

garment, with a head of yellow curls and a pair of wide blue eyes which last have been regarding him admiringly from the doorway. He picks the child up awkwardly, expecting a tempest of tears, but instead receives a smile and a pat on his brown cheek.

"Oo is bootful," coos the small thing in its baby voice.
 "Oo dot a pitty hat, and dot a pitty tie and everysing,"

In all his life no one had ever called Long Jim beautiful before, and this open admiration pleased him greatly. He presses a dollar into the little fat hand.

"Buy yerself somethin'," he suggests.

A soft mouth is lifted up to his.

"Kiss baby," it demands.

The pressure of the soft baby lips gives the man a curious sensation, and he looks after the child wistfully as it patters down the store.

"Why, howdy, Jim? Makin' up with Nixon's kid? Ain't he a cute little un?" exclaims a voice at his elbow, and he turns to greet another of his kind, dressed like himself in full cowboy panoply.

"Howdy, Bill? Whose kid did yer say? Nixon's? Jest fell over it here. What'll yer take? I'm dry"

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The calm, starlit night has succeeded the glare of the day—calm and starlit?—yes on the far stretching praries,

But here from the long, low buildings come the click of billard balls, the clinking of glasses, the rough laughter of the crowds within, while the sound of the piano and violin, with now and then the notes of a well known song, echo down the street.

There is a big game on tonight at the "Long Branch" and here the crowd is thickest and the noise the loudest. Around the big table the players are sitting—winning or losing as the case may be; leaving there when "cleaned out," as