

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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strait. Dex is in favor of getting our friends together and throwing the receiver off. He wants to kill somebody, but we can't do that. They've got the soldiers to fall back on. We've been warned that the troops are instructed to enforce the court's action. I don't know what the plot is, for I can't believe the old judge is crooked—the girl wouldn't let him.

"Cherry Malotte leaned forward where the light shone on the young man's worried face.

"The girl? What girl? Who is she?" Her voice had lost its lacy caress, her lips had thinned. Never was a woman's face more eloquent, mused Glenister as he noted her. Every thought fled to this window to peer forth, fearful, instinctive, as the case might be. He had loved to play with her in the former days, to work upon her passions and watch the changes, to note her features mirror every varying emotion from tenderness to rancor, from anger to delight, and at his bidding to see the pale cheeks glow with love's fire, the eyes grow heavy, the dainty lips invite kisses. Cherry was a perfect little spoiled animal, he reflected, and a very dangerous one.

"What girl?" she questioned again, and he knew beforehand the look that went with it.

"The girl I intend to marry," he said slowly, looking her between the eyes. He knew he was cruel—he wanted to be. It satisfied the clamor and turmoil within him, while he also felt that the sooner she knew and the colder it left her the better. He could not note the effect of the remark on her, however, for as he spoke the door of the box opened, and the head of the Bronco Kid appeared, then retired instantly with apologies.

"Wrong stall," he said in his slow voice. "Looking for another party." Nevertheless his eyes had covered every inch of them—noted the drawn curtains and the breathless poise of the woman, while his ears had caught part of Glenister's speech.

"You won't marry her," said Cherry quietly. "I don't know who she is, but I won't let you marry her."

She rose and smoothed her skirts.

"It's time nice people were going now." She said it with a sneer at herself. "Take me out through this crowd. I'm living quietly, and I don't wish these beasts to follow me."

As they emerged from the theater the morning air was cool and quiet, while the sun was just rising. The Bronco Kid lit a cigar as they greeted. His eyes followed them, while his hands were so still that the match burned through to his fingers; then when they had gone his teeth met and ground savagely through the tobacco so that the cigar fell, while he muttered:

"So that's the girl you intend to marry? We'll see by God!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE water front had a strong attraction for Helen Chester and rarely did a fair day pass without finding her in some quiet spot from which she could watch the shifting life along its edge, the ships at anchor and the varied incidents of the surf.

This morning she sat in a dory pulled high up on the beach, bathed in the bright sunshine and staring at the rollers, while lines of concentration wrinkled her brow. The wind had blown for some days till the ocean beat heavily across the shallow bar, and now, as it became quieter, longshoremen were launching their craft, preparing to resume their traffic.

Not until the previous day had the news of her friends' misfortune come to her, and although she had heard no hint of fraud, she began to realize that they were involved in a serious tangle. To the questions which she anxiously put to her uncle he had replied that their difficulty arose from a technicality in the mining laws which another man had been shrewd enough to profit by. It was a complicated question, he said, and one requiring time to thrash out to an equitable settlement. She had undertaken to remind him of the service these men had done her, but with a smile, he interrupted. He could not allow such things to influence his judicial attitude, and she must not endeavor to prejudice him in the discharge of his duty. Recognizing the justice of this, she had desisted.

For many days the girl had caught scattered talk between the judge and McNamara and between Struve and McNamara, but it all seemed foreign and dry, and beyond the fact that it bore on the litigation over the Anvil creek mines, she understood nothing and cared less, particularly as a new interest had but recently come into her life, an interest in the form of a man—McNamara.

He had begun with quiet, half-concealed admiration of her, which had rapidly increased until his attentions had become of a singularly positive and resistless character.

