By REX E. BEACH.

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"Thank you so much for your kindness. I'm quite myself now and I

must go." Her change of face could not escape the quick perceptions of one schooled by experience in the slights of her sex. Times without number Cherry Malotte had marked that subtle, scornful change in other women, and reviled herself for heeding it. But in some way this girl's manner hurt her worst of all. She betrayed no sign, however, legs and snapped in fury. Badly frightsave a widening of the eyes and a cer- ened at this attack, the horse lunged at tain fixity of smile as she answered:

rested, Miss"- She paused with outscretched hand. *Chester. My name is Helen Chester.

I'm Judge Stillman's niece," hurried the other, in embarrassment. Cherry Malotte withdrew her prof-

fered hand and her face grew hard and hateful.

"Oh! So you are Miss Chester-and I-saved you!" She laughed harshly. Helen strove for calmness. "I'm sorry you feel that way," she said coolly. "I appreciate your service to me." She

moved toward the door. you." Then, as Helen paid no heed, to a privilege, I suppose, and I'm going the woman burst out bitterly: "Oh, to take advantage of it to tell you how don't be afraid! I know you are committing an unpardonable sin by talking to me, but no one will see you, and in your code the crime lies in being discovered. Therefore, you're quite safe. That's what makes me an outcast-I was found out. I want you to know, however, that, bad as I am, I'm better than you, for I'm loyal to those creep to her own couch, where she rolled and sighed, too tired to sleep at once. She awoke finally, with one last nervous flicker, before complete oblivion took her. A sentence was on her mind-it almost seemed as though she had spoken it aloud: .

"ine handsomest woman in the north-but Glenister ran away."

CHAPTER XVI.

T was nearly noon of the next day when Helen awoke to find that McNamara had ridden in from the creek and stopped for breakfast with the judge. He had asked for her, but on hearing the tale of the night's adventure would not allow her to be disturbed. Later he and the judge had gone away together.

Although her judgment approved the step she had contemplated the night before, still the girl now felt a strange reluctance to meet McNamara. It is true that she knew no ill of him except that implied in the accusations of certain embittered men, and she was aware that every strong and aggressive character makes enemies in direct proportion to the qualities which lend him greatness. Nevertheless she was aware of an inner conflict that she had not foreseen. This man who so confidently believed that she would marry him did not dominate her conscious-

She had ridden much of late, taking long solitary gallops beside the shimmering sea that she loved so well or up the winding valleys into the foothills where echoed the roar of swift sters or glinted the flash of shovel blades. This morning her horse was fame, so she determined to walk. In her early rambles she had looked timidly askance at the rough men she met till she discovered their genuine respect and courtesy. The most unkempt among them were often college bred, although for that matter the roughest of the miners showed abundant consideration for a woman. So she was glad to allow the men to talk to her with the fine freedom inspired by the new country and its wide spaces. The wilderness breeds a chivairy all its own.

Thus there seemed to be no danger abroad, though they had told the girl of mad dogs which roamed the city, explaining that the hot weather affects powerfully the thick coated, shaggy "malamoots." This is the land of the dog, and, whereas in winter his lot is to labor and shiver and starve, in summer he loafs, fights, grows fat and runs mad with the heat.

Helen walked far and, returning, chose an .unfamiliar course through the outskirts of the town to avoid meeting any of the women she knew because of that vivid memory of the night before. As she walked swiftly along she thought that she heard faint cries far behind her. Looking up, she noted that it was a lonely, barren quarter and that the only figure in sight was a woman some distance away. A few paces farther on the shouts recurred, more plainly this time, and a gun shot sounded. Glancing back, she saw several men running, one bearing a smoking revolver, and heard nearer still the snarling hubbub of fighting dogs. In a fiash the girl's curiosity became horror, for as she watched one of the dogs made a sudden dash through the now subdued group of animals and ran swiftly along the planking on which she stood. It was a handsome specimen of the Eskimo malamoot-tall, gray and coated like a wolf, with the speed, strength and cunning of its cousin. Its head hung low and swung from side to side as it trotted, the motion flecking foam and slaver. The creature had scattered the pack and now, swift, menacing, relentless, was coming toward Helen. There was no shelter near, no fence, no house, save the distant one toward which the other woman was making her way. The men, too far away to protect her, shouted hoarse warnings. Helen did not scream or hesitateshe turned and ran, terror stricken, to-

