

T cattle have fattened upon the rich range Indian lands. Minton declares that all this will be changed now that he has charge. The sheepmen have applied for a ninety nine year lease, and as agent of the Reserve Minton (for a consideration from the sheepmen) has sent to the Indian department at Washington, a report recommending that all ~~Ex-Bar-T~~ cattle be moved from the range, and the sheep given their share. The O.K. of the Indian department is practically assured.

Riding in with a bunch of about two or three hundred head, after the main herd has gone forward, we see a couple of youngsters. A girl of seventeen or eighteen, a boy red haired and freckle faced in overalls of about twelve. They are Polly and Sandy Kemper. They ride like young devils, bunching and herding the cattle. Sandy rides with neither saddle nor bridle. Polly sits her cow pony with easy grace. Both of them whirling their lariats and singing. The embodiment of carefree happy youth.

The sheepman with field glasses indicates them:

"Who's the cowgirl?"

Minton's face undergoes a remarkable change of expression. It becomes covetous and sensual. He is madly in love with Polly Kemper, who either scorns or laughs at him.

"She and her brat brother own T Bar T. Let 'er ride loose with the cowhands. Some day some one's going to get