door with his nose, a trick taught him by my twelve year old boy. Presently as I turn into the path that leads through our woods down to the Ghost River, I hear panting behind me, and lo! Pat, his job done, breathless from his frantic run to catch up with us, yelps for approval. What a dog! A little mongrel cattle cur, with an ugly, shaggy coat, a comical wise head with one ear everlasting cocked up and two bright intelligent eyes that fix themselves faithfully upon yours, and makes you think of "Alice, Bent Bolt, who wept with delight when you give her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown".

We have a dandy canter home, Pat racing and beating us. I don't have to unsaddle Silver Heels, for by this time, the "hands" are in, and I am relieved of my horse and bade to "skiddoo" to the house, as the men are hungry enough to eat a horse, and if I don't have a crackajack meal for them, there won't be anything left of Silver Heels.

As I come into the ranch house, I feel refreshed and hungry, and have forgotten all about being cross with Nelly. She, too, is in fine humor, actually singing indeed as she hustles about getting dinner on time. I see her eye going ever and anon to the window, and I take note that Nellie is singing the same song that that new cowpuncher of ours is whistling