Empire Burlesque

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The vanishing act continues. Clear sign: a prairie fire in the distance, a shadow path for ghosts called an “Indian road” by some, which dissolves (again) into a dead-end swath of sedge, of bulrush and blue flies—another nowhere. Well, that’s a bit glum. Expecting trouble, see, is what makes a Meriwether have all seven of the seven habits of highly effective people. Still, the men work by day, shiver by night—asleep as soon as they drop, with snowfall soon, thunder and hail now, and Shannon lost. “Lest any accedent should befall me,” Lewis writes, dryly hedging his bets, and names a successor:—the night wind shifts, as if to answer.