ward the distant cottage. She was blind with fright and felt an utter certainty that the dog would attack her

before she could reach safety. Yes: there was the quick patter of his pads close up behind her. Her knees weakened. The sheltering door was yet some yards away. But a horse tethered near the walk reared and snorted as the flying pair drew near. The mad creature swerved, leaped at the horse's his halter, broke it and galloped away, "I wish you would stay until you are but the delay had served for Helen, weak and faint, to reach the door. She wrenched at the knob. It was locked. As she turned hopelessly away she saw that the other woman was directly behind her and was, in her turn, awaiting the mad animal's onslaught, but calmly, a tiny revolver in her

"Oh, yes, you do! Don't assume such innocence. Of course it's your role, but you can't play it with me." She stepped in front of her visitor, placing her back against the door, while her face was bitter and mocking. "The little "Wait a moment. I want to talk to service I did you just now entitles me badly your mask fits. Dreadfully rude of me, isn't it? You're in with a fine lot of crooks, and I admire the way you've done your share of the dirty work, but when you assume these scandalized, supervirtuous airs it offends me."

"Let me out!" "I've done bad things," Cherry continued unheedingly, "but I was forced into them usually, and I never deliberately tried to wreck a man's life just for his money."

"What do you mean by saying that I have betrayed my friends and wrecked anybody's life?" Helen demanded hot-

"Bah! I had you sized up at the start, but Roy couldn't see it. Then Struve told me what I hadn't guessed. A bottle of wine, a woman, and that fool will tell all he knows. It's a great game McNamara's playing, and he did well to get you in on it, for you're clever, your nerve is good, and your makeup is great for the part. I ought to know, for I've turned a few tricks myself. You'll pardon this little burst of feeling-professional pique. I'm jealous of your ability, that's all. How ever, now that you realize we're in the same class, don't look down on me hereafter." She opened the door and bowed her guest out with elaborate mockery.

Helen was too bewildered and humiliated to make much out of this vicious and incoherent attack except the fact that Cherry Malotte accused her of a part in this conspiracy which every one seemed to believe existed. Here again was that hint of corruption which she encountered on all sides. This might be merely a woman's jealousy, and yet she said Struve had told her all about it-that a bottle of wine and a pretty face would make the lawyer disclose everything. She could believe it from what she knew and had heard of him. The beeling that she was groping in the dark, that she was wrapped in a mysterious woof of secrecy, came over her again as it had so often of late. If Strave talked to that other woman, why wouldn't he talk to her? She paused, changing her direction toward Front street, revolving rapidly in her mind as she went her course of action. Cherry Malotte believed her to be an actress. Very well, she would prove her judgment right.

She found Struve busy in his private office, but he leaped to his feet on her entrance and came forward, offering her a chair.

"Good morning, Miss Helen. You have a fine color, considering the night you passed. The judge told me all about the affair, and let me state that you're the pluckiest girl I know."

She smiled grimly at the thought of what made her cheeks glow and languidly loosened the buttons of her

"I suppose you're very busy, you lawyer man?" she inquired. "Yes, but not too busy to attend to

anything you want" "Oh, I didn't come on business," she said lightly. "I was out walking

and merely sauntered in." "Well, I appreciate that all the more," he said in an altered tone, twisting his chair about. "I'm more than delighted." She judged she was getting on well from the way his professionalism had dropped off.

