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stalactites, his boots loosely "squishing" while oaths still poured from him in such profusion that Dextry whispered:

"Ain't he a ring tailed wonder? It's plumb solemn an' reverent the way he makes them untamed cuss words sit up an' beg. It's a privilege to be pres- ble." ent That's a gift, that is."

"You'd better get some dry clothes," they suggested, and Slapjack proceeded a few paces toward the tents, hobbling as though treading on pounded glass.

"Ow-w!" he yelled. "These blasted boots is full of gravel."

He seated himself and tugged at his foot till the boot came away with a sucking sound; then, instead of emptying the accumulation at random, he poured the contents into Dextry's empty gold pan, rinsing it out carefully. The other boot he emptied likewise. They held a surprising amount of sediment, because the stream that had emerged from the crack in the sluices had carried with it pebbles, sand and this point. Standing directly beneath the cataract, most of it had dived fairly into his inviting waistband, following down the lines of least resistance the knees.

"Wash that," he said. "You're apt to get a prospect.

With artful passes Dextry settled it in the pan bottom and washed away the gravel, leaving a yellow glittering pile which raised a yell from the men, who had lingered curiously. "He pans \$40 to the boot leg," one

shouted. "How much do you run to the foot, Slapjack?"

"He's a reg'lar free milling ledge." "No, he ain't; he's too thin. He's nothing but a stringer, but he'll pay to work."

The old miner grinned toothlessly. "Gentlemen, there ain't no better way to save fine gold than with undercurrents an' blanket riffles. I'll have to wash these garments of mine an' clean up the soapsuds 'cause there's a brundred dollars in gold dust clingin' to my person this minute." He went dripping up the bank, while the men returned to their work singing.

After lunch Dextry saddled his broncho.

"I'm goin' to town for a pair of gold scales, but I'll be back by supper; then we'll clean up between shifts. She'd ought to give us a thousand ounces the way that ground prospects." He loped down the gulch, while his partner returned to the pit, the flashing shovel blades and the rumbling undertone of the big workings that so fascinated

. It was perhaps 4 o'clock when he was aroused from his labors by a shout from the bunk tent, where a group of horsemen had clustered. As Glenister drew near he saw among them Wilton Strave, the lawyer, and the big, well dressed tenderfoot of the Northern, McNamara, the man of the heavy hand. Struve straightway engaged

"Say, Glenister, we've come out to sharply. "I'll say when to shoot." He see about the title to this claim." "What about it?"

"Well, it was relocated about a month ago." He paused.

"Yes. What of that?" "Galloway has commenced suit"

"The ground belongs to Dextry and me. We discovered it, we opened it up, we've complied with the law, and we're going to hold it." Glenister spoke with such conviction and heat as to nonplus Struve, but McNamara, who had sat his horse silently until now. answered:

"Certainly, sir; if your title is good you will be protected, but the law has arrived in Alaska and we've got to let it take its course. There's no need of violence-none whatever-but, briefly, the situation is this: Mr. Galloway has commenced action against you, the court has enjoined you from working and has appointed me as receiver to operate the mine until the suit is settled. It's an extraordinary procedure, of course, but the conditions are extraordinary in this country. The season is so short that it would be unjust to the rightful owner if the claim lay idle all summer, so to avoid that I've been put in charge, with instructions to operate it and preserve the proceeds subject to the court's order. Mr. Voorhees here is the United States marshal. He will serve the papers."

Glenister threw up his hand in a gesture of restraint.

"Hold on! Do you mean to tell me that any court would recognize such a claim as Galloway's?"

