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Du. I've loved you ever since the Dawson days, not in the way you'd expect from a man of my sort perhaps, but with the kind of love that a woman wants. I never showed my hand, for what was the use? That man outheld me. I'd have quit faro years back only I wouldn't leave this country as long as you were part of it, and up here I'm only a gambler, fit for nothing else. I'd made up my mind to let you have him till something happened a couple of months ago, but now it can't mrough. I'll have to down him. It isn't concerning you. I'm not a welcher. No, it's a thing I can't talk about—a thing that's made me into a wolf, made me skulk and walk the alleys like a dago. It's put murder into my heart. I've tried to assassimate him. I tried it here last nightbut-I was a gentleman once-till the cards came. He knows the answer now, though, and he's ready for me, so one of us will go out like a candle when we meet. I felt that I had to tell you before I cut him down or be-

"You're talking like a madman, Kid," she replied, "and you mustn't turn against him now. He has troubles enough. I never knew you cared for me. What a tangle it is, to be sure. You love me, I love him, he loves that girl, and she loves a crook. Isn't that tragedy enough without your adding to it? You come at a bad time, too, for I'm half insane. There's something dreadful in the air tonight"-

"I'll have to kill him," the man muttered doggedly, and, plead or reason as she would, she could get nothing from him except those words till at last she turned upon him fiercely.

"You say you love me. Very well, let's see if you do. I know the kind of a man you are, and I know what this feud will mean to him, coming just at this time. Put it aside and I'll marry you."

The gambler rose slowly to his feet. "You do love him, don't you?" She bowed her face, and he winced, but continued: "I wouldn't make you my wife that way. I didn't mean it that way."

At this she laughed bitterly. "Oh, I see. Of course not. How foolish of me to expect it of a man like you. I understand what you mean now, and the bargain will stand just the same, if that is what you came for. I wanted to leave this life and be good. to go away and start over and play the game square, but I see it's no use. I'll pay. I know how relentless you are, and the price is low enough. You can have me-and that-marriage talk -I'll not speak of again. I'll stay what I am for his sake."

"Stop!" cried the Kid. "You're wrong. 'I'm not that kind of a sport." His voice broke suddenly, its vehemence shaking his slim body. "Oh, Cherry, I love you the way a man ought to love a woman. It's one of the two good things left in me, and I want to take you away from here where we can both hide from the past, where we can start new, as you say." "You would marry me?" she asked.

"In an hour and give my heart's blood for the privilege, but I can't stop this thing, not even if your own dear life hung upon it. I must kill that man." She approached him and laid her

arms about his neck, every line of her body pleading, but he refused steadfastly, while the sweat stood out apon his brow. She begged: "They're all against

him, Kid. He's fighting a hopeless fight. He laid all he had at that girl's feet, and I'll do the same for you." The man growled savagely. "He got his reward. He took all she had"-

"Don't be a feel. I guess I know. You're a faro dealer, but you haven't any right to talk like that about a good woman, even to a bad one like me." Into his dark eyes slowly crept a hungry look, and she felt him begin to tremble the least bit. He undertook to speak, paused, wet his lips, then carefully chose these words: "Do you mean that he did not that

she is a-a good giri?" "Absolutely."

He sat down weakly and passed a shaking hand over his face, which had begun to twitch and jerk again as it had on that night when his vengeance was thwarted.

"I may as well tell you that I know she's more than that. She's honest and high principled. I don't know why I'm saying this, but it was on my mind and I was half distracted when you came. She's in danger tonight, though -at this minute. I don't dare to think of what may have happened, for she's risked everything to make reparation to Roy and his friends."

"What?" "She's gone to the Sign of the Sied alone with Struve."

"Struve!" shouted the gambler, leaping to his feet. "Alone with Struve on a night like this?" He shook her fiercely, crying: "What for? Tell me quick!"

She recognited the reasons for Helen's adventure, while the man's face became terrible.

"Oh, Kid, I am to blame for letting her go. Why did I do it? I'm afraidafraid."

"The Sign of the Sled belongs to Strave, and the fellow who runs it is a rogue." The Bronco looked at the clock, his eyes bloodshot and dull like those of a goaded, fly maddened bull. "It's 8 o'clock now-ten miles-two hours. Too late!"

"What ails you?" she questioned, baffled by his strange demeanor. "You called me the one woman just now, and

He swung toward her heavily. "She's my sister."

"Your-sister? Oh, I-I'm glad. I'm glad-but don't stand there like a wooden man, for you've work to do. Wake up. Can't you hear? She's in peril!" Her words whipped him out of his stupor so that he drew himself somewhat under control. "Get into your coat. Hurry! Hurry! My pony will take you there." She snatched his garment from the chair and new it for him while the life ran back into his veins. Together they dashed out into the storm as she and Roy had done, and as he flung the saddle on the buckskin, she said:

"I understand it all now. You heard the talk about her and Glenister; but it's wrong. I lied and schemed and intrigued against her, but it's over now. I guess there's a little streak of good in me somewhere, after all."

