

**SmartEdit Report for**

**Riders of the Purple Sage**

*19/05/2018*

**Dialog Tags**

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| **Dialog Tag** | **Sentence** |
| said | “He knows nothing of it;” **said** Jane. |
| said | “I’m not so much against that. You can give the child Mormon teaching,” **said** Tull. |
| said | “Maybe I do love him,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “If you don’t go it means your ruin,” he **said**, sharply. |
| said | “I’ll take it here—if I must,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “He’s come from far,” **said** one. |
| said | “Thet’s a fine hoss,” **said** another. |
| said | “Evenin’, ma’am,” he **said** to Jane, and removed his sombrero with quaint grace. |
| said | “Young feller, speak up,” he **said** to Venters. |
| said | “Mormon, the young man stays,” **said** the rider. |
| said | “I will water him myself,” she **said**, and she led the horse to a trough under a huge old cottonwood. |
| said | “I’m only wonderin’ if Tull an’ his men’ll raise a storm down in the village,” **said** Lassiter, in his last weakening stand. |
| said | “You will want him to be near you,” she **said**, “or I’d have him taken to the alfalfa fields.” |
| said | “Lassiter,” **said** Venters, with a half-bitter laugh, “my bed too, is the sage. Perhaps we may meet out there.” |
| said | “Jane, I must be off soon,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “Jane,” he **said**, in gentler voice, “don’t look so. I’m not going out to murder your churchman. I’ll try to avoid him and all his men. But can’t you see I’ve reached the end of my rope? Jane, you’re a wonderful woman. Never was there a woman so unselfish and good. Only you’re blind in one way.... Listen!” |
| said | “I hope they don’t meet Lassiter,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Hello! the sage-dogs are barking,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “Venters, let’s talk awhile before we go down there,” **said** Lassiter, slipping his bridle. |
| said | “Now that’s interestin’ to me,” **said** Lassiter, with a quick uplift of his head and a concentration of his gray gaze on Venters. |
| said | “Well, ma’am, the one you’ve been ridin’ takes my eye,” **said** Lassiter, as he walked round the racy, clean-limbed, and fine-pointed roan. |
| said | “I refuse to borrow trouble. Come,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “I only come here to remember and to pray,” she **said**. |
| said | “Yes, I see,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Thank heaven you got away,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Jane, I won’t take either,” **said** Venters, emphatically. |
| said | “Wrangle don’t git enough work,” **said** Jerd, as the big saddle went on. |
| said | Jerd knew the sorrel when he **said** of him, “Wait till he smells the sage!” |
| said | “She’ll go, presently,” he **said**, “and be out of agony—thank God!” |
| said | “If she doesn’t die soon—she’s got a chance—the barest chance to live,” he **said**. |
| said | “Falling water,” he **said**. |
| said | “Judkins, go to the village,” she **said**, “and when you have learned anything definite about my riders please come to me at once.” |
| said | “Miss Withersteen, it’s all simple enough,” **said** Judkins, earnestly. |
| said | “Mornin’, ma’am,” he **said**, black sombrero in hand. |
| said | “I’ll tell you one thing,” he **said**, bluntly, as the gray lightning formed in his eyes. |
| said | “Yes, I have two glasses. I’ll get them and ride out with you. Wait, Lassiter, please,” she **said**, and hurried within. |
| said | “Down, Black Star, down,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “We’ll turn off here,” Lassiter **said**, “en’ take to the sage a mile or so. The white herd is behind them big ridges.” |
| said | “I reckon we’d see more if we didn’t show ourselves against the sky,” he **said**. |
| said | “Judkins hasn’t been able to get his boys together yet,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “My righteous brethren are at work again,” she **said**, in scorn. |
| said | “It’s a stampede, an’ a hummer,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “I’m thinkin’ of millin’ that herd,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “Lassiter, you’re half horse, and Bells sees it already,” **said** Jane, laughing. |
