The Spoilers. By REX E. BEACH.

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Dextry talked with his companion, then made a purchase which he laid at the lady's feet.

"Here's a pair of half grown gum boots. You put 'em on an' come with us. We'll take your mind off of things complete. An' as fer sweet dreams, when you get back you'll make the slumbers of the just seem as restless as a riot or the antics of a mountain goat which nimbly leaps from crag to crag, and-well, that's restless enough. Come on!"

'As the sun slanted up out of Bering sea they marched back toward the hills, their feet ankle deep in the soft fresh moss, while the air tasted like a cool draft and a myriad of earthy odors rose up and encircled them. Snipe and reed birds were noisy in the hollows, and from the misty tundra lakes came the honking of brant. After their weary weeks on shipboard the dewy freshness livened them magically, cleansing from their memories the recent tragedy, so that the girl became herself again;

"Where are we going?" she asked at the end of an hour, pausing for breath. "Why, to the Midas, of course," they said, and one of them vowed recklessly as he drank in the beauty of her clear eyes and the grace of her slender, panting form that he would gladly give his share of all its riches to undo what he had done one night on

CHAPTER V.

the Santa Maria.

IN the lives of countries there are crises where for a breath destinies lie in the laps of the gods and are jumbled, heads or tails. Thus are marked distinctive cycles like the seven ages of a man, and, though perhaps they are too subtle to be perceived at the time, yet, having swung past the shadowy milestones, the epochs dis-

close themselves. Such a period in the progress of the far northwest was the 19th day of July, although to those concerned in the building of this new empire the day appealed only as the date of the coming of the law. All Nome gathered on the sands as lighters brought ashore Judge Stillman and his following. It was held fitting that the Senator should be the ship to safeguard the dignity of the first court and to introduce justice into this land of the

The interest awakened by his honor was augmented by the fact that he was met on the beach by a charming girl, who flung herself upon him with evident delight. "That's his niece," said some one

"She came up on the first boat. Name's Chester. Swell looker, eh?"

Another newcomer attracted even more notice than the limb of the law: a gigantic, well groomed man, with keen, close set eyes and that indefinable easy movement and polished bearing that come from confidence, health and travel. Unlike the others, he did not dally on the beach or display much interest in his surroundings, but with purposeful frown strode through the press up into the heart of the city. His companion was Struve's partner, Dunham, a middle aged, pompous man, They went directly to the offices of Dunham & Struve, where they found the white haired junior partner.

"Mighty glad to meet you, Mr. Mc-Namara," said Struve. "Your name is a household word in my part of the country. My people were mixed up in Dakota politics somewhat, so I've always had a great admiration for you, and I'm glad you've come to Alaska. This is a big country, and we need big men." "Did you have any trouble?" Dun-

ham inquired when the three had adjourned to a private room. "Trouble," said Struve ruefully.

ter brought me your instructions O. K. tion to the listeners, while a light of and I got busy right off. But tell me this-how did you get the girl to act reckless face of Struve. as messenger?"

swered McNamara. "Dunham intended sailing on the first boat, but he was detained in Washington with me, and the judge had to wait for us at Seattle. We were afraid to trust a stranger for fear he might get curious and examine the papers. That would have work." meant'- He moved his hand eloquently.

"I see. Does she know what was in the documents?" "Decidedly not. Women and business don't mix. I hope you didn't tell

her anything." "No: I haven't had a chance. She seemed to take a dislike to me for some reason. I haven't seen her since

the day after she got here." "The judge told her it had something to do with preparing the way for his court," said Dunham, "and that if the papers were not delivered before he arrived it might cause a lot of trouble -litigation, riots, bloodshed and all

that. He filled her up on generalities till the girl was frightened to death and thought the safety of her uncle and the whole country depended on her." "Well," continued Struve, "it's dead easy to hire men to jump claims, and it's dead easy to buy their rights after- too, rather weak and vacillating, but

ward, particularly when they know they haven't got any. But what course do you follow when owners go gunning kled in pleasant fashion. for you?"

