

NOT FOR LONG-NOSED NED.

Dad Thompson Lost All He Had at Cards. HIS DAUGHTER WAS THE STAKE.

A Brute Won Her, But She Escaped to Marry and Reform the Wild Hunter of the Blue.

He's a Legislator Now.

PORT HOBSON, Neb., June 19.—[Special to THE BEE.]—In those days Nebraska was not so well settled as now. Indeed, few people lived far back from the Missouri river and the Big Blue was wholly unknown. In the spring, a few spirits bolder than the rest, pushed down to the Blue and sent back glowing accounts of the richness and beauty of the country. It was not, however, until a year or two later that the Big Blue country became generally known and the people rushed in from Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Indiana to find homes for their families. There was a big stampede all along the border, and fearing for the safety of the settlements Captains Spaulding and Mix, of my old regiment, the Second United States Cavalry, were sent down with their companies to guard the country. Beatrice was a paper town and nobody believed it would ever amount to much. There were no settlers on the Blue above Beatrice. There was good hunting then, on the Blue, and bear, deer, and many four-bearing animals were abundant. The Sioux and Pawnees made night hideous with their whoops, and had the upper Blue for their regular hunting and camping ground. One white man, a young fellow, had pushed up the Blue and built his cabin near the head of the stream, where he had laid out a farm. He did not farm much, and except a small garden patch beside the cabin, seemed content to let the land lie idle and hold the claim down. He trapped, fished, and sang all day long, his evenings were very happy to be left. His furs he took once a year over to the Platte and exchanged for flour, sugar, tobacco, coffee, matches, and whatever he needed. After selling his furs he would always, as he said, "take a little needed recreation in drinking, fighting and horse-racing." He would stay as long as his means lasted, and then, packing up his purchases, he would set out for his ranch and lonely life on the Blue. He seemed a contented man, but was really much older than he looked. How so young a man had acquired such vicious habits was a mystery, for he kept his own counsel and would not tell anybody who he was or where he came from. He was a fearless rider, a brave hunter, and an expert with the rifle. Some said he had been with frontiersmen ever since he was a mere lad, and that he could, if he chose, tell where many of the ponies and horses were that had been stolen from the Overland Stage company during the past few years. Nearly every time a horse was stolen his name was mentioned, but as often as the cabin was visited he was found at home quietly attending to his own affairs. He knew he was suspected and it worried him. One day he said the next party that came looking for him would get a fight, and then they left him alone. He never visited the settlement.

THROUGHOUT HIS ARMED and sometimes when in liquor, was very troublesome. He would mount his horse, draw his pistols and ride through the streets of the little towns, whooping and firing in every direction. When pressed he would take to the hills and go back to his ranch. When not on a spree he was quiet, well behaved and a most intelligent and agreeable companion. He was called a desperado and everyone came in to shun him. "One day he went down the river to look up some new hunting place and trapping grounds, and when about thirteen miles from his cabin was surprised to come upon a good-sized house, barn, wagons and all the appointments of a farm. He hitched his horse to a tree by the door, and was surprised to see a man untying the horse and leading him away almost before he had entered the house. "Hold on there," he cried, "what do you want with that horse?" "Be you the chap that lives up the creek?" he was asked. "Yes, what do you want to know for, and what business is it of yours where I live?" "Ye are wanted over to the Platte, and I'm goin' to take yer over there," said the farmer coolly. Had a bomb-shell fallen at his feet and exploded, he could not have been more startled than by the words of the farmer. Was it possible he had struck a man tougher than himself? It looked that way. He rubbed his head and pulled his ears to see he was alive or awake and had heard correctly. "Yes," continued the farmer, coolly saying, "I don't care to have yer in this neighborhood while I live here, and I'm just going to take yer over to the Platte and put yer in jail a bit." The young man started and instinctively his hand sought the handle of his revolver. "None o' that, my fine buck," said the farmer, smiling. "Put down yer hand on the door of the house, and I'll take his crackers away from him." The young man stood like one riveted to the spot. He knew if he moved one inch he would be filled with bullets. It seemed to him an age until the