He spoke to her from the saddle "It's more than a streak, Cherry, and you're my kind of people." She smiled wanly back at him under the lantern

"That's left handed, Kid. I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind-or your sister's kind."

Upon leaving the rendezvous Glenister and his two friends slunk through the night, avoiding the life and lights of the town, while the wind surged out of the voids to seaward, driving its wet burden through their flapping slickers, pelting their faces as though enraged at its failure to wash away the purposes written there. Their course brought them to a cabin at the western outskirts of the city, where they paused long enough to adjust something beneath the brims of their hats.

Past them ran the iron rails of the narrow gauged road which led out



"I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind."

across the quaking tundra to the mountains and the mines. 'Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, ungainly teapot of an engine which daily creaked and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and wailing its complaint of the two high loaded flatcars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid roadbed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short waisted locomotive yawed and reeled and squealed like a drunken fishwife. At night it panted wearily into the board station and there sighed and coughed and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its

Early to bed and early to rise was perforce the motto of its grimy crew, who lived near by. Tonight they were just retiring when stayed by a summons at their door. The engineer opened it to admit what appeared to his astonished eyes to be a Krupp cannon propelled by a man in yellow oiled clothes and white cotton mask. This weapon assumed the proportions of a great one eyed monster, which stared with baleful fixity at his vitals, giving him a cold and empty feeling. Away back beyond this Cyclops of the Sightless Orb were two other strangers like-

wise equipped. The fireman arose from his chair, dropping an empty shoe with a thump; but, being of the west, without cavil or waste of wind he stretched his hands above his head, balancing on one foot to keep his unshed member from the damp floor. He had unbuckled his belt, and now, loosened by the movement, his overalls seemed bent on sinking floorward in an ecstasy of abashment at the intrusion, whereupon with convulsive grip he hugged them to their duty, one hand and foot still elevated as though in the grand hailing sign of some secret order. The other man was new to the ways of the north. so backed to the limit of his quarters, laid both hands protectingly upon his middle and doubled up, remarking fer-

"Don't point that damned thing my stomach."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fireman, with unnatural loudness. "Have your joke, the boy. I've had more experience

"This ain't no joke," said the foremost figure, its breath bellying out the mask at its mouth. "Sure It is," insisted the shoeless one.

"Must be. We ain't got anything worth stealing." "Get into your clothes and come

along. We won't nurryou. The two obeyed and were taken to the sleeping engine and there instructed to produce a full head of steam in thirty minutes or suffer a premature taking off and a prompt elision from the realms of applied mechanics. As stimulus to their efforts two of the men stood over them till the engine began to sob and sigh reluctantly. Through the gloom that curtained the cab they saw other dim forms materializing and climbing silently on to the cars behind. Then, as the steam gauge touched the mark, the word was given, and the train rumbled out from its shelter, its shrill plaint at curb and crossing whipped away and drowned in the storm.

Slapjack remained in the cab, gun in lap, while Dextry climbed back to Glenister. He found the young man in good spirits, despite the discomfort of his exposed position, and striving to light his pipe behind the shelter of his

"Is the dynamite aboard?" the old "Sure, Enough to ballast a battle-

As the train crept out of the camp and across the river bridge, its only light or glimmer the sparks that were snatched and harried by the blast, the partners seated themselves on the powder cases and conversed guardedly. white about them sounded the low murmur of the men who risked their all upon this cry to duty, who staked

it right. "We've made a good fight, whether we win or lose tonight," said Dextry. Roy replied, "My fight is made and

their lives and futures upon this haz-

ard of the hills, because they thought

"What does that mean?" "My hardest battle had nothing to do with the Midas or the mines of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself."

won."

"Awful wet night for philosophy," the first remarked. "It's apt to sour on you like milk in a thunderstorm. S'pose you put overalls an' gum boots on some of them Boston ideas an' lead 'em out where I can look 'em over an' find out what they're up to."

"I mean that I was a savage till met Helen Chester and she made a man of me. It took sixty days, but I think she did a good job. I love the wild things just as much as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself and to other people, if he'll only stop and think them out. I've found out, too, that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh, I've improved a lot"

"Gee, but you're popular with yourself. I don't see as it helps your looks any. You're as homely as ever-an' what good does it do you, after all? She'll marry that hig guy."

"I know. That's what rankles, for he's no more worthy of her than I am. She'll do what's right, however, you may depend upon that, and perhaps she'll change him the way she did me. Why, she worked a miracle in my attitude toward life-my manner"-

"Oh, your manners are good enough as they lay," interrupted the other. "You never did eat with your knife." "I don't believe in harakiri," Glenister laughed.

