

BAT WING BOWLES

muttered, as she sighted him from afar; and when she rode up and faced him he hung his head like a truant.

"You Brig!" she said at last, whipping the hair from her eyes with one hand, "you haven't got git-up enough in you to win an Indian squaw! You'll make a lovely husband for somebody, and that's a fact—the way you do your courting. Who do you think is up to the big house waiting for you?"

"Huh?" demanded Brig, now suddenly all attention.

"Well, she's been there for more than a day—while you were out shooting prairie-dogs. What she sees in you is more than I can say, but——"

"Who're ye talkin' about?" barked Brigham, throwing loose his leading-rope.

"I'm talking about your girl," answered Dixie with Spartan directness. "Here, I'll lead your pack—go ahead and show her your dust."

"I'll do that," said Brig, leaning forward as she spoke; and, passing over the rope, he went spurring up the road.

Dixie Lee gave Bowles a level look from beneath her tumbled hair, and touched Wa-ha-lote with the spur. Her manner seemed to be a disclaimer of any responsibility for their being left together, and yet somehow it was very obvious