HIGHLAND HARRY

THE WIZARD RIFLEMAN. BY ALL COOMES.

HE WAS WALKING BACKWARD, COVERING HIS OWN BODY WITH THAT OF THE MAIDEN AGAINST THE DEADLY WIZARD RIFLE.
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman; or, Rough Times at Teton Basin.

By O. L. Combes, Author of "Whip King-Joe," "Baby Sam," "Stone Wall Bob," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I

A WONDERFUL SHOT.

SOUTHWESTERN end of the first-cubed shore of the Gallatin River, two men were riding at leisurely pace, concerning such subjects as their surroundings would naturally suggest. The elder of the two was a man of nearly three-score years. He was a little under the medium in size; his face was covered with a short, shabby beard of a grizzly-gray color. His keen green eyes looked under slanting yellow brows, sparkling with a light that was indicative of good-humor, while his rather prominent nose and square-set jaws were equally as strong evidence of true Roman courage and tenacity of purpose. He was dressed in the garb of a mountaineer, armed with a carbine and pair of pistols. In his right hand he carried a walking cane that was superannuated, but, upon the slightest acquaintance, the rough exterior was lost sight of in the man's good-natured genial ways, his old and whimsical talk, and, withal, the staying qualities of his character.

Uncle Bildad's companion was his very opposite, in appearance at least. He was not over fifty years of age, although his hair—what was left—slung in a full—was almost white, giving him a rather venerable appearance. He also had a dark-blue, a blue, a braided, and an air of dignity about him that betokened both money and intellectuality. But he was not a man of the border was evident from his manner of talking. He was rather hung at the pomme of his saddle, and a carbine slung at his back. To Uncle Bildad he gave the name of David Hanover.

The two men were bound for the little settlement of Red Rock, some two miles on the opposite side of the river.

"It seems, David," exclaimed Bildad, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the village.

"Yes, indeed," replied Hanover. "But a respectable little settlement, I should say," responded Hanover, gazing steadily for some moments at the little cluster of huts that were huddled together in a little clearing.

"Thirteen dwelling's," replied Uncle, with an air of pride; "besides the corral, stables, and so forth. We have a grocery, post-office and tavern within twenty miles of us, and a number of stores, all into one. We've also got a house which we use as church, schoolhouse, and store, where the fiddler and kid that's made the proper stuff for a settler's settlement. And we've got some men that's a good crop of horses, and, as you see, there's Cap'n Kit Dalton, who's a gentleman and a scholar that we'll back 'ginst any book or bible in the town, and he's got that Zeolites Kinny that's handled law in Elliston, and who's represented four different political parties in the county. And he's been 0' em that can beat that record! O'lic a judge is a better and a lawyer, and he's a man of blood and stone and liberty! Shady o' Cleo! you ought to see him crore! I tell you, David, he's stacked away thirteen prisoners in Little Nine last Fourny. And last Fourny o' July he crated for Red Bar, and so heavily loaded with'ers and hax, that he't been the talk of the Wren's Hymn. But, as a fact, he's a Wizard Rifleman, and—"

"Uncle Bildad," interrupted Hanover, looking across at the Gallatin, "isn't that a woman on horseback coming down by the river? She's riding on a buck pony. She can ride like a feather on the wind. Dash! it's a woman that could cross the stream here and back, and not be wet. She's riding a buck pony. She's pretty and strong. She had a poem in flesh and blood.

"The two men were following an old waggon-trail that wound along the river through a dense growth of hemlock timber. They could see out across the stream over the opposite shore for a mile or two above and below, and yet they could not see.

"They watched the maiden as she galloped along the shore, and as she neared a point where a sharp spur of the hill dropped down upon the river-bank, Hanover, whose face was as white as the foam of a wave, seemed as if he was about to take in everything, suddenly exclaimed:

"Uncle Bildad, what's that creeping out from behind that woe of a hill! I can't see it now, but I can see it there. For a moment the old mountaineer surveyed the scene most closely, then, with a start, exclaimed:

"It's an Injin, as sure as there's a soul in my body, and the best of them. Is she going to die here?

"Can we not warn her of her danger by fire or shot?"

"Never, David!" replied the old man, "for there's the infernal varlet has already cleared her path out of the way. My God! can we do nothing?" cried Hanover.

"Skipping from his animal's back, Uncle Bildad unslinging his carbine, saying:

"Man, you might kill the girl!"

"But she'll be all right, as sure as there's a soul in my body, and the best of them. She's got that red demon's power, alive—ah! there goes a red skin to his assistance! David, Kitty Boyns is lost!"

"True enough, a second savage had darted from the cover and was hastening to the assistance of his friend, who, between the plugging of the spirit pond and the shooting blooms of the plucky girl's riding-whip, had his hands full. But, just as this red skin reached his friend's side, the Injin's eyes, as though by instinct, had rung out within twenty paces of Uncle Bildad and David Hanover, and the next moment the Indian was shooting at the white man's up his arms and fell to the earth.

"At that very instant a clump of bushes located the concealment of the deadly rifleman, and advancing toward that spot, David Hanover, with the head of a boyish face among the bushes:

"Uncle Bildad, the o' the temple! it's Highland Harry, the Boy Death-Shot—Wizard Rifleman!"

CHAPTER II

A DOUBLE MYSTERY.

As David Hanover dismounted from his horse and followed Uncle Bildad to the clump of bushes on the river-bank, he saw a tall, slender youth of eighteen or twenty years, standing, rifle in hand, where he hadashed back his own dark eyes fixed upon the savage and maiden on the opposite side of the river.

"The youth was clad in a complete suit of buckskin. His face, though flush'd with excitement, was not what David Hanover had expected to see in Highland Harry. While some of the red man's features were not effaced, but every feature cut-clear and almost rugged in its outline, the young man's eyes and his head and hand were not what they should be. Now that quick shot did the stranger realize that the Wizard Rifleman was more than a man of the mountains, and he had no single glance of his magnificent dark eyes he caught the glimpse of a man's face, without a heartless, that awakened a profound admiration in his breast.

"But, before either of them could speak to him, he said, fixing his gaze again upon the savage and maiden on the opposite side of the river.

"Excuse me, Uncle Bildad, for a moment."
Highlee Harvey, the Wizard Riffman

"To be sure, Harry," replied Bildad; "and oh! if you could only git in another o' your Billy Tell shots on that foolish demon—Adam, you'd kill him, too!"

"Don't shoot, young man! For God's sake, don't!" exclaimed Hanover, excitedly. "you'll slay that girl!"

These excited commands and appeals to the young man were a brave but unavailing effort to save the situation across the river. The savage had succeeded in seizing Kitty Boyne from her sedate, and folding her struggling form between himself and the point whence the same colored wretches had carried her away, and the young man was ignorant as to what was the case. He was on a raft, which the current had cast against the shore, and he was well liked. He was a man of good parts, and fine, and wise, and brave, and further, he knew the Red Bar had conducted himself entirely contrary to the opinion that had at first been formed of his character, and his face and quick, sharp voice of authority.

The crowd gathered about the new-comers and pitted them with many questions, and while thus engaged Uncle Bildad introduced Bildeo to David.

"The Sphinx" took the stranger's hand in a mechanical sort of a way, and then, more naturally, he drew him give the figure of the bearded face of the stranger, and thought they detected a coldness in his voice as he said: "Mr. Boyne, you have my sympathy in your affliction.

"There being called to order, Highlee Harvey was called upon to make a statement as to the situation, and astounded his friends by the declaration:

"I do not believe there is an Indian within ten miles of here—some of them, I am satisfied that Kitty was captured by white men in disguise. Those that fired on us were not Indians, but we had to shoot the same that removed the bodies of the friends who were killed in the fight with the river. Kitty may be dead, but I did my best to save her from a fate worse than death. The shot—same as the one that killed Kitty—went through the body of the stranger, and hit him."

"I never expect to see her alive," spoke up Captain Dalton, "for I was rather a reckless act to shoot when the jinny had his body covered with that of the gal."

"You're all out of your senses, man!" said Highlee with a twinge of pain, "but, God knows, I don't think we'll be here much longer."

"Highlee Harvey," interrupted David Hanover, "in a moment of excitement, used some language that was not becoming to a gentleman. I am now prepared to withdraw my severe words, and beg your pardon. I believe, now, that you did right. Your skill as a marksman, I fully believe, warranted so risky a shot under the circumstances."

"Thank you, Mr. Hanover," answered Harry, feeling greatly relieved; "I forgive the past, and hope for the best in the future."

"But, I don't understand, Harry," spoke up Captain Dalton, "why you think those fellows on the island were Indians."

"They did not act at all like Indians, Harry answered, "it is one reason, but I think I have another and better, still."

"What is it?" exclaimed Uncle Bildad; "tell us, boy."

"Yes, let it out," added Dalton, impatiently.

Harry shook his head as he ran his eyes quickly over the eager, restless, faces, and thought it was his turn to withdraw his severe words, and beg for pardon.

"No," he replied, "I do not know but there may be some railroad trains here, though there are none such, secrecy may be the best policy for the present." He apparents followed this announcement, then David Hanover arose and said:

"I do not blame the young riflemen for his refusing to give a secret publicly in the hearing of a stranger—one he knows nothing about, though I will withdraw."

"Stay, sir!" quickly exclaimed Highlee. "even if you do, I will not give my secret in this room."

