

The Mountain Divide

making a fire out of way-bills! When I saw you lay your hand on that man, I stopped breathing—can't breathe just right yet," he muttered, pulling at his shirt collar. "Do you know why you didn't get killed?"

"Why, no, Bill, not exactly," confessed Bucks in embarrassment.

"Because Levake was out of cartridges. I heard him tell Rebstock so when they walked past me."

"Thank you for posting me. How should I know he was Seagrue's partner, or who Rebstock is? Let's make a bargain. I will be more careful in clearing out the office, and you be more careful about building fires. There's wood in the baggage-room. I couldn't get out to get it for fear the crowd would steal the tickets."

"Well, you are 'out' four dollars and sixty cents charges on the cartridges," continued Dancing, "and you had better say nothing about it. If you ever ask Levake for the money he will kill you."

Bucks looked rebellious. "It's only right for