McNamara laughed. "Who did that?"

"A benevolent, silver haired old Texan pirate by the name of Dextry. He's one-half owner in the Midas and the other half mountain lion, as peaceable, you'd imagine, as a benediction, but

with the temperament of a Geronimo. I sent Galloway out to relocate the claim, and he got his notices up in the night when they were asleep, but at 6 m. he came flying back to my room and nearly hammered the door down. I've seen fright in varied forms and phases, but he had them all, with some

added starters. "'Hide me out, quick!" he panted. "What's up? I asked.

my bear, smanpox and sudden death, and it don't set well on my stummick.

"I had to keep him hidden three days, for this gentle mannered old cannibal roamed the streets with a cannon in his hand, breathing fire and pestilence." "Anybody else act up?" queried Dun-

"No; all the rest are Swedes, and they haven't got the nerve to fight. They couldn't lick a spoon if they These other men are different, though. There are two of them-the old one and a young fellow. I'm a little afraid to mix it up with them, and if their claim wasn't the best in the district I'd say let it alone."

"I'll attend to that," said McNamara. Struve resumed:

"Yes, gentlemen, I've been working pretty hard and also pretty much in the dark so far. I'm groping for light. When Miss Chester brought in the papers I got busy instanter. I clouded the title to the richest placers in the region, but I'm blamed if I quite see the use of it. We'd be thrown out of any court in the land if we took them to law. What's the game-blackmail?" "Humph!" ejaculated McNamara.

"What do you take me for?" "Well, it does seem small for Alec McNamara, but I can't see what else you're up to." "Within a week I'll be running every

good mine in the Nome district." McNamara's voice was calm, but decisive, his giance keen and alert, while about him clung such a breath of power and confidence that it compelled | the judge. belief even in the face of this astound-

ing speech. In spite of himself Wilton Struve, lawyer, rake and gentlemanly adventurer, test his heart leap at what the other's daring implied. The proposition was utterly past belief, and yet, looking into the man's purposeful eyes, he believed.

"That's big-awful big-too big," the younger man murmured. "Why, man, it means you'll handle \$50,000 a day!" Dunham shifted his feet in the si-

lence and licked his dry lips. "Of course it's big, but Mr. McNamara's the biggest man that ever came to Alaska," he said.

"And I've got the biggest scheme that ever came north, backed by the biggest men in Washington," continued the politician. "Look here!" He displayed a typewritten sheet bearing parallel lists of names and figures. Struve gasped incredulously.

"Those are my stockholders, and that is their share in the venture. Oh yes, we're incorporated-under laws of Arizona; secret, of course. It would never do for the names to get out. I'm showing you this only because I want you to be satisfied who's behind me."

"Lord, I'm satisfied," said Struve, laughing nervously. "Dunham was with you when you figured the scheme out, and he met some of your friends in Washington and New York. If he says it's all right, that settles it. But, say, suppose anything went wrong with the company and it leaked out who those stockholders are?"

"There's no danger. I have the books where they will be burned at the first sign. We'd have had our own land laws passed but for Sturtevant of Nevada, curse him. He blocked us in the senate. However, my plan is "Well, I wonder if I did. Miss Ches- this." He rapidly outlined his proposiadmiration grew and shone in the

"By heavens, you're a wonder!" he "There was no one else to send," an- | cried at the close. "And I'm with you body and soul. It's dangerous-that's why I like it."

"Dangerous?" McNamara shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! Where is the danger? We've got the law, or, rather, we are the law. Now, let's get to

It seemed that the hoss of North Dakota was no sluggard. He discarded coat and waistcoat and tackled the documents which Struve laid before him, going through them like a whirlwind. Gradually he infected the others with his energy, and soon behind the locked doors of Dunham & Struve there were only haste and fever and plot and intrigue.

