

THE UNTAMED

"You got to have papers in Mexico. That's my hoss, son."

"Yes?" said Chappo. "Where's your papers, then?"

"I kin prove he's mine," Sloan said evenly. "I'll be obliged for that hoss, pardner."

My master thought a moment. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Sloan."

"Yes? I've heard of you, Sloan. The company knows you, too. There ain't no use in gitting mad. Let's talk business."

"All right, son. But that's my hoss and I'll be obliged for him."

"Sloan, I'm going to tell you about Neutria here. I caught him with a bunch of bronchos. He was a maverick, so I done put my brand on him. What'll you take for him?"

"I won't take nothing." I recognized that surly bass growl. He had been drinking.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. To save trouble, I'll buy him off'n you. Me and him is friends."