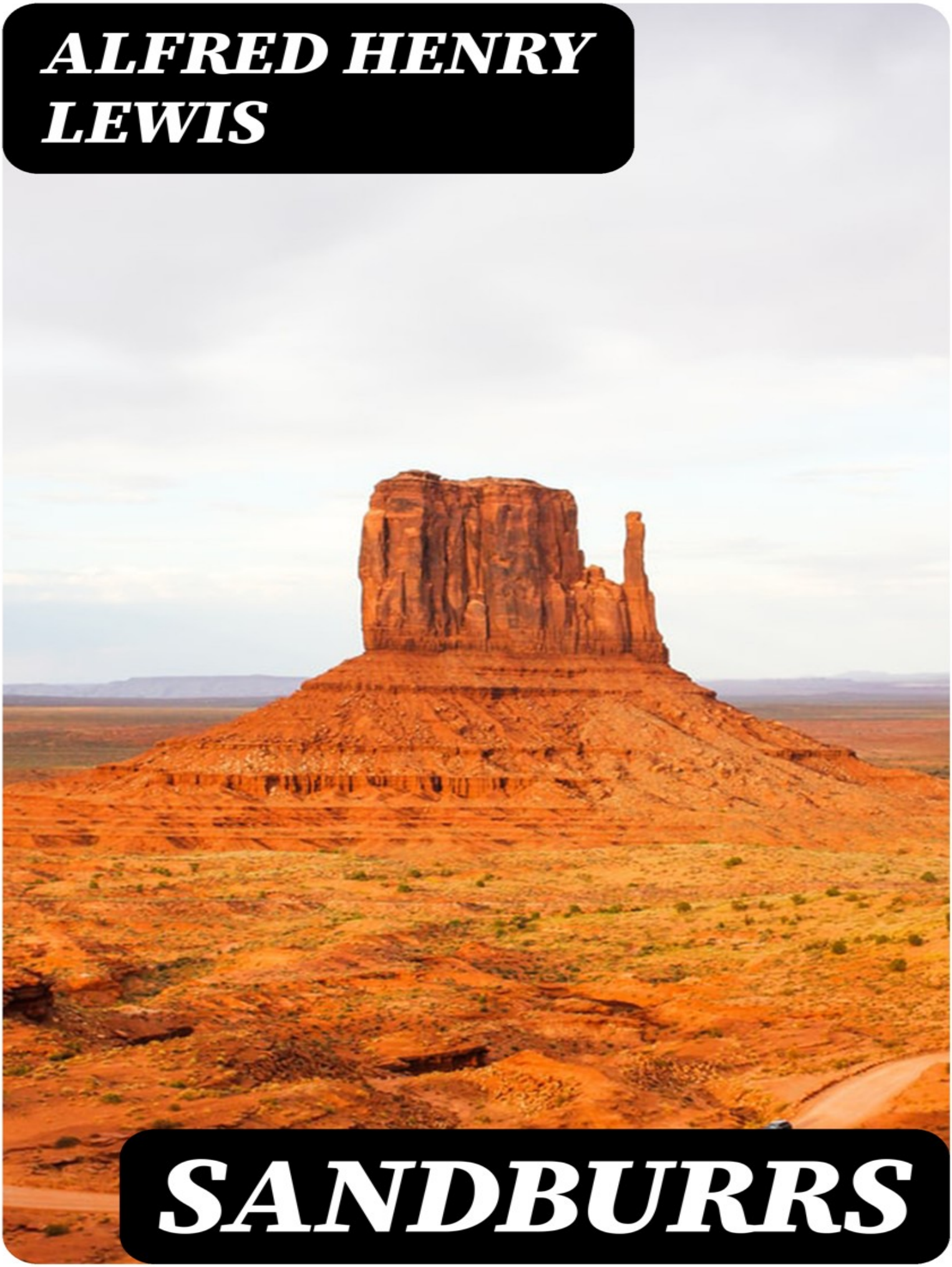
ALFRED HENRY LEWIS



SANDBURRS

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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Alfred Henry Lewis

Sandburrs

EAN 8596547057062

DigiCat, 2022
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JAMES ROBERT KEENE