"No, when it comes to intimacies with decorum, you're right on the job along with any of them easterners. I watched you close at them 'Frisco hotels last winter, and, say, you know as much as a horse. Why, you was wise to them tablewares and pickle forks equal to a head waiter, and it give me confidence just to be with you. I remember putting milk and sugar in my consomme the first time. It was pale and in a cup and looked like tea. but not you. No, sir! You savvied plenty and squeezed a lemon into yours, to clean your fingers, I reckon." Roy slapped his partner's wet back, for he was buoyant and elated. The sense of nearing danger pulsed through him like wine.

"That wasn't just what I meant, but it goes. Say, if we win back our mine,

we'll hit for New York next, eh?" "No, I don't aim to mingle with no higher civilization than I got in 'Frisco. I use that word higher like it was applied to meat. Not that I wouldn't seem apropos. I'm stylish enough for Fifth avenue or anywheres, but I like the west. Speakin' of modes an' styles, when I get all lit up in that gray woosted suft of mme, 1 guess 1 make the jaded sightseers set up an' take notice, eh? Somethin' doin' every minute in the cranin' of necks, what? Nothin' gaudy, but the acme of neatness an' form, as the feller said who sold it to me."

Their common peril brought the friends together again, into that close bond which had been theirs without interruption until this recent change in the younger had led him to choose paths at variance with the old man's ideas; and now they spoke, heart to heart, in the half serious, half jesting ways of old, while beneath each whimsical irony was that mutual love and understanding which had consecrated their partnership.

Arriving at the end of the road, the vigilantes debouched and went into the darkness of the canyon behind their leader, to whom the trails were familiar. He bade them pause finally and gave his last instructions.

"They are on the alert, so you want to be careful. Divide into two parties and close in from both sides, creeping as near to the pickets as possible without discovery. Remember to wait for the last blast. When it comes, cut loose and charge like Sloux. Don't shoot to kill at first, for they're only soldiers and under orders, but if they stand-well, every man must do his

Dextry appealed to the dim figures

forming the curie. "I leave it to you, gents, if it ain't better for me to go inside than for with glant powder, an' I'm so blamed used up an' near gone it wouldn't hurt if they did get me, while he's right in

his prime"-Glenister stopped him. "I won't yield the privilege. Come now-to your places, men."

They melted away to each side while

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the old prospector pauseu to wring partner's hand. "I'd ruther it was me, lad, but it

they get you-God belp 'em!" stumbled afte the departing shadows. leaving Roy alone. With his naked fingers, Glenister ripped open the powder cases and secreted the contents upon his person. Each cartridge held dynamite enough to devastate a village, and he loaded them inside his pockets, inside his shirt and everywhere that he had room, till he was burdened and cased in an armor onehundredth part of which could have blown him from the face of the earth so utterly as to leave no trace except, perhaps, a pit ripped out of the mountain side. He looked to his fuses and saw that they were wrapped in oil paper, then placed them in his hat. Having finished, he set out, walking with difficulty under the weight he carried.

That his choice of location had been well made was evidenced by the fact that the ground beneath his feet sloped away to a basin out of which bubbled a spring. It furnished the drinking supply of the Midas, and he knew every inch of the crevice it had worn down the mountain, so felt his way cautiously along. At the bottom of the hill where it ran out upon the level it had worn a considerable ditch through the soil, and into this he crawled on hands and knees. His bulging clothes handicapped him so that his gait was slow and awkward, while the rain had swelled the streamlet till it trickled over his calves and up to his wrists, chilling him so that his muscles cramped and his very bones cried out with it. The sharp schist cut into his palms till they were shredded and bleeding. while his knees found every jagged bit of bedrock over which he dragged himself. He could not see an arm's length ahead without rising, and, having removed his slicker for greater freedom of movement, the rain beat upon his back till he was soaked and sodden and felt streamlets cleaving downward between his ribs. Now and again he squatted upon his haunches, straining his eyes to either side. The banks were barely high enough to shield him. At last he came to a bridge of planks spanning the ditch and was about to rear himself for another look when he suddenly flattened into the stream bed, half damming the waters with his body. It was for this he had so carefully wrapped his fuses. A man passed over him so close above that he might have touched him. The sentry paused a few paces beyond and accosted another, then retraced his steps over the bridge. Evidently this was the picket line, so Roy wormed his way forward till he saw the blacker blackness of the mine buildings, then drew himself, dripping, out from the

bank. He had run the gantlet safely. Since evicting the owners, the receiver had erected substantial houses in place of the tents he had found on the mine. They were of frame and corrugated iron, sheathed within and suited to withstand a moderate exposure. The partners had witnessed the operation from a distance, but knew nothing about the buildings from close exami-