Judge Stillman was openly delighted, while the court of one like Alec McNamara could but fatter any girl. In his presence Helen felt herself rebelling at his suit, yet as distance separated them she thought ever more kindly of it. This state of mind contrasted oddly with her feelings toward the other man she had met, for in this country there were but two. When Glenister was with her she saw his love lying nakedly in his eyes, and it exercised some spell which drew her

to him in spite of herself, but when he had gone back came the distrust, the terror of the brute she felt was there behind it all. The one appealed to her while present; the other pleaded strongest while away. Now she was attempting to analyze her feelings and face the future squarely, for she realized that her affairs neared a crisis, and this, too, not a month after meeting the men. She wondered if she would come to love her uncle's friend. She did not know. Of the other she was sure—she never could.

Based with these reflections, she noticed the familiar figure of Dextray wandering aimlessly. He was not unkempt, and yet his air gave her the impression of prolonged sleeplessness. Spring her, he approached and seated

himself in the sand against the boat, while at her greeting he broke into talk as if he was useful only of her friendly presence to stir his confidential chords into active vibration.

"We're in terrible shape, miss," he said. "Our claim's jumped. Somebody run in and talked the boy out of it while I was gone, and now we can't get 'em off. He's been in—this here law game that you all brought in this summer. I've been lookin' that's what makes me look so ornery."

He said the last not in the spirit of apology, for rarely does your frontiersman consider that his self-indulgences require palliation, but rather after the manner of one purveying news of wild interest, as he would inform you that his scrunching had broken or that he had witnessed a lynching.

"What made them jump your claim?" "I don't know. I don't know nothin' about it, because, as I remarked previous, I ain't follered the totterin' footsteps of the law none too close. Nor do I intend to. I simply draws out of the game fer a spell and lets the youngster have his fling. Then if he can't make good I'll take the cards and finish it for him."

"It's like the time I was ranchin' with an Englishman up in Montana. This here party claimed the misfortune of bein' a younger son, whatever that is, and is grubstaked to a ranch by his people back home. Havin' acquired an intimate knowledge of the west by readin' Bret Harte and havin' assimilated the secrets of ranchin' by correspondence school, he is fitted ample to teach us natives a thing or two, and he does it. I am workin' his outfit as foreman, and it don't take long to show me that he's a good hearted feller in spite of his ridin' bloomers an' penechie eyeglass. He ain't never had no actual experience, but he's got a Henry Thompson Seton book that tells him all about everything from field mice to gorillies."

"We're troubled a heap with coyotes them days, and finally this party sends home for some Roobshan wolfhounds. I'm fer pizenin' a sheep carcass, but he says:

"No, no, me dear man: that's not sportmanlike. We'll hunt 'em—aye, hunt 'em. Only fancy the sport we'll have ridin' to bounds!"

"We will not," says I. "I ain't goin' to do no Simon Legree stunts. It ain't man's size. Bein' English, you don't count, but I'm growed up."

"Nothin' would do him but those 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' dogs, however, and he had 'em imported clean from Berkshire or Siberia or thereabouts, four of 'em, great big blue ones. They was as handsome and imposin' as a set of solid gold teeth, but somehow they didn't seem to savvy our play none. One day the cook rolled a rain bar' downhill from the kitchen, and when them blooded critters saw it comin' they throwed down their tails and tore out like rabbits. After that I couldn't see no good in 'em with a spyglass."

"They ain't got no grit. What makes you think they can fight?" I asked one day.

"Fright?" says H'English. "My dear man, they're full blooded. Cost seventy pun each. They're dreadful creatures when they're roused. They'll tear a wolf to pieces like a rag, kill bears, anything. Oh, rully, perfectly dreadful!"

"Well, it wasn't a week later that he went over to the east line with me to mend a barb wire. I had my pliers and a hatchet and some staples. About a mile from the house we jumped up a little brown bear that scampered off when he seen us, but, bein' agin a bluff where he couldn't get away, he climbed a cottonwood. H'English was simply frothin' with excitement.

"What a misfortune! Neither gun

nor bounds." "I'll scratch his back and talk pretty to him," says I, "while you run back and get a Winchester and them ferocious bulldogs."

