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to wait, and that's two thousand dollars tied up!"

"Aw, gwan!" Happy Jack croaked argumentatively. "Why don't you send him what you took to the Convention?"

Luck stared at Happy stupefied before he said a word. "Say, Miguel, you saddle your ridge-runner while I get ready to take this wire back to town and send it off," he snapped, preparing to write. "Sure, I'll send that set of prints! Happy, you can go to the head of the class. Now it's only a case of sit tight till the money comes. The prints are packed and in the bank vault, so I'll just get them out and send them C. O. D. to Mr. Crittenden, along with the states-rights contract. How's that for luck, boys?"

"Pretty good — for Luck," grinned Andy meaningly. "Fly at it, you coming millionaire!"

"Just a case of sit tight, boys. *Adios!*" cried Luck jubilantly as he hurried away.

Once start along a smooth trail, and everything seems to conspire toward a pleasant trip. To prove it, Luck found another telegram waiting for him in Albuquerque. This was from Martinson, and might be interpreted as an apology more or less abject. Certainly it was an urgent request that he return im-