See The Motion Pictures Of This Story At The IDEAL THEATRE On Mondays And Tuesdays

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Detail. Across the plain purple shadows were sweeping, close-ranked, like some vast dark army invading the land. pouring on over the rampart of moun-

tains in the east. Within the rim of hills that ringed the plain like the chipped and broken flange of a titanic saucer, silence brooden and solitude held ewaydwarfing the town of Detail that occupied the approximate middle of the sagebrush waste, to proportions even less significant than might be inferred from the candor of its christening.

A platform, a siding a water tank, a Wells Fargo office and a telegraph and ticket office, backed by three rough frame buildings; that is Detail itemized completely.

Shortly after nightfall the steel ribbons of the Santa Fe began to hum. A headlight peered suspiciously round a shoulder of the eastern range, took heart of courage to find the plain still wrapped in peace, and trudged stolidly toward Detail, the engine whose eye it was pulling after it a string of freight cars, both flat and box.

At Detail the train paused. erew slighted and engaged in animated argument. Detail gathered that the excitement was due to the unacboose; none seemed to have any notion as to how it could have broken loose; yet missing it conspicuously Was.

In the pause that followed, while a report was 'elegraphed to headquarters and instructions returned to proceed without delay, one of the trainmen spied a boyish figure lurking in the open door of an empty box car. Cunningly boarding this car from the opposite side, the trainman caught the skulker unawares and booted him vaingloriously into the night.

As the figure alighted and took to its heels, losing itself in the darkness, it uttered a cry of pained surprise and protest which drew a wrinkle of astonishment between the brows of the

"Sounded like a woman's voice," he mused; then dismissed the suggestion as obviously absurd. It was not. .

Shortly after the freight train had gone on its way-before, indeed, the glimmer of its rear lights had been lost among the western hills-a second headlight appeared in the east, swept swiftly across the plain and in turn stopped at Detail.

The second bird-of-passage proved to be a locomotive drawing a single car-a Pullman.

Hardly had it run past the switch. however, when the brakeman dropped down, ran quickly back to the switch and threw it open. Promptly the train backed on to the

siding. As the Pullman jolted across the frogs the brakeman, interposing himself between it and the tender, released the coupling

By the time that the Pullman had come to a full stop on the siding, the incomotive was swinging westward like a scared jackrabbit-though no such milk-and-watery characterization of the traitor passed the lips of any one of the three men who presently appeared on the Pullman's platform and shook impotent tists in the direct tion taken by the fugitive engine.

When the last of these had run ten porarily out of breath and blasphemy, a brief silence fell, punctuated by groans from each, and concluded by the sound of a voice calling from the interior of the car-a voice as strange ly sonorous of tone as it was curiously querulous of accent.

The three men immediately ran back into the car and presented themselves with countenances variously apolegetic, to one who occupied a corner of the drawing room: a man wrapped a steamer rug and a cloud of fury. Now when he had drained the

per it left a clear and effervescent well of virulent humor: the wrath of the valetudinarian began to vent itself upon the hapless heads of the trio who stood before him.

While this was in process, the person of boyish appearance, who had been keeping religiously aloof and in- back. "I know what I want, and youconspicuous in the background of Detail ever since that unhappy affair with the trainman, stole quietly up to out." the rear of the stalled Pullman; climbed aboard, and creeping down the conference just as the invalid was fied. I give you my word—the word polishing off a rude but honest opinion of the intellectual caliber of one of the three named Marrophat, who figured as his right-hand man and familiar

"Amen to that!" the boyish person ejaculated with candid fervor, loung ing gracelessly in the doorway. "There's many a true word spoken in wrath, Mr. Marrophat. Father forgo only one thing-your masterly way with a revolver. From what I've seen of that, this day, I'll go bail that th only safe place for a man you pull a gun on is right in front of the muzzle There's something downright uncanny in the way you can hit anything but what you aim at!"

