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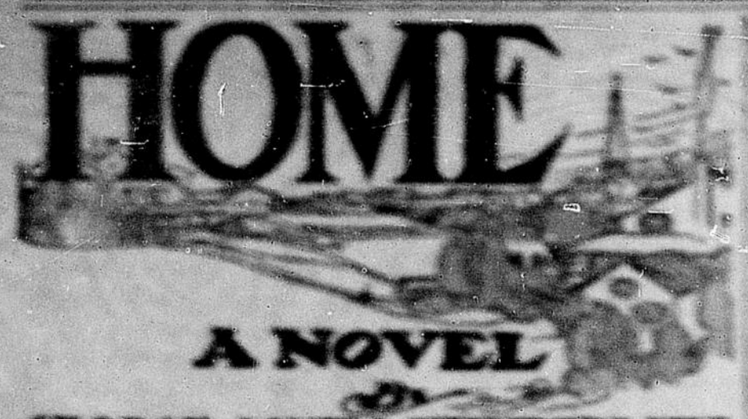

A NOVEL

BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS.

Author

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"It is a day of desperate resolves, you had antagonized your employer's money and had to flee the country. Do you think you could resume the name to which, years after years? Does home seem to you to be 'the shelter of a man's soul?'"

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

The wounds at Lieber's were like that of Phoenix Park—only much big-ger. It lasted out upon a wide stretch of desert but every at the rim of the desert one could see the dust. The war of the Sahs succeeded in the war. It came from an the group that was had to admit she's more to actually follow it. After supper they gathered on the veranda. Chairs and in rows, rocking chairs which were comfortably sitting and tilted from back to the natural angle. Lieber and Gerry smoked corn-husk cigarettes but Kenny affect to his yellow papers. Gerry did not want to talk. He sat where he could watch the strange pair whose companions he was for a night. Into the souls of Lieber and Kenny the long silences of solitude had entered and become at home. They were patient of silence. Each had his memories. They still had their love on. Lieber's was pushed back, Kenny's was thrown forward. Kenny was with thing. Kenny's words of farewell—the back to Gerry, "It's a long trail from the Alamo to New York, but the whole country's under one hat." Dayton, Pennsylvania, Dutchtown and New Yorker might be world pulse but to-night they seemed strangely near to each other.

The next morning Gerry was up early, nervous after the first night's absence from Panacia Flores. Kenny watched him saddle his horse. "That ain't one of the few," he remarked.

"No," said Gerry. "I traded the mules for the pony-gray. Do you think I was done?"

"I don't know," said Kenny cautiously. "I don't want you should think I was jawbone you, Mr. Lansing, but that bone ain't no iron-gray. There ain't no such color for a bone as I ever heard on. That bone is a blue or he's a true blue."

"All right, Kenny," said Gerry, smiling. "You've caught him true blue and True Blue he is from this day."

Lieber came out to breakfast and called them for coffee. When they were seated he proposed to Kenny that he make his headquarters at the ranch for a while. The advantages were evident. It was a congregating point for the natives from miles round. Gentlemen from into Lieber's from miles of miles in country. They came single, in donkey loads or in white caravans. Sometimes they passed directly into the house from the gravel; sometimes they ran through a chain of vaqueros, from head to head. All were centered at and reflected from Lieber's. The same man that brought in gunshots would be glad to add another to their stock in trade.

Kenny accepted the proposal. He had settled two years for this offer. The consideration of the obligation Lieber was putting him under embarrassed him. He began to talk. "Those gentlemen," he said, "take a lot of machine consideration. Of sometimes they don't. For instance, you can tell 'em that Carranza can with money and that the rest of their possibles aren't 'ad either. Then you tell them that Villa is a true-blue, and they'll take a fourth interest in the whole gang."

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Kenny's deep-set eyes seemed to grow out of his head as he made out their burden. "Illegal!" he mused and smiled off to the south where he found himself as in an astonished heifer. For one second she squatted and then went mad. With yell and flapping her Kenny poured oil on the fire of her frenzy. She bucked and reared and all but accomplished in her efforts to rid herself of the demon on her back. As the wounds, Lieber and Gerry held their sides and roared at the most [illegible] that thing they had ever seen. Finally, with a desperate lunge, the heifer lowered the corral fence. It caught her middle and she tumbled over. Kenny turned a handspring from her back and landed on the feet. The heifer scrambled free from the fence and ran, wild-eyed, out into the desert. Laughter rang from every side. Three herders flung themselves on to their horses and rode, shouting, after the heifer. Kenny straightened out his hat, put it on, and walked solemnly over to the wounds. There was only a twinkle in his eye as he brought the mountain giant to assess the monster alignment.

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