OLD MAN CAME BACK, and walking quickly up to him, took both his revolvers away from him. "Now, young fellow, come in, and see yer don't try none o' yer monkey shins no more, or we'll have to fill yer up plump full o' lead." The family consisted of the old man, his wife, daughter, a little son, another old man and the hired man, Jake, who he had seen manipulating the shot gun on the Platte. The old man had little to say and seemed sulky and ugly. He told his wife to hurry up the supper and then drawing out his jack-knife sat down to whittle a stick and chew tobacco. After awhile he expectorated about a pint of saliva on the stove hearth and looking up at the young man chuckled as he said: "That yer was chief round these parts didn't yer? Ye hear tell of yer capers over that point with his knife toward the Platte and they told me yer would make trouble for me, but Lord they didn't know o' Thompson. Nobody on yearth is chief when ole Thompson's 'roun'."

"I was chief till you came," said the young man, "but I give in. There's nobody chief in these parts now but ole man Thompson."

"That that on the square, young fellow?" said Thompson rising. "Look out what yer say about, I cut yer weazen as soon as I would a rat," and he walked toward the young man with the knife open in his hand. "Don't, pa," said his daughter, and Mrs. T., joining in, said: "Just sit down, pa; yer supper is ready."

"Yer bet, come in, young fellow, and git some supper, and ef yer honest in what yer said about ole Thompson bein' chief 'roun' here, shake." They shook hands cordially, and this strangely assorted pair sat down at the table to eat. Mrs. T. and her daughter were very pleasant and agreeable, but the old man said nothing. After supper he went out in the yard and sat on a log for a long time, whittling and chewing tobacco. At last he came in and said, abruptly: "Young fellow, I've been a-thinkin' of ef yer dead in earnest about what yer said, that there's to be no one chief in these parts but ole Thompson. I won't take yer to jail, and yer kin go home."

The young man's heart leaped into his throat as he grasped the old man's hand, and shook it warmly. He had conceived a great admiration for the old man, and expressed it. Here was a man so much wiser than himself he was proud to call him chief and acknowledge his authority. "Yer bet, dad, I'm all right, and yer chief every time!" cried the young desperado, wringing the old man's hand again.

"Well, then, none o' yer monkey shins when I'm 'roun', and see yer don't forget to Jake, bring him his horse—and here's yer guns, young fellow." THE WOMAN HAD LOOKED ON, SMILINGLY, and when the old man passed him over his pistols, the young desperado made a deep bow to the two women which they returned with polite courtesy. Bidding this strange family good by the young man sprang upon his horse and rode swiftly away. He had strange thoughts as he went back to his ranch. In all his life he had never seen a family like this one and naturally his rough nature was charmed with them. I subsequently learned the history of this strange family and may as well relate it here in my story as anywhere. Thompson had formerly lived in Iowa about six miles from Sioux City, in the very valley of the Big Sioux river. His father did not turn out well with him and he moved to Nebraska and settled on the Big Blue river. Thompson was a good natured farmer and loved his family. For many years he had been an excellent hunter and sportsman, but however, to be unfortunate in all his efforts to get on in the world and this soured him and made him ill-natured. He was a man of fierce and forbidding aspect and his father, who was a good looking, at least he took to drink and became a desperate character. He made frequent trips from his farm on the Blue to Hook's ranch, or "Dog Town" as it was then called. Here he would become drunk and associate with all the rough characters that frequented the place. He had prodigious strength and was a quick and dead shot. He soon came to be a leader among the men he associated with, and nearly every time he was drunk he would be the sight of old "Dad Thompson" as they called him would quiet the most reckless desperado. It was not long until he took to card playing, a thing he had never done before, and soon became a noted gambler. He had a first he would play only for the drinks, but before long he bet anything he had with him. Being a man of intelligence he brooded over his sorrow in his cups and at the gambling table. When very drunk he would curse himself and speak of his neglected wife and daughter who he knew were looking anxiously for his return home. He praised his daughter constantly and declared always she was the handsomest and best girl in the world.