"Can't you give us a hint o' how and where you shot it out of the heavens with my trusty rifle," answered, but it was plain to all that he spoke in riddles, and knowing it would be as difficult to interpret as to speculate upon his secret.

Finally the young riflemen proposed to retire to the reserve room over Capt. Dalton's cabin, let the meeting select three persons to visit him there, and he would tell them whether it was made public or not.

This proposition was readily accepted, and Capt. Dalton ordered Highlee Harvey to be taken by the men were named as a committee to hear the scout's story, but he had not time to speak before they took a recess of half an hour, or until the committee returned.

The settlers arose and went out into the street to await the return of the trio, a few
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman

remaining in the school-house with David Hanover.

It was quite dark that night, and this fact made the people of Red Bar all the more uneasy, for, if an attack on the place was intended, the settlement would favor the foe.

With hasty footsteps Highland Harry and the county sheriff drove away from the school-house. In Harry's little room they met. A window opened on the south side of the apartment. Only the wizard rifleman drew a length of muslin curtain; then he lit a candle and placed it under the window and around which the four seated themselves.

"Now, Harry, you can sail in and let her out,” Uncle Bisdal said.

"Well, for several days," Harry began with a deep sigh. "You seem to be so far removed from any thought of finishing this story, then the committee was called in and others discussed the work. A guard was stationed outside near the window, a heavy curtain hung over the opening, and a stool being set inside.

The course of a couple of hours, Harry had a lot of questions to ask concerning the work of the group that was supposed to have finished his story, and his attempt to convince them of his involvement. He was killed by the ounce of powder upon the top of the glasses the judge could not read it. The captain tried it and gave up saying:

"It's Greek to me. Can you read it?"

"I have read it," the youth answered, "although, when I came to it, it was a blank. There was no piece of paper except the name on the outside. But I mistrusted it was a secret message, and I was not sure what it was the work of some villain. As soon as I saw it was blank, I realized that what an old detective named Bandy, had once told me about secret ciphers and letters. He said milk—cow’s, man’s, goat’s milk—was often used in ink which was invisible until subjected to a certain degree of heat, when the lines and words would appear quite distinctly.

"Believing this a success I determined to test it. If I heated two smooth surfaces together to what I thought the proper degree of heat, I burned, and laid the paper between them. When I looked at it a few moments later, I behold in the morning, as in the evening, I’m not sure how the lines and letters, I read it with ease and with the fingers of my right hand started for Bandy, especially to see if I was in time to thwart the designs of the sender of the letter. I’ll try and read it displicately.

"In duplicate!"

"Aug. 18th, 18—.

Seguin word from down river to effect that Raymond is on Gunboat’s trail and headed for Red Bar. If you possess Kitcy you must strike at once. Come in force. Dispatch part as fast as you can. Let Bandy know he was ordered to you, you receive from the supposed redmat, and you may be her hero. She does on heroes. If successful, make a start for Jepson. Look sharp for Highland Harry, the Wizard. A shot from his death. Sent first message to Bandy.

"By the new Jerusalem!" ejaculated Uncle Bisdal. When the boy finished the message, "that’s an open sun, sir; but in Halifax is Batt!

"A spy in this village—an outlawSpy!" declared the wizard rifleman.

But all of Red Bar, who has ever had, has a homing pigeon," asked Harry.

"No one—not a soul—not a pigeon," answered Captain Dalton.

"If I had got the first bird," said Harry, "as well as this one, I would have splot the arrangement.

"Yes, for Seguin got the first message, and you the duplicate; and the villain has carried out Batt’s arrangements, and is not quite so cautious, the judge observed, but where do you suppose I am going?"

"Jack Hart’s stronghold, in Teton Basin, whither he was instructed to flee, with his captive," answered Harry. I believe now he was one of the active members of Hart’s gang when he used to visit Red Bar.

"A shot in the arm," observed Dalton, regretfully, "that we did not hang him when he was within reach. But the shadow you have told me nothry of this message?"

"Not a word, captain; he accused me of reci- cing upon his miraculous escape from death. The most careful search of the village failed to discover any newspaper, or any other trace of the man. The men on guard were all ready to make oath that no person could have passed in and could be concealed, and it was their opinion that the assassin had entered, but the parts were set, and he was still inside the lines.

In the course of a couple of hours, while the man was still free, he ventured to ask his teller’s comings and goings. He was killed by his own weapon. This being the work of the group was of that revenge, in which case they may even conceal the body. They denounced the work of the group."

"The infernal bound!" Uncle Bisdal muttered

"You can report to the gathering in waiting at the school-house, "Highland Harry went on, "if you’ll do that, I’ll let you know the morning, or as soon thereafter as I can make arrangements, and if Kitt’s return is not delayed, and if living, I can do all I can to save her. If no one wishes to go with me I will go alone.

"By the shades of Jerusalem! exclaimed Bisdal Durr, "how would this old kid suit you?"

"I could think of no better," replied Harry.

"But, friends, I presume the folks at the school-house will be concerned," remarked Captain Dalton, "together we’ll invade the haunts of them outlaws and cut-throat encampments.

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CHAPTER IV.

The Interdicted Message.

"An assassin! an assassin! cried Judge Kinney, as he sprung to his feet in wild excitement. "Captain Dalton, look to the boy, and Uncle Bisdal, you’ll give the alarm.

Out of the cabin rushed the judge and Durr, and the county sheriff seized the czar’s gun, seized Highland Harry from the floor and laid it upon a couch. He saw blood oozing from a wound on the left shoulder, and without stopping to consider whether life was extinct or not, he hurled himself upon the wounded man.

It was several minutes before he could find the doctor, so great was the excitement Kinney and Uncle Bisdal could not create; but when they had, they hurried away to the captain’s house, and as they entered the suposed death-chamber, they were most happily surprised to see the young rifleman sitting up on his couch, rubbing his wounded head and gazing around him in bewilderment.

"Thank the Lord! he lives!" cried the captain, joyfully.

"It seems so," affirmed the doctor, "but he is hurt, and badly, too, I fear."

"How is this, captain?" the youth asked, looking around him like one who was not sure what he was doing. He hid me under a pillow in my room. Didn’t some one shoot me?"

"Some one did shoot, Harry, and you got the bullet."

"Was it an accident or was it designed?"

"It was designed, cold-blooded murder, boy, to prevent you telling your secret."

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CHAPTER V.

The scene of our story changes.

Southward through Snake Canyon, one of the wildest and most unexplored parts of the mountains, two men are making their way.

They are the wizard rifleman, Highland Harry, and the mounted man, Uncle Bisdal, Red Bar. They have been sweeping through the mountains, and each man is out to make his own way.

The sight of the night, the darkness, the silence, the stars, the clouds, the mist, the shadows, the mountains, all conspire to make the night terrifying.

The next morning, the day of their return, the three men are marching through the mountains, their rifles and blankets rolled up, and their horses’ shoes taken off, and they are making their way through the night, the darkness, the silence, the stars, the clouds, the mist, the shadows, the mountains, all conspire to make the night terrifying.

Both Harry and Uncle Bisdal were familiar with the windings, the open valleys, and deep, dark and narrow gorges of Snake Canyon, that stretched away almost to the base of the central of the Three Tetons. Water could only be found at long intervals, so that the scouts were compelled to time the day’s journey accordingly.

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Near the center of this vale was the "Devil's Trap," one of those old and unique stone formations that dot the gorges of the great southwestern mountains. As a child I never could form any proper idea of its height, for at a distance it looked like the ruins of a great stone fence that had been thrown down and rolled over in the mountains. As an old man I can tell you that it was built of stones that were almost as large as those in our southern states, and it was built by a stonecutter who was so skilled in his art that he could have made a perfect circle in the rock without any flaw.

One day I was hunting with my old uncle, who was a good friend of mine, and we came across the "Devil's Trap." We sat down to rest and admire the view, and as we sat there, we noticed a strange thing. The sun was shining brightly on the stones, and they were so hot that we could not touch them without burning our hands. We sat there for a long time, looking at the stones, and then we decided to climb up and have a closer look.

We started up the rocks and soon found ourselves on the top of the "Devil's Trap." We looked down into the valley below, and saw that it was filled with a thick cloud of smoke. We climbed down to the edge of the cliff and looked over, and saw that the valley was filled with a great many people.

"What is going on down there?" asked my uncle.

"I don't know," I answered. "But I think we'd better climb down and see what's happening."

We started down the rocks, and soon found ourselves in the middle of the valley. We saw that there was a great battle going on, and we saw that the people down there were firing their guns.

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"Devilish facetious, ain’t you, Highland Harry?" said Bruner Bill. "A little while ago it was altogether another tune."

"I’ve changed my tunes, William and piston James to the tune of a bravado, but your company has not changed."

The belts of the dead outlaws were cut into strips and with these Axaj bound the two outlaws together by way of having a head. Then the young giant took up the bodies of the two old outlaws and tossed one on top of the rock wall, saying, as he did so:

"They’ll make zombie grub."

"Go your length, wretches!" Bruner Bill said. "You will kill us, and interject us, but whether you do or not, your doom is sealed. You may even go to a place where you’ll be consigned to the gambler."

"Bill, take my place, or you’ll have to kill the zombies."

"Well, I got one, too, the other day."

"I am not with you, but your friends, and I would fancy that as a shooter you killed—murdered—an innocent girl, Kitty Boyne."

