Bellefonte, Pa., June 20, 1930.

SUNSHINE BEHIND THE CLOUD. If you should see a fellow man

trouble's flag unfurled, An' looking like he didn't have a friend in all the world, Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "How d' you do?"

And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you. Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, laugh his cares away.

And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day. Dont talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud. That God will sprinkle sunshine in the

trail of every cloud. This world at best is but a hash pleasure and of pain; Some days are bright and sunny,

some are sloshed with rain, And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by, We'll know just how to 'preciate bright and smiling sky.

So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores, Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours:

But always keeep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud, That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud. James Whitcomb Riley.

RANCH.

Ranch, sat in the shack he calle his office and made out the pay roll for his "boys." A speckled and cloudly mirror in front of him above his deals showed him through his

speech, horses rattling down a cob- She stripped and dropped her inite intention and that she flowing back like water across a

and bunk house. He bent closer corridors of branches to the blue. to the figure_fretted page.

A throaty voice strange to his tent. ears spoke. "Say, now, look-a_here, The mirror showed Jim a tatter-

of his door. "You haven't got a job fer me,

now, hev you?" Jim Gates, without troubling himself to turn, again consulted his ence. "I'm Twilo."

mirror. "Give a boy a job, you gotta hire two men to keep him at it," said gal." he. "Circle don't hire boys. Just one vacant—gal's job, dishwasher.

The evening comments continued, rolling his cigaret, not smiling. He went on with his figuring. After five minutes: "I kin wash

dishes, mister." said that voice. "By heaven!" shouted Jim Gates and wheeled. "Get out of here!"

to the door-side with both hands, as though to resist flight, and Jim faced a pair of dilated azure eyes. "Why in the thunder didn't you say you was a gal?" he inquired. One knee, its slim brownness visible through a rent in the dilapi-

dated overalls, was turned in against the other and there was a troubled The creature's body was half smothered in a man's ragged coat, once a Mackinaw. She now pulled off her dingy sombrero and pushed back the mad black hair of a golliwog.

"I kin wash dishes," she said. smiling at Jimmie Gates. right. Go look up Mrs. Laney. Get her to give you a said, and moved a brown hand, dress. We don't let our gals wear pants. What's your name?" "Twilo Bodine."

"Where you come from? seemed to include the "everywhere."

"Yes, sir." Jim stared. "We get a-plenty of male hobos," he said, "but you're the first hobo gal I've ever seen

yet." He hesitated only for a min-"All right. Get along." He did not know why, child as she looked, she seemed so strange and compelling a presence on his doorsill, why he wished to be so

swiftly rid of her. She went, softfooted, and dropped out of his cognizance into the life of kitchen and of garbage can. In a faded gingham dress, relic

of some former dishwasher, she toiled. What the haughty Korean cook disdained to do, what the waitresses, pretty and high-headed, forgot to do, these things did Twilo working with the inhuman tireless. ness of a machine.

There was in her ways a mingling of patience and of desperation, and in her face, of rebel and of slave. Rebellion of some sort must have sent her out into the everywhere and slavery was only the livery of her release.

She had no time and no inclination, it appeared, to amuse herself with the other workers. Her great est relaxation, it would seem, to watch from her kitchen window, while she dried her plates, that most

years, eagle-eyed, beak faced and thing queer about the river bank over with a hand on the rein. ning that would turn purple when Indian brown, with a feather of today. Those twogray across his lean dark head, most beautifully clothed in English riding togs, who moved about across guests. Women in riding clothestall men and small, women with cropped heads or women with knots comradeship.

of auburn, gold or brown upon slender napes.

Twilo listened to their passing voices and their laughter. Sometimes she caught snatches of their talk. These words and phrases would somewhat impersonal eagerness. haunt her like the rhythms of a foreign tongue, so that she mur. young man fishing there above us?" mured them over to herself.

ance to these speeches.