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PREFACE

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A SANDBURR is a foolish, small vegetable, irritating and grievously useless. Therefore this volume of sketches is named Sandburrs. Some folk there be who apologize for the birth of a book. There's scant propriety of it. A book is but a legless, dormant creature. The public has but to let it alone to be safe. And a book, withal! is its own punishment. Is it a bad book? the author loses. Is it very bad? the publisher loses. In any case the public is preserved. For all of which there will be no apology for SAND-BURRS. Nor will I tell what I think of it. No; this volume may make its own running, without the handicap of my apology, or the hamstringing of my criticism. There should be more than one to do the latter with the least of luck. The Bowery dialect—if it be a dialect—employed in sundry of these sketches is not an exalted literature. The stories told are true, however; so much may they have defence.

A. H. L.

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New York, Nov. 15, 1899.

SANDBURRS

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SPOT AND PINCHER.

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Martin is the barkeeper of an East Side hotel—not a good hotel at all—and flourishes as a sporting person of much emphasis. Martin, in passing, is at the head of the dog-fighting brotherhood. I often talk with Martin and love him very much.

Last week I visited Martin's bar. There was “nothin' doin',” to quote from Martin. We talked of fighting men, a subject near to Martin, he having fought three prize-fights himself. Martin boasted himself as still being “an even break wit' any rough-and-tumble scrapper in d' bunch.”

“Come here,” said Martin, in course of converse; “come here; I'll show you a bute.”

Martin opened a door to the room back of the bar. As we entered a pink-white bull terrier, with black spots about the eyes, raced across to fawn on Martin. The terrier's black toe-nails, bright and hard as agate, made a vast clatter on the ash floor.

“This is Spot,” said Martin. “Weighs thirty-three pounds, and he's a hully terror! I'm goin' to fight him to-night for five hundred dollars.”

I stooped to express with a pat on his smooth white head my approbation of Spot.

“Pick him up, and heft him,” said Martin. “He won't nip you,” 'he continued, as I hesitated; “bulls is; d' most manful dogs there bees. Bulls won't bite nobody.”

Thereupon I picked up Spot “to heft him.” Spot smiled widely, wagged his stumpy tail, tried to lick my face, and felt like a bundle of live steel.

“Spot's goin' to fight McDermott's Pincher,” said Martin. “And,” addressing this to Spot, “you want to watch out, old boy! Pincher is as hard as a hod of brick. And you want to look out for your Trilbys; Pincher'll fight for your feet and legs. He's d' limit, Spot, Pincher is! and you must tend to business when you're in d' pit wit' Pincher, or he'll do you.

Then McDermott would win me money, an' you an' me, Spot, would look like a couple of suckers."

Spot listened with a pleased air, as if drinking in every word, and wagged his stump reassuringly. He would remember Pincher's genius for crunching feet and legs, and see to it fully in a general way that Pincher did not "do" him.

"Spot knows he's goin' to fight to-night as well as you and me," said Martin, as we returned to the bar. "Be d' way! don't you want to go?"

It was nine o'clock that evening. The pit, sixteen feet square, with board walls three feet high, was built in the centre of an empty loft on Bleecker street. Directly over the pit was a bunch of electric lights. All about, raised six inches one above the other, were a dozen rows of board seats like a circus. These were crowded with perhaps two hundred sports. They sat close, and in the vague, smoky atmosphere, their faces, row on row, tier above tier, put me in mind of potatoes in a bin.

Fincher was a bull terrier, the counterpart of Spot, save for the markings about the face which gave Spot his name. Pincher seemed very sanguine and full of eager hope; and as he and Spot, held in the arms of their handlers, lolled at each other across the pit, it was plain they languished to begin. Neither, however, made yelp or cry or bark. Bull

terriers of true worth on the battle-field were, I learned, a tacit, wordless brood, making no sound.

Martin “handled” Spot and McDermott did kindly office for Pincher in the same behalf. Martin and McDermott “tasted” Spot and Pincher respectively; smelled and mouthed them for snuffs and poisons. Spot and Pincher submitted to these examinations in a gentlemanly way, but were glad when they ended.

At the word of the referee, Spot and Pincher were loosed, each in his corner. They went straight at each other's throats. They met in the exact centre of the pit like two milk-white thunderbolts, and the battle began.

