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What the boy had wanted in life, so far, had been his to have—oh, how he wanted his goddess! And he suffered as youth only can suffer, so conditioned. He was but faintly aware of the chagrin woven into his disappointment, and conventions bothered him not at all. He loved the woman, and he could not get her face, her charm, out of his mind. He was foolish enough to feel that no trouble was like his trouble—and wise enough to take his trouble to the wilds.

Wandering chance carried him to Oxam, a terminus of one of the many branches of the great P. D. & M. railway system; chance again had guided him to big Bill Morehead's, seeking board.

Bill was one of the P. D. & M.'s engineers, as hearty a host as one could desire. Mrs. Bill, their small son, and Bill's old mother completed the contented little family.

Here Chris had been for a number of days. Behind him, now, Mrs. Bill moved about in the wide-windowed, green-papered living room, that seemed part of the green outer world, setting the table for supper and making that cheerful clatter that whets appetite—tramping the hogbacks had revived Christopher's lost-to-love appetite, whether or no. Below him spread a misty valley lanterned with fireflies, and beyond, hills of darkling green melted into hills distant and purple in the deepening twilight. And her face looked out at Chris from hills and sky.

A whistle blew far down the valley; an electric headlight pierced the mist.

"Forty-six—on time—Mag," called old Mrs. Morehead, from her rope-seated rocker.

"Yes, ma," responded Mrs. Bill, "an' the hoe-cakes an' ham is houin' for the fire. Bill'll nose 'em as he hits the top trail."

"And buttermilk, Mrs. Morehead. Don't say the butter cow's gone dry."

"All you can swallow, Mrs. Martin," laughed the busy woman as she left for her kitchen.

"How about Bill?" called Martin.

"Bill's mother answered the question in a strong old voice, pointing the stem of her cob pipe at Chris as she spoke; "Bill's feedin'll be accordin' as how the strike's goin'."

"Don't fret about the strike," comforted Chris; "they won't pull it off."

"Wisht I was sho' of that as you be, Mr. Martin," said Bill Morehead, climbing the porch steps. "Wisht I was. Heah's yo' Chicago paper I picked up to the junction."

"Any letters?"

Bill grinned. "Tied up with another chap, I reckon. You askin' me for letters every night and ain't none come yet. Yo' girl's on strike."

"Strike's ain't nothin' but misery," complained Bill's mother.

"Not when yuh win out, ma. How's yo' misery?"

"I heah yo' pappy say same's you, Bill, an' I ain't seen no good come out of no strike yet. I seen too many strikes not to know."

Bill's voice grew gentle. "This mess needn't pester yuh, ma. We got the government an' people with us. We're sho' to win. We've won now."

"I ain't smart enough to know yo' government, Bill,—but I know folks. You discomberate folks an' they'll turn agin yuh. I seen it time'n agin."

"Well, there's plenty for you an' Mag an' the boy to outlast this strike, ma, so don't be donsy. Hello, Mag!" He gave his wife a hug. "Where's the boy?"

"Hush," warned the mother, "he's asleep. Go clean yo'self, an' don't wake him. Supper's ready."

"Guess I'll lay off an' get acquainted with the kid, eh, Mr. Martin?"

"Time a-plenty for that," said the old woman.

Bill paused at the bed-room door. "Wait 'til little Bill's big enough to ride with me in the cab, ma," he responded.

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