

# Lefty o' the Bush.djvu/174



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Cope, and he'll lay down when he finds he can't drive you."

There was something in the way this was said, however, that left a vague uneasiness in the grocer's mind. "Practically sure," he muttered, as he sat on the bleachers, scarcely paying any attention to the run of the game. "Why ain't he dead sure? It's mighty odd that he should be at all onsartin on that p'int."



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