Spot and Pincher moiled and toiled bloodily for forty-five minutes without halt or pause or space to breathe. Their handlers, who were confined to their corners by quarter circles drawn in chalk so as to hem them in, leaned forward toward the fray and breathed encouragement.

What struck me as wonderful, withal, was a lack of angry ferocity on the parts of Spot and Pincher. There was naught of growl, naught of rage-born cry or comment. They simply blazed with a zeal for blood; burned with a blind death-ardour.

When Spot and Pincher began, all was so flash-like in their motions, I could hardly tell what went on. They were in and out, down and up, over and under, writhing like two serpents. Now and then a pair of jaws clicked like castanets as they came together with a trap-like snap, missing their hold. Now and then one or the other would get a half-grip that would tear out. Then the blood flowed, painting both Spot and Pincher crimson.

As time went on my eyes began to follow better, and I noted some amazing matters. It was plain, for one thing, that both Spot and Pincher were as wise and expert as two boxers. They fought intelligently, and each had a system. As Martin had said, Pincher fought “under,” in never-ending efforts to seize Spot's feet and legs. Spot was perfectly aware of this, and never failed to keep his fore legs well back and beneath him, out of Pinchers reach.

Spot, on his part, set his whole effort to the enterprise of getting Pincher by the throat. A dog without breath means a dead dog, and Spot knew this. Pincher appeared clear on the point, too; and would hold his chin close to his breast, and shrug his head and shoulders well together whenever Spot tried to work for a throat hold.

Now and then Spot and Pincher stood up to each other like wrestlers, and fenced with their muzzles for “holds” as might two Frenchmen with foils. In the wrestling Spot proved himself a perfect Whistler, and never failed to throw Pincher heavily. And, as I stated, from the beginning, the two warriors battled on without cry. Silent, sedulous, indomitable; both were the sublimation of courage and fell purpose. They were fighting to the death; they knew it, joyed in it, and gave themselves to their destiny without reserve. Each was eager only to kill, willing only to die. It was a lesson to men. And, as I looked, I realised that both were two of the happiest of created things. In the very heat of the encounter, with throbbing hearts and heaving sides, and rending fangs and flowing blood, they found a great content.

All at once Spot and Pincher stood motionless. Their eyes were like coals, and their respective stump tails stood stiffly, as indicating no abatement of heart or courage. What was it that brought the halt? Spot had set his long fangs through the side of Pinchers head in such fashion that Pincher couldn't reach him nor retaliate with his teeth. Pincher, discovering this, ceased to try, and stood there unconquered, resting and awaiting developments. Spot, after the manner of his breed, kept his grip like Death. They stood silent, motionless, while the blood dripped from their gashes; a grim picture! They had fought, as I learned later, to what is known in the great sport of dog fighting as “a turn.”

“It's a turn!” decided the referee.

At this Martin and McDermot seized each his dog and parted them scientifically. Spot and Pincher were carried to their corners and refreshed and sponged with cold water. At the end of one minute the referee called:

“Time!”

At this point I further added to my learning touching the kingly pastime of dog-fighting. When two dogs have “fought to a turn,” that is, locked themselves in a grip, not deadly to either if persisted in, and which still prevents further fighting,—as in the case of Spot and Pincher,—a responsibility rests with the call of “Time” on the dog that “turns.” In this instance, Pincher. At the call of “Time” Spot would be held by his handler, standing in plain view of Pincher, but in his corner. It was incumbent on Pincher—as a proof of good faith—to cross the pit to get at him. If Pincher failed when released on call of “Time” to come straight

across to Spot, and come at once; if he looked to right or left or hesitated even for the splinter of a second, he was a beaten dog. The battle was against him.

“Time!” called the referee.

Just prior to the call I heard Martin whisper huskily over his shoulder to a rough customer who sat just back of and above him, at Spot's corner of the pit:

“Stand by wit' that glim now!” Martin muttered without turning his head.

At the call “Time!” McDermot released Pincher across in his corner. Pincher's eyes were riveted on Spot, just over the way, and there's no doubt of Pincher's full purpose to close with him at once. There was no more of hesitation in his stout heart than in Spot's, who stood mouth open and fire-eyed, waiting.

