

all of you. I'd sooner be ruined, lock, stock, and barrel, than give my daughter to that man!"

He pointed at James, whose self-possession was beginning to fail him. "What are you waiting for?" he demanded. "Do as I tell you. Ask Mr. Hunsaker and his friend, with my compliments, to come here!"

James vanished silently, as Tamlin muttered: "I'll retire."

Instantly Quinney interposed his small, sturdy figure between the big dealer and the door.

"No, you don't, Tom Tamlin! Shoulder to shoulder with me, old man, till the last shot is fired!"

"I wish I knew what it is all about," said Susan to Posy. In a louder voice she addressed her husband:

"Maybe Posy and I had better leave you?"

"Please yourselves," said Quinney. His eyes were sparkling, and his short, red hair bristled with excitement and the lust of battle.

"As they are fighting for me," said Posy, "I'll stay."

Susan observed in utter bewilderment:

"I've looked on all my life, and I can do it a little longer."

She turned to Posy, with the intention of asking for some sort of explanation; but Posy had gone up to her father.

"Daddy!"

Quinney replied roughly:

"Too late to say you're sorry now, my girl!"