

312 STARR, OF THE DESERT

spoken. "Listen, desert man o' mine. I—I want to be your prisoner forever and ever and ever!"

"You won't get anything less than a life sentence, lady! And—"

"Hully gosh!" Vic, bursting open the door just in the middle of a kiss, skidded precipitately through to the kitchen. "Fade out!" he advised himself as he went. "But say! When you get around to it, I'd like something to eat, Helen Blazes!"

THE END