

CUPID EN ROUTE

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Cupid en Route by Ralph Henry Barbour

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RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

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"THEN CAME A SLIGHT, ELDERLY LADY AND — YES — BESIDE HER TROTTED
THE ONE GIRL IN THE WORLD." Page 86



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*To
Friends Above the Border*







CUPID EN ROUTE

I

HERE, son!" Dave Fisher waved a big, scarred, scintillant hand and addressed the waiter in his mildest voice, which could be plainly heard at the other end of the dining room. "Get us some good *see-gars*; hear? Somethin' about thirty cents apiece; none o' your cheap stogies."

The waiter hurried away and Dave leaned back in his chair until it creaked, pulled down his waistcoat with a sigh of contentment and grinned across the table. He was a large man, tall, broad and thick-set, with a long neck that emerged bronzed and muscular from his collar and carried a head that would have been entirely out of place on a body under six-feet-three. It was broad





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across the cheek-bones and the jaw was square, and a pair of pale blue eyes twinkled from a face that was hued like a sheet of leatheroid. A long, drooping mustache hid his mouth and, like his hair, was of an indeterminate shade between white and yellow. Hair and mustache had been recently trimmed, but the barber's efforts had only increased the natural tendency of each to point all ways at once. He was attired in full evening garb, with a shirt-bosom that looked a yard wide, a swallow-tailed coat that drew protestingly across the huge shoulders and a waistcoat with the generous curve of the Washington Arch. Across this hung a heavy gold chain. His collar caused him constant uneasiness and his white lawn tie had loosened until it formed a rakish cross under his chin. In age he might have been anywhere between forty and fifty. As a matter of fact he was forty-six.

His companion at table was his junior by sixteen years, a tall, well-made, good-look-