Past Twilo's window at dawn and at dusk there went another sound creature could be so beautiful." she that unconsciously intrigued her said.
memory, slipped in and out of Harchatter and clatter, like a silver loudly and with wood.

A melody, haunting and unknown to her; a rise and fall delicately searching; a whistle, silvery and pigs." searching; a whiste, savely sad. She would look down gravely into his grave and music smitten curiously flushed. "Where does he come from?"

He did not smile nor did she. Drudge to drudge their souls salut_ ed, too patient for a mutual contempt. "Yes, here we are, so young and so enslaved."

Twilo felt pain as he went by, again. But his melody lifted up her heart and let it fall. The ranch took a holiday on Satur-Most of the boys and girls rode out before noon, but Twilo had no horse. She packed herself a lit-

tle luncheon. Up the river, an easy distance THE PIED PIPER OF CIRCLE reach of water always bright about an elbow of dark pines. She would

his desk showed him through his a crazy quilt of pied delight. She open door a view of bare and soar had forgotton the taste of sunlight of cities, for excitement, for the as this one, thought Hastings, as he ing rocks against the carmine sky. and the smiting strength of high crowded ease of Many Things. Through his brain went, unheeded. air. The big pines, when she reachthe sounds of evening: cicada, ed them, made her a temple of pur- ly, rich, and she liked him. He felt sufficiently disturbing. But when they thrush and linnet, a running river, ple columns and a tent of indigo sure that in her life, a doubly dis- stand in a doorway, in the dappled

bled path, voices talking at a dis_ body for an icy instant into a sud- too meant to use the summer for a marble loveliness, there descends tance with the contented soberness den pool hindered from its travel tool. So he would not let the upon them a mysterious power. by a root. Afterwards, dressed in momentary criticism keep its nip Jim wanted to be done with his her faded livery, she lay supine and job and to add his own slow conlett her eyes climb up the swinging versation to the comment of corral stairways and along the swaying smiled.

By a root. Arterwards, dressed in montenesty criticism keep its hip which a flat is lotty-live, master upon his humor. He gathered up her of Circle Ranch and set to careful "catch" half an hour later and plans, it is not happy to be haunted by a dryad tramp. There she lay, most utterly con-

The master of Circle, with a fishing rod in his hand and a trailing woman three hundred yards down_ ed boy leaning against the lintel stream, came close to her. He had never looked at her before.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. "Don't move."

"Twilo?" "I'm the dishwasher—the hobo critical.

he sugg sted.

There passed through her head insistently. one of those phrases. "I haven't the vaguest notion," she began, and startled him so that emphasis. he spilled his makings; startled her-The persistent little intruder clung self, too, into a momentary silence and courtships planned. There are both, pursuer and pursued. and a blush. "I—I mean—Well, sir, inspirational wooings and wooings there ain't a thing to tell." "What there is to tell-please

tell me." "I-run-away." "Why? And from whom?" She merely looked at him.
"And now?" he said, and felt

bewildered.

ine her in need of anything. She seemed to listen. Then he too heard below the stream bank tion must, he thought, have become

self. Twilo murmured, smiled with a cer- summer's symphony to the final wildness. "Something," she chord of a proposal. "something-like that."

The silver whistle weaved. "You are most astoundingly, most perilously beautiful," said Hastings, "Out yonder." A vague gesture and added her name softly, "Twilo." An inner voice mocked Twilo's

moment of vacuity. "But darling," it said, "what do you think I am!" She did not say it aloud, but a queer mock_flash of wordly wisdom twisted her lip and shot a gleam into her eyes.

"You're expecting one of the boys' to lunch here with you? Hastings asked, flushed. He never speaks to no one.

But he must 'a' knowed I'm here." "I'll bet he-knowed." "Fer that's my tune." She lifted "Gertrude," he said, her azure silent laughter to him and moon in the old west." whistled with a rose mouth.