Among the old man's boon companions and always a patient listener to his praise of his daughter was Long Nosed Ned, the stage driver. He would sit for hours and hear the old farmer praise "his Mary" as he called her. Ned was a man devoid of honor or soul and a confirmed gambler. He was always flashily dressed, always playing and constantly, when he could get there, in the society of old man Thompson. He encouraged Thompson to drink and play and seemed anxious the old man should sink lower and lower in the scale of degradation. One evening when they had been playing and drinking all day, for Thompson was now nearly always at the Blue, Ned entered the room and took up his horse and wagon against a hundred dollars which he produced. The old man thinking he could win did so and soon lost his team. Then Ned bawled him to play for his farm and when he refused to play, Ned bawled him against the claim. Thinking he could win his team back as well as the two hundred dollars, the farmer staked his claim and lost. Rising from the table he realized what he had done and he understood the situation. He would go home, but reflected, he had no team now to go home with. The more he reflected the more desperate seemed his situation. Ned piled him up on the table and when he had him properly drunk he said, looking up, he would put up the farm team and \$50 in money against HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

Not knowing what he did and crazed with liquor the farmer sat down to play. The rough characters gathered about the table did not reach Thompson's advantage was with Ned from the first and the farmer soon lost, his daughter going with his team and farm to Ned. Slowly rising from the table Ned went out, hitched up the team, then calling for a quart bottle of whisky invited the farmer to get into the wagon and said they would go home. Perhaps it was the whisky that induced him, but the farmer made no objection and climbing into the wagon took a seat by the side of Ned. They drank heavily, Ned frequently passing the bottle saying it was a chilly evening and they needed to warm up a bit. It was a long ride over the sandy roads and Ned did not reach Thompson's (now Ned's) ranch until after 10 o'clock. They found Mrs. Thompson and her daughter sitting up, patiently awaiting the return of the husband and father. They were a good deal surprised to see the old man bring home with him a drunken companion, for he had never done so before. Still they thought he had drunk more than usual and could not, perhaps, manage the team and that Ned had come along to drive him home. So they received the stranger kindly, and late as it was set about preparing supper for them, for the long ride had made them hungry. While the supper was being cooked, Mary could not but wonder at the drunken stage driver's conduct. He stared at her, winked and leered in the most indecent manner. They drank and continued to drink from Ned's bottle quite frequently and as soon as he had his supper staggered off to bed and in a few moments was deep in a drunken slumber. Ned now told Mary and her

mother all that had happened and wound up his disgusting recital with: "So now you are your own little woman. Mary, and come here and give me a hug and a kiss." At the same time he caught hold of her, but she tore loose from him and ran into the other old man's room, mentioned in the first part of this story. He was her uncle and an older brother of her father. She waked him up and told him what had happened, but he seemed to care very little about it. He told her to go to bed and in the morning when her father was sober, he would fix it all up. As Mary came from the room, she found Long Nosed Ned watching for her, and he caught hold of her again. With a desperate effort she threw off his grasp, and springing from the door she hid herself in vacant stall. It was not long until she heard Ned and her father coming down the path, and to save herself from being found she climbed out through a square hole at the back of the vacant stall.

HID HERSELF IN THE WEEDS behind the barn. Here she lay quiet until the barn had been searched, and then she heard her father say they would go back to the house and get a lantern. Scarcely knowing what she did or where she was going, as soon as they disappeared from the barn Mary sprang up and ran to the river. Her first impulse was to cast herself in and end all her troubles. While she was debating in her mind what she should do she heard the dip of a paddle in the water quite high, and looking up saw three Indians crossing in a canoe near her. They were Pawnees, and could not help seeing her. They did see her, and taking her white figure for a spirit they uttered unearthly cries and fled back across the stream and over the prairie whence they had come. Their cry startled Mary, and knowing the men would soon be down to see what it meant she ran swiftly up the river. On and on she went until she reached the river bank, her hair streaming out on the wind behind her. Once a grey wolf crossed her path and growled at her, but she ran toward him and the frightened beast fled into the undergrowth. For hours and hours she traveled onward not knowing whither she was going. The daylight was breaking in the east when she saw a rude cabin just before her, and dragging her tired limbs to the door had just strength to rap on it when she found down completely exhausted and faint.