"Yes, I get tired of talking to uncle and Mr. McNamara. They treat me as though I were a little girl." "When do you take the fatal step?"

"What step do you mean?" Your marriage. When does it occur? You needn't hesitate," he added. "McNamara told me about it a month

He felt his throat gingerly at the thought, but his eyes brightened when

she answered lightly: "I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

For some time she led him on adroitly, talking of many things in a way to make him wonder at her new and flippant humor. He had never dreamed she could be like this so tantalizingly close to familiarity and yet so maddeningly aloof and distant. He grew bold-

er in his speech. "How are things going with us?" she questioned as his warmth grew pronounced. "Uncle won't talk, and Mr.

he lately." He looked at her quickly. "In what

She summoned up her courage and walked past the ragged edge of uncer-

"Now, don't you try to keep me in short dresses too. It's getting wearisome. I've done my part, and I want to know what the rest of you are doing." She was prepared for any an-

"What do you want to know?" he asked cautiously. "Everything. Don't you think I can

bear what people are saying?" "Oh, that's it! Well, don't you pay any attention to what people say." She recognized her mistake and continued hurriedly:

"Why shouldn't I? Aren't we all in this together? I object to being used and then discarded. I think I'm entitled to know how the scheme is working. Don't you think I can keep my mouth shut?"

"Of course," he laughed, trying to change the subject of their talk. But she arose and leaned against the desk near him, vowing that she would not she thought tenderly of her uncies goodness to her, clung with despairing faith to the last of her kin. The blood ties of the Chesters were close and she felt in dire need of that lost brother who was somewhere in this mysterious land-need of some one in whom ran the strain that bound her to the weak old man up yonder. There was Mc-Namara; but how could he help her, how much did she know of him, this man who was now within the darkest shadow of her new suspicions?

Feeling almost intolerably friendless and alone, weakened both by her recent fright and by her encounter with Struve, Helen considered as calmly as her emotions would allow and decided that this was no day in which pride should figure. There were facts which it was imperative she should know, and immediately; therefore, a few minutes later, she knocked at the door of Cherry Malotte.

When the girl appeared, Helen was astonished to see that she had been crying. Tears burn hottest and leave plainest trace in eyes where they come most seldom. The younger girl could not guess the tumult of emotion the other had undergone during her absence, the utter depths of self abasement she had fathomed, for the sight of Helen and her fresh young beauty had aroused in the adventuress a very tempest of bitterness and jealousy. Whether Helen Chester were guilty or innocent, how could Glenister hesitate between them? Cherry had asked her self. Now she stared at her visitor in hospitably and without sign.

"Will you let me come in?" Helen asked her. "I have something to say to you."

When they were inside, Cherry Malotte stood and gazed at her visitor with inscrutable eyes and stony face. "It isn't easy for me to come back," Helen began, "but I felt that I had to. If you can help me, I hope you will. You said that you knew a great wrong was being done. I have suspected it. but I didn't know, and I've been afraid to doubt my own people. You said had a part in it-that I'd betrayed my friends. Wait a moment," she hurried on, at the other's cynical smile. "Won't you tell me what you know and what you think my part has been? I've heard and seen things that make me think-oh, they make me afraid to think, and yet I can't find the truth! You see, in a struggle like this, people will make all sorts of allegations, but do they know, have they any proof, that my uncle has done wrong?"

"Is that all?" "No. You said Struve told you the whole scheme. I went to him and tried to cajole the story out of him, but"- She shivered at the memory. "What success did you have?" inquired the listener, oddly curious for all her cold dislike.