"The 'Blumenlied,' " said Hastings. "Let's see this whistler." He strode over to the river bank. if life has made you slow to risk a At a distance the lonely lad whip- new experience." ped the water with a skillful grace.

him. ing up. grove behind him and the river sort of courage, I suppose—to mar- a white path to the half seen peredge below seemed strangely peri- ry again after my divorce. I've nev. fection of her little face. Deep in McCrae," they told him, had "left lous to man.

"Good fishing?" "Yes, sir." level look. Hastings moved downstream to where that trailing solid sportswoman of his waved him her summons. He was no poet, though remote being, the master of Circle troubled at times with sudden sensitiveness: a practical rancher, he called himself, but there was some- "Why not?" He drew her horse

read somewhere: "Children, lepre-chaums and women beautiful and She rode i her vision, interminably trailing young, these be foreigners all." There had been a wild green wisand Twilo wondered why hired girls could not "wear pants"—men in tweeds or puttles, fat men and lean, shook nonsense out of his mind and

looked up at him with a new and

reign tongue, so that she murured them over to herself.
"I haven't the vaguest notion!"
"But darling, what do you think what do you think is in figure moving at the moment of sight, and glanced back. looked at him. Her lips were resured them over to herself.

"But darling, what do you think out of sight, and glanced back. looked at him. Her lips were resured them over to herself.

"But darling, what do you think out of sight, and glanced back. looked at him. Her lips were resured them over to herself.

"But darling, what do you think out of sight, and glanced back. looked at him. Her lips were resured them over to herself." Gertrude McCrae's eyes, dark and Emphasis where emphasis seem-ed uncalled for gave a queer import-experience, were bewildered as if by something she could not understand. "I didn't know that any living

chatter and clatter, like a silver loudly than he had meant to laugh. merely loosened the rein, Hastings All afternoon she rode, haunted thread; the assistant roustabout's whistle on his rounds with water whistle on his rounds with water where the loudly than he had meant to laugh. The loudly than he had meant to laugh. It is splitted her horse of the rein, Hastings All afternoon she rode, haunted the rein, Hastings All afternoon she rode, haunted the rein, Hastings and shot dreamily above her horse's friendly whistle on his rounds with water where the rein hastings started and laughted, more where she splitted her horse of the rein, Hastings and clatter from the combled than the had meant to laugh. The rein hastings are should not tell, but she went from him by her tragic memory, staring whistle on his rounds with water where the rein hastings and clatter a Hastings stared and laughed, more you the bucket of hot water for your tub, carries in the logs for your fire, cleans fish and feeds the

She stared ahead of her, her face horse,

"I haven't a notion." "Don't you know anything about the people who work for you?" "Not many questions asked in the West—not in hiring for such jobs as or-But you mast have seen this fight." lad a hundred times." 'T've never seen him." said Ger-

trude McCrae, positive, defiant— "never. Let's fish." She stood up with a certain vio-

That a woman of his world and of his years should be so moved by the physical beauty of a garbage been shocked by the consequences wheeled back, every nerve tight, her boy! Hastings felt both impatience of a whistle melody, was fiercely face fury-white, her hands clenched for tired feet, she had watched a the physical beauty of a garbage and disgust. But this Mrs. McCrae go there and lie on her back for all represented a definite goal towards Jimmie Gates, slow limbed, softthe afternoon and evening and hear which he shaped his life, using this house, across the empty threshold of he stepped back and set down his voiced, hard-eyed, overseer of Circle
the water. It would be cool and summer with its easy comradeship his consciousness drifted the shadow buckets with a panic clatter. and outdoor loneliness for a manipulating tool.

Hastings was tired of ranching. There wasn't much money in it for

longer bewildered or remote. "There's in yours, Randy —a wild boy. He the rustic well top. was in them just now when you Twilo stood in her sked. "Don't move." came to me up there among the She fell back as if in simple obedi-cottonwoods. Do you know what I "What?" Again he felt impatient,

a knight at arms must have had Crae had left Hastings filled with a "Er—the dryad tramp." He sat when he first met upon the moor feverish restlessness. down on the log beside her. "Tell a farie child."

