Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Dolarville;

OR, THE
Irishman's Sweepstakes.

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CHAPTER I
HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

DOLLARVILLE!
A curious name, and yet not a name unique. It can be found in the postal-guide, but the one there mentioned is not the Dollarville of our story.

This particular place was a rapidly growing
I do not lay claim to much ability in that line. I had rather that you would carry it on in the line.

"You are too modest, sir. Make a start."

"Well, I will do so. Mr. Trillman, how did you find the front door?"

"Locked."

"And you came in without trouble— that is, did the lock yield to your key as usual?"

"It did, sir."

"And what did you discover first?"

"I saw, first of all, the door of the safe wide open, Sir."

"And you gave the alarm at once?"

"Immediately, sir."

"Good! Now, how many keys are there to this safe? How many persons are supposed to know how to open it?"

"I have one key, and I know the combination, of course," answered Trillman.

"Mr. Gorman is the only other person supposed to have a key to open it, sir."

"Why do you say supposed?"

"I only repeat your word, sir; but it is self-evident that somebody else has gained the knowledge somehow."

"That is positive," agreed the president.

"It is certain, sir, that Mr. Trillman, as manager, knew the business, and the work before us is to find out who did. But, go on, Mr. Spraker."

"Who was the last to leave the bank last night?"

"I was," answered Trillman.

"And everything was properly secured then?"

"It was. I have always made it a rule to examine well before going."

"And what about Watkins? Had he no key?"

"A key to the door, certainly."

"I will see if it is in his pocket now."

The attorney strode over the body of the murdered man and felt in his pockets, and the key was soon discovered.

"Is this it, brooch?" he asked, holding it up.

"That is it," assured Gorman.

"Then, as he was inside, some other key must have opened the door. You have your keys, each of you?"

"Certainly," said the president, making his report.

"The cashier thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth his likewise, and held them up to sight."

"This is for all the keys," said the attorney-detective. "Now, has anybody, to your knowledge, had opportunity to duplicate these keys? Have you ever seen any one monkeying around the locks?"

"I could not say that he had. It was a mystery indeed!

"Well, certain things are facts," said the attorney. "The bank was opened by some one having a key, and the safe was opened by some one who knew how to do it. I must question further."

"Do so, sir."

"Did you, either of you, allow your keys to go out of your possession last night?"

"I did not," answered Gorman.

"Nor I," answered Spraker immediately after.

"Then there certainly must be a duplicate—an extra key—somewhere. By the way, Watkins could not have opened the safe, certainly not.

"He could not."

"It might be offered that he admitted some one to the bank, and was forced to open the safe; but since he did not know how."

"I cannot hear Watkins spoken of that way," interrupted the president.

"He was an honest, faithful employee, and he has not the defense of our property, as you see."

"I was merely theorizing, sir. He might have been forced, perhaps, and then cruelly murdered."

"Or. I have no proof. That is what we want."

"Let us look around for a clue, sir."

The little attorney then went forward to the safe, examining it with care and looking all around with close scrutiny.

Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation, stooped, and picked something up.

"I forbid it!" he demanded, "Part of a sleeve button, as I live! Is it recognized? Does any one know to whom it belongs? I cannot say that I ever saw it before."

"Why, Trillman, it is yours, is it not?"

"Of the president, and he looked at the cashier as he put the question, only to find that the cashier had become suddenly pale. He had just examined his cuffs and had made the discovery that the part just found certainly belonged to him. That discovery would amply account for his paleness."

CHAPTER II.

TERRIBLY ACQUITTED.

All eyes were immediately turned upon the cashier. He knew, and it only added to his confusion, if such it could be called.

"Yes, if it certainly belongs to me," he said, looking astounded. "I was not aware that I had lost it."

"Maybe you lost it yesterday," the president offered, in a whisper. "It may not attach any importance to this discovery, Mr. Spraker, since Mr. Trillman is here every day of his life."

"Why, certainly, sir; while it is to be supposed that he lost it here, it does not prove that he lost it here last night—that he robbed the safe!"

He fixed his eyes upon Trillman as he spoke.

"Somehow, the cashier could not recover from the confusion into which he had been thrown. Everybody present watched him, and he certainly acted enough like a guilty man to make it noticed. Perhaps he was guilty; that remains to be seen.

"I—I certainly was not in here after I locked the doors last night," he managed to say. "The bell is nice, and of course I must have lost it yesterday or this morning."

"This is quite likely," assented the attorney-detective. "You carry a pistol?"

"Yes."

"What caliber?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Will you let me look at it?"

