

4 THE CASTLE OF DAWN

bled among some papers on the desk, joined in the laugh.

"Don't be ridiculous, Phil," he said, facing about. "I was absorbed with some important business with a client and had locked the door because it was after hours. Try one of these cigars."

"I'm on my way to a train, and just dropped in for a 'howdy.'" A flaming match was held to the cigar.

"Oh, the other fellow is busy with a bunch of papers, anyway, so you are warmly welcome. Getting out of town again? Haven't been back long, have you?"

"Three days—and now I'm on the wing again just because I got a smattering of law into my head at the University."

The attorney laughed.

"I warned you against law. But whither this time?"

"Texas."

"Where's your gun?"

"Very poor joke that." Elmore regarded him with mock severity. "It stamps you a thoroughbred Yankee as plainly as your habit of saying 'pail' for 'bucket.' But I don't mind telling you that I have a revolver somewhere