The Spoilers. By REX E. BEACH: Copyright, 1905, by Ren L. Beech. "+

this miserable clique, would be the one through whom restitution was made. She arose with her eyes gleaming and Mps set.

"It is bere." "Of course it is, Enough to convict us all. It means the penitentiary for your precious uncle and your lover." He stretched his chin upward at the mention as though to free his throat from an invisible clutch. "Yes, your lover particularly, for be's the real That's why I brought you here. He'll marry you, but I'll be the best man." The timbre of his voice was

unpleasant. "Come, let us go," she said. "Go." 'he chuckled mirthlessly. That's a fine example of unconscious

humor." "What do you mean?" "Well, first, no human being could d his way down to the coast in this tempest; second-but, by the way, let me explain something in these papers while I think of it." He spoke casualby and stepped forward, reaching for the package, which she was about to give up, when something prompted her to snatch it behind her back, and it was well she did, for his hand was but a few inches away. He was no match for her quickness, however, and she glided around the table, thrusting the papers into the front of her dress. The sudden contact with Cherry's revolver gave her a certain comfort. She spoke now with determination.

"I intend to leave here at once. Will you bring my horse? Very well, shall do it myself."

She turned, but his indolence vanished like a flash, and, springing in front of the door, he barred her way.

"Hold on, lady. You ought to understand without my saying any more. Why did I bring you here? Why did plan this little party? Why did I send that man away? Just to give you the proof of my complicity in a crime, I suppose. Well, hardly. You won't leave here tonight. And when you do you won't carry those papers. My own safety depends on that, and I am selfish, so don't get me started. Listen!" They caught the wail of the night crying as though hungry for sacrifice.

"No, you'll stay here and"-He broke off abruptly, for Helen had stepped to the telephone and taken down the receiver. He leaped, snatched it from her and then, tearing the instrument loose from the wall, raised it above his head, dashed it upon the floor and sprang toward her, but she wrenched herself free and fied across the room. The man's white hair was wildly tumbled, his face was purple, and his neck and throat showed swollen, throbbing veins. He stood still, however, and his lips cracked into his ever present, cautious smile.

"Now, don't let's fight about this. It's no use, for I've played to win. You have your proof-now I'll have my price or else I'll take it. Think over which it will be while I lock up." Far down the mountain side a man

was arging a broken pony recklessly along the trail. The beast was blown and spent, its knees weak and bending, yet the rider forced it as though behind him yelled a thousand devils, spurring headlong through gully and ford, up steep slopes and down invisible ravines. Sometimes the animal stumbled and fell with its master, sometimes they arose together, but the man was heedless of all except his haste, insensible to the rain, which smote him blindingly, and to the wind, which seized him savagely upon the ridges or gasped at him in the gullies with exhausted malice. At last be gained the plateau and saw the readhouse light beneath, so drove his heels into the flanks of the wind broken creature, which lunged forward gamely. He felt the pony rear and drop away beneath him, pawing and scrambling, and instinctively kicked his feet free from the stirrups, striving to throw himself out of the saddle and clear of the thrashing hoofs. It seemed that he turned over in the air before something smote him, and he lay still, his gaunt, dark face upturned to the rain, while about him the storm screamed exultantly.

The moment Struve disappeared into the outer room Helen darted to the window. It was morely a single make staring at her while she perused the contents of the papers, which were more voluminous than she had sup-

For a long time the girl pored over the accuments. The purport of the papers was only toe obvious, and as she reed the proof of her uncle's guilt stood out clear and damning. There was no possibility of mistake. The whole wretched plot stood out plain, its darkest infamies revealed.

In spite of the cruelty of her distansionment Helen was nevertheless enatted with the fierce ecstasy of power. with the knowledge that justice would at last be rendered. It would be her triumph and her expiation that she, who had been the unwitting tool of ther brother, put ner arms about nis neck, and kissed him.

"He's dead?" the Kid asked her. She nodded and tried to speak, but began to shiver sed sob instead. "Unlock the door," he begged her.

"I'm hurt, and I must get in." When the Kid had hobbled into the room she pressed him to her and stroked his matted head regardless of his

puddy, soaking garments. "I must look at him. He may not be badly hurt," said the Kid.

her brother examined his victim.

Struve was breathing and, discovering this, the others lifted him with difficulty to the couch.

