

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

carte blanche from Jack had raided the shops of the town. When the meal was over Haggarty rose, very red and confused amid low growls of encouragement:

"Go to it, Larry!"

"What are ye waitin' for?"

"Shut up an' listen to him, now!"

"Mr. Kent, an' Miss Crooks an' Mister Crooks," began Haggarty, and paused. More growls of encouragement. "I'm no speaker, but the boys wants me to tell ye something, an' it's this: There's them that's had it in for ye these months past, an' has done their da — I mean their dirtiest — to spoil yer cut an' hang yer drive. They haven't done it, an' for why? Bekase ye're good stuff, an' kept a stiff upper lip an' stayed wid the game when others would have give it up, beaten. There ain't a man that ain't proud to work for ye, an' we'll stick by ye, Mr. Kent, till there's snowballin' in — in summer. That's what I was to say. An' besides that, an' not wantin' to be fresh at all, we wish you an' the young lady all sorts of luck an' happiness."

Haggarty sat down and was pounded on the