But a strange interference occurred. At the word “Time!” the rough customer chronicled slipped the slide of a dark lantern and threw the small glare of it squarely in Pincher's eyes. It dazed Pincher; he lost sight of Spot; forgot for a moment his great purpose. There stood poor Pincher, irresolute, not knowing where to find his enemy; thrall to the glare of the dark lantern.

“Spot win!” declared the referee.

At that moment the dark-lantern rough-customer closed the slide and disappeared.

Few saw the trick or its effects. Certainly the referee was guiltless. But McDermot, who had had the same view of the dark lantern Pincher had, and on whom for a moment it had similar effect, raised a great clamour. But it was too late; Martin had claimed the thousand dollars from the stake-

holder, and with it in his pocket was already in a carriage driving away, with Spot wrapped up in a lap robe occupying the front seat.

“Let McDermot holler!” said Martin, with much heat, when I mentioned the subject the next day. “Am I goin' to lose a fight and five hundred dollars, just because some bloke brings a dark lantern to d' pit and takes to monkeyin' wit' it? Not on your life!”

MULBERRY MARY

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(Annals of The Bend)

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Chucky d' Turk” was the *nom de guerre* of my friend. Under this title he fought the battles of life. If he had another name he never made me his confidant concerning it. We had many talks, Chucky and I; generally in a dingy little bar on Baxter Street, where, when I wearied of uptown sights and smells, I was wont to meet with Chucky. Never did Chucky call on me nor seek me. From first to last he failed not to conduct himself towards me with an air of tolerant patronage. When

together I did the buying and the listening, and Chucky did the drinking and the talking. It was on such occasion when Chucky told me the story of Mulberry Mary.

“Mary was born in Kelly's Alley,” remarked Chucky, examining in a thoughtful way his mug of mixed ale; “Mary was born in Kelly's Alley, an' say! she wasn't no squealer, I don't t'ink.

“When Mary grows up an' can chase about an' chin, she toins out a dead good kid an' goes to d' Sisters' School. At this time I don't spot Mary in p'ticler; she's nothin' but a sawed-off kid, an' I'm busy wit' me graft.

“D' foist I really knows of Mary is when she gets married. She hooks up wit' Billy, d' moll-buzzard; an' say! he's bad.

“He gets his lamps on Mary at Connorses spiel, Billy does; an' he's stuck on her in a hully secont. It's no wonder; Mary's a peach. She's d' belle of d' Bend, make no doubt.

“Billy's graft is hangin' round d' Bowery bars, layin' for suckers. An' he used to get in his hooks deep an' clever now an' then, an' most times Billy could, if it's a case of crowd, flash quite a bit of dough.

“So when Billy sees Mary at Connorses spiel, like I says, she's such a bute he loses his nut. You needn't give it d' laugh! Say! I sees d' map of a skirt—a goil, I means—on a drop curtain at a swell t'eatre onct, an' it says under it she's Cleopatra. D' mark nex' me says, when I taps for a tip, this Cleopatra's from Egypt, an' makes a hit in d' coochee coochee line, wit' d' high push of d' old times, see! An' says this gezeybo for a finish: 'This Cleopatra was a wonder for looks. She was d' high-roller tart of her time, an' d' beauti-fulest.'

“Now, all I got to say is,” continued Chucky, regarding me with a challenging air of decision the while; “all I has to utter is, Mary could make this Cleopatra look like seven cents!

“Well,” resumed Chucky, as I made no comment, “Billy chases up to Mary an' goes in to give her d' jolly of her life. An', say! she's pleased all right, all right; I can see it be her mug.

“An' Billy goes d' limit. He orders d' beers; an' when he pays, Billy springs his wad on Mary an' counts d' bills off slow, Linkin' it'll razzle-dazzle her. Then Billy tells Mary he's out to be her steady.

“'I've got money to boin,' says Billy, 'an' what you wants you gets, see!' An' Billy pulls d' long green ag'in to show Mary he's dead strong, an 'd' money aint no dream.

“But Mary says 'Nit! couple of times nit!' She says she's on d' level, an' no steady goes wit' her. It's either march or marry wit' Mary. An' so she lays it down.

“That's how it stands, when d' nex' news we hears Billy an' she don't do a t'ing but chase off to a w'ite-choker; followin' which dey grabs off a garret in d' Astorbilt tenement, an' goes to keepin' house.