"Do you mean to point suspicion at me, sir?"

"The contrary, sir. Your agitation has drawn notice to you, and I would aid you in forestalling the chance of suspicion resting upon you."

I was naturally surprised at finding my cuff-button broken and the missing part where you found it, and I am of a nervous nature and easily moved. Here is my weapon. Examine it."

He drew a heavy revolver from his hip pocket and spoke, and extended it to the attorney.

Spraker took it, and the moment he looked at it his face became serious. He locked the case in the face again.

"I notice that one chamber is empty," he said. "It looks as if it had been removed."

"One chamber empty?" echoed Trillman.

"Yes; see for yourself."

The cashier was now pale to the lips. "I was not aware of it," he declared. "I lost it and not fired by me, I will swear to that!"

"Well, it is not likely that any one else
Deadwood Dick, Jr., at Dollarville.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF A STRANGER.

The afternoon stage from the West rolled into Dollarville in its usual style, one day, a little later on.

Among the passengers who alighted at the Eagle Hotel was one who would claim a second glance anywhere, a man of medium height, but of almost faultless figure.

He was dark, with black hair and mustache, and large, magnificently black eyes. Cleat in a business suit of good material and excellent fit, he made a good appearance, and was noticed.

There were other passengers of course, but of them we will not speak.

This man entered the hotel at once.

"Room for a stranger of the landlord, immediately on entering."

"Always room for one here," was the cherubic face that greeted him, "First time first served, my motto."
the bar from his own side and they became confidential.

"Can you give me any pointers regarding the newcomer?" the newcomer asked, "I will consider in confidence anything that you may have to say."

"Well, tell me for one thing that I don't believe you kin buy et fer love or money."

"That remains to be seen. By the way, what shall I call you?"

"My name's Bob Gale."

"Well, Gale, if you can let me inside with information about that mine, I will see that you don't lose anything by it if our people succeeded in scooping it in. I want to know how to open the matter, you see."

And so, for a few minutes, the stranger kept attention centered on that one subject, till it was uppermost in the landlord's mind.

He had an object.

The reader has recognized, of course, that it was Deadwood Dick, Jr.; in fact, he had registered his true name.

His real name, however, was so little known, as compared with his sobriquet of Deadwood Dick, that he could do that without much fear of discovery, unless some one happened to know him by sight, "a personal interest in it?" he asked, presently.

"Well, as to that, I can't say."

"I've never spoke about his children—"

"Yes."

"How old?"

"Well, the gal is about nineteen, and the young man, seventeen, should say."

"Oh? Then they are not really children, after all. Their mother is lying, I think, when she says they are."

"Didn't mean to say that, if I did."

Think I said Gorman had a wife—she is his second wife."

"Yes, I see; I guess you are right about that."

"Betty is a fine gal, Mr. Bristol."

"Plenty of lovers, then, no doubt, if that is the case."

"Yes, likely; in fact, every young buck in town is stuck on her, bad; but she is caged.

"Then she has made her selection, eh?"

"Yes. But, poor gal, her love affairs ain't runnin' smooth by any means."

"Explain."

"Her lover is in the lock-up."

"The mischief! This gets interesting, Mr. Bristol."

"Haven't heard?"

"No."

Why, it's known all over—leastways I thought it was. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Certainly."

Thereupon was repeated the story of the murder, and the convicting of James Trillman.

"It certainly looks dark for him," the stranger commented.

"But, he didn't do it, no more you can, nor any of this crowd, stranger; he is as innocent as I am myself."

"And what are they doing to prove him guilty?"

"What kin they do? Everything is against him. And that gal is just worrin' her life out."

"What has she done?"

"Nothing but cry, I opine. Too blamed bad, too."

"Of course it is too bad, if he is innocent; but, as I said, it looks bad for him.

About that time others came in and the proprietor of the Eagle was made busy, and so Dick went out and sauntered leisurely into the gulch to take a look around.

He thought it would be as well to defer his visit to Miss Gorman till after dark, for it was just possible that some one would see him, and might watch him with too much interest afterward.

CHAPTER IV.
MORE MYSTERY HERE.

Dick kept his business to himself. That is to say, his real business; he talked more or less about the Hornet Mine.

After supper at the Eagle, he strolled up the gulch again, and this time approached the Gorman cottage and knocked.

A servant opened the door.

"Is Miss Gorman at home?" Dick asked.

"She is not," was the answer.

"Will she be in, sir?"

"We expect her every minute, sir. The fact is, no one knows where she is."

