

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

"You'd have a fine chance ever getting to go to any wild place again—if I told him how you jumped over the rim of the Grand Cañon just to scare your brother and friends!"

"I didn't—I didn't," denied Hal, vehemently. "I fell over—and I knocked some sense into me, too. . . . But, Ken, you'll never tell the governor, will you?"

"Lad, I reckon Ken won't give you away," said Hiram. "Fer he an' all of us believe thet adventure has taught you the difference between fun an' foolhardiness. I'd trust you now, an' if I would, surely your brother would. . . . Now, Leslie, you spring your little surprise on the boys."

I turned to Ken and Hal, then hesitated.

"Hiram," I said, "are you sure the Indian can't understand English? I don't want even a word of this to get to any ears but ours."

Ken Ward leaned forward, with his eyes suddenly flashing dark, and Hal sat up in glowing curiosity. Hiram sent the Navajo off to bunch the horses.

"Well, boys, it's this," I began. "Hiram and Jim and I are not going to sign contracts with the Forest Service for next year. We