| said | “I jest am weak where a hoss’s concerned,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “Daughter of Withersteen,” **said** the Bishop, gaily, as he took her hand, “you have not been prodigal of your gracious self of late. A Sabbath without you at service! I shall reprove Elder Tull.” |
| said | “But, Mary, I don’t love Tull,” **said** Jane, stubbornly. |
| said | “It won’t do,” **said** one Carson, an intelligent man who had seen better days. |
| said | “No, it won’t do,” he **said**, when he had somewhat recovered himself. |
| said | “Muvver’s sick,” **said** Fay, leading Jane toward the door of the hut. |
| said | “Mrs. Larkin, you’re better, and I’m so glad,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Very well, Bess. It doesn’t matter,” he **said**. |
| said | “I’ll try—to live,” she **said**. |
| said | “That was a narrow shave for me,” **said** Venters, soberly. |
| said | “There’s water here—and this is the place for me,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “You were thirsty,” he **said**. |
| said | “I must see your wounds now,” he **said**, gently. |
| said | “Listen,” he **said**, earnestly. |
| said | “I shot you,” he **said**, slowly, “and I want you to get well so I shall not have killed a woman. But—for your own sake, too—” |
| said | “Hush,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “Help me down,” she **said**. |
| said | “Now tell me—everything,” she **said**. |
| said | “I’m only going to look over the valley,” he **said**. |
| said | “Hope it’ll hold water,” he **said**, presently. |
| said | “Why, I should think you’d have run across one in all your riding around,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “Bess,” he **said**, using her name for the first time, “I suspected Oldring was something besides a rustler. Tell me, what’s his purpose here in the Pass? I believe much that he has done was to hide his real work here.” |
| said | “Bess, tell me one more thing,” he **said**. |
| said | “I’ve rustled Oldring’s cattle,” he **said**, and laughed. |
| said | “I’ve done more than pack in that beef,” he **said**. |
| said | “Bess, I’ll not go again,” he **said**, catching her. |
| said | “Lassiter, I see so little of you now,” she **said**, and was conscious of heat in her cheeks. |
| said | “I reckon,” **said** Lassiter, and he laughed. |
| said | Fay rewarded his boldness with a smile, and when he had gone to the extreme of closing that great hand over her little brown one, she **said**, simply, “I like oo!” |
| said | “That’s powerful kind of you, now,” he **said**. |
| said | “I left Bells out in the sage,” he **said**, one day at the end of that week. |
| said | “I will,” **said** Jane, with heightened color. |
| said | “Hester,” **said** Jane, sternly, “you may go home, and you need not come back.” |
| said | “Jerd,” **said** Jane, “what stock you can’t take care of turn out in the sage. Let your first thought be for Black Star and Night. Keep them in perfect condition. Run them every day and watch them always.” |
| said | “He’s a good man and loves children,” she **said**. |
| said | “Miss Withersteen, mother’s dead,” he **said**. |
| said | “Yes, I had to speak to you,” he **said**, swiftly. |
| said | “A rustler—or—or anybody stealin’ hosses of yours would most of all want the blacks,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “Jewel eyes,” she **said**. |
| said | “It’s pretty,” **said** Bess. |
| said | “Look at that one—he puddles in the mud,” **said** Bess. |
| said | “That white stuff was bone,” **said** Venters, slowly. |
| said | “Bern, people have lived here,” she **said**, with wide, thoughtful eyes. |
| said | “Come, let us go,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “We’ve had big black clouds before this without rain,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “It’s a glorious morning,” **said** Bess, in greeting. |
| said | “Oh, I want to see him—to ride him. But—but, Bern, this is what troubles me,” she **said**. |
| said | “Bess—look here,” **said** Venters, with a sharpness due to the violence with which he checked his quick, surging emotion. |
