

## LOST FARM CAMP

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he had thet quick knife of his 'n into Gray Billy twiet. You won't think I'm jokin' when I tell you I felt thet knife like as if it was in me. And I'd ruther it had of been.

"Billy riz up and a'most fell back, but I did n't wait to see what come of him. I quit feelin' like a human. I commenced to feel big and strong and quiet inside, like God A'mighty. I walked over to Jules, takin' off my mackinaw as I went. He did n't move. Jest stood thar holdin' thet knife as was drip, drip, drippin', makin' leetle red holes in the snow.

"'Keep the knife,' I says. 'You are a-goin' to need it'; and then I only recollec' suthin' hot across this here eye and I had a holt of him. I could lift a bar'l of flour by the chimes, them days. . . . When I had stomped what I reckoned to be all the life outen him, I took Gray Billy by the forelock — his bridle bein' off so 'st he could eat — and led him up to the thing on the snow. 'Billy,' I says, 'I can't see go'd — suthin' queer in my eyes, but I kin see a black suthin' on the snow what mebbly was a man onct and mebbly not. Thet man stuck a knife into you, but he won't stick no hosses no more.'

"Then I led Billy acrost the thing on the snow, twiet, but thet hoss stepped over it, instid of on it as I were wishful. Then I kind of slumped