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The man read the paragraph twice.
Then he set down the paper and
looked steadily across the rolling
prairie land. There was a queer, bit-
ter little smile upon his lips.

"So it begins again!" he muttered.
There was a cloud of dust in the
distance. The man rose to his feet,
shaded his eyes with his hand and
shambled round to the back of the
wagon, where a long table was set out
with knives and forks, hunches of
bread and tincups. He walked a little
farther away to the fire, and slowly
stirred a pot of stew. The little party
of cowboys came thundering up. There
was a chorus of shouts and exclama-
tions, whistlings and good-natured
chaff, as they threw themselves from
their horses. Long Jim stood slowly
cracking his whip and looking down
the table.

"Say, boys, I think he's fixed things
up all right," he remarked. "Come on
with the grub, cookie."

Silently the man filled each dish
with the stew and laid it in its place.
Then he retired to the background and
the cowboys commenced their meal.
Long Jim winked at the others as he
picked up a biscuit.

"Cookie, you're no good," he called
out. "The stew's rotten. Here, take
this!"

He flicked the biscuit, which caught
the cook on the side of the head. For
a moment the man started. With his
hand upon his temple he flashed a
look of hatred towards his assailant.
Long Jim laughed carelessly.

"Say, cookie," the latter went on
"where did you get them eyes? Guess
we'll have to tame you a bit."

The meal was soon over, and Jim
stroled across to where the others
were saddling up. He passed his left
arm through the reins of his horse
and turned once more to look at
Craig.

"Say you mind you do better to-
night, young fellow. Eh?"

He stopped short with a cry of pain.
The horse had suddenly started,
wrenching at the reins. Jim's arm
hung helplessly down from the shoul-
der.

"Gee, boys, he's broken it!" he
groaned. "Say, this is hell!"

The cook suddenly pushed his way
through the little crowd. He took
Jim's shoulder firmly in one hand and
his arm in the other. The cowboy
howled with pain.

"Let go my arm!" he shouted. "Kill
him, boys! My God, I'll make holes
in you for this!"

He snatched at his gun with his
other hand and the cowboys scattered
a little. The cook stepped back, the
gun flashed out, only to be suddenly
lowered. Jim looked incredulously to-
wards his left arm, which hung no
longer helplessly by his side. He
swung it backwards and forwards, and
a broad grin slowly lit up his lean,
brown face. He thrust the gun in his
holster and held out his hand.

"Cookie, you're all right!" he ex-
claimed. "You've done the trick this
time. Say you're a miracle!"

The cook smiled.
"Your arm was just out of joint,"
he remarked. "It was rather a hard
pull, but it's all right now."

Jim looked around at the others.
"And to think that I might have
killed him!" he exclaimed. "Cookie,
you're a white boy. You'll do. We're
going to like you here."

Craig watched them ride off. The
bitterness had passed from his face.
Evening came and with it a repeti-
tion of his labors. When everything
was ready to serve, he stepped from
behind the wagon and looked across
the rolling stretch of open country.

There was no one in sight. Softly,
almost stealthily, he crept up to the
wagon, fetched out from its wooden
case a small violin, sat down with his
back to the wheel and began to play.
Suddenly the bow rested motionless.
A look of fear came into his face. He
sprang up. The cowboys were all
stealing from the other side of the
wagon. They had arrived and dis-
mounted without his hearing them.
He sprang to his feet and began to
stammer apologies. Long Jim's hand
was laid firmly upon his shoulders.

"Say, cookie, you don't need to
look so scared. You ain't done noth-
ing wrong. Me and the boys, we like
your music. Sing us another tune
on that fiddle!"

The cook looked at him for a mo-
ment incredulously. Then he real-
ized that the cowboy was in earnest.
He picked up the bow and commenced
to play again. They sat around him,
wondering, absolutely absorbed. No
one even made a move towards the
food. It was Craig who led them
there at last himself, still playing.
Long Jim threw his arm almost care-
ssingly around his shoulder.

"Say, cookie," he began, "there ain't
never no questions asked concerning
the past history of the men who find
their way out here, just so long as
they don't play the game yellow. May-
be you've fitted up a nice little hell
for yourself somewhere, but we ain't
none of us banking to know the
address. You're white and you're one

of us and any time any guy wants to
charge you rent for the little hell
where you got the furniture of your
conscience stored, why, you just let
us settle with him, that's all."

The interruption which came was
from outside.

"More of these d-d tourists," Long
Jim muttered. "Women, too!"

Craig turned his head slowly. Quest
was in the act of dismounting from
his horse. By his side was the pro-
fessor; just behind, Lenora and Laura.
Long Jim greeted them with rough
cordiality.

"Say, what are you folks looking
for?" he demanded.

Quest pointed to Craig.

"We want that man," he announced.
"This is Inspector French from New
York. I am Sanford Quest."

There was a tense silence. Craig
covered his face with his hands, then
suddenly looked up.

"I won't come," he cried fiercely.



"We Ain't Powerful Civilized at This Camp, but You Don't Get Our Cook
Till You Show a Warrant."

"You've founded me all around the
world. I am innocent. I won't come."

Quest shrugged his shoulders. He
took a step forward, but Long Jim,
as though by accident, sauntered in
the way.

"Got a warrant?" he asked tersely.

"We don't need it," Quest replied.

"He's our man, right enough."

"Right this minute he's our cook,"
drawled Long Jim, "and we ain't ex-
actly particular about going hungry
just to please a bunch of strangers.
Cut it short, mister. If you ain't got
a warrant, you ain't got this man."

"All right," Quest agreed. "The in-
spector here and I will soon see to
that. We'll ride back to the town-
ship. With your permission, the ladies
and our elderly friend will remain for
a rest."

"You're welcome to anything we've
got except our cook," Jim replied,
turning away.

Darkness came early and the little
company grew closer and closer to the
camp fire, where Craig had once more
taken up his violin. The professor
had wandered off somewhere into the
darkness and the girls were seated a
little apart. They had been treated
hospitably but coldly.

"Don't seem to cotton to us, these
boys," Laura remarked.

"They don't like us," Lenora replied,

"because they think we are alien
Craig. I wonder what Long Jim has
been whispering to him, and what
that paper is he has been showing
Craig. Do you know how far we are
from the Mexican border?"

"Not more than five or six miles,
I believe," Laura replied.

Lenora rose softly to her feet and
stroled to the back of the range
wagon. In a few moments she re-
appeared, carrying a piece of paper in
her hand. She stooped down.

"Craig's saddling up," she whis-
pered. "Look what he dropped."

She held out the paper, on which
was traced a roughly drawn map.

"That line's the river that marks
the Mexican border," she explained.
"You see where Long Jim's put the

cross? That's where the bridge is.
That other cross is the camp."

She pointed away southwards.

"That's the line," she continued.

"Laura, where's the professor?"

"I don't know," Laura replied. "He
rode off some time ago, and he was go-
ing to meet Mr. Quest."

"If only he were here!" Lenora mut-
tered. "I feel sure Craig means to
escape. There he goes."

They saw him ride off into the dark-
ness. Lenora ran to where her horse
was tethered.

"I'm going after him," she an-
nounced. "Listen, Laura. If they ar-
rive soon, send them after me."

She galloped off while Laura was
still undecided. Almost at that mo-
ment she heard from behind the wel-
come sound of horses' feet in the op-
posite direction and Quest galloped up.

Laura laid her hand upon his rein.

"Don't get off," Laura continued

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