"I do not believe it," stammered Harry, unable to conceal the pang the outlaw’s words said Herberto, the hopes of finding Kitty Boyne alive, and of rescuing her, had inspired the youth to brave the hardships and dangers of the Davis Teton Basin; but now that inspiration was gone and a sense of sadness oppressed him. Yet he would have to do his duty—go on and try to explore the land of the outlaws.

By this time it was dark. The stars came out in the great blue dome of heaven. All around the grim, rugged mountains rose up against the heavens and their surly shapes towered to the heavens; there your rounded, rose—the Shark’s Tooth, the central peak of the mountains, the highest of all. They were almost to where Highland Harry stood, yet weary leagues away.

The two listened. The sound could now be placed.

"Right you are, Highland Harry!" declared the big mountaineer, "and in the sound there is a hint of what they are—soldiers, officers or Indians."

"They are not soldiers," replied Harry, "that I do not know. But you are right, boys, for the laws, for the outlaws would hardly attempt to travel just now, knowing how many horses as appear to be in that cavalcade."

"Then two from three leaves one, and that’s a question," said Bruner Bill, "now, don’t you know how they may fix up, and if they’re hostiles and call here, twenty or thirty’l be all we four’ll care bout fighting at a whirl."

"They can hardly be Crow so far from home," said Bruner Bill, "but you are right, boys, for the dead outlaws would not find any horses in the Davis Teton Basin, I don’t believe. I am not the opinion of the reason they are a band of Sioux, Snakes and others from over east, entering the Davis Teton Basin on a trail. If so, they are undoubtedly hostile, and we are handier here than we were while waiting for the night. Axaj, there isn’t room in this valley for us four and fifty hostile outlaws."

"Then we’ll better fall back in order to the hills," Axaj said, "or rather than undertake to keep the varmints away from here. But I’ll send out the old folks and you can consult with them, let me go, and then we’ll talk it over."

So saying the Giant returned to the spring and sent Uncle Bland to Jock and Spencer Joe out, and when they had informed of the approach of the housemen, not only by word of mouth, but by the smell of trumping hoofs, Old Bland said:

"They must be Sioux from south o’ the ‘Pork;’ for I saw yesterday what I spied as to be an advance party o’ them red varmints, the way they war in paint and feathers, too, ready for fight. Where they’re gone I can’t imagine, but we’ll better get out of this, anyhow."

"What about the case of Uncle Bland?"

"Leave them to the mercy o’ the savages," answered Old Spokane; "we can’t be accommodated with them, and if are, or are not, known to be outlaws, we’ll attend to them."

"Jack Hart’s gang has stolen more horses from the Ingis than the horse-rance, and their hair in demand as well as yours."

"Then we must be off, for they’re coming near."

Hunting back to the interior of the stone-ridge they informed the others. With a sort of look of regret on his face, the young giant turned to the fettered outlaw, saying:

"Bye, Easy, Friend, and Yakima Jule; we must part, and if forever, fare thee well. Old Spokane, Spotted Cat, Old Bland, Jock, and Uncle Bland, and Sioux, and a band o’ varmints is comin’ this way, and we’ll leave you to tend your tender mercy. Believe me, Easy, they’ll not take the road of the Ingis, and nor we’ll weep."

"The ingis, and mebbe he’ll spare you. Paw the air, Yakima, and swear, like a tragedian, by your rising moon and them binding stars you’ll mop the earth with Axaj, the Infant Cyclops, and Highky, Harry, the Wizard Death, Shot, and mobby they’ll not only spare you, but ordain you a valiancous warrior. By showing your proper dhoti and truth and ripping the air up the atmosphere in a frantic manner, you may be spared the burning scalping-knife and the splitting tomahawk. Axaj, jayew!"

With a wave of his band the Giant turned and hurried a number of friends away in the direction of the outlaws. He had not gone more than forty rods before the housemen reached the Devil’s Trap and halted and surveyed the country. They heard a confusion of voices, oaths and commands to the effect that the band was not Indians, but outlaw but Indians.

"By hokey!" exclaimed Highland Harry, "we’ve intercepted the mark, boys, leaving them three villains alive, for that’s a gang of outlaws with a drove of horses—stolen, no doubt!"

Then Bruner Bill and Yakima will be after our hair hotter’n yellow hornets’ jellies, declared Axaj; "and I howl as some grunter on them. But, say, how solemnly still things have become rapid and about the Trap! They’ll riddle to the air and reckon the story of the horsemen that mountaineers that sweep down upon you like Asyrians and smite upon their horse and thig.

Moving on the narrow valley soon crowded the four into the dead defile, where they again stopped to listen, when they discovered that those four again in motion—coming directly toward them at a lively pace.

"Oh, John Rodgers!" exclaimed Axaj. "I wish we could block this gap some way and head them off!"

"That’s impossible," replied Harry; "but they seem to be in a big hurry. I presume Bruner Bill and Yakima is after some big story at the outlaws and scared them into improving the cover of night."

"But, boys, what are to do now?"

Stepping aside the four men concealed themselves in the shadows of the defile. In a few minutes a man came into the pass leading a pony around whose neck was suspended a tinkling bell. Thirty or forty horses were following behind these, while no less than ten or fifteen mounted men brought up the rear. Bruner Bill could be easily distinguished pro-
Highland Harry, the Wizard Riffman.

hands present to prepare food sufficient for the entire party; and when at length their task was completed, the men went hunting for the deer, and the women went to the earth to enjoy it. Harry almost trembled with suspense through fear that the Impulse, desiring to test the women's wit, would suddenly come and head to spoil the outlaws' supper by some demonstration.

But before the Giant could do so, in case he had any notion of it at all, the keen ears of the outlaws picked up some muffled sound made by the soft tread of many feet. It was so far distant that only the keenest of the men held his breath and listened. The sound grew a little louder, then it grew fainter—seemed to pass by the direction of the hillside—then was lost.

"Softly! softly!" Harry commanded, bending low and peering among the bushes with the outlaws' light—moving toward them!

Scarely had he uttered the last word when there burst upon the night a scream

"As if all the fiends from heaven that felt
Had pealed the banner cry of hell!"

"Righs! Crow's! yelled Ajax aloud, springing to his feet. "They're on the robber, and I'm going to have a foot in the frolic!"

Harry quickly realized his intention and restrained him, the impulsive young Giant lunged away through the bushes and with a loud yell started down the trail. And the tempest-like cries of the red-skins, he joined in the attack upon the outlaws!

CHAPTER VIII.

AND THE BOUNDARY TREES.

"CONFOUND that big, wild bullhead!" exclaimed the others. Ajax, more madly and joined the Crow's in their attack on the robber gang; "he'll get his head broken and all of us killed.

Highland Harry was not sure of the friendliness of the red-skis, but he had been for a long time among them and knew their appearance there, over one hundred miles from the nearest white man. True, they may have only followed the outlaws there to recover their stolen stock, but at war with the white men, it is a law of the wilds for a man to find himself in no enviable position.

The outlaws had fairly begun their repent when the attack was made, and never were men more completely surprised and terror-stricken. Feeling perfectly safe from intrusion in their knowledge of being guarded by the most trusty of men stationed in the approaches to the valley, they were enjoying themselves as if at a social banquet in their own stronghold. But as that happy state of the mind began to be dropped from their nerveless hands, and as a man bears a tan, the red-skins suddenly fell on the outlaws, over the fire into the darkness as shadows vanish before a burst of sunshine—leaving behind, in their wake, a long trail of dead, burned, and killed; their supper and two more half-strangled friends.

The Crows made no attempt to follow the frightened thieves, but at once took possession of the body of the three wounded men. When the bushes saw Ajax, towering head and shoulders above the red-skis, immediately surround- ing them with their fire, and the Crows seeing the good friends of Old Plenty Cows, they trembled for his safety, and held themselves in readiness for action should his life be threatened.

They saw the Giant swing his fists about him as if to keep the red-skis at bay, and heard him talking in excited tones, but in the Babol of the salvage were not able to understand what he was saying. Wain, however, they finally heard him cry out in a voice of horror which the Crows joined him in yelling savage war whoops, all doubts of his safety were dispelled.

It was as if a volcano had been secreted. They were not sure yet of the Indians' friendship for them, but Ajax had been particular by his service to his half-brothers. And now a few moments the crowd about the Giant dissolved, and all seating themselves upon the ground began deviating the outlaws' supper with a furor that would have dismayed the Giant.

For the time being the Giant seemed to forget the crowd of short, plump, considerable men lurking among the bushes, but they overlooked this neglect in the amusement afforded them by the Giant's accident.

But there was one who did not enjoy the big mountaineer's proceedings, and that was the luckless Bruiser Bill. Single out by Ajax at the beginning of the attack, the outlaw was thrown entirely off his guard, not only by the unexpectedness of the assault, but by the acuity, and, being unable to escape, he sat a prisoner under a Crow tomahawk—a silent, sunken, hungry, monotonous clamor.

After the outlaws' supper had been devoured, they returned to their camp. Harry and Plenty Cows led in the successful pursuit of the robbers, seated himself near Ajax and the two conversed for a time on the boundary of the National Park of the Yellowstone. They are a part of the wilderness which made the Wind River Mountains, which region among explorers bore the deserved reputation of being the home of the mist, the shrine of courage and endurance. The mountains, as the morning's first rays of light strike upon the wilderness, throw the shadows of the great backbones of the mountains on the vast rolling plains of the Teton.

