

that night sitting outside the camp after supper, McGuire, as spokesman, alluding to the threat, proposed that under Munford's leadership they should make another raid on Big Cloud.

Burton, passing by, caught the gist of the conversation. "I want to see you a minute, Munford," he called, shortly.

Munford got up and followed to the foreman's little shanty that stood a few yards away from the main camp. Once inside, Burton shoved him into a chair and shook his fist under Munford's nose.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday morning," he spluttered angrily, "that if you were looking for trouble to come to me and leave the gang alone? And here you're at it again, what? Go down to Big Cloud and raise hell, eh? You great, big overgrown calf!"

Munford blinked at the foreman, speechless. It was a long time since he had taken words like these from any man, much less a little spitting fire like Burton.

"Trouble!" continued the irate Burton, hardly pausing for breath. "You live on it, don't you? Eat it, eh? Well, you'll get a fill of it before long that'll give you the damnest indigestion you ever heard of. I promise you that! But you keep your hands off my crew! Now you listen to what I'm saying!"

"Aw, go hang!" said Munford, contemptuously. "I can't help it, can I, if they want to go down to Big Cloud? If you're so blamed anxious about them, it's a wonder you don't go around every night and tuck 'em into their bunks!"

For a moment Burton looked as though he were