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By REX E. BEACH.

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He turned toward her to speak, but refrained. He could not tell her what he felt certain of. She believed in her own blood and in her uncle's friendsand it was not for him to speak of McNamara. The rules of the game sealed his lips.

She was thinking again, "If only you had not acted as you did." She longed to help him now in his trouble as he had helped her, but what could she do? The law was such a confusing, intricate, perplexing thing.

"I spent last night at the Midas," she told him, "and rode back early this morning. That was a daring holdup, wasn't it?" "What holdup?"

"Why, haven't you heard the news?" "No," he answered steadily. "I just

"Your claim was robbed. Three men overcame the watchman at midnight and cleaned the boxes."

His simulation of excited astonish ment was perfect, and he rained a shower of questions upon her. noted with approval that he did not look her in the eye, however. He was not an accomplished liar. Now, Mc-Namara had a countenance of iron. Unconsciously she made comparison, and the young man at her side did not

"Yes, I saw it all," she concluded after recounting the details. "The negro wanted to bind me so that I could not give the alarm, but his chivalry prevented. He was a most gallant

"What did you do when they left?" "Why, I kept my word and waited until they were out of sight; then I roused the camp and set Mr. McNamara and his men right after them down the gulch."

"Down the gulch!" spoke Glenister, If his guard.

"Yes, of course. Did you think they went upstream?" She was looking quarely at him now, and he dropped hts eyes. "No; the posse started in that direction, but I put them right." There was an odd light in her glance. nd he felt the blood drumming in his

She sent them downstream! So that as why there had been no pursuit! Then she must suspect—she must know werything! Glenister was stunned. again his love for the girl surged tumitnowly within him and demanded apression. Dut Alles Chester, no longfeeling were that the bud the stars on to hand, had already started to corn to the hotel. "I saw the met istinctly," she told him before the separated, "and I could identify them

At his own house Glenister found Dextry removing the stains of the night's adventure.

"Miss Chester recognized us last night," he announced.

"How do you know?" "She told me so just now, and what's nore she sent McNamara and his crowd down the creek instead of up. That's why we got away so easily." "Well, well-ain't she a brick? She's

even with us now. By the way, wonder how much we cleaned up, anyhow-let's weigh it." Going to the bed, Dextry turned back the blankets, exposing four mosseskin sacks, wet and licavy, where he had thrown them.

"There must have been \$20,000 with what I gave Wheaton," said Glenister. At that moment, without warning, the door was flung open, and as the young man jerked the blankets into place he whirled, snatched the six shooter that Dextry had discarded and covered the entrance. "Don't shoot, boy!" cried the new-

comer, breathlessly. "My, but you're

Glenister dropped his gun. It was Cherry Malotte, and from her heaving breast and the flying colors in her cheeks the men saw she had been running. She did not give them time to question, but closed and locked the door while the words came tumbling

"They're on to you, boys-you'd betway up here now."

"What!"

Voorhees, the marshal, talking. Somebody has spotted you for the holdups They're on their way now, I tell you. I sneaked out by the back way and came here through the mud: Say, but I'm a sight!" She stamped her trimly "I don't savvy what you mean," said

Dextry, glancing at his partner warningly. "We ain't done nothin'." "Well, it's all right then. I took a long chance so you could make a getaway if you wanted to, because they're

got warrants for you for that sluice robbery last night. Here they are now." She darted to the window, the men peering over her shoulder. Coming up the narrow walk they faw Voorbees, McNamara and three others.

The house stood somewhat isolated and well back on the tundra, so that any one approaching it by the planking had an unobstructed view of the premises. Escape was impossible, for the back door led out into the ankle deep puddles of the open prairie, and It was now apparent that a sixth man had made a circuit and was approaching from the rear.

"My God! They'll search the place." his guards, and the group filed back They brought him in choking and said Dextry, and the men looked grim- along the walk. ly la each other's faces.

