

WHY THEY DID IT

Haig, I don't like it. I've been off my sleep even, thinking about her, thinking also about why I should be all mixed up because of her anyhow. You see she's a kind of storm-centre! And she enjoys being a storm-centre. I can't describe it, but if ever any woman has mixed you up trying to find out where you are with her, you'll know what I'm trying to tell you. You think things are going along swimming, and suddenly she turns a new way round to you, and puts up a proposition you never could have guessed was coming. Then you're up against it. She'll leave you one day with a kind of understanding how things are—and next day she sets you wondering if you didn't dream about the last meeting! I don't know if you can understand, seeing I was mistaken—sceing—perhaps some other woman—perhaps you can kind of understand, anyhow."

"Perfectly," said Sam. "Quite."

"Well, that's me! And I've cut it out—cut it out, all right, all right. When I was soaring over Dead Man Gulch up there I saw the whole thing, and I said: 'I cut it out right now. A woman has no special licence, or title'—you get me?—'to put it up to a man to do a crazy thing like this for her.' I would do crazier things for folks, but that's not the point. The point is that there was nothing to it. There ain't no sense in doing crazy things to satisfy somebody else's whim. A man who was too lazy to walk up, and rode up that way, would be riding in a better cause. He'd just be lazy—not crazy! No, sir, when I looked at myself