

The Mountain Divide

"Hold on," cried Bucks. "What do you mean? You must be crazy!" he exclaimed, running to the stove and pulling the way-bills out.

"Not half so crazy as you are," replied Dancing undisturbed. "I'm only trying to show you how crazy you are. Burning up way-bills isn't a circumstance to what you did just now. You are the looniest operator I ever saw." As he looked at Bucks he extended his finger impressively. "When you laid your hand on that man's shoulder to-night—the one sitting on your stool—I wouldn't have given ten cents for your life."

Bucks regarded him with astonishment. "Why so?"

"He's the meanest man between here and Fort Bridger," asserted Dancing. "He'd think no more of shooting you than I would of scratching a match." Bucks stared at the comparison. "He is the worst scoundrel in this country and partners with Seagrue and John Rebstock in everything that's going on, and even they are afraid of him."

Dancing stopped for breath. "Talk about my