"Wolf bounds," says he, with dignity, "will hooded, seventy pun each. They'll rend the poor beast limb from limb. I hate to do it, but it'll be good practice for them."

"They may be good renders," says I, "but don't forget the gun."

"Well, I throwed sticks at the critter when he tried to unclimb the tree till finally the boss got back with his dogs. They set up an awful holler when they see the bear—first one they'd ever smelled, I reckon—and the little feller crawled up in some forks and watched things, cautious, while they leaped about, bayin' most fierce and blood curdin'."

"How you goin' to get him down?" says I.

"I'll shoot him in the lower jaw," says the Britcher, "so he can't bite the dogs. I'll give 'em carnalence."

"He takes aim at Mr. Bear's chin and misses it three times runnin', he's that excited."

"Settle down, H'English," says I. "He ain't got no flimble chins. How many shells left in your gun?"

"When he looks he finds there's only one more, for he hadn't stopped to fill the magazine, so I cautions him.

"You're shootin' too low. Raise her."

"He raised her all right and caught Mr. Bruin in the snout. What followed thereafter was most too quick to notice, for the poor bear let out a bawl, dropped off his limb into the midst of them ragin', turble seventy pun hounds an' hugged 'em to death, one after another, like he was doin' a system of health exercises. He took 'em to his bosom as if he'd just got back off a long trip, then droppin' the last one, he made at his leg. Yes, sir; most chewed it off. H'English let out a silverian wolf howl hisself, an' I had to step in with the hatchet and kill the brute, though I was most dead from laughin'."

"That's how it is with me an' Glenister," the old man concluded. "When he gets tired experimentin' with this new law game of mine, I'll step in an' do business on a common sense basis."

"You talk as if you wouldn't get fair play," said Helen.

"We won't," said he, with conviction. "I look on all lawyers with suspicion, even to old halfback—your uncle, sakin' your pardon an' gettin' it, bein' as I'm a friend an' he ain't no real relation of yours, anyhow. No, sir. They're all crooked."

Dextray held the western distrust of the legal profession—comprehensive, unreasoning, deep.

"Is the old man all the kin you've got?" he questioned, when she refused to discuss the matter.

"He is—in a way. I have a brother, or I hope I have, somewhere. He ran away when we were both little tads, and I haven't seen him since. I heard about him, indirectly, at Skagway—three years ago—during the big rush to the Klondike, but he has never been home. When father died, I went to live with Uncle Arthur—some day, perhaps, I'll find my brother. He's cruel to hide from me this way, for there are only we two left, and I've loved him always."

She spoke sadly and her mood blended well with the gloom of her companion, so they stared silently out over the heaving green waters.

"It's a good thing me an' the kid had a little piece of money ahead," Dextray resumed later, reverting to the thought that lay uppermost in his mind, "cause we'd be up against it right if we hadn't. The boy couldn't have amused himself none with these court proceedings, because they come high. I call 'em luxuries, like brandied peaches an' silk undershirts."

"I don't trust these Jim Crow banks no more than I do lawyers, neither. No, sirree! I bought a iron safe an' hauled it out to the mine. She weighed 1,800, and we keep our money locked up there. We've got a feller named Johnson watchin' it now. Steal it? Well, hardly. They can't bust her open without a stajp of 'giant' which would rouse everybody in five miles, an' they can't lug her off bodily—she's too heavy. No, it's safer there than any abscondin' cashiers an' all that. Tomorrow I'm goin' back to live on the claim an' watch this receiver man till the thing's settled."

When the girl arose to go, he accompanied her up through the deep sand of the laneklike street to the main muddy thoroughfare of the camp. As yet the planked and graveled pavements which later threaded the town were unknown, and the incessant traffic had worn the road into a quagmire of chocolate colored slush, almost axle deep, with which the store fronts, show windows and awnings were plentifully shot and spattered from passing teams. Whenever a wagon approached pedestrians fled to the shelter of neighboring door ways, watching a chance to dodge out again. When vehicles passed from the comparative solidity of the main street into the morasses that constituted the rest of the town, they adventured perilously, their horses plunging, snorting, terrified, amid an atmosphere of profanity. Discouraged animals were down constantly, and no foot passenger, even with rubber boots, ventured off the planks that led from house to house.