"Who is there?" came from within, but there was no answer. "If you don't tell me who you are I shall fire through the door," said a voice. Still there was no reply. After a long delay the door was partially opened and a young man peered cautiously out. When he saw in the new risen light of the morning a woman lying on the doorstep he could scarcely believe his own eyes. Tenderly he raised her up and bore her into his cabin. Then when he saw it was Mary, his neighbor's daughter, of whom he had thought constantly of late, a great joy welled up in his heart and gentle and tender words of comfort could have been with her. She opened her eyes and asked pitiously: "Where am I, what has happened?" "Then, as if remembering some terrible peril, she cried out, "Oh, don't let him hurt me! Save me from him! He has hurt you, and I won't let anybody hurt you. Don't you know me? I am the Hunter of the Blue and you are Mary Thompson. There now, you are very tired, and you must sleep while I go to sleep like a good girl, for you are safe here." With a smile the tired girl closed her eyes, and gently spreading his coat over her, for it was a cold morning, the young man turned away and went out to drink, he would cure himself and speak of his neglected wife and daughter who he knew were looking anxiously for his return home. He praised his daughter constantly and declared always she was the handsomest and best girl in the world.

HE WOULD DEFEND HER with the last drop of his heart's blood. When he stole into the cabin later, Mary was sleeping deeply. Now and then a sob would heave her breast, but she did not wake. He gazed at her a long time, and thought, he had never seen so beautiful a woman in his life before. With such a girl he might be a man, and his heart rose in pride, and he vowed he would try for her sake even if he did not win her. He cooked some fresh fish, fried some antelope, made coffee, and did the best he could to get up something for his guest to eat when she awakened. Still she slept on, and on, until at last, when the sun was far up in the sky, he gently shook her and she opened her eyes. With a start she sat up in the bed and stared wildly about her. Then she remembered all, and as if to help her the hunter said: "Don't worry. See, I have got you," and laying her hand gently on his arm, said, simply, "I believe you."

"But you must not remain here," he said, "that would never do." "What shall I do," she inquired. "Go to Kearney. I will have a lady friend there who will take care of you, and the commanding officer will see that no harm comes to you." How easy it seemed to Mary to obey this man. She said not a word in reply, and he understood her. "I am sorry I have no horse for you to ride," he said, "mine is dead, but we must go even if we have to walk." Then he packed up some provisions for the journey and, locking up his cabin they set out together on their way to Kearney. The journey was not a long one, and ALL TOO SOON it seemed to come to an end for both of them. The hunter found the lady he knew, and on hearing her story she at once took Mary into the house. Then the hunter returned to his cabin, and to the surprise of every one while at Kearney he drank not a drop of liquor. On his return to the Blue he sought out Long Ned and gave him three days to leave the county, and it was enough. He went to Ned and shot him afterwards killed in a drunken rack at Julesburg. Thompson went back to Iowa and died there. The young Hunter of the Blue continued to live in his cabin, but made frequent journeys to Kearney, and always to see Mary. The Rev. W. H. Deacon Pooleman was away from the town, and she was his wife. He had something to eat for you must be very hungry as well as tired, after your long walk. I am the young Hunter of the Blue and I swear I will die if necessary to protect you from all harm. Do you not know me? he asked again, as she had not said she knew him. "Oh yes," said Mary, "I remember when you were down the river at my father's place and I have often thought of you since. Then she blushed and the delighted hunter cried out: "Thought of me, have you? I guess you're the only girl then that ever thought of me," and he added, "and have I thought of you, every day, and more than a hundred times a day, too."

Seeing Mary blush deeper than ever, he checked himself and said: "But come, you must eat and then after that we can talk, and you must tell me all that has happened since I was down the river." Mary did not eat and she did not tell the young Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives, galloping, for somehow she felt strangely happy and perfectly safe in his presence. He listened patiently to her story and his brow grew dark and his eyes flashed as he told about the brute Ned and her father. "So that is it, girl? Sold to Long Ned to pay a gambling debt and he was brute enough to claim you against your will. Not while I live, Mary, not while I live, Hunter of the Blue lives