"Ha! How long has she been absent?"

"Since some time after the arrival of the mail this afternoon, Mr. Gorman has gone out now to have a search begun."

"Is he back?"

"Well, it is something he cannot understand, nor any of us. She never stayed away from anybody, sir."

"But you do not think anything has happened?"

"My own opinion, sir, is that she is at the jail—"

"The jail?"

"Perhaps you have not heard—"

"That her lover is there—yes, I have heard that.

"If she is not found there, then I shall feel alarmed, too."

"Her father has gone there?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Gorman?"

"She has gone out, too, and so has Charlie—that is, Mr. Gorman's son."

"You think some of them will come soon?"

"Yes; they will come back to see if Miss Betty has returned yet, I can well imagine.

The girl was bright and intelligent.

"Well, I will wait till I come in, sir."

"Certainly, sir; walk in."

The girl stepped back for him to enter, and he was shown into a neat room on the right of the hall.

There the servant left him, and he had time to have a careful glance at a little boy before he was disturbed. He had little apprehension that there was anything serious in the absence.

On the walls and the mantels were some pictures.

Dick rightly guessed who some of them were. He said to himself: "This is Mr. Gorman, this is his son, and this the daughter."

When he had waited something like twenty minutes, and no one came, he began to think he had better return to the hotel and take chances of meeting Mr. Gorman, but just then the door opened.

The bank president entered the room, and Dick recognized him by the picture he had guessed to be his.

He rose at once.

"Mr. Gorman?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You are who?"

"Dick gave his professional card."

"The dead! You are just the man we want here."

"Have you found your daughter?"

"No; we must engage in the search with us at once."

"I suppose you were expecting me?"

"Why, now, did you expect you?"

"Well, let's hold on a little; maybe I am pushing ahead too fast."

"What are you after?"

"Are you really alarmed concerning your daughter, sir?"

"Alarmed! Well, I should say so! She has never been in society without my knowing where she was."

"You have been to the jail?"

"Yes; and she has not been there."

"And—"

"I have called at every other likely place I could think of, but no one has seen her."

"What does look serious, truly. Was she in the habit of taking walks out of the town?"

"She has not been out since Trillman was arrested. You have heard about all that?"

"Yes, Had she an enemy? Or have you such?"

"Not that I know of."

"We were not aware, then, that she had written to you."

"No, sir; I was not aware of that."

"Well, it is true, I came here to see her, at her urgent request."

"The deuce you did!"

"What reason had she in keeping you in ignorance?"

"None whatever. I am both astonished and puzzled."

"Did she came she to know of me?"

"I know not."

"Well, it does begin to smack of mystery, too, though I expected to see her, of course; but under these circumstances I think it proper to reveal the situation to you."

"It is quite right. But, what can we do toward finding her?"

"What have you done?"

"I have alarmed the town, and everybody is out searching."

"Then there is nothing more that can be done, I should say, unless you can think of something that will give us a clue."

"I cannot."

"Had the bank cashier a rival?"

"Yes, sir."

"But your daughter had many admirers?"

"Oh, yes; but that was nothing; they were out of the race, and knew it."

"You do not know of any one who took it greatly to heart?"

"And, in any event, Trillman is now safely removed from the present, and with a fair prospect that he may suffer for the crime."

"You think him innocent?"

"Why, I know he is innocent! As innocent as you are."

"You know it?"

"Well, I would stake my life on it."

"That is pretty good, then. But, is it not possible that your daughter had an appointment with some one?"

"I would not say that without her mother's knowledge."

"I have heard that her mother is dead."

"Well, I mean her step-mother, of course. She is quite fond of her."

"When was she last seen?"

"She was seen to go out the back way, about an hour after the arrival of the stage as near as I can fix it."

"Who saw her?"

"The servants. They thought nothing of it; she had nothing on her head and nothing on."

"Would hardly need them such weather."

"True; but it indicated that she did not think of going far, I take it."

"You can't tell anything about it, sir, when you try to reason out a woman's mind; you deal with an unknown quantity."

"Well, we are gaining nothing this way. We must do something."

"And, as I said, you have done about all that can be done. If she is not found within that hour, then I would say offer a reward, and so stimulate the search."

"And must everything lug on our part?"

"If you can put anything in the way of a clue into my hands."
And I fear that I cannot do that.

"Has Betty gone to her room?"

"My wife has."

"And found nothing to explain the girl's absence?"

"I do not suppose she thought to look for anything. She merely went to see if Betty was there. Come, we will go up there and see if you can find something." Mr. Gorman led the way, Dick following.