"Judith!" exclaimed the invalid

"Where did you drop from?" "From that freight," Judith exained carelessly, neglecting to elucidate the exact fashion of her drop. dged you'd be along presently, and ight I'd like to learn the news. | woods ?" Well-what luck?"

Her father shrugged with his one movable shoulder. Mr. Marropha grunted indignantly. The others shuffled uneasily and looked all ways but one—at the girl in man's clothing. "None?" Judith interpreted. "You

ton't mean to tell me that after I had

trestle at the risk of my life-you with the business!"

"We went through with it all right,"

replied Marrophat defensively: "but as usual, they were too quick for us. They jumped out and dropped off the car." trestle before our engine hit the caboose. We smashed that to kindling wood--but they got away just in time to miss the crash. And by the time we had stopped and calmed down the engineer-well, it was dark and no way of telling which way they had

The girl started to speak, but merely dropped limp hands at her sides and rolled her eyes helplessly.

"We do our best," Marrophat observed, "We can't be blamed if something - somehow - always happens to tip the others off."

The girl swung to face him with blazing eyes. "Just what does that mean?" she demanded in a dangerous

Marrophat lifted his shoulders. "Nothing-much," he allowed. "I am only thinking how strange it is that Mr. Law can't be caught by any sort of stratagem-when you are on the job.

fists, white knuckles showing through the flesh. "You contemptible puppy!"

But on this her voice failed; for hertyes traveled past the person of Mr. Marrophat to the doorway of the drawing room and found it framing

"Excuse me, friends," he offered in hills yonder." a lazy, semi-humorous drawl, "It pains me considerable to butt in on this happy family gathering, but business is business, same as usual, and I got to ast you all to please put up your

particular only your cash. Shell into the desert night. out, if you please gents all and the glance down the figure which Judith's

"Give me a thousand on account," said | night, the girl maneuvered her horse | clouds of dust and profanity, and de | the edge, threw himself flat and swore the other, and a paper saying you'll pay me nineteen thousand more in exdidn't have the nerve to go through | change for it and one dead man, properly identified as the one you wantsigned by you-and your man's as good as dead this minute, providing he's in riding distance of this here

> Trine waved his hand at his secretary. "Jimmy find a thousand dollars for this gentleman. Make out the paper he indicates for the balance. and I'll sign it."

Trine? How do you know I'll do any thing more'n pocket that thousand and lade delicately away."

"My daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Marrophat, will accompany you." "Oh, that's the way of it, is it?" "Name?" interjected the secretary, writing busily with the top of his at-

tache case for a desk.

"Slade," said the bandit, "James Slade." Again Trine punctured the atmosphere with his index finger. "The man whose life I want is named Alan Law. He is running away with my daughter, Rose, accompanied by a person named Barcus, disguised as a Pullman porter-"

"The three of them having recent' The girl's hands were clenched into on the trestle?" Hopi Jim interposed. "You've met them?" Judith demanded, whirling round.

"About an hour ago, or maybe an hour and a half," Hopi Jim replied, "a ways down the road. They stopped and ast where they could get put up fer the night. I kindly directed them on to Mesa, down in the Painted

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Fireplay. Contented with the promise of housand dollars advance on his con-"What do you want?" the invalid de- tract, providing he returned with horses within a stipulated time, Mr. "Why," drawled the bandit, "nothing | Hopi James Slade drifted quietly away

Well content, persuaded that the lady, too," He ran an appreciative, morrow's sun would never set upon a world tenanted by one Alan Law, that disguise revealed rather than con- monomaniac, Seneca Trine, forgot his cealed. "If you'll pardon my takin' recent ill temper and set himself diplo-



Marrophat at Her E:bow to Egg Her On.

notice," he amended. "Perhaps I | matically to adjust the differences be her so all-fired quick!" "Keep a civil tongue in your head.

my man!" Judith counseled, without any snow of fear. At the same time her father's voice for Judith; Judith could no more

with this gentleman. I am sure we can come to some arrangement."

tleman as the girl mutinously stepped

guarantee you shall be amply satisof Seneca Trine."

