

## REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN

lie suddenly slashed off the cue close to its wearer's head and tossed it to me with:

"Well, son, here's a *macate* to tie yourself on th' waggon with ef you're bound to climb her bareback."

And then he added reflectively:

"Wonder *whatever* in hell I always let a little ol' Yankee kid like you-all horn me off for?"

A query, however, he himself silently answered a moment later with a parting hand-grip that nearly crushed my fingers.

THE END