Then in a flash Glenlster stripped back the blankets and seized the

In another instant he returned with them and faced desperately the candid bareness of the little room that they lived and slept in. Nothing could be hidden; it was folly to think of it. There was a loft overhead, he remembered hopefully, then realized that the

pursuers would search there first of

"I told you he was a hard fighter," said Dextry as the quick footsteps grew louder. "He ain't no fool, neither. 'Stead of our bein' caught in the mountains, I reckon we'll shoot it out here. We should have cached that gold somewhere,"

He spun the cylinder of his black ened Colt, while his face grew hard and vulture-like.

Meanwhile Cherry Malotte watched the hunted look in Glenister's face grow wilder and then stiffen into the stubbornness of a man at bay. The posse was at the door now, knocking The three inside stood rigid and strain ed. Then Glenister tossed his burden

"Go into the back room, Cherry; there's going to be trouble."

"Who's there?" inquired Dextry through the door, to gain time. Suddenly, without a word, the girl glided to the hot blast heater, now cold and empty, which stood in a corner of the These stoves, used widely in the north, are vertical iron cylinders into which coal is poured from above. She lifted the lid and peered in to find it a quarter full of dead ashes, then turned with shining eyes and parted lips to Glenister. He caught the wint, and in an instant the four sacks were dropped softly into the feathery bottom and the ashes raked over. The daring maneuver was almost as quick as the flash of woman's ! wit that prompted it and was carried through while the answer to Dextry's question was still unspoken.

Then Glenister opened the door carelessly and admitted the group of men.



the feathery bottom. We've got a search warrant to look through your house," said Voorhees. "What are you looking for?" "Gold dust from Anvil creek."

"All right-search away." They rapidly scoured the premises, covering every inch, paying no heed -to the girl, who watched them with indifferent eyes, nor to the old man, who glared at their every movement. Glenister was carelessly sarcastic, although he kept his right arm free, while beneath his sangfroid was a

thoroughly trained alertness. McNamara directed the search with a manner wholly lacking in his former mock courtesy. It was as though he had been soured by the gall of defeat. The mask had fallen off now, and his character showed-insistent, overbearing, cruel. Toward the partners be preserved a contemptuous silence.

The invaders ransacked thoroughly, while a dozen times the hearts of Cherry Malotte and her two companlons stopped, then lunged onward, as McNamara or Voorbees approached, then passed the stove. At last Voorhees lifted the lid and peered into its dark interior. At the same instant the girl cried out sharply, flinging herself from her position while the marshal jerked "Quick! I heard McNamara and his head back in time to see her dash

violence. McNamara emerged, glower- his breath had come.

Keep cool and don't act rash."

when he looked into that stove, but took a long chance with the surf." The

upon her shoulders. At his look and fallen but for the young man, who and the silken. lids fluttered until she seemed choked by a very flood of sweet womanliness. She blushed like a little maid and laughed a timid, broken laugh. Then, pulling appeal from this court and gave me a herself together, the merry careless tone came info her voice, and her old Judge Stillman. That takes the cheeks grew cool and clear.

"You wouldn't trust me at first, eh? Some day you'll find that your old | the Midas and all the gold he's got. friends are the best after all." And as she left them she added

"Say, you're a pair of 'shine' desperadoes. You need a governess."

CHAPTER XI.

low, matched the sullen, fitful and fretted like an animal in leash for word of Wheaton. This uncertainty, this impotent waiting with folded hands, was maddening to one of his spirit. He could apply himself to no fixed duty, for the sense of his wrong preyed on him flercely, and he found himself haunting the vicinity of the Midas, gazing at it from afar, grasping hungrily for such scraps of news as chanced to reach him. McNamara allowed access to none but his minons, so the partners knew but vaguely of what happened on their prop-

law, it was being worked for their No steps regarding a speedy hearing of the case were allowed, and the collusion between Judge Stillman and the receiver had become so generally recognized that there were uneasy mutterings and threats in many quarters. Yet, although the politician had by now virtually absorbed all the richest properties in the district and worked them through his hirelings, the people of Nome, as a whole, did not grasp the full turpitude of the scheme nor the system's perfect working.

