

Polly beside herself with putrage is barely able to control herself.

Galloway avoids looking at her. Very grave, he faces the cowmen, and taking out a paper, he reads the order, to the effect that every head of cattle save those belonging to the Indians must evacuate the Reserve.

Polly springs toward him.

"YOU DIRTY SPY! You damned coyote!" she cries, and strikes him in the face with her quirt.

Galloway flinches, ~~not at the blow, but at the thought of hurting Polly.~~ then his face becomes stern as he realizes that he must do his duty at any cost.

"Miss Kemper, I am acting under orders. I look to you, as the owner of the T Bar T cattle, to cooperate with me in having them removed from the reserve".

"Why you little dude soldier" cries Polly, "Go ahead and obey your orders. Lets see how you and your pretty uniformed tin troop can round up cattle.

Galloway wheels about. Barks an order to his men. They look a bit confused. Its one thing to be soldiers. Another to round up cattle.

We get in here the funny business of the soldiers trying to find and round up cattle. One long scrawny feelow brings in a bunch of lean studd that hate the I.D. brand upon them (Indian department) The cowboys nearly split their sides guying and lauguing at the soldiers.

Galloway alone of his men understand cattle.