

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

But, now that he had dismissed it forever, Brigham Clark became his old carefree self again.

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" he exclaimed, as they talked of their trip to the hills. "We'll hunt up old Bill Jump, and show him the latest in lies. I betcher I can make that old feller ashamed of himse'f—he's jist one of these here common, long-haired liars that don't know nothin' but to go you one better, anyway. But you wait till I pull that Hippodrome stuff on 'im—I betcher that'll make his jaw drop. Never did git to spring that on the boys—say, tell me that ag'in about the clown that fished up bulldogs outer the lake—and them elephants comin' over the waterfall! Yes, sir; if old Bill is up in them White Mountains, we'll certainly make him look sick!"

It was a glorious thing to contemplate, and, once in town, they made haste to lay in their supplies; but when Brigham came back from his interview with the boss Bowles could see that his enthusiasm had been shaken. For reasons of his own, Bowles had preferred not to meet the Lees, and he had asked Brig to convey his regrets and a release for his two months' pay. If eighty dollars would compensate for the defunct Dunbar, Mr. Bowles was satisfied; otherwise, he would be glad to meet the difference. But the trouble in Brigham's eye was not one of dollars and cents—he had something big on his mind.