

BAT WING BOWLES

now suddenly stirred to the depths. "Don't think of it—not for a moment! No, indeed! I will confess that I was a little hurt by your—but that's all right! That's all right! You don't know my aunt, do you, Miss Lee? I can't explain it to you, but—well, she's a very determined woman, in her way, and—well, she wants me to come home."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and so I'd better move on. I'm sorry that Brig can't go along with me, but—well, I can go alone. Do you remember one time, when we were coming West, I spoke about the spirit of the country—the spirit of the West? Well, I have found it—it is to move on!"

"And never come back?" inquired Dixie quickly.

"Well, something like that," admitted Bowles.

"Yes, I do remember that," responded Dixie, with a reminiscent smile. "I remember it well. We were alone on the train and we said all kinds of things—I didn't know you very well then. I remember you told me once, if I'd help you find the Far West, you'd be my faithful knight—and all that. And I helped you, too, didn't I?"

"Why, yes!" said Bowles, puzzled by her air.

"Well, what about being my knight?" demanded Dixie, with sudden frankness. "You've done well out here, Mr. Bowles, but there's one