"Don't ask me. I hate to think of

Cherry laughed cruelly. "So, failing there, you came back to me, back for another favor from the waif. Well, Miss Helen Chester, I don't believe a word you've said, and I'll tell you nothing. Go back to the uncle and the rawboned lover who sent you, and inform them that I'll speak when the time comes. They think I know too much, do they?-so they've sent you to spy? Well, I'll make a compact. You play your game, and I'll play mine. Leave Glenister alone, and I'll not tell on McNamara. Is it a bargain?" "No, no, no! Can't you see? That's not it. All I want is the truth of this

"Then go back to Struve and get it. He'll tell you; I won't. Drive your bargain with him-you're able. You've fooled better now, see what you

can do with him." Helen left, realizing the futility of further effort, though she felt that this woman did not really doubt her, but was scourged by jealousy till she de-

liberately chose this attitude. Reaching her own house, she wrote two brief notes and called in her Jap boy from the kitchen.

"Fred, I want you to hunt up Mr. Glenister and give him this note. you can't find him, then look for his partner and give the other to him." Fred vanished, to return in an hour with the letter for Dextry still in his

"I don' catch dis feller," he explained. "Young mans say he gone, come back mebbe one, two, 'leven days." "Did you deliver the one to Mr. Glen-

"Les, ma'am." "Was there an answer?" "Les, ma'am." "Well, give it to me."

The note read: Dear Miss Chester-A discussion of a matter so familiar to us both as the Anvil creek controversy would be useless. If your inclination is due to the incidents of last night, pray don't trouble yourself. We don't want your pity. I am your servant, ROY GLENISTER.

As she read the note, Judge Stillman entered, and it seemed to the girl that he had aged a year for every hour in the last twelve, or else the yellow aft-

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ernoon light limned the sagging hollows and haggard lines of his face most pitilessly. He showed in voice and manner the nervous burden under which he labored.

"Alec has told me about your engagement, and it lifts a terrible load from me. I'm mighty glad you're going to marry him. He's a wonderful man, and he's the only one who can save

"What do you mean by that? What are we in danger of?" she inquired, avoiding discussion of McNamara's announcement. "Why, that mob, of course. They'll

come back. They said so. But Alec can handle the commanding officer at the post, and, thanks to him, we'll have soldiers guarding the house hereafter." "Why-they won't hurt us"-

"Tut, tut! I know what I'm talking about. We're in worse danger now than ever, and if we don't break up those vigilantes there'll be bloodshed-that's what. They're a menace, and they're trying to force me off the bench so they can take the law into their own hands again. That's what I want to see you about. They're planning to kill Alec and me-so he saysand we've got to act quick to prevent murder. Now, this young Glenister is one of them, and he knows who the rest are. Do you think you could get him to talk?"

"I don't think I quite understand you," said the girl, through whitening

"Oh, yes, you do. I want the names of the ringleaders, so that I can jail them. You can worm it out of that fellow if you try."

Helen looked at the old man in a horthis of me?" she demanded hoarsely "No.se," he said irritably. "This

isn't any time for silly scruples. It's life or death for me, maybe, and for Alec too." He said the last craftily, but she stormed at him: "It's infamous! You're asking me to

betray the very man who saved us not twelve hours ago. He risked his life for us." "It isn't treachery at all. It's protection. If we don't get them, they'll

get us. I wouldn't punish that young fellow, but I want the others. Come now, you've got to do it." But she said "No" firmly, and quietly went to her own room, where, behind

the locked door, she sat for a long time staring with unseeing eyes, her hands tight clinched in her lap. At last she "I'm afraid it's true. I'm afraid ft's

She remained hidden during the

dinner hour, and pleaded a headache when McNamara called in the early evening. Although she had not seen him since he left her the night before, bearing her tacit promise to wed him, yet how could she meet him now with the conviction growing on her hourly that he was a master rogue? She wrestled with the thought that he and her uncle, her own uncle who stood in the place of a father, were conspirators. And yet, at memory of the judge's cold blooded request that she should turn traitress, her whole being revolted. If he could ask a thing like that, what other heartless, selfish act might he not be capable of? All the long, solitary evening she kept her room, but at last, feeling faint, slipped down stairs in search of Fred, for she had eaten nothing since her late break-

Voices reached her from the parlor, and as she came to the last step she froze there in an attitude of listening. The first sentence she heard through the close drawn curtains banished all qualms at eavesdropping. She stood for many breathless minutes drinking in the plot that came to her plainly from within, then turned, gathered up her skirts, and tiptoed back to her room. Here she made haste madly, tearing off her house clothes and donning others.