To avoid a splashing team Dextray pulled his companion close in against the entrance to the Northern saloon, standing before her protectingly.

Although it was late in the afternoon, the Bronco Kid had just arisen and was now loafing preparatory to the active duties of his profession. He was speaking with the proprietor when Dextray and the girl sought shelter just without the open door, so he caught a fair though fleeting glimpse of her as she flashed a curious look into a gambling hall before and would have dared to peer in more carefully had she dared, but her companion moved forward. At the first look the Bronco Kid had broken off in his speech and stared at her as though at an amaz-

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Don. When she had vanished, he spoke to Reilly:

"Who's that?"

Reilly shrugged his shoulders; then, without further question, the Kid turned back toward the empty theater and out of the back door.

He moved nonchalantly till he was outside, then with the speed of a colt ran down the narrow plank between the buildings, turned parallel to the front street, leaped from board to board, splashed through puddles of water, till he reached the next alley. Stamping the mud from his shoes and pulling down his sombrero, he sauntered out into the main thoroughfare.

Dextray and his companion had crossed to the other side and were approaching, so the gambler gained a fair view of them. He searched every inch of the girl's face and figure, then, as she made to turn her eyes in his direction, he slouched away. He followed, however, at a distance, till he saw the man leave her, then on up to the big hotel he shadowed her. A half hour later he was drinking in the Golden Gate barroom with an acquaintance who ministered to the mechanical details behind the hotel counter.

"Who's the girl I saw come in just now?" he inquired.

"I guess you mean the judge's niece."

Both men spoke in the dead, restrained tones that go with their callings.

"What's her name?"

"Chester, I think. Why? Look good to you, Kid?"

Although the other neither spoke nor made sign, the bartender construed his silence as acquiescence and continued, with a conscious glance at his own reflection while he adjusted his diamond scarf-pin: "Well, she can have me! I've got it fixed to meet her."

"Bah! I guess not," said the Kid suddenly, with an infection that startled the other from his preening. Then, as he went out, the man muttered:

"Gee! Bronco's got the worst eye in the camp! Makes me creep when he throws it on me with that muddy look. He acted like he was jealous."

At noon the claim, Dextray's partner burst in upon him. Glenister was disheveled and his eyes shone with intense excitement.

"What'd you think they've done now?" he cried as greeting.

"I dunno. What is it?"

"They've broken open the safe and taken our money."

"What?"

The old man in turn was on his feet, the grudge which he had felt against Glenister in the past few days forgotten in this common misfortune.

"Yes, by heaven, they've swiped our money, our tents, tools, teams, books, hose and all of our personal property—everything! They threw Johnson off and took the whole works. I never heard of such a thing. I went out to the claim and they wouldn't let me go near the workings. They've got every mine on Anvil creek guarded the same way, and they aren't going to let us come around even when they clean up. They told me so this morning."

"But, look here," demanded Dextray sharply, "the money in that safe belongs to us. That's money we brought in from the States. The court ain't got no right to it. What kind of a damn law is that?"

"Oh, as to law, they don't pay any attention to it any more," said Glenister bitterly. "I made a mistake in not killing the first man that set foot on the claim. I was a sucker, and now we're up against a stiff game. The Swedes are in the same fix too. Frank last order has left them groggy."

"I don't understand it yet," said Dextray.

"Why, it's this way: The judge has issued what he calls an order enlarging the powers of the receiver, and it authorizes McNamara to take possession of everything on the claims—tents, tools, stores and personal property of all kinds. It was issued last night without notice to our side, so Wheaton says, and they served it this morning early. I went out to see McNamara, and when I got there I found him in our private tent with the safe broken open."