"Something cracked in here-ribs, guess," the Kid remarked, gasping and feeling his own side. He was weak and pale, and the girl led him into the bunkroom where he could lie down. Only his wonderful determination had sustained him thus far, and now the knowledge of his helplessness served to prevent Helen's collapse.

The Kid would not hear of her going for help till the storm abated or daylight came, insisting that the trails were too treacherous and that no time could be saved by doing so. Thus they waited for the dawn. At last they heard the wounded man faintly calling. He spoke to Helen hoarsely. There was no malice, only fear, in his

"I said this was my madness—and I got what I deserved, but I'm going to die. O God-I'm going to die, and I'm afraid." He moaned till the Bronco Kid hobbled in, glaring with unquenched hatred.

"Yes, you're going to die, and I did it. Be game, can't you? I sha'n't let her go for help until daylight."

Helen forced her brother back to his couch, and returned to help the wounded man, who grew incoherent and began to babble.

A little later, when the Kid seemed stronger and his head clearer, Helen ventured to tell him of their uncle's villainy and of the proof she held, with her hope of restoring justice. She told him of the attack planned that very night and of the danger which threatened the miners. He questioned her closely and, realizing the bearing of her story, crept to the door, casting the wind like a hound,

"We'll have to risk it." said he. "The wind is almost gone and it's not long till daylight."

She pleaded to go alone, but he was firm. "I'll never leave you again, and, moreover, I know the lower trail quite well. We'll go down the guich to the valley and reach town that way. It's farther, but it's not so dangerous."

"You can't ride," she insisted. "I can if you'll tie me into the sad-

dle. Come, get the horses." It was still pitchy dark and the rain was pouring, but the wind only sighed weakly, as though tired by its violence, when she helped the Bronce into his saddle. The effort wrenched a groan from him, but he insisted upon her tying his feet beneath the horse's belly, saying that the trail was rough and he could take no chance of falling again; so, having performed the last services she might for Struve, she mounted her own animal and allowed it to pick its way down the steep descent behind her brother, who swayed and lurched drunkenly in his seat, gripping the horn before him with both hands.

They had been gone perhaps a hall hour when another horse plunged furiously out of the darkness and halted before the roadhouse door. Its rider, mud stained and disheveled, flung himself in mad haste to the ground and bolted in through the door. He saw the signs of confusion in the outer room, chairs upset and broken, the table wedged against the stove and before the counter a shattered lamp in a pool of oil. He called loudly, but, receiving no answer, snatched a light which he found burning and ran to the door at his left. Nothing greeted him but the empty tiers of bunks. Turning, he crossed to the other side and burst through. Another lamp was lighted beside the couch where Struve lay, breathing heavily, his lids half closed over his staring over Rov noted the pool of blood at his feet and

the broken window; then, setting down his lamp, he leaned over the man and spoke to him. When he received no answer he

spoke again loudly. Then, in a frenzy,

Glenister shook the wounded man cruelly, so that he cried out in terror: "I'm dying-oh, I'm dying." Roy raised the sick man up and thrust his own face before his eyes. "This is Glenister. I've come for

Helen-where is she?" A spark of recognition flickered into the dull stare. "You're too late-I'm dying-and I'm

His questioner shook Struve again. "Where is she?" he repeated, time after time, till by very force of his own insistence he compelled realization in the sufferer. "The Kid took her away. The Kid

shot me," and then his voice rose till it flooded the room with terror. "The Kid shot me, and I'm dying." coughed blood to his lips, at which Roy laid him back and stood up. So there was no mistake, after all, and he had arrived too late. This was the Kid's revenge. This was how be struck. Lacking courage to face a man's level eyes, he possessed the foula weakening physical sickness sweep

fest it come apart in his hands like wet tissue paper. He found himself out in the rain. scanning the trampled soil by light of his lamp, and discerned tracks which appearance might create, and, unseen, the drizzle had not yet erased. He reasoned mechanically that the two riders could have no great start of him, "Don't touch him!" She followed, mevertheless, and stood near by while so strode out beyond the house to see

if they had gone farther into the hills. There were no tracks here, therefore they must have doubled back toward town. It did not occur to him that they might have left the beaten path and followed down the little creek to the river; but, replacing the light where he had found it, he remounted and lashed his horse into a suff canter up toward the divide that lay between him and the city. The story was growing plainer to him, though as yet he could not piece it all together. Its possibilities stabbed him with such horror that he cried out aloud and beat his steed into faster time with both hands and feet. To think of those two rufflans fighting over this girl as though she were the spoils of pillage! He must overtake the Kid-he would! The possibility that he might not threw him into such ungovernable mental chaos that he was forced to calm himself. Men went mad that way. He could not think of it. That gasping creature in the roadhouse spoke all too well of the Bronco's determination. And yet, who of those who had known the Kid in the past would dream that his vileness was so utter as this? Away to the right, hidden among the

shadowed hills, his friends rested themselves for the coming battle, waiting impatiently his return and timing it to the rising sun. Down in the valley to his left were the two he followed, while he, obsessed and unreasoning, now cursing like a madman, now grim and silent, spurred southward toward town and into the ranks of his