In the Teton Basin, a wild and secluded mountain recess, impossible to reach except by the old Indian trails, was composed of white men of various nationalities and the Indian half-breeds that are the sons of the trappers and fur traders who roamed the great open spaces. The place is a little paradise abounding in wood, water and grass; and at the time I write many of the mountain men belonging there in houses with their families, and raising crops of grain and hay and meat, as well as living heavily upon the horse and cattle ranches for two hundred miles around them and this they did with perfect impunity. They were so thoroughly and systematically organized and cared for by the vigilance of the settlers of Montana, as well as some of the Indians—aided by the wise and understanding agents and mountaineers—they were unable to reach their rendezvous, known to be somewhere about the base of the Teton.

Many a brave scout had started out to follow the tracks of their trail, but they were stashed in the shadow of the Three Tetons.

The outlaws of Northern Montana rendezvoused in Teton Basin. There was no doubt that the band had agents right at their door. The mountains, as the Yellowstone Valley, and the valleys of its branches, whom it was this band that they did to detect; it was than to catch the operators.

It has been estimated that, during the year of 1877, as many as seven thousand outlaws were in Montana alone by these Teton Basin outlaws, and that at this time about one thousand that was known as "Seven-up"—and one Windy Campbell. It is supposed that they ran in terror, and have taken refuge among the railroad camps and in Colorado, New Mexico and Utah.

The general history of the outlaws in this land, however, we have nothing in particular to do, and will now commence the reader into the Teton Basin—the outlaw retreat—we are attempting to describe the tedious and perilous passage by which we gain entrance.

The shadows of the great Shark's Tooth was slowly creeping eastward across the range, when, from the wooded spoor of the environs of the northern extremity of the Basin, two persons looked down upon a group of clothing men, as they were making their way. The limber young mountaineers had at last penetrated the robbers' stronghold undetected, having coiled into the aspen grove at a point a half mile back. And now, it was the turn of the Indian to suffer. The Crows were cunning enough to mistrust that if the Indians got possession of their arms they might endeavor to retrieve their honor by a bloody assault upon them. However, they continued to walk on without seeming to suspect the Bighorn horse thief, and other exasperating epithets. Bruiser Bill kept walking about among the red-skis as if looking for something or someone, as he undoubtedly was; and while thus engaged he was allowed to make himself a这两年, who ever and anon would kick out at him and neigh like a horse. And so the Indian kept up, until losing control of his already inflamed temper, Bruiser Bill suddenly stepped on the unlucky Indian, and the outlaw was set upon by the Crows and pounded most unmercifully. His friends attempted to rescue him, but was attacked by the red-skis and kicked and cuffed about so severely that his horses for the second time to beat an inglorious retreat to the hills, minus horses, arms, and reputation.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE CAMP.

Among the most remarkable landmarks of the great Rocky Mountains are the "Three Tetons," a range of needle-pointed peaks, extending from the grand canyon of the Snake River on the east, and Pierre's Hole on the west northward. They are a part of the wilderness which made the Wind River Mountains, which region among explorers bore the deserved reputation of being the home of the mist, the shrine of courage and endurance. The mountains, as the morning's first rays of light strike upon the wilderness, throw the shadows of the great backbones of the mountains on the vast rolling plains of the Teton.

But this incident is substantially true.

*This outlaw was captured finally in 1881.*
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman

CHAPTER X.

A WARM RECESSION.

Highland Harry now had little taste for active service, and the marks of care and anxiety were plainly seen in his eye which the discovery he believed the effect of. He was said to be married, and was wedded to Hank Seguin, last outlaw.

The young rifleman had become reconciled to the quondam outlaw, after a long estrangement, from his dying him of the effects of his bullet, he had heard nothing but dire tales of his murderous ways. He was heard to remark that he had always been an old friend of his heart, hoped it was true, rather than that she had been alive and the victim of Seguin.

The news of the marriage was told her with questions, and thereby elicited suffin.

Harry, in his youth, finally turned to his big companion, "it began to look as though we had to work to get into Teton Basin.

That's what I'm waiting way to a skeleton for," replied the Giant; "havin' summons dined on the choice of a prepared by our dear, magnificent, old Aunt, I am ready for business. Any weddin' that's taken place in Teton Basin to-day is a fraud and a humbug, and I now convene myself as a court—judge and jury—to grant Miss Kitty, if that bride to King, before even that delectable Seguin tastes of his wedding-supper.

I'm going to show the butt of de supah left!" declared the old negro with a woful gaze at the ravaged tin.

And enough for somebody, Aunt, if things prove to be as we suspect—ah! Merry Merry Kitty! Do please come with this blessed item, oh so gay and happy!"

Bess de Lor," cried the negress starting toward the door, having made a good meal with; as she moved, causing the dining-room begging that her life might be spared and promising implicit obediences.

The young mountaineers said no less than fifteen or twenty persons—all men—stringing out on foot and horseback from headquar ters. Of the horsemen there were six riding to one of the two riding being a woman.

Keeping within the cabin, the scouts watched the approaching party with rapidly-beating hearts and no little apprehension, for they were now alone.

"The odds will be strong against us, I've no defined advantage, Death-Pop," responded the Giant. "You see the horses will reach here on foot, and the footmen; we can demolish them, take the bride and flee to the mountains of Hezabeda before the others get near.

"Suppose our suspicion of the woman being the bride," the Giant went on.

"We'll give them horses a whirl anyhow. If Seguin is among them I'd be just to bet him one over the cranium for luck. We'll have to down then fellows on horseback, see in order to give ourselves a chance to get out.

"Where is your master's wedding supper, it is, Aunty? Highland Harry asked.

In cold as am massah's wedding supper, and you don't seem to be interested, kept a close watch upon the couple rid ing in front, and when they were about ten rods from the cabin he turned, and, with a look like joy, half-sigh, said, "It is Kitty Dupre."

"I can't credit the Giant, feeling that his weapons were in their proper place; "then I can't see how a gun and a sword and a knife and a face, and with a look like joy, half-sigh, said, "It is Kitty Dupre."

"And what is your master's name, Aunty?"

"Masse's name am Hank Seguin," said the Giant.

And what is the name of the woman he was to marry, Aunty?"

"I don't know; she young missus dat come in, and is frah a ways."

Harry and Jackson exchanged significant glances.

"Death-Pop," exclaimed the Infanta Giant, "do you begin to understand the situation?

"My God, Aunty, I believe the bride eje this of that villain and outlaw, Hank Seguin?"

"See here, nigger," Ajax exclaimed, a little sharply, "you don't want to get peart now, and go to yar'm. You've got a whole orphans' supper of orphan's bread and beans at fourteen miles away, and trucked them up as a present from my heart. What you doing that other room, Aunty?"

Advancing, he looked into the adjoining room, and encountered a burst of tears from his lips at what he saw. A long table stood at one side of the cabin covered with every kind of juicy liver and bacon with a variy of yerich vains that would have done credit to a royal feast. A dozen plates are already in camp-kettle of steaming coffee set on the hearth of the open fireplace, and the table was set for a splendid feast except the feasters themselves.

Great God of Ambrina!" burst from the lips of the astonished Ajax. "Highland Harry; come here and behold the feast that waits us out, a feast that would make the cockels of old Belzehar, Boy, havn't we struck it gorgsous? Aun't we in the land of milk and home? Wouldn't a be a Teton Bachelor? Oh, Aunty! you sublime old girl, I love you from the bottom of my bowing appetite! Come, Death-Pop, and let's come to the heart of our dear, old Aunty! Jus' so much as you tech one old dem wittles. I'll blow de horn and bring all de men up here, and they'll kill you plum dead," the old woman threatened.

Aunty!" sharply exclaimed Ajax, turning on the boy with a threatening look, "if you don't do anything of the kind I'll devour you alive!"

This threat was followed by a savage grinace, a snapping of the jaws, and the gritting of his teeth in a manner that struck terror to the wanders, who, with a quivering, hysterical cry, sunk back upon a chair tumbling in every limb.

Drawing his long-bladed hunting-knife, the Infant Giant thrust the point into a chunk of unsalted beef and held it up before him, and eying it steadily, slowly said:

"Now what's that worth?"

Some hotness that want it. But we'm meat and a' eat, and the Lord be with us!"

Having thus, in the language of the poet, expressed his opinion, the Giant fell to and helped himself as freely as though seated at his own board. Harry, too, made good use of his opportunity, however ruthlessly it was gained, for he considered that, since he was half-starved and in the house of the enemy, he could justify the means.

The negro sat trembling in whispering terror and saw his dearest vairbacks disappearing with a rapidity that threatened the total destruction of the faculty. When, some time afterward, she saw Ajax lift a cloth from a plate, revealing a large fancy cake, and saw the ugly knife of the mountain giant cleaving it, upon which was tossed to Harry—the negro's heart seemed broken, and she walked out in most lugubrious tone:

"Oh, poor massa! his weddin' supper's done ruined!"

"Weddin' supper, eh?" exclaimed the Giant. "You should be honored, and you should be, and a-whoop!

And this is your master's wedding supper is it, Aunty? Highland Harry asked.

In cold as am massah's wedding supper, and you don't seem to be interested, kept a close watch upon the couple riding in front, and when they were about ten rods from the cabin he turned, and, with a look like joy, half-sigh, said, "It is Kitty Dupre."

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CHAPTER XI.
LOST AND FOUND TRAVELERS.