The girl he watcher watcher that the moor feverish restlessness. Across now treading, a bell rang brazenly, observation towards the moon, which

"Thank a just heaven for lunch!" ejaculated Hastings with hard dry forest as he swung out through the

There are courtships impromptu Scotch magnate, Dave McCrae, belonged to the later category.

She had come to his ranch in July carrying her chaperoning aunt, and she would leave it in Septem- man's brain weary of sense will

By September, his ultimate intensomeone who whistled softly to him- entirely manifest to a woman of experience, and in the last fortnight of "I haven't the vaguest notion," her visit he meant to wind up his

He had chosen, for his signal, the new moon. It hung that evening in the west. For three hours they had ridden towards it, side by side, across the

gray-green safe. Their ponies' hoofs made pleasant muffled rhythms, crushed out the safe perfume and the pungent powder of sunflowers. All the long golden-dusty afternoon, Hastings had shaped and trimmed his rare sentences, had timed his ardent looks, calculated his smiles.

She smiled, her eyes upon it. "You're not afraid of new moons, are you? I've sometimes wondered

Hastings stood, undetected, above from the new moon to him.

"I used to be afraid after, that She closed her eyes and threw a ranch deserted by everyone but a The silver whistle piped away.

Round wheeled the stripling, look-first terrible thing, Tom's failure back her body like a child in a dubious, inquisitive-looking "boy" or to silence, piped away.

Rose mouth, he to the helf seen part of courage—it was rather a hard cold and her long lovely throat led like his desk. er lacked courage since that plunge, her tilted eyes hung a glimmer of my friend. David's death was a the dipping moon. stunning blow to my reasonable murmuring voice, a greenish, happiness, but it could not shatter cupped the small silken head in my nerves as poor Tom's catashis hard and gently, wildly, as a trophe did—as bewildering to him, man kisses dreaming, he kissed her poor impractical misguided soul, as young mouth. it was to me! Nothing, of course,

oday. Those two—

"Can't you create a new heart for the stars grew bright.

He remembered something he had Indian summer, Gertrude? We're In the darkness Tw

about this all summer, my dear; port, now slid away. about me, haven't you?" They had "Twilo. Twilo." come to the sudden dip in the She murmured something in an his life—if he will let me. It's the wide plain. Below them now the swer to the troubled passion of his end of everything for me, dear bending river glittered, the golden calling, something reassuring, plain-tops of the ranch aspens turned tive, not in accusation of reproach.

chin on her handsome hand, and know what I'm asking, don't you?

"Yes, my dear, I know." gether about their path, just before they had run forward to stand in they must turn down and out into his way—alive —watchful —suspiolutely shaped.

ling fluency, a whistle flashed across wheeled; she gave a cry of fear, of she had seen Hastings set forth de-

"Heaven—that tune! That tune!" Whether she spurred her horse or and clatter up the cobbled trail. out, white-cheeked, dim-eyed, into ears or at the passing ground the dusty publicity of saddle shed When it was dark and when gold and tiebar where Sandy, Dan and shone in the cabin windows, she Jerry strolled forward to take her came back, wearily.

and came instantly close to her, was tired, composed, ready but she looked haunted, rigid, white. her acquiescence to his suit, for She had no eyes for him, no smile. now, at last, after long riding, He let her swing away alone to her own quarters. "They've had a Dan grinned.

"Ain't that the truth!" Sandy agreed, remembering the boss' grim

It is as true of earthly spirits as of devils that, one being violently lips fell into their piping habit; thrown out, another will take its dreamily, absently they blew, soft place sevenfold enforced. Hastings' as a flagelot. mood, from which tenderness had open to less conventionalized emotions and, as he neared his ranch formidably up to him, so close that of an occupant. Not unfamiliar. She had stood there before, unbidden

by his will. In a world of ordinary matters there should not be such little girls moved slowly past the open kitchen Gertrude was handsome, comrade door. By dawn and dusk they are appointed one, he represented a def- light of a new moon, with drapery When a man is forty-five, master

smiled.

