

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

"My—where's that horn? I want it right now. Ole Hon down thar is a-thinkin' she's gone crazy and I thought she shorely was when she said she heard you blow that horn. An' she tol' me the minute I got here, if hit was you—to blow three times." And straightway three blasts rang down the river.

"Now she's all right, if she don't die o' curiosity afore I git back and tell her why you come. Why did you come back, baby? Gimme a drink o' water, son. I reckon me an' that ole hoss hain't travelled sech a gait in five year."

June was whispering something to the old man when Hale came back, and what it was the old man's face told plainly.

"Yes, Uncle Billy—right away," said Hale.

"Just as soon as you can git yo' license?" Hale nodded.

"An' June says I'm goin' to do it."

"Yes," said Hale, "right away."

Again June had to tell the story to Uncle Billy that she had told to Hale and to answer his questions, and it was an hour before the old miller rose to go. Hale called him then into June's room and showed him a piece of paper.

"Is it good now?" he asked.

The old man put on his spectacles, looked at it and chuckled:

"Just as good as the day you got hit."

"Well, can't you——"