As Helen Chester led the judge toward the flamboyant, three storied how tel she prattled to him light heartedly. The fascination of a new land already held her fast, and now she felt, in addition, security and relief. Glenister saw them from a distance and strode forward to greet them.

He beheld a man of perhaps threescore years, benign of aspect save for the eyes, which were neither clear nor steady, but had the trick of looking past one. Glenister thought the mouth, the clean shaven face was dignified by learning and acumen and was wrin-

"My niece has just told me of your service to her," the old gentleman began. "I am happy to know you, sir." "Besides being a brave knight and assisting ladies in distress, Mr. Glenister is a very great and wonderru.

man," Helen explained lightly. "He

owns the Midas."



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"Indeed!" said the old man, shifting eyes now resting full on the other with a flash of unmistakable in-"I hear that is a wonderful mine. Have you begun work yet?"

"No. We'll commence sluicing day after tomorrow. It has been a late spring. The snow in the gulch was deep and the ground thaws slowly. We've been building houses and doing dead work, but we've got our men on the ground waiting."

"I am greatly interested. Won't you walk with us to the hotel? I want to hear more about these wonderful

"Well, they are great placers," said the miner as the three walked on together. "Nobody knows how great because we've only scratched at them yet. In the first place, the ground is so shallow and the gold is so easy to get that if nature didn't safeguard us in the winter we'd never dare leave our claims for fear of 'snipers.' They'd run in and rob us." "How much will the Anvil creek

mines produce this summer?" asked "It's hard to tell, sir, but we expect

to average \$5,000 a day from the Midas alone, and there are other claims "Your title is all clear, I dare say,

"Absolutely except for one jumper, and we don't take him seriously. A fellow named Galloway relocated us one night last month, but he didn't allege any grounds for doing so, and we could never find trace of him. If we had, our title would be as clean as snow again." He said the last with a peculiar inflection. "You wouldn't use violence, I trust?"

"Sure! Why not? It has worked all right heretofore." "But, my dear sir, those days are gone. The law is here, and it is the duty of every one to abide by it."

"Well, perhaps it is, but in this country we consider a man's mine as sacred as his family. We didn't know what a lock and key were in the early times, and we didn't have any troubles except famine and hardship. It's different now, though. Why, there have been more claims jumped around here this spring than in the whole length and history of the Yukon."

They had reached the hotel, and Glenister paused, turning to the girl as the judge entered. When she started to follow, he detained her.

"I came down from the hills on purpose to see you. It has been a long

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted coldly. "I don't care to hear it." "See here, what makes you shut me out and wrap yourself up in your haughtiness? I'm sorry for what I did that night. I've told you so repeatedly. I've wrung my soul for that act till there's nothing left but repent-

"It is not that," she said slowly. have been thinking it over during the past month, and now that I have gained an insight into this life I see that it wasn't an unnatural thing for you to do. It's terrible to think of, but it's true. I don't mean that it was pardonable," she continued quickly, "for it wasn't, and I hate you when I think about it, but I suppose I put myself into a position to invite such actions. No; I'm sufficiently broadminded not to blame you unreasonably, and I think I could like you in spite of it, just for what you have done for me. But that isn't all. There is something deeper. You saved my life, and I'm grateful, but you frighten me always. It is the cruelty in your strength. It is something away back in you-lustful and ferocious and wild and crouching."

He smiled wryly. "It is my local color maybe, absorbed from this country. I'll try to change, though, if you want me to. I'll let them rope and throw and brand me. I'll take on the graces of civilization and put away revenge and ambition and all the rest of it if it will make you like me any better. Why, I'll even promise not to violate the person of our claim jumper if I catch him, and heaven knows that means that Samson has parted with his locks."