erty, even though, under fiction of the

Strange to Say, Dextry, the fire eater, had assumed an oriental patience quite fereign to his peppery disposition and spent much of his time in the bills

On this day, as the clouds broke about noon, close down on the angry horizon a drift of smoke appeared. shortly resolving itself into a steamer. She lay to in the offing, and through his glasses Glenister saw that it was the Roanoke. As the hours passed and no boat put off, he tried to hire a crew, but the longshoremen spat wisely and shook their heafs as they watched the

"There's the devil of an undertow settin' along this beach," they told him, "and the water's too cold drownd in comfortable." So he laid

firm hands upon his impatience. Every day meant many dollars to the watcher, and yet it seemed that nature was resolute in thwarting him for that night the wind freshened, and daylight saw the ship bugging the lea of Sledge Island, miles to the westward, while the surf, white as boiling nills, boomed and thundered against

Word had gone through the street that Bill Wheaton was aboard with writ or a subpoena or an alibi or whatever was necessary to put the "kibosh" on McNamara, so public excitement grew. McNamara boarded his gold in the Alaska bank, and it was taken for granted that there would lie the scene an Instant that the usurper would part | ed sat heavily upon him. with the treasure peaceably.

abreast of the town again, and a lifeboat was seen to make off from her, whereupen the idle population streamed toward the beach.

"She'il make it to the surf all right, but then watch out." breakers she was caught.

soaring over the bar on a foamy roller crest like a storm driven gull winging in toward the land. The wiry figure of Bill Wheaton crouched in the stern, while two sailors fought with their oars. As they gathered for their rush through the last zone of froth a great comber rose out of the sea behind them, rearing high above their heads. The crowd on the surf's edge shouled. The boat wavered, sucked back into crash the deluge enguifed them. There remained nothing but a swirling flood through which the lifebont emerged bottom up, amid a tangle of oars, gratings and gear.

Men rushed into the water, and the "Don't! Don't!" She cried her ap- next roller pounded them back upon peal to the old man, "Keep cook the marble hard sand. There came the You'll be sorry, Dex-they're almost gound of splitting wood, and then a group swarmed in waist deep and bore The officer had not seen any move- out a dripping figure. It was a hempment on Dextry's part, but doubtless, en headed seaman, who shook the waher quick eye had detected signs of ter from his mane and grinned when

A step farther down the beach the bystanders seized a limp torm which "Let them hunt," the girl was saying, the tide rolled to them. It was the while Dextry stared dazedly over her second sailor, his scalp split from a head. "They won't find anything, blow of the gunwale. Nowhere was

Voorbees' duties sat uncomfortably Glenister had plunged to the rescue pon him at the best, and, looking at first, a heaving line about his middle, the smoldering eyes of the two men, and, although buffeted about, he had became averse to further search reached the wreck, only to miss sight in a powdery household whose mem- of the lawyer utterly. He had time "It isn't here," he reported, but the outward by the undertow till the line politician only scowled, then spoke for at his waist grew taut, then the water and I'm tempted to take you in, but I gered dizzily back to the struggle, won't. I'm not through yet-not by when suddenly a wave lifted the capany means. I'll get you get you sized cutter and righted it, and out both." He turned out of the door, fol- from beneath shot the form of Whealowed by the marshal, who called off ton, grimly clutching the life ropes. breathless.