| said | “Bess, I believe I can claim credit of that last discovery—before you,” Venters **said**, and laughed. |
| said | “I must go now,” he **said**. |
| said | “Jane, there’s a fellow out there with a long gun,” he **said**, and, removing his sombrero, showed his head bound in a bloody scarf. |
| said | “It’s only a cut,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Look at me long as you like,” he **said**, with a laugh. |
| said | “Jane had gloom enough without my addin’ to it by shootin’ up the village,” he **said**. |
| said | “Well—you’re right,” he **said**, with slow pause. |
| said | “Bern, it’s too late,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Some—women—have a hard lot,” he **said**, huskily. |
| said | “Jane, Lassiter once called you blind,” **said** Venters. |
| said | “Bern,” **said** Jane, “go first to the riders’ quarters and get yourself a complete outfit. You’re a—a sight. Then help yourself to whatever else you need—burros, packs, grain, dried fruits, and meat. You must take coffee and sugar and flour—all kinds of supplies. Don’t forget corn and seeds. I remember how you used to starve. Please—please take all you can pack away from here. I’ll make a bundle for you, which you mustn’t open till you’re in your valley. How I’d like to see it! To judge by you and Wrangle, how wild it must be!” |
| said | “Wrangle—dear old Wrangle,” she **said**, and put a caressing hand on his matted mane. |
| said | “I reckon mebbe the best hoss’ll prove himself yet,” **said** Lassiter, “an’, Jane, if it ever comes to that race I’d like you to be on Wrangle.” |
| said | “I think you’ll be safer here. The court is too open,” she **said**. |
| said | “Well, well, Jane, don’t take it that way,” **said** Lassiter, in evident distress. |
| said | “Miss Withersteen, I have to report—loss of the—white herd,” **said** Judkins, hoarsely. |
| said | “Hello, Venters! I’m makin’ you a visit,” **said** Lassiter, slowly. |
| said | “I wouldn’t want to—of course, I couldn’t call you a liar, Venters,” **said** the older man. |
| said | “Son, tell me all about this,” presently **said** Lassiter as he seated himself on a stone and wiped his moist brow. |
| said | “That’s the story,” he **said**, concluding. |
| said | “You can’t look at me and lie,” he **said**. |
| said | “Why, Bess, you’ve been fooling in the water,” he **said**. |
| said | “I love this beautiful place,” **said** Bess. |
| said | “You wild devil,” **said** Venters, as he slowly pulled Wrangle up. |
| said | “Wrangle, the race’s on,” **said** Venters, grimly. |
| said | “Let’s hear from you first,” **said** Judkins. |
| said | “Yes, I’m back,” he **said**, as she rushed to meet him. |
| said | “It is my shame,” she **said**, with voice deep and full, and now the scarlet fired her cheek. |
| said | “Fay—Fay, don’t ask questions like that,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Dear child—run and play,” **said** Jane, “but don’t go too far. Don’t go from this little hill.” |
| said | “Come with me out of Utah—where I can put away my guns an’ be a man,” he **said**. |
| said | “I reckon I don’t want to hear no more,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “See—Fay played here last—a house of stones an’ sticks.... An’ here’s a corral of pebbles with leaves for hosses,” **said** Lassiter, stridently, and pointed to the ground. |
| said | “I jest saw about all of it, Miss Withersteen, an’ I’ll be glad to tell you if you’ll only hev patience with me,” **said** Judkins, earnestly. |
| said | “Black Star an’ Night are ready,” he **said**, simply. |
| said | “Judkins, I give Bells to you,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “Bess, we have enough to live here all our lives,” he **said** once, dreamily. |
| said | “I’m glad that’s over,” he **said**, breathing more freely. |
| said | “I reckon this meetin’s the luckiest thing that ever happened to you an’ to me—an’ to Jane—an’ to Bess,” **said** Lassiter, coolly. |
| said | “Jane, she’s jest as sweet an’ innocent as little Fay,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “Bern, if in my misery I accused you unjustly, I crave forgiveness,” she **said**. |
| said | “If you go back to Oldring’s men I’ll follow you, and then they’ll kill me,” **said** Venters, hoarsely. |
