

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

hands. This was Wright, the office and mill manager.

"The personal and important mail is on your desk, Mr. Kent," he said. "Later I suppose you will want to go into the details of the business."

"I expect Mr. Locke about ten o'clock," Kent replied. "I thought we might have a little talk together then, if you have time."

Wright smiled a little sadly. "My time is yours, you know. Just let me know when you want me."

Kent opened the door of the private office that had been his father's, stepped in, and shut it. He glanced half expectantly at the big, leather-cushioned revolving chair behind the broad, flat-topped desk on which the morning's mail lay neatly stacked. The chair was empty. It came to him in a keen, stabbing pain that whenever in future he should enter this office which was now his, the chair would be empty — that the big, square, kindly, keen-eyed man whose business throne it had been would sit in it no more.

He seated himself at the desk, branded to right

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