

"Search me! I'm keeping close. I've got a blame arsenal ready for them if they come around to rush me. I tried to stop it the day before yesterday. I tried again yesterday, and they told me they would plug me if I didn't pull out, and, by heck, they came over and tried to rush my store. I stood them off all right. We're like that now—I got to keep out of the village and not butt in to their stopping out the liquor; and they got to keep around the bend of the rocks there or I draw a bead on them."

"The Siwashes?"

"No; they ain't huntin' for me—yet. They're all right. Even if they did I got some friends. The whisky men, I mean. I guess you got to commend me for not going down and picking them off anyhow, so as to make sure of them."

Smith laughed in his chest.

"Could you have done that?" he asked.

"Easy. They got fires agoing in the open. You can go around the bend there and rubberneck at the potlatch, and them never see you."

"Guess I'll hike over," said Smith.

"Well, just wait a minute till I get my argument, and I'm with you."

"I don't want you, Jim. You stay right here."

"You'll get no backing over at the village now," said Jim. "Guess these six are half regretting they didn't stay along and have a share," he added in a lower tone, "instead of pulling out for you. Just wait till I get my pacifier."

"I told you already," grumbled Smith, "that I was going over myself. I am liable to want a reserve behind me. You come when you hear me holler——" he paused; "if you don't mind," he finished, gently.