| said | “Open it,” he **said**, with a singularly rich voice. |
| said | “Yes, that’s Milly,” **said** Lassiter, softly. |
| said | “Well, Elizabeth, listen,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “I fired Withersteen House,” **said** Lassiter. |
| said | “Bern, the trip’s as good as made. It’ll be safe—easy. It’ll be a glorious ride,” she **said**, softly. |
| said | “Jane, I—I can’t find words—now,” he **said**. |
| said | “Ah, Lassiter, there never was any horse that could beat Black Star,” **said** Jane, with the old pride. |
| said | “Elizabeth Erne, be happy! Good-by,” **said** Jane. |
| said | “I would like that,” **said** Bess. |
| said | “Call me—Elizabeth,” she **said**, shyly. |
| said | “We’ll ride on till late,” he **said**. |
| said | “Jane, I’ve run into the fellers I’ve been lookin’ for, an’ I’m goin’ after them,” he **said**. |
| said | “All right, Jane,” he **said**. |
| said | “Lift little Fay up,” he **said**. |
| said | “He’s done,” **said** the rider. |
| said | “Jane, take the child,” he **said**, and lifted Fay up. |
| said | “Jane, give me the girl en’ get down,” he **said**. |
| said | “Wait—here,” he **said**. |
| replied | “Yes,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “I’ll tell you presently,” **replied** Tull. |
| replied | “Then I’ll have you whipped within an inch of your life,” **replied** Tull, harshly. |
| replied | “You can’t save him now,” **replied** Tull stridently. |
| replied | “Yes,” she **replied**. |
| replied | “Yes,” **replied** Jane Withersteen, with a throb in her voice. |
| replied | “Ask him,” **replied** Jane, her voice rising high. |
| replied | “Easy—easy—I ain’t interferin’ yet,” **replied** the rider. |
| replied | “I reckon,” **replied** the rider, slowly. |
| replied | “Yes, ma’am,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “Yes, he’ll raise the storm—after he has prayed,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “Thank you, Jane Withersteen,” **replied** the rider, and he bowed to her and stepped backward out of the court. |
| replied | “So do I,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “I don’t like to hear them,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “I was snug hid in the sage,” **replied** Lassiter, “an’ didn’t see or hear no one. Oldrin’s got a high hand here, I reckon. It’s no news up in Utah how he holes in canyons an’ leaves no track.” |
| replied | “Jane pleaded with me, begged me to be patient, to overlook. She even took my guns from me. I lost all before I knew it,” **replied** Venters, with the red color in his face. |
| replied | “I haven’t the slightest idea who the Mormon was,” **replied** Venters; “nor has any Gentile in Cottonwoods.” |
| replied | “Gone, yes, thank goodness,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “Take care, Lassiter, I might think that a proposal,” she **replied**, gaily. |
| replied | “Well, it’s not usual for the night shift to ride in so late,” **replied** Venters, slowly, and his glance sought Lassiter’s. |
| replied | “I don’t think so,” **replied** Venters, decidedly. |
| replied | “Thet’s the hoss,” **replied** Judkins. |
| replied | “I’m the man who shot you,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “I—I d rather not say,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “It’s high time, Miss Withersteen,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “Lassiter I’m not an old woman, or even a madam,” she **replied**, with her bright smile. |
| replied | “I reckon I might be riled up to jest about that,” he **replied**, dryly. |
| replied | “Nothin’ jest on the minute,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “To stampede the herd,” **replied** Lassiter, and his teeth clicked. |
| replied | “It might be, but it ain’t,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “I’ll take a fast hoss, Jane, but not one of your favorites,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “I reckon so,” he had **replied**. |
| replied | “Bishop, the guilt is mine. I’ll come to you and confess,” Jane **replied**, lightly; but she felt the undercurrent of her words. |
| replied | “Yes, I will,” he **replied**, with his face lighting up. |
| replied | “I knew it was a lie,” **replied** the mother, and she sank back upon her pillow with something of peace in her white, worn face. |