"The law recognizes everything. If his grounds are no good, so much the better for you."

side the entrance to the dance hall. "You can't put in a receiver without notice to us. Why, good Lord, we never heard of a suit being commenced. We've never even been served with a venience, quaff as deeply of the bea-

summons, and we haven't had a chance to argue in our own defense." "I have just said that this is a re-

markable state of affairs and unusual action had to be taken," McNamara ro plied, but the young miner grew excited. "Look here, this gold won't get

the floor swam with dancers. At certain intervals the musicians worked feverishly up to a crashing away! It's safe in the ground. We'll crescendo. supported by the voices of knock off work and let the claim lie idle till the thing is settled. You can't the dancers, until all joined at the top really expect us to surrender possesnote in a yell, while the drummer sion of our mine on the mere allegafired a forty-four Colt into a box of tion of some unknown man. That's wet sawdust beside his chair-all in ridiculous. We won't do it. Why, time, all in the swinging spirit of the mon'll here to let us arene our case

at least before you try to put us off." Voorhees shook his head. "We'll have to follow instructions. The thing for you to do is to appear before the court tomorrow and have the receiver dismissed. If your title is as good as you say it is, you won't have any trou-

"You're not the only ones to suffer," added McNamara. "We've taken possession of all the mines below here." He nodded down the gulch. "I'm an officer of the court and under bond"-"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars for each claim." "What? Why, heavens, man, the

poorest of these mines is producing that much every day!"

While he spoke Glenister was rapidly debating what course to follow.

"The place to argue this thing is before Judge Stillman," said Struve, but with little notion of the conflict going on within Glenister. The youth yearned to fight, not with words nor quibbles nor legal phrases, but with steel all the concentration of the riffles at and blows. And he felt that the impulse was as righteous as it was natural, for he knew this process was unjust, an outrage. Mexico Mullins' warning recurred to him. And yetinto his boot legs and boiling out at He shifted slowly as he talked till his back was to the door of the big tent, They were watching him carefully, for all their apparent languor and looseness in saddle; then, as he started to leap within and rally his henchmen, his mind went back to the words of Judge Stillman and his niece. Surely that old man was on the square. He couldn't be otherwise with her beside him, believing in him, and a suspicion of deeper plots behind these actions was groundless. So far all was legal, he supposed, with his scant knowledge of law, though the methods seemed unreasonable. The men might be doing what they thought to be right.

Why be the first to resist? The men

on the mines below had not done so.

The title to this ground was capable

of such easy proof that he and Dex

need have no uneasiness. Courts do

not rob honest people nowadays, he

argued, and, moreover, perhaps the

girl's words were true; perhaps she

would think more of him if he gave up

the old fighting ways for her sake.

Certainly armed resistance to her un-

cle's first edict would not please her.

She had said he was too violent, so he

would show her he could lay his sav-

agery aside. She might smile on him

approvingly, and that was worth tak-

ing a chance for. Anyway it would

mean but a few days' delay in the

mine's run. As he reasoned he heard

a low voice speaking within the open

"Step aside, lad. I've got the big un

Glenister saw the men on horseback

snatch at their holsters and just in

time leaped at his foreman, for the old

man had moved out into the open, a

Winchester at shoulder, his cheek cud-

dling the stock, his eyes cold and nar-

row. The young man flung the barrel

up and wrenched the weapon from his

"None of that, Hank!" he cried

turned to look into the muzzles of

guns held in the hands of every horse-

man-every horseman save one, for

Alec McNamara sat unmoved, his

handsome features, nonchalant and

amused, nodding approval. It was at

him that Hank's weapon had been

"This is bad enough at the best.

Slapjack inhaled deeply, spat with

"Well, of all the different kinds of

blame fools," he snorted, "you are the

kindest!" He marched past the mar-

shal and his deputies down to the cut,

put on his coat and vanished down the

trail toward town, not deigning a

backward glance either at the mine or

CHAPTER VII.

ATE in July it grows dark as mid-

window seem less garish and

strange than they do a month earlier.

In the Northern there was good busi-

ness doing. The new bar fixtures,

which had cost a king's ransom or

represented the one night's losings of

a Klondike millionaire, shone rich,

dark and enticing, while the cut glass

sparkled with iridescent hues, reflect-

the dancing spirits of the crowd that

ing in a measure the prismatic moods,

crushed past, halting at the gambling

games or patronizing the theater in

the rear. The old bar furniture,

brought down by dog team from "up

river," was established at the rear ex-

tremity of the long building, just in-

where patrons of the drama might

with a modicum of delay and incon-

Now, however, the show had closed,

the hall had been cleared of chairs

and canvas, exposing a glassy, tempt-

ing surface, and the orchestra had

moved to the stage. They played a

rollicking, blood stirring twostep, while

ker as of the ballet.

night approaches, so that the

many lights from doorway and

at the man unfit to fight for.