"I think I could like you if you did," she said, "but you can't do it. You are

There are no clubs nor marts where men foregather for business in the north-nothing but the saloon, and this is all and more than a club. Here men congregate to drink, to gamble and to

It was late in the evening when Glenister entered the Northern and wound down the creek bottom from passed idly down the row of games, the dam, like gigantic serpents, while

pausing at the crap table, where ne rolled the dice when his turn came. Moving to the roulette wheel, he lost a stack of whites, but at the faro "laybut" his luck was better, and he won a gold coin on the high card, whereupon he promptly ordered a round of drinks for the men grouped about him, a formality always precedent to overtures

of general friendship. As he paused, glass in hand, his eyes were drawn to a man who stood close by, talking earnestly. The aspect of the stranger challenged notice, for he stood high above his companions, with a peculiar grace of attitude in place of the awkwardness common in men of great stature. Among those who were listening intently to the man's carefully modulated tones Glenister recognized Mexico Mullins, the ex-gambles who had given Dextry the warning at Unalaska. As he further studied the listening group a drunken man staggered uncertainly through the wide doors of the saloon and, gaining sight of the tall stranger, blinked, then approached him, speaking with a loud

"Well, if 'tain't ole Alec McNamara! How do, ye ole pirate?" McNamara nodded and turned his back coolly upon the newcomer. "Don't turn your dorsal fin to me.

wan' to talk to ye." McNamara continued his calm discourse till he received a vicious whack on the shoulder. Then he turned for a moment to interrupt his assailant's garrulous profanity:

"Ye won' talk to me, eh? Well, I'm goin' to talk to you, see. I guess you'd listen if I told these people all I know about you: Turn around here," His voice was menacing and attract-

"Don't bother me. I am engaged."

ed general notice. Observing this, Mc-Namara addressed him, his words dropping clear, concise and cold: "Don't talk to me. You are a drunken nuisance. Go away before some-

thing happens to you." Again he turned away, but the drunken man seized and whirled him about, repeating his abuse, encouraged by this apparent patience.

"Your pardon for an instant, gentlemen." McNamara laid a large white and manicured hand upon the flannel sleeve of the miner and gently escorted him through the entrance to the sidewalk, while the crowd smiled.

As they cleared the threshold, however, he clinched his fist without a word and, raising it, struck the sot fully and cruelly upon the jaw. His victim fell silently, the back of his bead striking the boards with a hollow thump; then, without even observing dow he lay, McNamara re-entered the saloon and took up his conversation where he had been interrupted. His voice was as evenly regulated as his movements, betraying not a sign of anger, excitement or bravado. He lit cigarette, extracted a notebook and lotted down certain memoranda supplied him by Mexico Mullins.

All this time the body lay across the threshold without a sign of life. The buzz of the roulette wheel was resumed, and the cap dealer began his monotonous routine. Every eye was fixed on the nonchalant man at the bar, but the unconscious creature out side the threshold lay unheeded, for in these men's code it behooves the most humane to practice a certain aloofness in the matter of private

Having completed his notes, McNamara shook hands gravely with his companions and strode out through the door, past the bulk that sprawled across his path and without pause or

glance disappeared. A dozen willing, though unsympa thetic, hands laid the drunkard on the roulette table, where the bartender poured pitcher upon pitcher of water over him.

"He ain't hurt none to speak of," said a bystander; then added, with en-"But, say, there's a man in this here

CHAPTER VI. THO'S your new shift boss?" Glenister inquired of his partner a few days later, indicating a man in the cut below, busied in setting a line of

"That's old Slapjack Simms, friend of mine from up Dawson way." Glenister laughed immoderately, for the object was unusually tall and loose jointed and wore a solled suit of yellow mackinaw. He had laid off his coat, and now the baggy, billious trousers hung precariously from his angular shoulders by suspenders of alarming frailty. His legs were lost in gum boots, also loose and cavernous, and his entire costume looked relaxed and flapping, so that he gave the impression of being able to shake himself out of his raiment and to rise like a burlesque Aphrodite. His face was overgrown with a grizzled tangle that looked as though it had been trimmed with buttonhole scissors, while above the brush heap grandly soared a shiny,

Simms an' has kept his head shingled

domelike head.