| replied | “Why, let’s see,” he **replied**, slowly. |
| replied | “Rest then—don’t worry—sleep,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “Yes,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “Yes,” he **replied**, and was conscious that his laboring breast made speech difficult. |
| replied | “There’s pain—here,” she **replied**, and moved her hand to her left side. |
| replied | “Yes,” **replied** Venters, “and I believe they like our company.” |
| replied | “Yes,” she **replied**, and dropped her eyes. |
| replied | “No,” he **replied**, and started off. |
| replied | “When I rode—I rode like the wind,” she **replied**, “and never had time to stop for anything.” |
| replied | “I shouldn’t wonder,” **replied** Venters, thoughtfully. |
| replied | “I’ve been riding hard,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “No, lassie,” **replied** the rider. |
| replied | “It’s Mrs. Larkin’s little girl,” **replied** Jane, slowly. |
| replied | “Yes,” she **replied**. |
| replied | “I won’t believe it,” she **replied**, stubbornly. |
| replied | “I hate to tell you,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “Well, if it pleases you,” **replied** Blake. |
| replied | “I reckon I do,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “Of course,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “No, no,” **replied** Jane, impatiently. |
| replied | “Jane, the hell—of it,” he **replied**, with deep intake of breath, “is you can’t ride away. Mebbe realizin’ it accounts for my grabbin’ you—that way, as much as the crazy boy’s rapture your words gave me. I don’t understand myself.... But the hell of this game is—you can’t ride away.” |
| replied | “A hundred times,” she **replied**. |
| replied | “Yes,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “Rabbit seems to agree with you,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “Yes. After the storm the west wind,” he **replied**. |
| replied | “I did, surely,” **replied** he. |
| replied | “I reckon,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “No, Lassiter,” she **replied**, sadly and low. |
| replied | “Come, sit down, you look played out,” **replied** Jane, solicitously. |
| replied | “I don’t know where Jerb is. Bolted, most likely,” **replied** Lassiter, as he took her through the stone door. |
| replied | “I reckon that’d be perfectly natural,” **replied** the rider. |
| replied | “Well, you do seem uncommon nervous,” **replied** Lassiter, much amused. |
| replied | “I imagine you lounged about, waiting and watching for me,” he **replied**, smiling. |
| replied | “Hard! Well, I should think so,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “Jud, I’m not crazy—only mad clean through,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “Jud, I’ll bet he does,” **replied** Venters, earnestly. |
| replied | “I’ll tell you anything you want to know,” she **replied**, frankly. |
| replied | “I am his daughter,” she **replied**, instantly. |
| replied | “Because,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “It’ll soon come, Jane,” **replied** Lassiter, soberly. |
| replied | “Thank God, lass, it is true,” **replied** Lassiter. |
| replied | “I reckon. It’s powerful fine to hear that,” **replied** Lassiter, unsteadily. |
| replied | “You’re right,” **replied** Venters, instantly. |
| replied | “Forever,” **replied** Jane. |
| replied | “We’ll go on,” **replied** Bess. |
| replied | “Thank you, Jane,” **replied** Venters, trying to steady his voice. |
| replied | “No, Lassiter,” **replied** Venters. |
| replied | “They’re sage-riders,” **replied** Bess. |
| replied | “I think so. I’m not tired,” Jane **replied**. |
| answered | “True? Yes, perfectly true,” she **answered**. |
| answered | “Milly Erne’s grave,” he **answered** low, and the words came with a wrench. |
| answered | “I ain’t insinuatin’ nothin’, Miss Withersteen,” **answered** Judkins, with spirit. |
| answered | “Bess,” she **answered**. |
| answered | “I never knew that,” she **answered** low. |
| answered | “I’ve reasons—only one of which I need mention,” she **answered**. |
| answered | “Left him down the slope,” **answered** Judkins. |