Don't let's make it any worse," said

disgust and looked over his boss in-

credulously.

door. It was Slapjack Simms.

The Bronco Kid, familiar from Atlin to Nome as the best "bank" dealer on the Yukon, worked the shift from 8 till 2. He was a slender man of thirty, dexterous in movement, slow to smile, soft of voice and known as a living flame among women. He had dealt the biggest games of the early days and had no enemies. Yet, though many called him friend, they wondered inwardly.

The men, who were mostly young,

danced like college boys, while the wo-

men, who were all young and good

dancers, floated through the measures

with the ease of rose leaves on a sum-

mer stream. Faces were flushed, eyes

were bright, and but rarely a voice

sounded that was not glad. Most of

the noise came from the men, and, al-

though one caught here and there a

hint of haggard lines about the girlish

faces and glimpsed occasional eyes

that did not smile, yet as a whole the

Suddenly the music ceased, and the

couples crowded to the bar. The wom-

en took harmless drinks, the men most-

ly whisky. Rarely was the choice of

potations criticised, though occasional-

ly some ruddy eschewer of sobriety in-

sisted that his lady "take the same,"

avowing that "hootch," having been

demonstrated beneficial in his case,

was good for her also. Invariably the

lady accepted without dispute, and in-

variably the man failed to note her

glance at the bartender or the silent

substitution by that capable person of

ginger ale for whisky or of plain wa-

ter for gin. In turn the mixers collect-

ed \$1 from each man, flipping to the

girl a metal percentage check, which

she added to her store. In the curtain-

ed boxes overhead men bought bottles

with foil about the corks, and then

subterfuge on the lady's part was idle,

but, on the other hand, she was able to

pocket for each bottle a check redeem-

A stranger straight from the east

would have remarked first upon the

good music, next upon the good looks

of the women and then upon the shab-

by clothes of the men, for some of

them were in "mukluk," others in

sweaters with huge initials and wing-

Outside in the main gambling room

there were but few wonien. Men

crowded in dense masses about the

faro layout, the wheel, craps, the Klon-

dike game, pangingi and the card ta-

bles. They talked of business, of

home, of women, bought and sold

mines and bartered all things from

hams to honor. The groomed and

clean, the unkempt and filthy jostled

shoulder to shoulder, equally affected

by the license of the gold fields and the

exhilaration of the new. 'The mystery

of the north had touched them all. The

glad, bright wine of adventure filled

their veins, and they spoke mightily of

things they had resolved to do, or re-

counted with simple diffidence the

strange stories of their accomplish-

ed emblems, and all were collarless.

able at \$5.

scene was one of genuine enjoyment.

It was a strong play the Kid had tonight, for Swede Sam of Dawson ventured many stacks of yellow chips, and he was a quick, aggressive gambler. A Jew sat at the king end with ten neatly creased \$1,000 bills before him, together with piles of smaller currency. He adventured viciously and without system, while outsiders to the number of four or five cut in sporadically with small bets. The game was difficult to follow, consequently the lookout, from his raised dais, was leaning forward, chin in hand, while the group was hedged about by eager on-

lookers. Faro is a closed book to most people, for its intricacies are confusing. Lucky is he who has never persevered in solving its mysteries nor speculated upon the "systems" of beating it. From those who have learned it, the game demands practice, dexterity and coolness. The dealer must run the cards, watch the many shifting bets, handle the neatly piled checks, figure lightninglike the profits and losses. It was his unerring, clocklike regularity in this that had won the Kid his reputation. This night his powers were taxed. He dealt silently, scowlingly, his long white

fingers nervously caressing the cards. This preoccupation prevented his noticing the rustle and stir of a new comer who had crowded up behind him until he caught the wondering glances of those in front and saw that the Israelite was staring past him, his money forgotten, his eyes beady and sharp, his ratlike teeth showing in grin of admiration. Swede Sam glared from under his unkempt shock and felt uncertainly toward the open collar of his flannel shirt where a kerchief should have been. The men who were standing gazed at the newcomer, some with surprise, others with a half smile

of recognition. Bronco glanced quickly over his shoulder, and as he did so the breath caught in his throat, but for only an instant. A girl stood so close beside him that the lace of her gown brushed his sleeve. He was shuffling at the moment and dropped a card, then nodded to her, speaking quietly as he stooped to regain the pasteboard:

