

## BAT WING BOWLES

"Say," he said, as he beckoned Bowles to a corner of the corral, "what d'ye think Mrs. Lee sprung on me when I went around fer my pay? And, by the way, they was a deputy sheriff inquirin' fer you when I come out by the desk, so come away from that gate—but what d'ye think she said?"

"Why, I'm sure I can't imagine," answered Bowles, with his old-time calm. "What was it?"

"Well, she had a big yellin' telegraph in her hand that she was kinder wavin' around—I never did find out what it was all about—but when I come in to the hotel she flew at me like and says:

"'Mr. Clark, do you know who that young man is you're travelin' with?"

"Well, sir, the way she said it made me mad clean through, and I says to her:

"'No, Mrs. Lee, I don't—and, what's more, I don't care! He's a good pardner, that's all I know—and that's all I want to know!"

"And then I turned around and walked out. I don't know what them Lees have got to be so proud about, the way old Henry used to cave around, but I showed her, by grab, they was one puncher she couldn't run it over! She always did make me mad," observed Brig, as he stole quiet glances at his friend, "but I knowed mighty well you wasn't no *crook* and—and I don't care *what* you done!"