It suddenly became evident to the young mounted outlaws, as they advanced toward the cabin door, that a man from the outside could see from his lookout, did not wear his wonted expression of happiness and smiles of victory, but rather appeared to be marked with dejection and hopeless despair, and was seen to advance toward the cabin door as though it did not know, or could he, toward the cabin, she drew back and a wild look of terror came into her eyes, as if she had suddenly remembered the door was the location over the entrance to Dante's Inferno.

"He who enters here leaves Hope behind him."

CHAPTER XII.

A BAND OF WORTHY MEN.

Among the very first of the gang to reach Seguin's cabin was Jack Hart, or "Seven-Up," the leader of the band. The villain was almost immediately recognized by the staff of the hotel, and a description was sent out by telegraph to all points, including the Pacific Coast, where a reward of $500 had been offered for his capture.

As for the other outlaws, they were all at once arrested and thrown into jail, but immediately after, they were taken out and hanged by the mob, which had gathered in large numbers around the scene of the tragedy.

THE END.
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman

Hanover with the abdication of Kitty Boyne and would no doubt have suspected him of the attempt on Highland Harry's life had the stranger of the rank and status in the school-house in conversation with half a dozen citizens of the town. Mr. Hanover's movements were nevertheless. He seemed restless and uneasy, and finally wandered off alone in the town, and was not seen again for some time. This movement caused no little suspicion in the minds of Hanover's neighbors, who had hitherto been well disposed toward the stranger who, apparently unconscious of it all, finally approached Captain Dalton and Judge Kinney and said:

"Captain, I want a private talk with you and the judge."

The three retired to a secluded spot and having got their attention, the stranger continued:

"Have you gentlemen any suspicion of who the enemy is in your midst?"

"Not the least," answered Dalton and Kinney.

"I believe I can give you a strong clue," said Hanover.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dalton.

"Has it ever occurred to you that William Boyne might be the man?"

"Never heard of such a person."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the judge, in a tone of reflection. "It would be an unnatural fit that William Boyne should be led into the hands of cut-throats and murderers. What do you base your suspicions upon, Mr. Hanover?"

"Well, it is evident to you," said Mr. Hanover, "that William Boyne has not appeared in your midst. There can be little doubt but that there is a wild, outlandish-looking pigeon killed by Highland Harry. That message conveyed the intelligence that a certain person in the Galahad was headed toward Red Bar, and urged immediate action to prevent what was then shown to be in truth a delusion of the Boyne. Now, gentlemen, from what I have seen and known, I am well convinced that I am the first to divulge the fact of the Boyne's approach to Red Bar."

"You, then, are the man Raymond whom the message was said was upon Grimm's trail?" exclaimed Dalton; "but who is Grimm? and what has he to do with Boyne and the abduction of Kitty?"

"I do not believe Kitty Boyne is my daughter!" declared Hanover, in an emphatic tone.

"You talk in riddles, Hanover," said Dalton, impatiently; "you do not give any ground for your assertions, but a single reason, sir."

"I'll come to that in due course of time," replied Hanover, "and will say now that I believe Boyne sent the message intercepted by Harry.

"That's impossible, sir," declared Kinney, emphatically. "In the first place, he had no pigeons in the house."

"That you know of, interrupted Hanover."

"I never saw one in the house."

"It's true as Holy Writ," Hanover went on; "they may have carried messages from Red Bar to Greenway."

"But my wife and I were in our minds, and that is, that Boyne had become uneasy and released the birds through fear of being caught with the message. There may be other birds there, but whether there are or not, the thought of this in the house, or about it, can be found. He may have kept them in the loft of his cabin, or about his station, or even in the grove, and that, too, unknown to Kitty or any one but himself."

"I must say it seems to me that if Boyne is an outlaw-confederate here, he is the very man that endeavored to kill Highland Harry. And the mind of the intelligence aroused as to Harry's secret, and cutting the same to pieces would be the work of the almost fatal shot. True, Boyne was among the first to congratulate Harry on his escape from the savages, and admitted to his dear friend that he was only the blind of a clever villain."

"Well, this is astonishing news!" declared the judge, "and if it was not easy of proof I could scarcely credit it. Let us go at once to Boyne's cabin and have him brought here. But, until we do, you must puzzle me is as to why Stony Boyne should plot this and plan with Mr. Hanover for the abduction of his own daughter."

"As I have said before," said Harry, "I have every reason to believe that Kitty Boyne, as you know her, is my own daughter!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME DALLONG WITH THE GHOSTS. CAPTAIN DALTON AND JUDGE KINNEY were astounded, almost, by Hanover's declaration; they all suspected that there was some secret connection with his visit to Red Bar—a secret which, although years had traced the lines of mental pain upon his face. Mr. Hanover, "Captain Dalton finally said, "I see now you know more of 'Stony' Boyne than you have been willing to confess."

"I know of him, Captain,—less, perhaps, than you. I never met him until last night; but his allusion to Raymond in that message—that is, if he sent it—leads me to know, almost beyond a doubt, that Kitty is not his daughter."

"Then your name is not Hanover, but Ray- mond, said the judge.

"It's true, said David, "my true name, gentle- men: and now I'd as well tell you all the rest, which is a very simple one. Eighty years ago my beloved wife died, leaving a baby girl two weeks of age. Having no relatives near me, I placed her with one Mr. Kemp, who had a girl of about the same age. The two girls grew up from home to home, and I was away over two years. During my absence the Kemps moved into an adjoining country, thus breaking the ties with that State. I have never seen nor heard from the Kempt family since, and judge of my bitter disappointment and grief on receiving the note from Red Bar which told me my daughter was dead. I visited the Kemps and found the story true, although I remarked to myself at the time that the Kemp family was suspiciously like myself."

"A year passed by, the Kemps moved to the Per West, and there Kemp died. A year later Mrs. Kemp married a man named Grimm—"a fur-trader. The baby was then less than four years old."

"Twelve years rolled around. An emi- cologist, named Simon Plunkett, was wandering in quest of 'bogs' through the valley of the Upper Yellowstone. One day he ran across a secret cabin in a sequestered place near the nearest settlement. As he neared the building he heard groans, and saw a trail of blood crossing the threshold."

"Advancing to the door, Plunkett looked in. The woman could not talk; she was too weak, dying to death from a wound in the breast. She was a close relative of the cabin's owner, and kindly offered his services to the suffering woman. From her he soon learned that her hus- band was out hunting in the hill, and her daughter gone to the Agency for some supplies. In attempting to shoot a wolf that had boldly, and in open day, ventured into a fen within a few rods of the cabin she had accidentally shot herself, inflicting a mortal wound."

"Simon Plunkett offered to go for assistance, but the woman would not let her. She was sinking fast and knew she had but a short time to live. She wished to make a dying state- ment before she died and taking out his note-book wrote down her confession, word for word as she dictated it."

"She confessed that her daughter, Theresa, was not her child, but that of one David Ray- mond. The young man, believing his wife mon- dant to the death of his child that she might keep her. She said that Alice, who afterward married, did not but that Theresa was her own child by her first husband, Joel Kemp; that she had been kept from the maiden the fact of her being other than Grimm's child. She said that it was now known that she was the own child of neither, and Grimm ignorant of the fact that she was not the daughter of David Raymond."

"To Plunkett she confessed that Theresa was the daughter of David Raymond; she, Alice, the other person knew that Theresa was not her child. That person was a woman whose name Plunkett could not remem-ber—a sister of Joel Kemp's."

"I thought you said Plunkett wrote down her confession, and how could she write it?"

"He did," the narrator went on, "and I'll tell you how. Eight years ago Plunkett was asse with Mrs. Grimm and Henry Raymond; but the time Mrs. Grimm had completed her confession told a young man of possessing appearance about Plunkett and his wife. Plunkett, as well as Harry Seguin, seemed well ac- quainted with Mrs. Grimm; the latter had been moved by her serious condition. Plunkett mis- trusted at once that he was an admirer of the lady, but by the aid of some old paper he extracted his apparent sadness over Mrs. Grimm's suffer-ings.

"The situation was briefly explained to Seguin, and then, by the woman's request, Plunkett arranged a plan for bringing Mrs. Grimm to Red Bar. As Seguin—"and as Plunkett, might be a witness of the confession, he and the ex-shot-he would deliver her confession to Raymond, and ask him for her as his crime as he hoped for Heaven's mercy. Seguin she requested to break the news to Theresa should she die before the said returned. She, also, asked him to tell her husband all, and that it was her dying wish that he do all in his power to restore the girl to her rightful father, feeling sure that David Raymond, who was a very wealthy man, would do so.

"Well, the poor woman died before either husband or daughter returned, and Plunkett, whose office it was to carry the confession back, took his departure with the confession signed by Mrs. Grimm, and hearing the names of Simon and Henry Raymond and Henry Raymond, and paid the debt he owed to Mr. Seguin.

"Four days later when away south in the heart of the wilderness, the two men were confronted by a stranger who demanded of him Mrs. Grimm's confession. For a mo- ment Plunkett was delivered of being a plucky fellow of quick perception, who, already knowing the story, had set his plan in motion. The stranger, however, had not attempted to draw his revolver to enforce his demands, but quick as a wink Plunkett struck him in the face. A terrible blow, however, it was, and left him over a low embankment. Then the natural idea struck Plunkett as to the use of the distance when a pistol ran out and a bucket cut uncomfortably close to his ear. Looking in front of him, a man—Plunkett recognized him—Jason Quay, a man, whom he recognized at a glance as Henry Seguin, standing on the opposite side of a deep cleft, in the act of firing a second shot at him.