"Howdy, Cherry?" She did not answer, only continued to look at the "layout." "What a woman!" he thought. She was not too tall, with smoothly rounded bust and hips and-long waist, all well displayed by her perfectly fitting garments. Her face was oval, the mouth rather large, the eyes of dark, dark blue, prominently outlined under thin, silken lids. Her dull gold hair was combed low over the ears, and her smile showed rows of sparkling teeth before it dived into twin dimples. Strangest of all, it was an innocent face, the face and smile of

a schoolgirl. The Kid finished his shuffling awkwardly and slid the cards into the box. Then the woman spoke:

"Let me have your place, Bronco." The man gasped, the Jew snickered, the lookout straightened in his chair. "Better not. It's a hard game," said the Kid, but her voice was imperious as she commanded him:

"Hurry up. Give me your place." Bronco arose, whereupon she settled in his chair, tucked in her skirts, removed her gloves and twisted into up into his face. place the diamonds on her hands

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"What the devil's this?" said the lookout roughly. "Are you drunk, Bronco? Get out of that chair, miss!" She turned to him slowly. The inno- isn't of any use." change had coarsened her like a puff of air on a still pool. Then, while she stared at him, her lids drooped dangerously and her lip curled.

"Throw him out, Bronco," she said, and her tones held the hardness of a mistress to her slave.

"That's all right," the Kid reassured the lookout. "She's a better dealer than I am. This is Cherry Malotte." Without noticing the stares this evoked, the girl commenced. Her



"This is Cherry Malotte." hands, beautifully soft and white, flashed over the board. She dealt rapidly, unfalteringly, with the finish of one bred to the cards, handling chips | junction removed. We've offered bond and coppers with the peculiar mannerisms that spring from long practice. It was seen that she never looked at her check rack, but when a bet required paying picked up a stack without turning her head, and they saw further that she never reached twice nor took a large pile and sized it up against its mate, removing the extra disks, as is the custom. When she stretched forth her hand, she grasped the right number unerringly. This is considered the acme of professional finish, and the Bronco Kid smiled delightedly as he saw the wonder spread from the lookout to the spectators and | mind, for it's all my fault. I didn't heard the speech of the men who stood | think it meant anything like this or on chairs and tables for sight of the

woman dealer. For twenty minutes she continued, until the place became congested, and never once did the lookout detect an

While she was busy Glenister entered the front door and pushed his way back toward the theater. He was worried and distrait, his manner perturbed and unnatural. Silently and without apparent notice he passed friends who greeted him. "What ails Glenister tonight?" asked

a bystander. "He acts funny." has been jumped. He's in a bad wayall broke up."

The girl suddenly ceased without finishing the deck and arose. "Don't stop," said the Kid, while a murmur of dismay came from the spectators. She only shook her head and

drew on her gloves with a show of Gliding through the crowd, threaded about aimlessly, the recipient of many stares though but few greetings, speaking with no one, a certain dignity serving her as a barrier even

here. She stopped a waiter and ques-"He's upstairs in a gallery box." "Alone?"

"Yes'm. Anyhow, he was a minute ago, unless some of the rustlers has broke in on him." A moment later Glenister, watching the scene below, was aroused from his

gloomy absorption by the click of the box door and the rustle of silken skirts. "Go out, please," he said, without terrning. "1 don't want company." Hearing no answer, he began again, "I came here to be alone"-but there he ceased, for the girl had come forward and laid her two hot hands upon his cheeks.