"Gertrude," he said, 'you're not Hastings, have passed rigidly so grown-up, after all. There's a the shelter of his own log walls, leaned just inside an open window leaned just inside an open window leaned just inside and to have been sometimes." watch. The ranch house was built a child in everyone's eyes, isn't about three sides of a cobbled court there? I've seen a bad small boy in the center of which was placed in the center of which was placed

Twilo stood in her doorway across the the space, looking, Hastings sup-t I posed, at the new moon above the well. It must have put a spell up. on her, so still she stood. The check his carefully fostered emotion had "I thought you had the look that suffered at the hands of Mrs. Mc. youth softly.

The girl he watched moved suddenly and went past his post dipped now into the trees. Hastings heart plunged back into a window to follow her.

The real woods received them

The air inside that wood was mathematically prearranged. Hast made of moon tatters, elfin and inngs' suit with the widow of that green. Through them went Twilo. green. Through them went Twilo. She seemed something he had conjured out of his mind, a will_o'-the wisp of his vanishing youth.

He followed her, it seemed, as a

ber. During July he had put him- lend itself to the guidance of folly the other and there was a troubled motion in the long round throat above the faded open collar of her shirt. The creature's body was troubled "T'm dishwasher. I draw your self and her at splendid comradely ease; during August he had intensified the mood of intercourse."

Shirt. The creature's body was troubled "T'm dishwasher. I draw your self and her at splendid comradely ease; during August he had intensified the mood of intercourse.

What for?" He could not imagified the mood of intercourse. cobwebs from his face. So, hurrying and soundless,

trunk to trunk he moved until he almost missed her near the high ranch gate. She had drawn herself there between the boles of two tall aspen trees, a hand on each, and watched his coming with her air of a nymph.

"He faced her and laughed. saw you going past my window with your head lifted as though you with tears.

When he came back into the Impatient of her gentle, acquiescent detachment, he took her in his arms. meant to climb up into the air and steal my moon."

She gazed at him from between for "I haven't stole it," she said, "but the mountain's going to in five more minutes. It's not rightly yours that moon."

whimsical girl. Forgive me. Love me—oh, as warmly, as wildly as sweetly as before, "I'm sorry that I have to leave you lonely. It was not wildness that that moon."

soften. She had considered, she had the moon, trying to cheat me, to waited, had pondered, was now ripe. get beyond my range, eh, Twilo? fortable end. "Gertrude," he said, "that's a new A runaway, that's what you are." So assured "No."

"You won't run?" "I'm through with running."
"You're tired?" "Yes. I'm tired of running. my life's been that. I've made a Troubled, but resolute, she turned promise to myself. This time, I'll

Carefully Hastings bent above her.

The moon dipped and was gonewill ever make my heart as young from her eyes and from the woods. The air darkened; no more tatters, green and elfin, only the ashen eve-

In the darkness Twilo stood free from his kiss. Her hands, which She rode in silence, her head bent. for an instant had held to him "You must have been thinking rather than to the trees for sup-

He found that Mrs. McCrae had and silvered; their horses started He fancied that she went through stopped fishing. She sat on a down the steep hill trail. "Before the gate and that someone came up fallen cottonwood, her handsome we get down, Gertrude, please! You to meet her from the river bank, Where the trees came close to a charming sort of fear as though

Next morning Gertrude did not Sharp, clear, with a golden start. appear; she sent a note asking for breakfast in her "cabin" and for a Gertrude's horse shied, morning undisturbed, and not until terminedly on horsebask did she come out, pale, order her own horse

All afternoon she rode, haunted When it was dark and when gold

Inside the house she could The master of Circle dismounted Hastings, unconscious of her. She with had laid her ghost.