"Has he always been bald?" "Naw! He ain't bald at all. He shaves his nob. In the early days he wore a long flowin' mane which was inhabited by crickets, tree toads and such fauna. It got to be a hobby with him finally, so that he growed superstitious about goin' uncurried and would back into a corner with both guns drawed if a barber came near him. But once Hank-that's his real nameundertook to fry some slapjacks and in givin' the skillet a heave, the dough lit among his forest primeval, jest back of his ears, soft side down. Hank polluted the gulch with langwidge which who once try them will find the elicle pills valuno man had ought to keep in himself able in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But ther all sick head without it was fumigated. Disreppitableness oozed out through him like sweat through an ice pitcher, an' since then he's been known as Slapjack

smooth as a gun bar'l. He's a good miner, though. Ain't none better-an' square as a die." Sluicing had begun on the Midas. Long sinuous lengths of canvas hose

the roll of gravel through the flumes mingled musically with the rush of waters, the tinkle of tools and the song of steel on rock. There were four "strings" of boxes abreast, and the heaving line of shovelers ate rapidly into the creek bed, while teams with scrapers splashed through the tail races n an atmosphere of softened profanity. In the big white tents which sat back from the bluffs, fifty men of the night shift were asleep, for there is no re spite here-no night, no Sunday, no halt, during the hundred days in which the northland lends herself to pillage. The mine lay cradled between wonderful, mossy, willow mottled mountains, while above and below the gulch was dotted with tents and huts, and everywhere, from basin to hill crest,

A great contentment filled the two partners as they looked on this scene To wrest from reluctant earth her richest treasures, to add to the wealth of the world, to create-here was sat isfaction.

men dug and blasted, punily, patiently,

while their tracks grew daily plainer

over the face of this inscrutable wil-

"We ain't robbin' no widders an orphans doin' it, neither," Dextry suddenly remarked, expressing his partner's feelings closely. They looked at each other and smiled with that rare understanding that exceeds words.

Descending into the cut, the old man filled a gold pan with dirt taken from under the feet of the workers and washed it in a puddle, while the other watched his dexterous whirling motions. When he had finished they poked the stream of yellow grains into a pile; then, with heads together, guessed its weight, laughing again delightedly, in perfect harmony and con-

"I've been waitin' a turrible time fer this day," said the elder. "I've suf-



"I've been waitin' a turrible time fer this day."

fered the plagues of prospectin' from the Mexicos to the Circle, an' yet I don't begretch it none now that I've struck pay."

While they spoke two miners struggled with a bowlder they had unearthed and, having scraped and washed it carefully, staggered back to place it on the cleaned bedrock behind. One of them slipped, and it crashed against a brace which held the sluices in place. These boxes stand more than a man's height above the bedrock, resting on supporting posts and running full of water. Should a sluice fall the rushing stream carries out the gold which has lodged in the riffles and floods the bedrock, raising havoc. Too late the partners saw the string of boxes sway

and bend at the joint; then, before they could reach the threatened spot to support it, Slapjack Simms, with a shriek, plunged flapping down into the { Central Business College, 395 cut and seized the flume. His great | + Yonge Street, Toronto. height stood him in good stead now, for where the joint had opened water poured forth in a cataract. He dived under the breach unhesitatingly and, stooping, lifted the line as near to its former level as possible, holding the entire burden upon his naked pate.

He gesticulated wildly for help, while over him poured the deluge of icy, muddy water. It entered his gaping waistband, bulging out his yellow trousers till they were fat and full and the seams were bursting, while his yawning boot tops became as boiling springs. Meanwhile he chattered forth profanity in such volume that the ear ached under it as must have ached the heroic Slapjack under the chill of the melting snow. He was relieved quickly, however, and emerged triumphant, though blue and puckered, his wilderness of whiskers streaming like limber To be continued.

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