

The Mountain Divide

dimly lighted room. The spindling operator without hesitation walked over to him and laid his hand on the man's shoulder. Dancing, looking back through the door, held his breath.

"Move out of here, please," said Bucks, "into the public waiting-room." The man rose with the utmost politeness. "Sorry to be in your way," he returned mildly, though there was a note not quite pleasant in his voice.

"Your place is outside," continued the operator. "I can't do anything with a mob in here all talking at once."

"I haven't done my talking yet," suggested the man, with a shade of significance. This, however, was lost on Bucks, who looked sharply at the stool from which the man had risen.

"I think this stool is mine," said he, picking it up and examining it. "It is mine," he added, after a moment's inspection. "Please move on."

"Perhaps before I go," returned the man with the same unpleasant irony, "you will tell me whether you have an express package here for Harvey Levake."