Near the well stood the slender figure of the roustabout's assistant, filling his buckets. Clad in blue overalls and shirt, black-haired, he bent and turned, pausing for an instant to look at her as she went dumbly past, and, as he looked, his

She was past him but now she threatening switch, surging on a "Explain yourself. You know some. thing. Why do you whistle that air whenever I come past you? Answer

me. The truth." After a pause he replied confusedly: "Why lady, I don't rightly know. Have I whistled that tune?" Her switch moved eagerly. know you have."

"Twas just somethin' in your face, I reckon, that reminded me—" "My face reminded you?" "Yes, ma'am. I see it now. 'Tis like a prisoner's."

Her weapon fell, her face was blanched. "A prisoner?" "I knowed him once. I worked once in a prison"—the boy's voice spurned the memory as though it hurt him. "That man. I liked him. He was a whistler-like me. That was his tune, ma'am, and I reckon, when I seed the look in your face like his'n-as though he was tryin' in' forget them bars-well, ma'am it surprised me, like, to see it in your free face so-so that I kinder without knowin' it got to whistlin'

his tune." There was an interval of silence f'He'd be free now," added the

boy. You must pack him off at hand. "I —kissed you the other once—the boy at the well, the boy evening— in the woods." that whistles. I can't bear it. He "Yes." boy. -he knows that he—that he is in-

nocent. back here, you!" he shouted as he swung forward to the well.

The roustabout's assistant turned, you didn't run away. That is, it vaguely astonished slenderness in run away." the vague light. "You're fired," snapped Hastings.

row the night." He provoked no answer and no The youth stood still, then from me?" protest. raised his burden and moved grace-

fully away. "You heard me?" "Yes, sir." He whistled softly as less-" She was really listening to ing curtain of the starry dark, whistled a melody of escape, release. me,

When he came back into the

with tears.

So assured and so safeguarded by I think. You see, he wants me, he self-fastened comfortable locks and bars did Randy Hastings, banishing young and lovely spirits, fall to like you. Listen. You can hear sleep that night.

He was up early before Gertrude waked, and off to his business on ed, full of an easy elation, to find no power.

"Miss Austen and her niece, Mrs. McCrae," they told him, had 'left After a long silence, Hastings the ranch, gone out over the pass— moved and shut his cabin door. fore noon.

The letter was from Gertrude. Randy, dearer than you will ever now believe, I am mad, perhaps, but the pressure of one fact is past sane bearing. Tom is free. I always loved him most; I always loved him, only him.

Trying won't tear aside that deep

secret imprisonment that I have suf-

fered. Now, he is free and by a sort of haphazard wizardry he has most people." been made unbearably vivid to me. I find myself wanting to take him away from bars and shame and to put back the music he loved into In a garage in Albuquerque his life-if he will let me. It's the posted the following notice:

I may be mad, but I am terribly, the gate and that someone came up dangerously happy—except for the to meet her from the river bank, thought of an injury to you. But but the moving darkness of the last night, dear friend, your love trees all about him filled him with was warm, not wild, and that has reassured me. Forgive me. I couldn't believe in my own "pos-

session" until after a wakeful most tremendous night. God bless you. Good.by. Gertrude-not David's and not yours—but Tom's.

Don't send the little piping roustabout away! Randy Hastings said, "The little roustabouts be damned," and took his fishing rod in hand going for com-

fort to his river-ripples. He returend to his cabin that evening, dinnerless and late. He was wet from wading, angry and-free. To and fro, up and down the big room he went. The fire he had lighted on his hearth danced in his

face and eyes. Winter, he remembered was not so far away. He could not now go citywards to hunt for ease and the companionship of all the Many Things. He must find beauty, he must entrap some temporary companionship of loveliness and youth. Opening his door to a slow pass_

ing footstep, he called. The roustabout, whiskered and grim, stopped. "Eh?" "Where's Twilo-Tom?"

