

"Munford's my name," said Munford, coolly. "I'm here for a job. Where I come from ain't none of your blamed business, is it?"

"Ain't it?" said Burton. "Well, then, you can walk back there, my bucko!" and he turned on his heel and followed the men to their work.

Munford sat down on the doorsill of the camp shanty and with a laugh pulled out his pipe and began to smoke. He was still sitting there a half-hour later when the foreman came back.

"If you've got far to go," grinned Burton, you'd better get started."

"No hurry," replied Munford, imperturbably.

"You're a queer card," said Burton, after a moment. "What's this about the trouble down at Big Cloud last night the boys are so full of they can't do anything besides talk?"

Munford chuckled quietly. "Nothin' much," said he.

"Nothing much, eh? They say you put the "Golden Luck and Pete McGonigle to the bad, and then cleaned out every dive in town. You're quite a reformer, ain't you? I'll tell you this, though, it won't be healthy for you around these parts from now on."

"Oh, I don't know," said Munford. "Say, how about that job?"

Burton laughed. "You've got a sweet nerve to ask for a job, and you responsible for a gang that won't be able to do a day's work among the lot of them between now and night. Did up McGonigle's, eh? Well, I don't know, I reckon in the long run