"What does this mean?" I said. And then he showed me the new order.

"I'm responsible to the court for every penny of this money," said he; "and for every tool on the claim. In view of that I can't allow you to go near the workings."

"Not go near the workings?" said I. "Do you mean you won't let us see the cleanups from our own mine?"

How do we know we're getting a square deal if we don't see the gold weighed?"

"I'm an officer of the court and under bond," said he, and the smiling triumph in his eyes made me crazy.

"You're a lying thief," I said, looking at him square. "And you're going too far. You played me for a fool once and made it stick, but it won't work twice."

"He looked injured and aggrieved and called in Voorhees, the marshal. I can't grasp the thing at all. Everybody seems to be against us—the judge, the marshal, the prosecuting attorney, everybody. Yet they've done it all according to law, they claim, and have the soldiers to back them up."

"It's just as Mexico Mullins said," Dextray stormed. "There's a deal on of some kind. I'm goin' up to the hotel an' call on the judge myself. I ain't never seen him nor this McNamara either. I ailsus want to look a man straight in the eyes once, then I know what course to follow in my death's."

"You'll find them both," said Glenister, "for McNamara rode into town behind me."

The old prospector proceeded to the Golden Gate hotel and inquired for Judge Stillman's room. A boy attempted to take his name, but he seized him by the scruff of the neck and sat him in his seat, proceeding unannounced to the suit to which he had been directed. Hearing voices, he knocked and then, without awaiting a summons, walked in.

The room was fitted like an office, with desk, table, typewriter and law books. Other rooms opened from it on both sides. Two men were talking earnestly—one gray haired, smooth shaven and clerical, the other tall, picturesque and masterful. With his first glance the milder knew that before him were the two he had come to see and that in reality he had to deal with but one, the big man who shot at him the level glances.

"We are engaged," said the judge; "very busily engaged, sir. Will you call again in half an hour?"

Dextray looked him over carefully from head to foot, then turned his back on him and regarded the other. Neither he nor McNamara spoke, but their eyes were busy, and each instinctively knew that here was a foe.

"What do you want?" McNamara inquired finally.

"I just dropped in to get acquainted. My name is Dextray—Joe Dextray—from everywhere west of the Missouri. An' your name is McNamara, ain't it? This here, I reckon, is your little French puddle—eh?" indicating Stillman.

"What do you mean?" said McNamara, while the judge murmured indignantly.

"Just what I say. However, that ain't what I want to talk about. I don't take no stock in such truck as judges an' lawyers an' orders of court. They ain't intended to be took serious. They're all right for children an' east-erners an' nou compos ments people, I s'pose, but I've always been my own judge, jury an' hangman, an' I aim to continue workin' my legislatif, executif an' judicial duties to the end of the string. You look out! My pardner is young an' seems to like the idee of lettin' somebody else run his business, so I'm goin' to give him rein and let him amuse himself fer awhile with your dinky little writs an' receiver-ships. But don't go too far. You can rob the Swedes, 'cause Swedes ain't entitled to have no money, an' some other crook would get it if you didn't, but don't play me an' Glenister fer Scandinavians. It's a mistake. We're white men, an' I'm apt to come ro-mancin' up here with one of these an' bust you so you won't hold together durin' the ceremonies."

With his last words he made the slightest shifting movement, only a lifting shrug of the shoulder, yet in his palm lay a six shooter. He had slipped it from his trousers band with the ease of long practice and absolute surety. Judge Stillman gasped and backed against the desk, but McNamara idly swung his leg as he sat sideways on the table. His only sign of interest was a quickening of the eyes, a fact of which Dextray made mental note.

"Yes," said the milder, disregarding the alarm of the lawyer, "you can wear this court in your vest pocket like a Waterbury, if you want to, but if you don't let me alone, I'll uncoil its main-spring. That's all."

He replaced his weapon and, turning, walked out the door.

To be continued.

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