| answered | “Lassiter is with Mrs. Larkin. She is ill. I’ll call him,” **answered** Jane, and going to the door she softly called for the rider. |
| answered | “I’ll tell you some day,” he **answered**, soberly. |
| answered | “I guess he did,” **answered** Lassiter, and he laughed dryly. |
| answered | “Nothing,” she **answered**, with averted face. |
| answered | “Not now,” **answered** the girl, smiling. |
| cried | “Oh! I’m sorry,” **cried** Jane. |
| cried | “Muvver sended for oo,” **cried** Fay, as Jane kissed her, “an’ oo never tome.” |
| cried | “We beat the slide,” she **cried**. |
| cried | “I’ve been thinking—too,” she **cried**, with quivering smile and swelling breast. |
| cried | “Trailed me,” **cried** Venters, bluntly. |
| cried | “I killed him,” **cried** Venters, in remembering shock. |
| cried | “Bern, you’re weak—trembling—you talk wildly,” **cried** Bess. |
| called | “Here, Jerry,” **called** Tull, turning to his men, “take the gang and fetch Venters out here if you have to rope him.” |
| called | “Come—come—come,” **called** Jane, holding out her hands. |
| called | These “sage-freighters,” as they were **called**, hauled grain and flour and merchandise from Sterling, and Jane laughed suddenly in the midst of her humility at the thought that they were her property, as was one of the three stores for which they freighted goods. |
| called | “Ring—Whitie—come,” he **called**, softly. |
| called | “Lassiter is with Mrs. Larkin. She is ill. I’ll call him,” answered Jane, and going to the door she softly **called** for the rider. |
| called | “Tell Bern to come for the pack I want to give him—and—and to say good-by,” **called** Jane, as Lassiter went out. |
| muttered | “For years I’ve seen a storm clouding over her and the village of Cottonwoods,” **muttered** Venters, as he strode on. |
| muttered | “She’ll die at the gray of dawn,” **muttered** Venters, remembering some old woman’s fancy. |
| muttered | “A good tracker could trail me,” he **muttered**. |
| muttered | “The world seems very far away,” he **muttered**, “but it’s there—and I’m not yet done with it. Perhaps I never shall be.... Only—how glorious it would be to live here always and never think again!” |
| muttered | “I’ve dreamed,” **muttered** Venters, as he rose. |
| muttered | “I’ve jest about got time,” he **muttered**, and with swift fingers that did not blunder or fumble he loosened the bag and threw it over his shoulder. |
| laughed | These “sage-freighters,” as they were called, hauled grain and flour and merchandise from Sterling, and Jane **laughed** suddenly in the midst of her humility at the thought that they were her property, as was one of the three stores for which they freighted goods. |
| laughed | When had he **laughed**? “It’s hunger,” he went on. |
| laughed | “I’ve rustled Oldring’s cattle,” he said, and **laughed**. |
| laughed | “I reckon,” said Lassiter, and he **laughed**. |
| laughed | “Bess, I believe I can claim credit of that last discovery—before you,” Venters said, and **laughed**. |
| laughed | “I guess he did,” answered Lassiter, and he **laughed** dryly. |
| added | “Huh! he wears black leather,” **added** a fourth. |
| added | “Oo tan tom to see me,” she **added**, and with that, shyness gave place to friendly curiosity. |
| added | “It’s a hoss—comin’ fast,” he **added**. |
| added | “You are a rider. She is a rider. This will be the ride of your lives,” **added** Jane, in that same soft undertone, almost as if she were musing to herself. |
| added | “Here,” he **added**, and showed her where little Fay lay on the grass. |
| thought | “I’ll bury her here,” **thought** Venters, “and let her grave be as much a mystery as her life was.” |
| thought | These “sage-freighters,” as they were called, hauled grain and flour and merchandise from Sterling, and Jane laughed suddenly in the midst of her humility at the **thought** that they were her property, as was one of the three stores for which they freighted goods. |
| thought | And Venters **thought** with lightning swiftness, “I’ve saved her—I’ve unlinked her from that old life—she was watching as if I were all she had left on earth—she belongs to me!” |
| thought | One flashing **thought** tore in hot temptation through his mind—why not climb up into the gorge, roll Balancing Rock down the trail, and close forever the outlet to Deception Pass? “That was the beast in me—showing his teeth!” |