“But Mary breaks in on Billy's graft. She says he's got to go to woik; he'll get lagged if he don't; an' she won't stand for no husband who spends half d' time wit' her an 'd' rest on d' Island. So he cuts loose from d' fly mob an' leaves d' suckers alone, an' hires out for a tinsmith, see!

“An' here's d' luck Billy has. It's d' secont day an' he's fittin' in d' tin flashin' round a chimbley on a five-story roof; an' mebby it's because he aint used to woik, or mebby he gets funny in his cupolo, bein' up so high; anyhow he dives

down to d' pavement, an' when he lands, you bet your life! Billy's d' deadest t'ing that ever happened.

“Mary goes wild an' wrong after that. In half of no time Mary takes to chasin' up to Mott Street an' hittin' d' pipe. There's a Chink up there who can cook d' hop out o' sight, an' it aint long before Mary is hangin' 'round his joint for good. It's then dey quits callin' her Mulberry Mary, an' she goes be d' name of Mollie d' Dope.

“Mary don't last in d' Chink swim more'n a year before there's bats in her belfry for fair; any old stiff wit' lamps could see it; an' so folks gets leary of Mary.

"MULBERRY MARY."—*Page 10.*

“It runs on mebby two years after Billy does that stunt from d' roof, see! when there's a fire an' all d' kids run an' screeched, an' all d' folks hollered, an' all d' engines comes an' lams loose to put it out. D' fire's in a tenement, an 'd' folks who was in it has skipped, so it's just d' joint itself is boinin'.

“All at onct a kid looks out d' fort' story window wit 'd' fire shinin' behint him. You can see be d' little mark's mug he's got an awful scare t'run into him, t'inkin' he's out to boin in d' buildin*.

“'It's McManuses' Chamsey!' says one old Tommy, lettin' her hair down her back an' givin' a yell, 'Somebody save McManuses' Chamsey!'

“'Let me save him!' says Mary, at d' same time laughin' wild. 'Let me save him; I want to save him! I'm only Mollie d' Dope—Mollie d' hop fiend—an' if I gets it in d' neck it don't count, see!'

“Mary goes up in d' smoke an 'd' fire, no one knows how, wit' d' water pourin' from d' hose, an 'd' boards an' glass a-fallin' an' a-crashin', an' she brings out McManuses' Chamsey, Saves him; on d' dead! she does; an' boins all d' hair off her cocoa doin' it.

“Well, of course d' fire push stan's in an' gives Mary all sorts of guff an' praise. Mary only laughs an' says, while d' amb'lance guy is doin' up her head, that folks ain't onto her racket; that she d' soonest frail that ever walks in d' Bend.”

At this juncture Chucky desired another mixed ale. He got it, and after a long, damp pause he resumed his thread.

“Now what do youse t'ink of this for a finish? It's weeks ago d' fire is. Mary meets up wit' McManuses' Chamsey to-

day—she's been followin' him a good deal since she saves him—an' as Chamsey is only six years old, he don't know nothin', an' falls to Mary's lead. It's an easy case of bunk, an' Chamsey only six years old like that!

“Mary gives Chamsey d' gay face an' wins him right off. She buys him posies of one Dago an' sugar candy of another; an' then she passes Chamsey a strong tip, he's missin' d' sights be not goin' down to d' East River.

“Here's what Mary does—she takes Chamsey down be d' docks—a longshoreman loafin' hears what she says. Mary tells Chamsey to look at all d' chimbleys an 'd' smoke comin' out!

“'An' in every one there's fire makin 'd' smoke,' says Mary. 'T'ink of all d' fires there must be, Chamsey! I'll bet Hell ain't got any more fires in it than d' woild! Do youse remember, Chamsey, how d' fire was goin' to boin you? Now, I'll tell you what we'll do, so d' fire never will boin us; we'll jump in,—you an' me!'

“An' wit' that, so d' longshoreman says, Mary nails Chamsey be d' neck wit' her left hook an' hops into d' drink. Yes, dey was drowned—d' brace of 'em. Dey's over to d' dead house now on a slab—Mary an' McManuses' Chamsey.

