

about the straightening of his tent as though this were all in the world that mattered. The cowpuncher jerked his head.

"Thet's th' ole boy hissef, right there," he said and the avenger rushed forward. He made a speech, to which SB paid no attention whatever, contenting himself with slightly heaving blows of the hammer upon those tent pegs. Then ~~xx~~ with a melodramatic gesture, the stranger swung an arm toward a holster, containing a revolver, and SB-without even ~~making~~ glancing

Page 127

up-swung his hammer about two feet out of its former line. The blow struck fair. Another avenger of the Custer's Last Fight, had, in the Indian fighting language of the day, bitten the dust. Or perhaps it was the hammer he bit. At any event, when they picked him up, three teeth were nissing, and SB was still hammering tent stakes.

The Buffalo Bill show ~~prospered~~ prospered more and more, with the aid of good weather, and the steady augmenting of forces, such as Annie Oakley and SB, which appealed to the imaginations of the audiences. For the first time since ~~it~~ its beginning, the books of the organization showed a profit when the season ended and Buffalo Bill's Wild West went into winter quarters to prepare for what was to be an auspicious season. SB went home, back to the Rosebud, and his old life, his braves and his teepee, content to remain there and view the show business in retrospect, leaving, however, when he went, his bow and sack of finest arrows which he had used more than once in the hunting of deer and buffalo, with Annie Oakley. SB rather ran to gifts as far as WATANYA CICILIA was concerned.