The eyes of the bandit widened. "No? Is that so? Seneca Trine, the railroad king? Sure's you're born you're him: I've seen your picture

than you dream of it you'll do as ne the service I wish-and name

here service-like you call it?"

forward and jabbed the air with an | ment, while Hopi Jim waited with his overhead, and dre emphatic forefinger. "What's the life horses and an assistant—one Texas-(oous i

"How much you got?". "I'll pay you ten thousand dollars for the life of the man I will name."

"Hold on, my friend; is that what you her horse. call my naming my own price?" "Name it, then," said Trine.

wouldn't if the lady's clothes didn't fit | tween his daughter, Judith, and his | first lieutenant, Marrophat. It was no facile task: Marrophat

could not be trusted to work with. single mind because of his infatuation trusted faithfully to serve out her vow "Judith! Be quiet. Let me deal to bring Alan Law to her father's feet, alive or dead, because-O cruel Irony of Fate!-she herself had fallen in "You bet your life," agreed the gen- love with that same man whose death she had pledged herself to compass Only when, as now, half mad with jealousy, determined to see Alan dead rather than yield him to the he loved, her sister, might Judith be counted upon to serve her father i his lust for vengeance as he would be served-and even so not without Marrophat at her elbow to egg her through her resentment of his surveillance. Neither could be trusted in deed, to work alone to the desired consummation: for Trine had secret rea-Rose and so throw Judith back into

his daughter, whom Trine designated counting on Judith's chagrin to work "Nothing could be fairer'n that!" upon her passions and excite her to the two-gun man admitted suspicious- | one last, mad, blind attempt that

> Smiling his secret smile. Trine an. ground; Mr. Slade unhesitatingly vouched.

Sullenly submissive, at least in outward seeming, Judith bowed to this decision, marched out of the car, and The eyes of the bandit narrowed, suffered Marrophat to help her mount

Now, deliberately, as the little cavaltade rode through the moonlit des

to the side of Hopi Jim, and then parted in search of a mount to replace bitterly, with an accent of grievance, dropped back, permitting Marrophat the horse that had been shot under to lead the way with Texas.

to her charms. Within an hour she had him ready to do anything to win her smile.

In that first rush of golden day athwart the land, the party came quietly into the town of Mess, riding slowly in order that the noise of their approach | phat contrived to persuade the bandit might not warn the fugitives, who "Ain't you powerful trustful, Mr. Hopi asserted confidently would still be sound asleep in the accommodations offered by the town's one hotel.

It was to be termed a town only in courtesy, this Mesa: a straggling street of shacks, ramshackle relics of what had once been a promising community, the half-way station between the railroad and the mining camps secreted in the fastnesses of the Painted hills-camps now abandoned, their main trail, some distance from Mesa,

Midway in this string of edifices the the upper trail, by which they hoped hotel stood—a rough, unpainted, wood- to be able to head the fugitives off be- and report failure to my father." en edifice, mainly veranda and bar- fore they could gain the desert on the room as to its lower floor.

Jealously Judith watched the winescaped from a train wreck up yonder | alone of the four detected the face that | connoiseance of the lower trail that | sharply. showed for one brief instant well back | threaded the valley on the far side of in the shadows beyond one of the bed- | the ridge. room windows-a face that glimmered momentarily with the pallor of a ghost's against the background of that | scrambling recklessly down the mounobscurity, and then was gone.

Her eyes alone, indeed, could have recognized the features of Alan Law in that fugitive glimpse.

Two sentences exchanged between Hopi Jim and a blear-eyed fellow whom he roused from sodden slumbers behind the bar sealed their confidence with conviction: the three fugitives were in fact guests of the house, occupying two of the three rooms that composed its upper story.

In the rush that followed up the brink of a good two hundred feet. narrow stairway, Judith led with such spirit that not even Marrophat suspected her revolver was poised solely own revolver the instant he leveled t at a human target.