CHAPTER XXL AY was breaking as Glenister came down the mountain. With the first light he halted to scan the trail, and, having no means of knowing that the fresh tracks he found were not those of the two riders he followed, he urged his lathered horse ahead till he became suddenly conscious that he was very tired and had not slept for two days and nights. The recollection did not reassure the young man, for his body was a weapon which must not fall in the slightest measure now-that there was work to do. Even the unwelcome speculation upon his physical handicap offered re-



"I'll show you who's master here!" mer, bowever, from the agony which fed upon him whenever he thought of Helen in the gambler's hands. Meanwhile the horse, groaning at his master's violence, plunged onward toward the roofs of Nome, now growing gray

in the first dawn. It seemed years since Roy had seen the sunlight, for this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set toward the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an unde-

viating, implacable determination. He knew now that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas, and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him and that his love for her had been sent as a light by which he was to find himself. He had failed everywhere; he had become an outlaw; he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which the gods could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part and embraced two things—the death of the gambler and a meeting with McNamara. Of the former, he had no more doubt than that the sun rising there would sink in the west. So well confirmed was this belief that the details did not engage his thought; but on the result of the other encounter he speculated with some interest. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mystery breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen-Roy believed his mission covered that point as well as her deliverance from the Bronco Kid. When he had finished, he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

He entered the silent streets unobserved, for the mists were heavy and low. Smoke columns arose vertically in the still air. The rain had ceased, having beaten down the waves which ness to prey upon a woman. Roy felt | fumbled against the beach, filling the streets with their subdued thunder. A over him till his eye fell upon a sodden ship anchored in the offing, had run garment which Helen had removed in from the lee of Sledge island with from her brother's shoulders and re- the first lull, while midway to the placed with a dry one. He snatched | shore a tender was rising and falling, it from the floor and in a sudden fury its cars flashing like the silvered feelers of a sea insect crawling upon the surface of the ocean.

He rode down Front street heedless of danger, heedless of the comment his entered his enemy's stronghold. He passed a gambling hall, through the windows of which came a sickly yellow gleam. A man came out n

carefully its significance. What could Strave do? What proof had he? Mc-"The physician attend-Namara started and, seizing his hat, ing me prescribed, on my hurried straight to the lawyer's office rallying from an attack of ried. It was light enough for him to rheumatism, your Scott's Emulsion, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable Emulsion. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."-R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, For two hundred years be-

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steadfly and stared at the horseman then passed on.

Glenister's plan was to go straight to the Northern and from there to track down its owner relentlessly, but in order to reach the place his course led him past the office of Dunham & Struve. This brought back to his mind the man dying out there ten miles at his back. The scantiest humanity demanded that assistance be sent at once. Yet he dared not give word openly, thus betraying his presence, for it was necessary that he maintain his liberty during the next hour at all hazards. He suddenly thought of an expedient and reined in his horse, which stapped with wide spread legs and dejected head while he dismounted and climbed the stairs to leave a note upon the door. Some one would see the message shortly and recognize its

In dressing for the battle at the Mitas on the previous night be had replaced his leather boots with "mukluks," which are waterproof, light and pliable footgear made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pocket, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped inside and listened, then moved toward a table on which were writing materials, but in doing so heard a rustle in Struve's private office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Roy was about to tiptoe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face, and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes clouded and opaque to a height of some six feet; but, stepping upon a chair, he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt in a fitter of papers before the open safe, its drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun and laid soft hand upon the doorknob, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

After lying in wait during the long night, certain that the vigilantes would spring his trap, McNamara was astounded at news of the battle at the Midas and of Glenister's success. He stormed and cursed his men as cowards. The judge became greatly exercised over this new development, which, coupled with his night of long anxiety, reduced him to a pitiful hys-

"They'll blow us up next. Great heavens! Dynamite! Oh, that is barbarous. For heaven's sake, get the soldiers out, Alec."

