

at the same gap. You remember 'The Pu'ple City'?"

Gerry nodded.

"Wal, seems to me thet 'ceptin' in a man's own mind the' ain't no pu'ple cities. What .. man's got to find ain't pu'ple cities but the power to see one when he's got it. You had yourn right here in this valley an' yon side on Red Hill. You growed up in it but you never seen it — not till you learned how. What you been sayin' about the simple things of life — the things thet is at the bottom — has he'ped my seein' parts a powerful lot. I knowed before I come to Red Hill that I was goin' out West to stay but I did n't rightly know why. Now ef you ask me what I know I can tell you I know consid'able.

"Out in Noo Mexico they's a ranch in the fork of Big and Little Creek that's the greenest patch in the shadow of White Mountain. It's mine and it's got a three-room shack on it that could grow if need was. I know a girl that's been holdin' a four-flush against an orchid's weak pair till she's jest about sick of the game, but she's drawed and filled on the last hand though she hain't had a chanst to look at her cards yet.

"For some while the's been a pu'ple light hangin' over Big and Little Creek an' I reckon I'll be able to see it plainer an' plainer the nigher I get to it an' if the girl will he'p me I reckon that in a small way we'll soon be growin' a pu'ple city that will feed from yo' hand. Ef ever you feel the need of some bran' new air, Mr. Lansing you come out to Big and Little. There won't be much besides air but it'll be fresh made on White Mountain an' you can smell it comin' down