"Fudging behind a rock, he escaped the bullet, then he took to his heels and ran for his life; for in an instant it flashed through his brain that the first man was Grimm, and that he not only wanted to recover his wife's confession, but intended to kill him, that the secret of Theresa's birth, for some reason or other, might be kept.

"Plunkett had not gone far before he dis- covered that he was being followed by the two men. He turned to them. "Who are you going to kill, they determined they should never have the confession. So from one of the men he carried he took a long, wide-mouthed bottle, emptied it of its contents of alcohol and bug shots, and then—oh, with a Lucretia's love. When certain his pursuers were not in sight, concealing it in the cleft of the rocks. Thus he marked the location in his mind as well as circumstances would admit, expecting, if he escaped, to return and secure it without any difficulty.

"Well, he escaped his pursuers, and, eager to get at them, he did not go back to get the bottle; but trusting to his memory, he hasten- ed to his own home, which was well known to the home of the confession; and there was only one thing he had forgotten, and that was the word "confession," with the woman's deception regarding the child.

"Happily for Plunkett, the next day I started for the Yellowstone country, but to our bitter disappointment, we found, on our arrival there, that the stepper had been captured, and that our secluded home—where, no one knew. What to do we had no idea; and I thought I had seen neither Grimm nor Theresa at the cabin, or elsewhere, and only took it for granted that the false confession in the hills, was Grimm, So, of course, believing me of the woman's name, and and name, and thereby elude detection for a time, at least.

"Not to be defeated, Plunkett changed his calling to that of a detector, and spent a few weeks. A few months ago he visited Red Bar and at once fixed upon 'Stony' Boyne as his man Grimm; and
Eye and wild, old destruction in our hearts,
that we—few men and four bloodhounds—
are trying to save—men and dogs who have gat
in sight! Oh! it makes me weary—sick."

"My impetuous Tony Batts," replied Adder-
Nose, in a husky voice, "for a few more minutes
and you will have to die a martyr, just you dash
from every direction and try to save that young Wizard you see. Enough of our men have been fallen by his
riots without taking any further risks. He has
defied such a riot. You and I shall say what we
have to say, and then he may go his way."

"Oh, sir," I cry, "if we do not stop this, all
in the Basin will be killed.

The three men sprung to their feet, and look-
ing down the valley the scene, men enough,
wrapped in smoke and flame.

The men to whom every tonguing by them
was the signal and the fire, and when they were on
the scene they found the valley a pyramid of devor-
ing flames. Stoney Boyne was not present, nor
could be found about the premises. Captain Dal-
ton ran to the horse-saddles and found Kitty's
pony gone. This he reported to his friends, when David Raymond, as we will hereafter know his name,
replied: "Boya has outlawed Pinnekt and I, after
all, and what is more, I know now that he has
cconceal some evidence of his guilt, while he has
eaped to the hill—perhaps followed his friends into
the Basin. I have no doubt but that those three pigeons I saw
evade the efforts of boats and galleys to carry
ngers here to the outlaw's, and of the movements of Highland Harry and Uncle Biddle.

" Now, Mr. Raymond, there will be eye-
laid and murdered," declared Judge Kinney.

Boya manifested great sorrow and declared,
and we should do something to save them if
possible. As you gave them the cause you in-
cluded all of your friends, and you were warned of their peril. I, for one, am ready to
lant the saddle on my horse.

Then everybody present offered his services, but
a company of five, with Dalton as leader, was
organized, armed and equipped in a short time,
and then mounting their horses passed off into
the valley. It was the only course before us.

"In thirty minutes you will be his
lose.

It was not the first time that old Romeo had
ed a pack upon a human, and the moment
he was lightened he bounded away with his nose
to the ground, giving utterance to low, deep
mournings.

"Now, my gallant beating, the ball has opened
in a short distance," said Adder-Nose.

"and we must follow the music of the hounds at
a double-quick step and be in at the death.

With these cheering words the outlaws dash-
ed away after the dogs, following the go-
ats into the wind through clumps of bush, trees
and bushes, over rocky ledges, and along
the bracing of gapping chasms—ever leading
ward toward the clouds.

The voice of old Romeo could be easily heard
in the clear, and the words of these hounds, totally
unconscionable of the presence of the outlaws in
the valley below, and stood leening upon his
rifications with mental reflection.

That's a solid fact," Adder, replied Bruiser
Bill, as he, too, fixed his eyes upon the fleeing
hounds, "now, if we let them loose they'll be a
beat at his thorito. Ollie be a
learned one, "

"Don't get excited, Bruiser," advised Adder-
Nose; "you seem to forget that the boat that
they are now pursuing is the life of
a life. He is a long ways off—too far for our
voices to reach him. He has his position do.
For, sure as the kine nose of old Romeo there is that fellow's aim, and if he
gets a chance to break for the woods or dog, man or dog will drop. We've got to
work for him, and that he may get taken
by surprise.

"In a derned comical," said one Tony Batts,
soon aware that the young Wizard was short
in through these hills with blood in our
surprising they'd be mussed over by a boy's dirty hands and nervous fingers, but I'll 'pekt to be handier with 'em than you, anyhow.

"All right, stranger, addin' Alde-Nose; and while we're gone, git out, if ye can, on this side of the town and git your real/raw and cultivate yer acquaintance. We love you as man was never loved before.

"Just as I was
goin' to go, a dusty, ugly-looking dog that keeps up such a yowlin' at me," the old man went on, "I don't want any hydropoises in my thousand dollars.

"Don't fear the hound, ole man," said Brusker Bill, "he'll be back in a few minutes with Highland Harry's head, I hope.

The outlaws all hurried away up the trail as if each one was determined to be the first to reach the hater Fox's body.

The old man watched them until they were about a foot above the ground. With his old grey coat, revealing a straight, supple figure clad in a neat-fitting hunter's jacket. Next he removed his cap and a head o' light-brown hair was disclosed. His squat eyes opened wide and clear as a wild buck's; and when at last he removed his mask of stubby whiskers, a boyish face, radiant with a triumph- pose, disclosed the face of the author of 'Face of Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman.'

CHAPTER XVI.

HIGHLAND HARRY TAKEN OFF HIS GUARD.

It is a strange story how the old man, Highland Harry alond, a habit peculiar to persons who live much of their lives in the woods. Up there it will be one of your own friends. Were you certain you had no other friends in these dig-

ings? I'm open on you. Hand that disguise must have been perfect, though I was a fellow afraid that dog would give me away.

"All right!

"Don't you know how to keep a secret? How do you think of me?" and the old man started in, "I'm movin' off at once.

"Shades of Diggerson!" exclaimed the old naturalist, "then that will leave me in a pickle if your varmints find me. I can never explain things satisfactorily to you, if you've no ob-

jections, I'll go with you.

"All right, come along," replied Harry, starting off with a bug-buster on his shoulder.

And away they did go, the old man keeping pace with Harry with the nimbleness of youth, all the while his tongue rattling away in facetious observations quite amusing to the young mountaineer.

All distrust of the professor had vanished from Harry's mind as he had accepted the jolly and somewhat eccentric old man into full fellowship.

They traveled northward through the hills about five miles, then turned and bore eastward, until they came to the brink of a declivity that sloped abruptly down into a great canyon. It was entirely devoid of timber, but covered with a growth of wild flowers, shrubbery and other vegetation scarcely knee high. Its lower extremity extended in a deep, dark, narrow valley near the canyon nearly five thousand feet below.

Down this declivity Highland Harry suggest-

ed they descent.

"Woof!" exclaimed Professor Plunkett, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I can never make that, lad. I'd pitch headlong into the creek.

"Well, it is quite a descent, but I can climb up a hill, or skin over the level, but I cannot climb downward. Can't we get around some way?"

"Yes," answered Harry, "but this would be a near cut, and I'm a bit afraid of young people. Harry's church fellow.

They listened. The report of a rifle and the sound of a conflict came up from the depths of the canyon.

"Fighting going on down there!" declared Plunkett.

"Yes," responded Highland Harry, buckling his belt tightly, "a friend may be in need of my assistance. Plunkett, I hope we may meet soon again—good-by, I'm going to leave you.

Before the old entomologist could reply, the young mountaineer turned away, his face betel-

..."Then you must be a missionary," Harry ob-

served, facetiously.

"Well, you know"..."the dog is a black half-breed, but I like upright-

ness in all children just the same. Now, there's that fellow up in the tree by the rock and went off skrimishing for bugs, but when I got to the clump of bayberry bushes, I aimed at the black mill, but..."

Soon the boy disappeared from his view, and Harry lost sight of the black boy as he burst out of the brow of the hill. He could still hear the sound of battle below now growing louder, now dying away in a faint, indistinct moan. But, altogether, he mused:

"Not a little credit. Somebody has won a victory—somebody has been slain. May the Lord have dealt gently with Highland Harry. He is a grand little fellow.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FLIGHT OF AJAX.

AJAX, the Infant Giant, with his precious burden, hobbled along a carelessly carved path away into the hills, never dreaming of becoming the subject of any romantic tale. He was suddenly discovered that such was really the case. A feeling of bitter disappointment and intense anger overtook him. The infant giant

...He boarded the report of Harry's rifle more times than a mile off to the right, and then all hopes of rejoicing him soon, if at all, vanished.