She pressed her face to the window | and noted that the night was like a close hung velvet pall, without a star in sight. Nevertheless, she wound a heavy veil about her hat and face before she extinguished the light and stepped into the hall. Hearing McNamara's "Good night" at the front door, she retreated again while her uncle slowly mounted the stairs and paused before her chamber. He called her name softly, but when she did not answer continued on to his own room. When he was safely within she descended quietly, went out, and locked the front door behind her, placing the key in her bosom. She hurried now, feeling her way through the thick gloom in a panic, while in her mind

was but one frightened thought: "I'll be too late. I'll be too late."

CHAPTER XVII. VEN after Helen had been out for some time she could barely see sufficiently to avoid collisions. The air, weighted by a low hung roof of clouds, was surcharged with the electric suspense of an impending storm, and seemed to sigh and tremble at the hint of power in leash. It was that pause before the conflict wherein the night laid finger

upon its lips. As the girl neared Glenister's cabin she was disappointed at seeing no light there. She stumbled toward the door, only to utter a half strangled cry as two men stepped out of the gloom and seized her roughly. Something cold and hard was thrust violently against her cheek, forcing her head back and bruising her. She struggled and cried

"Hold on, it's a woman!" ejaculated the man who had pinioned her arms, loosing his hold till only a hand remained on her shoulder. The other lowered the weapon he had jammed to her face and peered closely.

"Why, Miss Chester," he said. "What are you doing here? You came near getting hurt." "I am bound for the Wilsons', but I

must have lost my way in the darkness. I think you have cut'my face." She controlled her fright firmly. "That's too bad," one said. mistook you for"- And the other

broke in sharply, "You'd better run along. We're waiting for some one." Helen hastened back by the route she had come, knowing that there was still

time, and that as yet her uncle's emissaries had not laid hands upon Glenister. She had overheard the judge and McNamara plotting to drag the town with a force of deputies, seizing not only her two friends, but every man suspected of being a vigilante. The victims were to be jailed without bond, without reason, without justice, while the mechanism of the court was to be juggled in order to hold them until fall, if necessary. They had said that the officers were already busy, so haste was a crying thing. She sped down the dark streets toward the house of Cherry Malotte, but found no light nor answer to her knock. She was distracted now, and knew not where to seek next among the thousand spots which might hide the man she wanted. What chance had she against the posse sweeping the town from end to end; There was only one; he might be at the Northern theater. Even so, she could not reach him, for she dared not go there herself. She thought of Fred, her Jap boy, but there was no time.

Wasted moments meant failure. Roy had once told her that he never gave up what he undertook. Very well, she would show that even a girl may possess determination. This was no time for modesty or shrinking indecision, so she pulled the veil more closely about her face and took her good name into her hands. She made rapidly toward the lighted streets which cast a skyward glare and from which through the breathless calm arose the sound of carousal. Swiftly she threaded the narrow alleys in search of the theater's rear entrance, for she dared not approach from the front. In this way she came into a part of the camp which had lain hidden from her until now and of the existence of which she had never

dreamed. The vices of a city, however horrible, are at least draped scantily by the mantle of convention, but in a great mining camp they stand naked and without concealment. Here there were rows upon rows of criblike houses clustered over tortuous, ill lighted lanes, like blow files swarming to an unclean feast. From within came the noise of ribaldry and debauch. Shrill laughter mingled with coarse, maudlin songe,

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ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which te, assuming them to be such, prescribes he, assuming them to be such, prescribes
his pills and potions. In reality, they are
all only symptoms caused by some uterine
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