A thrill of affection for this place warmed the young man. He loved this old mine. It had realized the dream of his boyhood and had answered the hope he had clung to during his long fight against the northland. It had come to him when he was disheartened, bringing cheer and happiness, and had yielded itself like a bride. Now it

seemed a crime to ravage it. He crept toward the nearest wall and listened. Within was the sound of voices, though the windows were dark, showing that the inhabitants were on the alert. Beneath the foundations he made mysterious preparations, then sought out the office building and cook house, doing likewise. He found that back of the seeming repose of the Midas there was a strained

expectancy. Although suspense had lengthened the time out of all calculation,

judged he had been gone from mis commust be in place by now. If they were not-if anything failed at this eleventh when chance must take its turn.

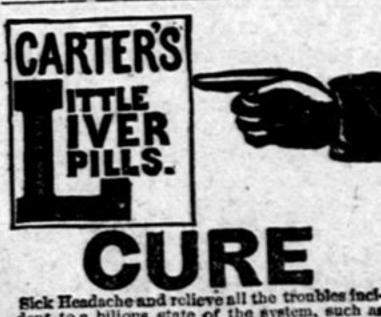
smith shop and fumbled for a match. Just as he was about to strike it he heard the swish of oiled clothes passtion write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other ing and waited for some time. Then, igniting his punk and hiding it under his coat, he opened the door to listen. The wind had died down now, and the rain sang musically upon the metal

He ran swiftly from house to house, and, when he had done, at the apices of the triangle he had traced three glowing coals were sputtering.

He stepped down into the ditch and drew his .45, while to his tautened senses it seemed that the very hills leaned forth in breathless pause, that the rain had ceased and the whole night hushed its thousand voices. He found his lower jaw set so stiffly that plunged down the ditch.

With the first impact overhead the men poured forth from their quarters armed and bristling, to be greeted by a volley of gunshots, the thud of bullets and the dwindling whine of spent lead. They leaped from shelter to find the nselves girt with a fitful hoop of fire, for the "Stranglers" had spread in the arc of a circle and now emptied their rifles toward the center. The defenders, however, maintained surprising order considering the suddenness of their attack and ran to join the sentries, whose positions could be determined by the nearer flashes. The voice of a man in authority shouted loud commands. No demonstration came from the outer voids, nothing but the wicked streaks that stabbed the darkness. Then suddenly behind McNamara's men the night glared luridly as though a great furnace door had opened and then clanged shut, while with it came a hoarse thudding roar that silenced the rifle play. They saw the cook house disrupt itself and disintegrate into a thousand flying timbers and twisted sheets of tin which soared upward and outward over their heads and into the night. As the rocking hills ceased echoing the sound of the vigilantes' rifles recurred like the cracking of dry sticks. then everywhere about the defenders the earth was lashed by falling debris, while the iron roof rang at the fusii-

The blast had come at their very elbows, and they were too dazed and shaken by it to grasp its significance. Then, before they could realize what it boded, the depths lit up again till the raindrops were outlined distinct and glistening like a gossamer veil of silver, while the office building to their left was ripped and rended and 1 the adjoining walls leaped out into sudden relief, their shattered windows looking like ghostly, sightless eyes, The curtain of darkness closed heavier than velvet, and the men cowered in their tracks, shielding themselves behind the nearest objects or behind one another's bodies, waiting for the sky to vomit over them its rain of missiles. Their backs were to the vigilantes now, their faces to the center. Many had dropped their rifles. The thunder of hoofs and the scream of terrified horses came from the stables. The cry of a maddened beast is weird and calculated to curdle the blood at best, but with it arose a human voice, shricking from pain and fear of death.



dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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panions at least an hour and that they hour-well, those were the fortunes of war. In every enterprise, however carefully planned, there comes a time

He made his way inside the black-

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The final bolt was launched at last the muscles ached. Leveling his weapon at the eaves of the bunk house, he pulled trigger rapidly, the bang, bang, bang, six times repeated, sounding dull and dead beneath the blanket of mist that overhung. A shout sounded behind him, and then the shrick of a Winchester ball close over his head. He turned in time to see another shot stream out of the darkness, where a sentry was firing at the flash of his gun, then bent himself double and

A wrenched and doubled mass of zinc had hurtled out of the heavens and struck some one down. The choking hoarseness of the man's appeal told the story, and those about him broke into flight to escape what might follow, to escape this danger they could not see but which swooped out of the blackness above and against which there was no defense. They fied only to witness another and greater light behind them by which they saw themselves running, falling, groveling. This time they were hurled from their balance by a concussion which dwarfed the two preceding ones, Some

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