"Say, you're a jewel, Cherry. You've "I got tt." he sahl slapping his Put up only by The T. Milburn saved us twice. You caught Voorhees streaming breast "It's all right, Glen- | Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, |

just in time. My local hit my palate ister. I knew what delay meant, so ? the next instant I wanted to laugh at | terrific ordeal he had undergone had blanched him to the lips, his legs wab-Impulsively Glenister laid his hands bled uncertainty, and he would have thrust an arm about his waist and led

"I went before the circuit court of appeals in 'Frisco," he explained later, "and they issued orders allowing an writ of supersedeas directed against litigation out of his hands altogether and directs McNamara to turn over What do you think of that? I did better than I expected."

while a great satisfaction came upon him. At last this waiting was over and his peaceful yielding to injustice had borne fruit-had proved the better RAW, gray day, with a driving | course after all, as the girl had prophedr.zzle, from seaward and a sled. He could go to her now with leaden rack of clouds drifting | clean hands. The mine was his again, He would lay it at her feet, telling her once more of his love and the change During the last month he had chafed lit was working in him. He would neath the harshness his years in the wild had given him his love for her He would bid her be patient till she saw he had mastered himself, till he could come with his soul in harness,

"I am glad I didn't fight when they jumped us," he said. "Now we'll get our property back and all the money they took out-that is, if McNamara "Yes; all that's necessary is to file

the documents, then serve the judge and McNamara. You'll be back on Anvil creek tomorrow." Having placed their documents

continued to McNamara's office. He met them with courtesy. "I heard you had a narrow escape this morning, Mr. Wheaton. Too bad!

tion and stated in conclusion: "I filed certified copies of these orders with the clerk of the court ten minutes ago, and now I make formal demand upon you to turn over the Midas to Messrs, Glenister and Dextry and also to return all the gold dust in your safe deposit boxes in accordance with this writ." He handed his documents to McNamara, who tossed them on his desk without examination,

won't do it." Had he been slapped in the face the attorney would not have been more as-

"Why-you"-"I won't do it, I said!" McNamara repeated sharply. "Don't think for a minute that I haven't gone into this fight armed for everything. Writs of supersedeas! Bah!" He snapped his

"We'll see whether you'll obey or ot," said Wheaton, and when he and Glenister were outside be continued: "Let's get to the judge quick."

tel they spied McNamara entering. It was evident that he had slipped from the rear door of his office and beaten them to the judicial ear.

"I don't like that," said Glenister "He's up to something." of the struggle. No one supposed for | ment. It seemed that the part he play-

The judge examined the papers per-On the third morning the ship lay functorily, and, although his air was deliberate, his fingers made clumsy work of it. At last he said:

"I regret that I am forced to doubt the authenticity of these documents." "My heavens, man!" Wheaton cried, "They're certified copies of orders "We'd better make ready to haul 'em | from your superior court. They grant out," said another. "It's mighty dan- the appeal that you have denied us gerous." And, sure enough, as the and take the case out of your hands skiff came rushing in through the altogether. Yes, and they order this man to surrender the mine and every-She had made it past the first line, | thing connected with it. Now, sir, we want you to enforce these orders." Stillman glanced at the silent man

in the window and replied:

sour the milk of human kindness.

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in the summer without a bothe of

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There are so many spurious the first time directly to the partners: surged over him and he was buried "strawberry" preparations on the "I've got warrants for both of you, high up on the beach again." He stag- market to-day that it would be well for you to see that the name Dr. Fowler's" is on every bottle

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Glenister wrung his hand silently,

record at the courthouse, the two men

What can I do for you?" The lawyer rapidly outlined his post-

"Well," said the politician quietly, "I

As they neared the Golden Gate ho-

So it appeared, for they were fifteen minutes in gaining access to the magistrate and then found McNamara with him. Both men were astounded at the change in Stillman's appearance. During the last month his weak face had shrunk and altered until vacillation was betrayed in every line, and he had acquired the habit of furtively watching McNamara's slightest move-

(Continued Next Saturday.)

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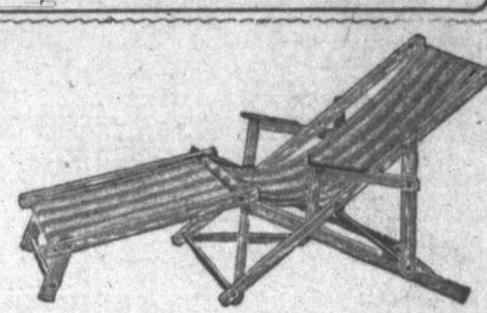
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