“What makes me so wet? I gets to d' dock a minute too late to save 'em, but I'm right in time to dive up d' stiffs. So I dives 'em up. It's easy money. That's what makes me cuffs look like ruffles an' me collar like a corset string.” And here Chucky called for a third mixed ale, as a sign that his talk was done.

SINGLETREE JENNINGS

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It was evening in Jordan Hollow, and Singletree Jennings stood leaning on his street gate. Singletree Jennings was a coloured man, and, to win his bread, played many parts in life. He was a whitewasher; he sold fish; he made gardens; and during the social season he was frequently the “old family butler,” in white cotton gloves, at the receptions of divers families.

“I'm a pore man, honey!” Singletree Jennings was wont to say; “but dar was a time when me an' my ole Delia was wuf $1,800. Kase why? Kase we brought it at auction, when Marse Roundtree died—didn't we, Delia?”

This was one of Singletree Jennings's jokes.

“But pore man or no!” Singletree Jennings would conclude, “as de Lamb looks down an' sees me, I never wronged a man outen so much as a blue-laiged chicken in my life.”

This evening Singletree Jennings was a prey to dejection. Nor could he account for his gloom. His son opened the gate and went whistling up the street.

“Clambake Jennings, whar yo' gwine?” asked Singletree Jennings.

“Gwine ter shoot craps.”

“Have yo' got yer rabbit's foot?

“Yassir.”

“An' de snake's head outen de clock?”

“Yassir.”

Singletree Jennings relapsed into moody silence, and Clambake passed on and away.

The shouts and cries of some storm-rocked multitude was heard up the street. The Columbia College boys were taking home their new eight-oared boat. The shouts settled into something like the barking of a dog. It was the crew emitting the college cry.

“What's dat?” demanded Delia Jennings, coming to the door.

“De Lawd save us ef I knows!” said Singletree Jennings; “onless it's one of dem yar bond issues dey's so 'fraid'll happen.”

The tones of Singletree Jennings showed that he was ill at ease.

“What's de matter, Daddy Singletree?” demanded the observant Delia.

“I've got a present'ment, I reckon!” said Singletree Jennings. “I'm pow'ful feard dar'll somethin' bust loose wrong about dat Andrew Jackson goat.”

Singletree Jennings was the owner and business manager of a goat named Andrew Jackson. In the winter Singletree Jennings never came home without an armful of straw for Andrew Jackson. In the summer there was no need of straw. Andrew Jackson then ate the shirts off the neighbour's clothes-lines. Andrew Jackson had been known to eat the raiment off a screaming child, and then lower his frontlet at the rescue party. Andrew Jackson was a large, impressive

goat; yet he never joked nor gave way to mirth. Ordinarily, Andrew Jackson was a calm, placid goat; aroused, he was an engine of destruction.

All of these peculiarities were explained by Singletree Jennings when Sam Hardtack and Backfence Randolph, a committee acting on behalf of the Othello Dramatic Club, desired the loan of Andrew Jackson. The church to which Singletree Jennings belonged was programming a social this very night, and divers and sundry tableaux, under the direction of the Othello Dramatic Club, were on the card. It was esteemed necessary by those in control to present as a tableau Abraham slaying Isaac. There was a paucity of sheep about, and Andrew Jackson, in this dearth of the real thing, was cast to play the character of the Ram in the Bush.

“An' Andrew Jackson is boun' to fetch loose,” reflected Singletree Jennings, with a shake of his head; “an' when he does, he'll jes' go knockin' 'round among de congregashun like a blind dog in a meat shop!”

Singletree Jennings's worst fears were realised. It was nine o'clock now, and he and Delia had come down to the social. Andrew Jackson had been restrained of his liberty for the previous four hours and held captive in a drygoods' box. He was now in a state of frenzy. When the curtain went up on Abraham and Isaac, Andrew Jackson burst his bonds at the rear of the stage and bore down on the Hebrew father

and son like the breath of destiny. Andrew Jackson came, dragging his bush with him. The bush was, of course, a welcome addition. Abraham saw him coming, and fled into the lap of a fiddler. Isaac, however, wasn't faced that way. Andrew Jackson smote Isaac upon the starboard quarter. It was a follow shot, rather than a carom, and Andrew Jackson and his prey landed in the middle of the audience together. For two minutes Andrew Jackson mingled freely with the people present, and then retired by the back door.