"Boy," she breathed, and he arose

"Cherry! When did you come?" "Oh, days ago," she said, impatiently, "from Dawson. They told me you had struck it. I stood it as long as I could-then I came to you. Now, tell me about yourself. Let me see you

first, quick!" She pulled him towards the light and gazed upward, devouring him hungrily with her great, languorous eyes. She held to his coat lapels, standing close beside him, her warm breath beating

"Well" she said "Fiss me!"

He took her wrists in his and loosed her hold, then looked down on her gravely and said:

"No-that's all over. I told you so when I left Dawson," "All over! Oh, no, it isn't, boy. You think so, but it isn't-it can't be. love you too much to let you go." "Hush!" said he. "There are people

in the next box." "I don't care! Let them hear," she cried, with feminine recklessness. "I'm proud of my love for you. I'll tell it to them-to the whole world." "Now, see here, little girl," he said

for the cult of most obstinate and fatal dis-eases, if we would properly investigate them; and in termination of this conviction, he points with pride the almost marvelous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Disquietly, "we had a long talk in Dawson and agreed that it was best to divide our ways. I was mad ever you once, as a good many other men have been, but I came to my senses. Nothing could ever result from it, and I told you so." "Yes, yes; I know. I thought I could

give you up, but I didn't realize till you had gone how I wanted you. Oh, it's been a torture to me every day for the past two years." There was no semblance now to the cold creature she had appeared upon entering the gambling hall. She spoke rapidly, her whole body tense with emotion, her voice shaken with passion. "I've seen men and men and men, and they've loved me, but I never cared for anybody in the world till I saw you. They ran after me, but you were cold. You made me come to you. Perhaps that was it. Anyhow, I can't stand it. I'll give up everything, I'll do anything, just to be where you are. What do you think of a woman who will beg? Oh, I've lost my pride! I'm a fool-a fool-but I can't help it!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way," said Glenister. "It isn't my fault, and it

cence had fled from her features, and | For an instant she stood quivering, the big eyes flashed warningly. A | while the light died out of her face; then, with a characteristic change, she smiled till the dimples laughed in her cheeks. She sank upon a seat beside him and pulled together the curtains. shutting out the sight below.

"Very well!" Then she put his hand to her cheek and cuddled it. "I'm glad to see you just the same, and you can't keep me from loving you."

With his other hand he smoothed her hair, while, unknown to him and beneath her lightness, she shrank and quivered at his touch like a Barbary steed under the whip.

"Things are very bad with me," he said. "We've had our mine jumped." "Bah! You know what to do. You aren't a cripple. You've got five fingers on your gun hand."

"That's it! They all tell me that-all the old timers. But I don't know what to do. I thought I did, but I don't. The law has come into this country, and I've tried to meet it halfway. They jumped us and put in a receiver, a big man by the name of McNamara. Dex wasn't there, and I let them do it. When the old man learned of it, he nearly went crazy. We had our first quarrel. He thought I was afraid"-"Not he," said the girl. "I know him, private and confidential.

and he knows you." "That was a week ago. We've hired the best lawyer in Nome-Bill Wheaton-and we've tried to have the inin any sum, but the judge refuses to accept it. We've argued for leave to appeal, but he won't give us the right. The more I look into it the worse it seems, for the court wasn't convened in accordance with law, we weren't notified to appear in our own behalf, we weren't allowed a chance to argue our own case-nothing. They simply slapped on a receiver, and now they refuse to allow us redress. From a legal standpoint it's appalling, I'm told. But what is to be done? What's the game? That's the thing. What are they up to? I'm nearly out of my I'd have made a fight for possession and stood them off at least. As it is, my partner's sore and he's gone to drinking-first time in twelve years. He says I gave the claim away, and now it's up to me and the Almighty to get it back. If he gets full he'll drive a four horse wagon into some church or go up and pick the judge to pieces with his fingers to see what makes him go round."

"What 've they got against you and Dextry-some grudge?" she questioned. "No, no! We're not the only ones in trouble; they've jumped the rest of the "Ain't you heard? Why, the Midas good mines and put this McNamara in as receiver on all of them, but that's small comfort. The Swedes are crazy. They've hired all the lawyers in town and are murdering more good American language than would fill Bering To be continued.

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