Closed and locked doors confronted them; and their summons educed no response; while the first door, when broken in by a whole souled kick, discovered nothing more satisfactory than an empty room, its bed bearing the imprint of a woman's body, but

From the one window, looking down the side of the house, Texas announced that the woman had not escaped by umping out.

So it seemed that the three must have had warning of their arrival, after all; and presumably were now herded together in the adjoining room, which looked out over the veranda roof, waiting in fear and trembling for the assault that must soon comeand in fact immediately did.

But it met with more stubborn sistance than had been anticipated The door had been barricaded from within - re-enforced by piaced against it. Four minutes and the united efforts of four men (includ ing the bleary loafer of the barroom were required to overcome its inert resistance. But even when it was down the first.

Only the fingers of two hands grip ping the edge of the veranda roo showed the way the fugitives have flown; and these vanished instantly the room was invaded.

Followed a swift rush of hoofs dow the dusty street, and a chorus of ble phemy in the hotel hallway: for J dith had headed the concerted ru for the staircase and contrived t block it for a full half minute by pr tending to stumble and twist he

In spite of that alleged injury, sh never limped, and wasn't a yard be hind the first who broke from the notel to the open, nor yet appreciably

behind him in vaulting to saddle. Well up the road a cloud of smoky dust half obscured the shapes of three

who rode for their very lives. The pursuit was off in a twinkling and well bunched-Marrophat's moun leading by a nose, Judith second, Hor Jim and Texas but little in the rear And in the first rush they seemed to gain; moment by moment they drew

up on the flying cloud of dust. Judith heard an oath muttered be side her and saw Marrophat jerking a j a bit of string; and with one mor revolver from its holster. The weapon swept up and to a level; but as the hammer fell, Judith's horse caromed heavily against the other, swinging half a dozen feet aside, and deflecting

The shock of collision was so great that Marrophat kept his seat with difficulty. He turned toward Judith o face livid with rage.

Simultaneously, as if taking the sho as the signal for a fusillade, Judith saw Alan lean back over his horse's rump and open fire.

An instant later his companion, Bar-

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Upper Trail. tated by this reverse, a number of sicked up the man Texas and carried | the brink of the trail. him off to breathe his last beneath a | Leaving Marrophat to hold the two that it shied in fright, and abru-

him; and Judith sat her horse calmly. As deliberately she set herself to smiling sweet insolence into the exaswork upon the bandit's susceptibility perated countenance of Marrophat.

Incidentally the fugitives disappeared round a bend in the road that led directly into the wild and barren heart of the Painted hills.

In the brief interval that elapsed before his return with Hopi Jim, Marrothat Judith had been, at least indirectly, responsible for the catastrophe. with the upshot that, temporarily blinded to her fascinations by the glitter of nineteen thousand dollars in the near distance, Mr. Slade maintained his distance and a deaf ear to her as to their purpose that she was able automatic flashed ominously in

far side of the hills. Only at long intervals did they draw

Toward noon he returned in haste from the last of these surveystain-side and throwing himself upon | devil!" his horse with the advice:

"We've headed 'em-can make now if we ride like all get-out!"

For half an hour more they pushed on at the best speed to be obtained from their weary animals, at length drawing rein at a point where the trail crossed-the ridge and widened out upon a long, broad ledge that overhung the valley of the lower trail, with a clear drop to the latter from the

One hasty look back and down into the valley evoked a grunt of satisfaction from Hopf Jim. with intent to shoot from his hand his "Just in time," he asseverated. "Here they come! Ten minutes more His smile answered Marrophat's

with unspeakable cruel significance. "Texas will sleep better tonight when he knows how I've squared the deal for him!" the bandit declared. "What are you going to do?" Judith demanded, reining her horse in beside Marrophat as the latter dismounted. A gesture drew her attention to

huge boulder poised insecurely on the very lip of the chasm. "We're going to tip that over on your friends, Miss Judith!" Marrophat replied, with a smack of relish in his "Simple-neat-efficient-eh? What more can you ask?"

