

rising from his chair. "And I'm goin' to get out of here before I hurt *you!*" He walked quickly across the shanty and swung around in the doorway. "By God, I wish you was bigger!" he flung out.

Munford walked back to the men's camp and listened to their conversation awhile in sullen silence. They were still on the same topic and were waxing more enthusiastic each minute.

"Aw, dry up!" said Munford, cutting in at last. "It'll be a long time before any of you see Big Cloud again."

"Who says so?" demanded McGuire, aggressively.

Munford jerked his thumb in the direction of the foreman's shanty. "Him," he said laconically.

"How's he goin' to stop it? What for? What's the matter with him, anyway? It's none of his business!" the men were talking in chorus.

"He's fussy about gettin' his dinky little bridge through," sneered Munford. "He says he ain't goin' to have broken heads interferin' with it, either. From now on you've got to get a pass to ride on the construction train. Likewise, he said if you didn't like it I was to tell you"—here Munford paused to glance around the circle—"that it's my fault and I'm the cause of all the trouble."

"What did you tell him?" demanded the crew.

"I told him to go hang. What else would I tell him?"

"Bully for you!" shouted McGuire, slapping his leg in delight. "Did he fire you?"

This was something Munford had not thought of.