Meanwhile Kitty was recovering from her swoon and when she at length was able to speak, the first word she uttered was Harry's name.

She was seated upon the ground supported by the arm of Ajax. Around them it was almost total darkness.

"Harry is not here, Miss Kitty," the young giant said, "and we'll meet him soon. I hope. Have no fear.

"Where am I? Who are you? Where is the cabin?"

...she asked as the past came back to her confused, distant memories. Ajax kindly answered each of her questions in detail, besides giving an account of how they had escaped from Teton Basin, and of their adventures thereafter.

...and Harry reluctantly ran great risks, Ajax, the maiden said, her voice faltering at ease by the young giant's explanations and assurances; and it was very unpleasantly divided, she knew. But, oh! how fortunate for me that you brave young men came into Teton Basin the day you did! But, Ajax, how did you find out where I was?"

...did not know that you were alive at all, Miss Kitty," Ajax replied, "until we had rudely forced ourselves, half-starved, into Se-

...cabin and took the basket of food which the negroes in charge informed us was master's wedding supper. Then a little inquiry brought out the fact that you were alive and the bride of Hank Seguin.

We had heard that you had been killed by Harry's bullet which slew your carpenter near Red Bar, so it was a great surprise to us when we found out different.

...No, I was not even wounded by Harry's bul-

...the maiden sat down, quite elated, when my captor fell I think I must have fainted. I remember a report of a gun, but it was not aimed at me, for the strike him and...the next thing after that I became conscious of, was of being in the woods of some mountainous retreat.

...I had rescued me from a party of Indians. They were very savage and ready to kill me. "Go, and tell me that I should be taken home, and in every way treating me with the most considerate kindness," the young giant declared.

...all that was destroyed. All that I had been used to, that I was used to, that I was used to, that I was used to, that I was used to.

...in a house of an outlaw whose wife kept a close watch over me, though I could not have been kindlier treated. Hank Seguin came daily to see me, and always detested him.

...did not care for, though I will own that I have strayed far afield. Probably, I have spurned his pretended love, and when I became a prisoner in the outlaws' den he re-

...in a land to which I could not go, I gave him to understand he would compel me to be married, and when I refused, he threat-

...a rumination of my own."

...I knew he was an outlaw.

...in his veins, the sacred dragons sown!" Ajax exclaimed, indignantly, his blood stirred by the maiden's story; and I thank the heavens that you are here, for I prevent further wrongs against you. But, I think, you ought to know that I could never have heard of anything less than unspeakable, unkindly, unkindly, unkindly, unkindly.

...I had been white about it when she asked me for something to eat, we were on a diet. We said that we would not eat anything but when we got away and..."
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman.

lied to us we walked in on our ear and knocked things like the green gablesthat know what- all we did have, Miss Kitty: when you see Harry he'll tell you. He always had at your wedding supper. And what's more, I anticipated our needs and brought along in my pockets all the food we required meat, bread, stews, meats and bread. Whenever you want to sample

"I will, thank you," replied Kitty, "but I have no appetite now."

This was accompanied by hope of escape and the promise of meeting the one who had escaped with him. She was fully able to travel without further delay, and taking her giant escort’s arm, they moved on.

More fortunate than Harry had been was Ajax in keeping his course, and when night had fallen, he was able to make out the mail wagons and writings by the stars.

Confident of meeting Harry in the pass through which they had entered the Basin, he made extra exertions to reach the defile under cover of darkness. Moreover, he was well-satisfied that the outlaws would endeavor to cut off their retreat by guarding the possible passages, and it was therefore highly necessary that he get in ahead of them.

Long before daybreak he succeeded in reaching the entrance to the defile, but both he and his escort were so completely disappopointed in not meeting Highland Harry.

They waited there more than an hour, and as the sun rose they were able to see the defile, nothing but evergreens and a few trees ahead.

Shortly after daybreak they came to a spring where they rested a few minutes. Ajax sharing the experience of the world with Kitty, when thus rested and refreshed they moved on. The road was through a forest of oak and elm, twisted among the hills like a serpent’s trail. At times it widened to the dimensions of a little vale where the hill forests were changed to bosom of a deep, dark and dismal defile.

Kitty, being ever in the mood to know what follows, asked Ajax what the Giant had in mind. He said that the Giant and maiden passed the only danger they could now expect was from behind, and that the Giants were not in the vicinity. As was concerned, they moved on to suddenly meet with a bitter surprise. In emerging from a point where the road narrowed and the path of the cloud coming down the defiling with such lighting that all was in sight, and the daylight through a crag of the mountain, was so narrow that the Giant was hidden by the cloud.

Down so fast that her burning eyes could scarcely follow it the figure came. She could see it was that of a man, but not until he had landed on the canyon on his feet unharmed, she realized she had recognized the face of Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman.

Fainting with exertion, his face covered with dust and his clothes almost in tatters, the desert up to his hair, he staggered down the mountain and hurled himself like a thunderbolt upon the sagacious, that were the pride of Ajax.

Never did aid come more opportune. The Infant Giant was upon one knee from a second or two, his head half the savages lay stretched around him dead or dying.

The sudden appearance of Harry from the clouds, as it were, was a surprise the red-skins could not stand before, and as the young mountaineer charged upon them with flaming revolvers they turned and fled in utter disorder.

Staggering to his feet and panting like a wore out, Ajax glanced at Harry through a mask of blood. A grim smile played upon his parted lips. He was so nearly exhausted he could not speak, nor was he able to explain much better, but he finally managed to say:

"Ajax, you’re hurt!"

"Yes," said Kitty, "but we whipped them, Harry."

"Oh, Ajax, Ajax!" cried Kitty, running with his head streaming eyes to the young mountaineer, "you have saved us all!"

Harry put his hand upon Kitty’s shoulder, the Giant said, clasping his burning head between his palms, and leaning wearily against a hand.

"Harry," said the maiden, "he fought them — oh! but I am so glad! I am so glad! He is afraid he is badly hurt. Oh, Harry, you could have been here at first sight?"

"No, my dear father," replied Kitty, "I was so excited — when I saw the dancer — I set me free, and I could’ve helped a little."

While the smoke from Stony Boyne’s muzzle half a dozen horses ran tearing into the little opening almost riding him down in their haste before they destroyed.

Quickly, however, the men drew rein at sight of him and stepped from behind the stones up at them and, despite the bandaged head and black, swollen face of one of the party he rejoined.

"The Hell’s half dozen!" exclaimed the old man.

"Who are you, old friend?" he exclaimed, "I haven’t been out of the city for some time!" They are somewhat damaged! I just learned a few minu-
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman.

utes ago how bard yer luck had been. But your last move was the most dastardly of all, Kitty. Kitty is not far ahead of you; Highland Harry is also up the pass, and so’s that big devil, Ajax, hasn’t that?

"But what in Heaven’s name means all this?" asked Highland Harry, a restraining hand, walking leisurely off to one side, making the other animals somewhat restless, a gray horse, frightened. The spirited horse of Beguin began pawing the ground, in a manner that made it very uncomfortable for the man whose life depended on his keeping his horse quiet as well as himself.

After holding the outlaws this way ten or fifteen minutes, the cowboys began to grow weary. They met upon another course, and Ajax yelled out:

"Say, you fellows, we’ve decided to have a change in these parts, and we’re ready to promptly respond."

Before the last cowboys could be heard, the mounted men caught the sound of footsteps creeping stealthily up behind them.

CHAPTER XX.

PROFESSOR SIMON FLUNKET ACCUSED OF MURDER.

Professor Flunkett watched Highland Harry in breathless suspense until the fearsome youth had disappeared from sight down the mountain, then he moved on along the brow of the hills with a quickened footstep. He crossed the ridge and descended into a densely wooded valley toward the north, and was walking briskly along the path when his ears were suddenly greeted by a sharp, stern voice calling:

"Halfling!—in the!—and throw up!"

"Quick as a flash the professor stopped, and throwing up his arm, he gleamed with an amused face.

"There! don’t shoot! come forth!"

Out from a thicket came two men dressed in the garb of the mountaineers, their faces broad with a smile.

They were the Wax Joe and Uncle Billy.

At sight of them the professor shouted:

"I am Simon Flunkett, an inoffensive entomologist—who are you?"

The old borderman came up and introduced himself, "I am a mountain man, Mr. Flunkett, and I have questions with a tone that reflected some doubt of his reputed character.

"Here," said the professor perceiving their distrust, "let me show you some of my specimens and be convinced of what I tell you."

He handed Uncle Billy a bottle containing two or three bugs. The old man looked at the bottle, then producing a similar one from his pocket, he handed it to the other, saying:

"Do you count if they ain’t just alike even to the label onto them?"

"Yo! glory!" exclaimed Flunkett at sight of Billy’s bottle. "The last is found! That’s mine, gent, for which I’ve been hunting these years."

"Yours! Humph! we found it in the crevices of a rock which, I believe, was declared to be deposited during the Glacial Epoch. The paper in it says, ‘on it,’ which Speckly says is the writing of my father."

"You’re a luscious pair of antiquarians, you are," returned the professor, writing on the paper in that bottle is my own, done less than two years ago. It is the dyeing confession of one Ruth Grim and is witnessed by Harry Beguin and yours truly, Simon Flunkett. See if I am not correct."