She answered only with an irrepress laugh followed her as she turned away. For some moments she strained her vision vainly, endeavoring to pene trate the turbulent currents of superheated air that filled the valley. Then she made out indistinctly the faintly marked line of the lower trail; and immediately she caught a glimpse of three small figures, mounted, toiling painfully toward the point where death awaited them like a bolt from the blue.

Hastily she glanced over-shoulder: Hopi Jim and Marrophat, ignoring her, were straining themselves against the for all its apparent nicety of poise. For of Hopi Jim. an instant a wild hope flashed through orcised when Hopi Jim stepped back and in a frenzied moment managed to and uttered a few words of which only two-"dynamite" and "fuse"-reached able her to snatch at the pistol hang-

Kneeling beside the boulder he dug busily for an instant, then lodged the stick to his satisfaction, attached the fuse, and breaking off, edged on his ling sky. The bandit caught her wrist belly to the edge of the cliff and in time, thrust it aside and subjected looked down, carefully calculating the | it to such cruel pressure and such say length of the fuse by the distance of age wrenchings that the pistol dropp e party down below from the spot | from fingers numbed with pain.

where the rock must fall. their disregard of her.

Hurriedly unbuttoning her jacket, pocket, a trey o' hearts, and with the stub of a pencil scribbled three words on its face-"Danger! Go back!"

Then finding a small, flattish bit l rock, she bound the card to it with backward glance to make sure sh

ing the fuse, Marrophat kneeling by

feet of the leading horseman. She saw him rein in suddenly, di

and pick up the warning. As the others joined him, he d tached the card and showed it to them At the same time Hopf Jim and Mar rophat jumped up and ran back, each sizing and holding his horse by nor

mount, cast a look aloft, then dismo

from the flanks of the Painted hills. shot sounded cle all droweing in the noon-day hush the boulder teetered reluctantly on the brink, then disappeared with a tearing sound fellowed by a rush of earth more or less innocent bystanders and gravel; a wide gap appeared in

r of soothed her own, the bandit rushed to bluff

From the canyon below a dull noise of galloping hoofs advertised too plainly the failure of their attempt.

And Hopi Jim turned back only to find Judith mounted, reining her horse in between him and Marrophat, and prepared to give emphasis to what she had to say with an automatic pistol that nestled snugly in her palm.

"One moment, Mr. Slade," she suggested evenly. "Just a moment before you break the sad news to Mr. Marrophat: I've something to say that needs your attention-likewise, your respect. It is this: I am parting company with you and Mr. Marrophat. I am riding on toward the west, by this trail. blandishments. The only information either of you care to follow me"-the to extract from either man, when the sun glare "it will be with full knowl- catarrh, to dose the stomach pursuing party turned aside from the edge of the consequences. Mr. Marro- (which may be quite healthy) phat will enlighten you if you have with drugs! What you need very names almost faded out of the was that Hopi Jim knew a short cut any doubt of my ability to take care of is something you can breather through the range, via what he termed | myself in such affairs as this. If you | to the lungs direct! are well advised, you will turn back!

She nodded curtly and swung her horse round

"And what shall I tell your father dows of the second floor: and she rein to permit Hopi Jim to make re- from you?" Marrophat demanded

"What you please," the girl replied flashing an impish smile over-shoulder "But, since when I part company with you, I part with him as well-for all o me, you may tell him to go to th