“I knowed destrucshun was a-comin'!” murmured Singletree Jennings. “I ain't felt dat pestered, Delia, since de day I concealed my 'dentity in Marse Roundtree's smokehouse, an' dey cotched me at it.”

“Singletree Jennings!” observed the Reverend Handout F. Johnson, in a tone of solemn anger, while his pistol pocket still throbbed from the visitation of Andrew Jackson, “Elder Shakedown Bixby is in pursuit of dat goat of your'n with a razor. He has orders to immolate when cotched. At de nex' conference dar'll be charges ag'in you for substitutin' a deboshed goat for de Ram of Holy Writ. I keers nothin' for my pussonel sufferin's, but de purity of de Word mus' be protected. De congregashun will now join in singin' de pestilential Psalms, after which de social will disperse.”

JESS

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It was sunset at the Cross-K ranch. Four or five cowboys were gloomily about outside the adobe ranch house, awaiting supper. The Mexican cook had just begun his fragrant task, so a half hour would elapse before these Arabs were fed. Their ponies were “turned” into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles reposed astride the low pole fence which surrounded the house, and it was evident their riding was over for the day.

Why were they gloomy? Not a boy of them could tell. They had been partners and *campaneros*, and “worked” the Cross-K cattle together for months, and nothing had come in misunderstanding or cloud. The ranch house was their home, and theirs had been the unity of brothers.

The week before, a pretty girl—the daughter she was of a statesman of national repute—had come to the ranch from the East. Her name was Jess.

Jess, the pretty girl, was protected in this venture by an old and gnarled aunt, watchful as a ferret, sour as a lime. Not that Jess, the pretty girl, needed watching; she was, indeed! propriety's climax.

No soft nor dulcet reason wooed Jess, the pretty girl, to the West; she came on no love errand. The visitor was

elegantly tired of the East, that was all; and longed for western air and western panorama.

Jess, the pretty girl, had been at the Cross-K ranch a week, and the boys had met her, everyone. The meeting or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, indifference as to Jess, the pretty girl. She encountered them as she did the ponies, cows, horned-toads and other animals, domestic and *fero naturo*, indigenous to eastern Arizona. While every cowboy was blushingly conscious of Jess, the pretty girl, she was serenely guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before Jess, the pretty girl, arrived, the cowboys were friends and the tenor of their calm relations was rippleless as a mirror. Jess was not there a day, before each drew himself insensibly from the others, while a vague hostility shone dimly in his eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal aroused by the presence of Jess, the pretty girl. Jess, however, proceeded on her dainty way, sweetly ignorant of the sentiments she awakened.

Men are mere animals. Women are, too, for that matter. But the latter are different animals from men. The effort the race makes to be other, better or different than the mere animal fails under pressure. It always failed; it will always fail. Civilisation is the veriest veneer and famously thin. A year on the plains cracks this veneer—this shell—and the animal issues visibly forth. This shell-cracking comes by the expanding growth of all that is animalish in man—attributes of the physical being, fed and pampered by a plains' existence.

To recur to the boys of the Cross-K. The dark, vague, impalpable differences which cut off each of these creatures from his fellows, and inspired him with an unreasoning hate, had flourished with the brief week of their existence. A philosopher would have looked for near trouble on the Cross-K.

“Whatever did you take my saddle for, Bill?” said Jack Cook to one Bill Watkins.

“Which I allows I'll ride it some,” replied Watkins; “thought it might like to pack a sure-'nough long-horn jest once for luck!”

“Well, don't maverick it no more,” retorted Cook, moodily, and ignoring the gay insolence of the other. “Leastwise, don't come a-takin' of it, an' sayin' nothin'. You can *palaver Americano*, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle ag'in, ask for it; if you can't talk, make signs, an' if you can't make signs, shake a bush; but don't go romancin' off in silence with no saddle of mine no more.”

“Whatever do you reckon is liable to happen if I pulls it ag'in to-morry?” inquired Bill in high scorn.

Watkins was of a more vivacious temper than the gloomy Cook.

“Which if you takes it ag'in, I'll shorely come among you a whole lot. An' some prompt!” replied Cook, in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers before Jess, the pretty girl, appeared. Either would have gone afoot all day for the other. Going afoot, too, is the last thing a cowboy will consent to.