"You will pass her on your way back?" "Surely." "Send her to me, will you?

"Seed her near the gate."

Pronto." "Surely. And that means," com-mented Tom to himself, "she's fired along with the whistlin' kid-likely. Well, they're young-they're young. He wandered, goatlike and along the stony little path to the

trees. To Randal Hastings where he waited, heart_shaken and tightlipped, before his fire. Twilo slid in, half-smiling, doubtful, but not afraid. It occurred to him that he had never seen her look afraid.

"You sent for me?" "Yes. Sit down." But shaking her head a little, she took her place, as though absently, close to his open window.

"You are going to discharge me?" "No. The firelight played like golden water across the room between

them. "Winter's coming," he said. "And that's the truth." She shiv-"It's lonesome—the winter Twilo."

"It's sure lonesome, sir." "And it's cold," "It's very cold." "My friends have gone and soon the boys will be leaving me. There'll

be the cook and old Tom-that'll be all Like the inside hollow of a tree the log-walled room stood between them and that nearing loneliness and

cold.

"That will be all," Hastings re-Gertrude McCrae went from him peated; "a yellow man and a gray and stumbled in at the ranch house one-and me. That's a grim prosdoor. She spoke huskily and fast. pect for me, Twilo." He came over "Randy you must discharge that to her and stood close, taking her

"You didn't hate me. You weren't angry. You know how beautiful, Hasting made no delay. "Come how magically beautiful you are." "That's why I always run away." "But when I kissed you, Twilo,

set down his buckets and became a didn't seem to me that you had "No sir." She was sweet, vague, submissive, "Get your time from Gates tomor- but with a tormenting, absent air,

and be off the ranch before as though she listened to something just beyond his speech. "You don't want to run away She shook her head, wearily, per-haps. "I will never run away again. I won't run away from you, un_

he disappeared into the velvet mov. something that he could not hear. "That means you'll stay here with Twilo, all through the winter It laid a pattern of music like a so that I won't be alone? You'll let gypsy's signal at Randy Hastings' me kiss you, love you? Perhaps feet.

Perhaps you'll love me too?"

"Randy, you know that I will And then the silver whistle blew, marry you," she said. "Forgive me faint and far away, out in the night. She stirred a little in his grasp.

Impatient of her gentle, acquies-

to give her; the wildness had been and simple, as though the shelter "Everything on this ranch, above charmed out of him in the moonlit of his tree_hollow against the cold The feeling that inspired his it or below is mine," said Hastings, woods, but she had his friendliest were largesses to a dryad-tramp. "I symphony was genuine enough to close to her, his hand near hers on warmth. They parted that night, thank you. I must go. He's whist-"No, sir. That's the roustabout's give its measures reality and sweet- the smooth trunk. "You'll be off affianced and assured, with their fulling for me. I was waiting lest he He could see the audience one of these nights, I reckon, like ture mapped out as by a mathe-should want me. He's leaving, gon. She had considered, she had the moon, trying to cheat me, to matician's chart, saefly to its coming away. "I'll have to go away with him,

> springs, not just for the winter, sir, my tune." As water slides, or the empty wind, she left his arms. He could distant range. By noon, he return not even try to hold her. He had

wants me for always, summers and

The silver whistle piped, piped in. Rose mouth, he thought, and leprecahum eyes, out into the green gray world together, hand in hand. The Hearst's International Cosmo.

politan.

-A kind looking old gentleman was stopped by a tramp, for money to get a night's lodging. "Well, look here, my man," the old gentleman said, "what would you say if I offered you work?" "Bless yer life, sir." came the re-"I can take a joke same as

-Out in New Mexico even public his long, long gray unhappiness and signs come directly to the point. "Don't smoke around tank, If your life isn't worth anything, gaso-line is!"