"Well," Mr. Marrophat admitted confidentially to Mr. Slade, "I'm damned!" "And that ain't all," Mr. Slade confided in Mr. Marrophat, whipping out his own revolver: "You're being held up, too. I'll take those guns of your'n, friend, and what else you've got about you that's of value, including your hoss -and when you get back to old man Trine you can just tell him, with my best compliments, that I've quit the job and lit out after that daughter of his'n. She's a heap sight more attractive than nineteen thousand dollars and not half so hard to earn!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Burnt Fingers. Once she had lost touch with her ther's creatures, the girl drew rein

tiously. Below her, in the valley, the lower trail wound its facile way. From time to time she could discern upon some naked stretch of its length a cloud of dust, or perhaps three mounted fig ures, scurrying madly on with fear of

and went on more slowly and cau-

death snapping at their heels. It was within an hour of midnight a hight bell-clear and bitter cold the heights, and bright with m light, when Alan's party made its last ible gesture of horror. Marrophat's pause and camped to rest against the dawn, unconscious of the fact that quarter of a mile above them, on the upper trail, a lonely woman paused when they paused and made her own

camp on the edge of a sharp declivity The level shafts of the rising sun awakened her. She sat up, rubbed her. eyes, yawned, stretched limbs stiff with the hardship of sleeping on -yielding, sun-baked earth-and of sudden started up, surprised by the grating of footsteps on the earth

Before she could turn, however, she was caught and wrapped in the arm

ing from her belt and present it at his

But it exploded harmlessly, spend

And now all hint of mercy left his But while he was so engaged and eyes; remained only the glare of rage Marrophat aided him, all eager inter- He put forth all his strength in turn, est. Judith was taking advantage of and Judith was as a child in his hands. In half a minute he had her helpless

Then, leaving her momentarily supine on the ground, Hopf Jim caught and unhobbled her horse, and without troubling to saddle it, lifted the girl to its back, and placed her there; face upward, catching her hands and feet. as they fell on either flank of the ani mal, with more loops of that unbreakable rawhide, and deftly placing the master knot of the hitch that bound In the canyon below the three were this human pack well beyond possibillity of her reach.

She panted a prayer for mercy. laughed in her face, bent and kisse her brutally, and stepped back laugh ing to admire his handiwork

declivity, a fair mark, stark again the sky, for one who stood in the valtunity with the same impatience with the noise of debris kicked over the edge by the struggling man what was going on above.

Alan pressed the trigger and the stillness, Judith saw a look of aggrieved amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Slade.

Then he threw his hands out, clawed blindly at the sir, staggered, reele against the horse's flank so beavily roof; Hopi Jim picked himself up. fricktened horses while the girl shot from sight over the edge of the

Look at the diagram below It shows how the lungs and the stomach are entirely separate organs reached by entirely separate tubes. What you swallow goes to the stomach. What you breathe (and on what you breathe) gets to the lungs and air passages direct.

Now you see how useless it is, when you have a cold the or a cough, or bronchitis, or

That is Peps. essences and pine extracts, condensed late tablet form. You put a Pep on Jour tongue, and as it slowly dissolves. these volatile essences turn into vapor. You BREATHE the remedy to ve sore, aiting chest and lungs, direct-not swallow it to your stomach, which is not ailing. The healing fumes, thus breathed down, bathe the delicate. tubes, and pass right on to the tin

passages of the lungs-a course no liquid ic. They heal core kill disease T orms. Peps STUMACH instead of Just as the open-air cure LUNG -the breathing cure-is the only rational cure

Dominion Senator Praises

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curs for catarrh, colds, coughs, asthme

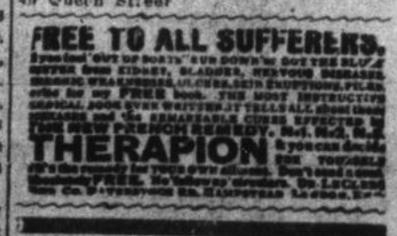
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they completely enred my cold. Peps are best for children, too, be poison. 50c. box, all druggists and stores. Write for free trial packet to Peps Co., Toronto, or 25 Princess S. Winnipeg, send ing le. stamp for post-

Thomas Copley

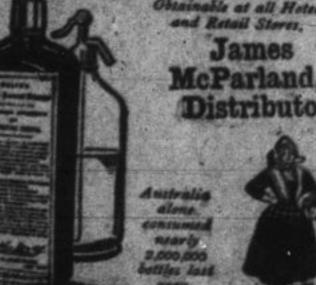
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