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who's been on vacation," he remarked.
"I feel all right," Jay said.
"Things all right at the ranch?"
"So I heard."
"You didn't hev much luck givin the boys a hand with them howse.
Maybe the shootin' unnerved you till you had to go home to settle your nerves a bit."
"No doubt about it." Jay Allison answered quietly. Twe got good reason to have bad nerves. That ingit to the raid a man took a pot shot at me and nicked my shoulder. Then the other night another mansul to the raid a man took a pot shot at me and nicked out of sight when he saw me. I came in from the line the other day and I found my warbag ransacked. I expect Til be a nervous wreck one of these days if that fellow keeps on anopping around."

be a nervous wreck one of these days if that fellow keeps on anoop-ing around." Swinnerton started to move in between them, but never had time to make it. He recoiled as Peg Smith's right hand flashed to his hip and Jay's went down simul-taneously. Jay had stepped for-ward as he drew, and his left hand flashed out. For the second time a gum barrel flashed high and gave off a thudding sound as it struck a crumpled hat. Jay stepped back, sheathing the pistol. "Some men," he said in a cold, flat voice, "just don't ever learn. When he comes to tell him that if he ever makes trouble again Til kill him." Swinnerton bent over the un-conscious man. "Here, you men, give me a hand," he ordered. "Latt him to the bar." They hauled Peg Smith's lax figure up and over to his whiskey glass. Swinnerton poured a bit into the bleeding cut made by the hook hammer and the exterminator let out a gran. fit opened his eyes, half fell over the bar, then strug-gled to straighten. "Whe," he began.

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