

Overland Red

and not get 'em to thinkin' that somebody was hurt or anything like that, so I'm breakin' it to you easy. Me and Billy is goin' away. We're goin' in t' a Guzzuh — 'God save the mush,' as the pote says. We are the Overland Red Towerist and Observation Company, Unlimited. We are goin'

“‘Round the world and back again;
Heel and toe in sun and rain’ —

as another pote says. Only we ride. I ain't got nothin' to say about gettin' married, or happy days, or any of that ordinary kind of stuff. I want to drink the health of my friends. I got so many and such good ones that I dassent to incriminate any particular one; so I say, lookin' at your faces like roses and lilies and — and faces, I say, —

“‘Here's to California, the darling of the West,
A blessin' on those livin' here —
And God help all the rest.’”

Overland sat down amid applause. He located his tobacco and papers, rolled a cigarette with one hand, and gazed across the hills. Glancing up, he saw Louise looking at him. He smiled. “I was settin' on a crazy bronc' holdin' his head up so he could n't go to buckin' — outside a little old adobe down in Yuma, Arizona, then. Did you ever drift away like that, just from some little old trick to make you dream?”