| thought | “Maybe—in years—” But he did not complete in words his **thought** that might be possible to return after many years of absence and change. |
| continued | “Some of your riders,” he **continued**. |
| continued | “I’d better go right away,” he **continued**, “and fetch supplies from Cottonwoods.” |
| continued | “An’ another thing, Jane,” he **continued**, then paused for long—“another thing—if you ain’t here when I come back—if you’re gone—don’t fear, I’ll trail you—I’ll find you out.” |
| continued | “I’d like to tell you why I’m goin’,” he **continued**, in coldness he had seldom used to her. |
| interrupted | “Blake,” **interrupted** Jane, nervously anxious to terminate a colloquy that she perceived was an ordeal for him. |
| interrupted | “I promise you this,” he **interrupted**, in stern passion that thrilled while it terrorized her. |
| interrupted | “You can’t get near Tull,” **interrupted** Judkins. |
| interrupted | “Judkins, you’re a good fellow,” **interrupted** Venters. |
| began | “Here stranger, this’s none of your mix,” **began** Tull. |
| began | “Ma’am,” he **began**, presently, “I reckon your kindness of heart makes you overlook things. Perhaps I ain’t well known hereabouts, but back up North there’s Mormons who’d rest uneasy in their graves at the idea of me sittin’ to table with you.” |
| began | “Brother Tull has talked to me,” he **began**. |
| mused | “If by some means I can keep him here a few days, a week—he will never kill another Mormon,” she **mused**. |
| mused | “So Oldring takes long trips,” **mused** Venters. |
| mused | “The longer I live the stranger life is,” **mused** Lassiter, with downcast eyes. |
| declared | “No Mormon ever pretended that unless he was a rustler,” **declared** Venters. |
| declared | “Jud, they meant to kill you,” **declared** Venters. |
| declared | “I wouldn’t anything of the kind,” **declared** Bess, indignantly. |
| whispered | “That first day,” **whispered** Jane, “Lassiter said he came here to find—Milly Erne’s grave!” |
| whispered | “I must tell you—because you mightn’t come back,” she **whispered**. |
| whispered | “The eyes seem to haunt me,” **whispered** Bess. |
| retorted | “Queer or not, it’s none of your business,” **retorted** Tull. |
| retorted | “You needn’t laugh,” she **retorted**, with a first glimpse of reviving spirit. |
| repeated | “Here! Come, Whitie—Ring,” he **repeated**, this time sharply. |
| repeated | “A woman packed this,” she **repeated**, fixing woeful, tragic eyes on him. |
| explained | “I went off by myself to think a little,” he **explained**. |
| explained | “But there was a woman and you did lie to me,” she kept repeating, after he had **explained**. |
| announced | “Good news,” she **announced**. |
| vowed | “Jane, I’ll find out where Oldring drives the herd,” **vowed** Venters. |
| murmured | “Verily,” **murmured** Jane, “I don’t know myself when, through all this, I remain unchanged—nay, more fixed of purpose.” |
| spoke | Balancing Rock loomed huge, cold in the gray light of dawn, a thing without life, yet it **spoke** silently to Venters: “I am waiting to plunge down, to shatter and crash, roar and boom, to bury your trail, and close forever the outlet to Deception Pass!” |
| ordered | “Tell me,” **ordered** Bishop Dyer, sharply. |
| confessed | “Yes,” **confessed** Jane. |
| told | “Things crowd into my mind,” she went on, and the wistful light in her eyes **told** Venters the truth of her thoughts. |
| uttered | “I won’t change my mind. As for old friends—” He **uttered** a short, expressive laugh. |
| protested | “He never could,” **protested** Jane. |
| paused | “An’ another thing, Jane,” he continued, then **paused** for long—“another thing—if you ain’t here when I come back—if you’re gone—don’t fear, I’ll trail you—I’ll find you out.” |
| sighed | “Ah, you don’t forget the gold and the world,” she **sighed**. |
| sobbed | “We—we can—th—think of it—always—re—remember,” **sobbed** Bess. |
| exclaimed | **exclaimed** Jane “And she’s innocent! You ask me to believe much. If this girl is—is what you say, how could she be going away with the man who killed her father?” |