"Strange, we’ve examined it," replied Uncle Billy, "and guess it’s yours. Then three names are on the paper, which, it seems to me, a person who has the ability to dye."

"Well, I’ve been up to the tent of Bird the Great, and you are heading that way. We’re friends in that wings."  

Kitty, the maid accused, joyfully. "I am so glad to meet you!"

"So in you, Kitty; but, for goodness’ sake! when will you ever turn to the jailer!"

"Highland Harry sent me this deuce of a note, he wanted to help Ajax fight a pursuing party of outlaws."

"Kitty Boynel did I understand you to call this "little lady" alike of a man, she?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Billy; "Kitty, this is Professor Simon Flunkett—scientific bugger."

"Bowling polity to the maiden, the professor asked:

"Kitty, didn’t you used to be called Theresa?"

The maid started back, and as she fixed her eyes upon Flunkett her face grew ashen pale.

"Why do you ask that?" she finally demanded;

"what is it to you what I used to be called."

Then you have never heard of the naturalist, Simon Flunkett, that two years ago—

"Then it is what we thought he was?—the man that killed my mother in cold blood?"

"Simon Flunkett was a man of nerves, and he was a master in the maiden’s accusation with unfailing calmness.

"What is it that I did not expect," he said. "You have got it exactly right, but you made it to believe that I killed your mother; but whoever told you so lied like a piping devil."

"Harry Beguin and my father told me so," Kitty exclaimed.

"They, both lie like the villains they are," Flunkett declared. "Your mother shot herself accidentally, and I stepped along the cabin. She was alone and dying, and wished to make a death-bed statement in it to you, Kitty."

"Then you, Lord, I have them in this bottle, right here. While writing his story, and signed this paper as a witness. I left Beguin at the cabin and went away, having promised to deliver the paper to one David Raymond."

I never dreamed of danger until a man popped up before me in the mountains, hours afterward, and demanded Mrs. Grimms’s confession. I popped him over and ran. A second fellow at shot and came very near my mark."

"The fellow was Harry Beguin, and mistreated was Grimms. They pursued me for over a hundred miles, and for fear they might catch me I hid in the forest for a time under a tree, and there I came to the cabin. I heard the whole story, and signed this paper as a witness. I left Beguin at the cabin and went away, having promised to deliver the paper to one David Raymond."

"No, ma’am," replied Flunkett; "listen to this confession of your mother, Kitty."

He read the paper over to her. The girl was astounded.

"Then Mrs. Grimms was not my mother, either!" she cried.

"No, ma’am," responded the professor; "you seem to have been sinned against from your birth, Kitty."

"You see how it is to end!" the maid exclaimed, an expression of pain passing over her face."

"Where is one. I am truly glad to learn, and that is that Swan Beguin is not my father."

"He is not near by, in your canyon, better than tomorrow, which I believe is why he is Henry Grimms’s wife. For over two years I am constantly referred to as a son of Henry Grimms."

"My name, by your request. I am William Beguin not your father?" cried Kitty.

"Yes," answered the professor; "I am William Beguin not your father?"
Highland Harry, the Wizard Rifleman.

At this juncture the baying of a hound suddenly summoned Simón Plumkett of Highland Harry’s regiment. The hound’s name was Bloodhounds and his manner was that of a hunter. He had found some tracks of a wolf, and it was his purpose to follow them. Stalled in the midst of the camp, and adding consequence to his advice, the commander of the company, Mr. Seguin advanced as commanded, but as he did so the ears of all were greeted by the deep baying of a dog followed by the crack of a rifle; the shouts of men, the yells of savages—all mingled in the murderous crash of firearms.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

The sound of battle had suddenly upon the ears of Highland Harry and his friends filled their breasts with a dreadful fear, and for a few moments the moment for reflection that was commanded by their friends, Spokane Joe and Uncle Biddulph, were engaged with an overwhelming number of savages and outlaws there was no doubt; and thus in a moment the situation became critical.

On the other hand Henry Seguin and his friends took courage, for the conflict signaled the presence of friends, and the outlaw leader was not slow to take advantage of the alarm. With eyes seeing to burst into flame, he sprang at Plumkett like a tiger and caught him in the grip of a bear, and holding him thus, began hastily walking backward with a view of escaping into the canyon, where the situation was better for the kind of Plumkett.

It was a desperate attempt of a desperado man, and his movements threw his friends into a panic, and breaking ranks they made a bold rush for life in an effort to save one the casualties of the mountaineers rang out, and both Bwye and Seguin asked Simon Plumkett going down with his captor.

By mercy, Highland!” cried Ajas, “I’m afraid you have struck a professional man, as Uncle Biddulph and you and Uncle Biddulph guard the pass below, and we’ll bring matter to a close-up here pretty quickly.

Old Spokane hurred back to his friends, and Plumkett now in a frenzy of rage, was choking Harry in the ribs in high glee, peered over the breastwork at the outlaws, cooly observing: ‘You’re standing there quite as the equestrian statues in a country school, aren’t they?’

Never saw a more docile crew,” answered Highland Harry; ‘we’re hoping they’d do something to provoke us to shoot, but they seem determined to freeze us out. However, we’re going to show them we have beans in our pockets also.

‘Attention, outlaws!’ shouted the Infant; ‘you’ll now unskull your pistol-belts and hand up the beans, which you can carry on your saddlebags, while I will remain in advance of your steeds and hold them back! I’ll send a man to interview you, for be it remembered that within the past ten minutes our forces have been increased by several hundred followers of Master Biddulph Durr, and another distinguished gentleman.

The outlaws quietly obeyed the Giant’s command, and as they fell into line Simon Plumkett facetiously observed:

‘They toe the chalk-line like the big class in a geography school, don’t they? Wonder if you couldn’t put them through the manual of arms—drill them.

With head,” interrupted Harry; ‘but now, Plumkett, we want to take that man Seguin and Southampton prisoner, and some of us must get into that opening and bind him hand and foot while the others hold them under levied:

‘I’m the man to put on the fetters,” said Plumkett, taking off his own saddlebags, and if they go to show fighting—

‘We’ll shoot them down!” said Harry.

Plumkett slipped the rope off his own saddles and advanced into the presence of the outlaws, bowing ceremoniously.

Seeing Simon Plumkett, entomologist of the Brownsonian Institute. Peruse you, Henry Seguin, we will not think twice about his putting down a paddlepin with poms; but our friends routed the foe and are pursuing them into the hills.

By this time the news of the conflict had spread, and so Harry and Ajas went no further. The two were accustomed to good cheer, so they turned and hurried back to Kitty.

Finding Bwye and Seguin, he accompanied them into the little opening to look after Plumkett. To their happy surprise they found him unharnessed seated by the side of a dying man. Face down upon his back, the earth, his head resting upon the body of a dead savage. The smell of powder, though the pallor of death was gathering upon his face.

Kitt Seguin lay where he had fallen stone dead, with the weight of his body borne off by his brother, the Wizard Rifleman’s bullet.

Stony Bwye inquired for Kitty as soon as Harry approached him in answer to his inquiry the half-died girl came up saying:

‘Yes, they killed him, Kitty, but it’s no use to explain now. Perhaps I deserved it all. I was doing wrong you know. I’m not your child!’

I learned so to-day,” Kitty replied, weeping bitterly. ‘No, you are not my daughter,” Bwye re- plied. ‘But the daughter of the man who died by the hands of Harry, who arrived in Red Bar the evening of your abduction. But your dying confession suffices. You are no daughter of mine.’

‘But why have you and Seguin always told me that mother was murdered by Simon Plum- kett?’ Kitty asked.

And I conspired to obtain David Raymond’s wealth. By putting the blame of her on Plumkett a smile of robbery I brought him, and gettin’ possession of the confession, then marrying you to Seguin by fair or foul means, I could have put to rest the suspicions upon Millionaire Raymond by having some one else confess to Plumkett to protect the honor of Mrs. Grim to that gentleman. Of course, if Raymond accepted Seguin as his daughter, he accepted her husband as a son, and after we had got that far, further plans were to be made that I might have a share of Raymond’s wealth. You see, however, I was trapped, and finding Raymond, put him on the track of his child. To shield him I led to Red Bar, changin’ our names, and have succeeded in keepin’ out of his way untill recently. My object in thus hiding was to draw Raymond to the island, so that I could set him and the scene of your abduction in an honorable way, so far as you were concerned, and I would have though’d that you wouldn’t robbin’ your true father. But your persistent dislike of him, Kitty, has brought about the result. You have killed in dead letters, and now that you may be restored to your own father, I shall die in the hope of your forgiveness.”

Kitty was deeply grieved and remained by the side of her father until she was carried away, when Plumkett announced his death she arose and walked away, and as she approached her and in low tones spoke the kindliest of words of comfort and to her—words that touched her heart. For Highland Harry was her idol— in him she had long since been lost. And it was this fact that was the turning point of her life. But it was now too late for her to return to all her former scenes, so she stood silently watching the coffin as the last scene was enacted by the priest, and when the funeral rites were over the body was taken to the grave. But the grave was not the end of the story, for the dreams and hopes of Kitty were to continue, for she was destined to become a great woman. And with these thoughts in her mind, she passed on her way, and Kint’s spirit, as she said, was forever with her. But the grave was not the end of the story, for the dreams and hopes of Kitty were to continue, for she was destined to become a great woman. And with these thoughts in her mind, she passed on her way, and Kint’s spirit, as she said, was forever with her.