"Ay, we can use them now." Thereupon McNamara roused the commanding officer at the post and requested him to accouter a troop and have them ready to march at daylight, then bestirred the judge to start the wheels of his court and invoke this military aid in regular fashion.

"Make it all a matter of record," he said. "We want to keep our skirts clear from now on." "But the townspeople are against

us," quavered Stillman. "They'll tear us to pieces." "Let 'em try. Once I get my hand

on the ringleader, the rest may riot and be damned." Although he had made less display

than had the judge, the receiver was no less worried about Helen, of whom no news came. His jealousy, fanned to red heat by the discovery of her earlier defection, was enhanced fourfold by the thought of this last adven ture. Something told him there was treachery afoot, and when she did not return at dawn he began to fear that she had cast in her lot with the rioters. This aroused a perfect delirium of doubt and anger till he reasoned further that Struve, having gone with ber, must also be a traitor. He recogitted the menace in this fact, knowing

men's vensity, so began to rection and let himself in with the key be cardecipher the characters on the safe lock as he turned the combination, so he set to work scanning the endless bundles within, hoping that after all the man had taken with him no incriminating evidence. Once the searcher paused at some fancied sound, but when nothing came of it drew his revolver and laid it before him just inside the safe door and close beneath his hand, continuing to run through the documents while his uneasiness increased. He had been engaged so for some time when he heard the faintest creak at his back, too slight to alarm and just sufficient to break his tension and cause him to jerk his head about. Framed in the open door stood Roy Glenister watching him. McNamara's astonishment was so

genuine that he leaped to his feet. faced about, and prompted by a secretive instinct swung to the safe door as though to guard its contents. He had acted upon the impulse before realizing that his weapon was inside and that now, although the door was not locked, it would require that one dangerous, yes, fatal second to open it. The two men stared at each other for a time, silent and malignant, their glances meeting like blades; in the older man's face a look of defiance, in the younger's a dogged and grim purposed enmity. McNamara's first perturbation left him calm, alert, dangerous, whereas the continued contemplation of his enemy worked in Glenister to destroy his composure, and his purpose blazed forth unhidden.

He stood there unkempt and soiled, the clean sweep of jaw and throat overgrown with a three days' black stubble, his hair wet and matted, his whole left side foul with clay where he had fallen in the darkness. A muddy red streak spread downward from a cut above his temple, beneath his eyes were sagging folds, while the flicker at his mouth corners betrayed the high nervous pitch to which he was keyed. "I have come for the last act, Mc-Namara. Now we'll have it out man

to man." The politician shrugged his shoulders, "You have the drop on me. I am unarmed." At which the miner's face lighted fiercely, and he chuckled.

"Ah, that's almost too good to be true. I have dreamed about such a thing, and I have been hungry to feel your throat since the first time I saw you. It's grown on me till shooting wouldn't satisfy me. Ever had the feeling? Well, I'm going to choke the life out of you with my bare hands." McNamara squared himself.

"I wouldn't advise you to try it. have lived longer than you, and I was never beaten, but I know the feeting

you speak about. I have it now." His eyes roved rapidly up and down the other's form, noting the lean thighs and close drawn belt, which lent the appearance of sparseness, belied only by the neck and, shoulders. He had beaten better men, and he reasoned that if it came to a physical test in these cramped quarters his own great weight would more than offset any superior agility the miner might possess. The longer he looked the more he yielded to his hatred of the man before him and the more cruelly he longed to

"Take off your coat," said Glenister. "Now turn around. All right! I just wanted to see if you were lying about

"I'll kill you!" cried McNamara. Glenister laid his six shooter upon the safe and slipped off his own wet garment. The difference was more marked now and the advantage more I strongly with the receiver. Though they had avoided allusion to it, each knew that this fight had nothing to do with the Midas and each realized whence sprang their fierce enmity. And it was meet that they should come together thus. It had been the one certain and logical event which they had felt inevitably approaching from long back. And it was fitting, moreover, that they should fight alone and unwitnessed, armed only with the weapons of the wilderness, for they were both of the far, free lands, were both of the fighter's type and had both warred for the first great prize. They met ferociously. McNamara aimed a fearful blow, but Glenister met him squarely, beating him off cleverly, stepping in and out, his arms swinging loosely from his shoul-

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