CHAPTER V

PIECING OUT A CLEW.

Just as they started up the stairs the front door opened.

A woman and a youth entered the hall, and Dick recognized them as he had recognized Mr. Gorman.

"Has she returned, Reuben?" the woman asked.

"No, she has not."

"And who is this?"

"You, Mr. Bristol, let me introduce you to my wife. Mrs. Gorman, this is Mr. Bristol, a professional detective, whom I am anxious to find out all about."

"God grant that you may find her, sir!" spoke the woman, fervently.

"I shall bring him up to Betty's room," added the bank president. "You had better come with me."

"Do you have your bag?"

"Being a professional, he may learn something that would escape our notice."

"I shall bring him up to Betty's room," repeated the bank president.

She ran after him up the stairs, and the youth came with her.

The woman was younger than Gorman by some years, and had keen eyes and reddish hair.

She was tall and slender, and Dick thought there was a resemblance between her and some person he had seen not a great while before, but he could not think who.

They were soon in the room.

It was a neat and pretty apartment. It had something of the redolent taste and habits of its occupant.

Dick took a rapid survey.

"Your daughter does some writing?" he asked.

There was a desk by a window, and a paper basket on the table.

"Yes, she likes to dabble in verse," answered the father. "She has had some very good reviews."

"With your permission, I will glance at things about her desk here. I may find a clue in it."

"Everything is open to you, sir," said the woman, quickly. "Do whatever you can."

"If you can learn one more thing, I shall be able to explain the mystery."

Dick went forward to the desk.

On top was a blotter pad, with many marks of blotted writing upon it.

This he took up, and, stepping to a looking glass, he held it so that he could see plainly its reflection. He saw quite a little about, and birds, flowers, hills, rills, etc., and even caught a glimpse of a face, but nothing of importance was discovered. The blotter was too much used.

Laying that down, he pulled out the waste-paper basket.

Picking up what lay on top, he opened the crumpled bits one by one, but he found nothing to claim his notice.

While thus engaged, a little scrap about an inch square dropped to the floor, and he picked it up, and put it some in the basket with the rest, when half of a word or two claimed his attention.

The word was this: "Bris—"

Immediately, he immediately finished it—Bristol.

The paper had a slight yellowish tint, and was easy to distinguish from the rest in the basket.

Carrying the basket nearer to the light—the house was lighted by electricity, the lower furnished with the mines—he began searching for more of the scraps. And he found many.

The others looked at him in profound silence.

It was evidently a revelation to them; they had never seen a detective at work before.

For the youth, it seemed particularly fascinating. He was filled with eyes at these widest. He had read many a detective tale, but this had not occurred to him in the emergency.

Finally Dick had secured all the pieces, or else he could find without dumping the basket.

Returning to the desk, he turned on the light of a bulb just over the desk and spread out his scraps. Then he began matching them, piece by piece—a slow and tedious task.

Gradually the matter began to make sense, and even before he had done he understood that his name had been forged.

When finally patched, the torn-up missive read thus:

"Miss Gorman—I have arrived, but thought I had better come direct to the house. Meet me at once at the top of the gulch near the mine holes, and I will hear the case there. Then I can enter the town a stranger, and will have no need to call on you. It is my notice, perhaps. Do not disappoint me; I am there in waiting now. Respectfully.

"Mr. Bristol.""

"Do you want to read it?" asked Dick as he stepped away from the desk.

"Yes, yes," was the eager response on the part of Mr. Gorman, and she was quick to take advantage of his offer.

Mr. Gorman looked over her shoulder and the sun lighted his face, and so all three read it at once, and as soon as they had done, all looked at Dick.

They were amazed.

"You see?" asked Dick.

"The note was not from you, then?" asked the man.

"Certainly not, Mr. Gorman. Some one has forged my name, you see."

"And with what object?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Who can have done it?" questioned the woman.

"If I knew, madam, there would be an interview between me and him in the very near future," answered Dick, grimly.

"But the forger is called the bank president. The most dangerous part of this whole gulch! Perhaps my child has been killed and thrown into them! Good Heavens! I shall go mad!"

"Do not borrow trouble, sir. Can you think what object any one could have in killing her?"

"No, no; but—"

"Then expect to find her alive. I have now a clue, and I intend to make use of it."

"And what shall we do?" asked Mr. Gorman. "Reuben, you must send men there immediately to search—"

"Do nothing of the kind," answered Dick. "I must go there myself, and alone."

"But you are not acquainted with the ground, sir."

"Would you like to accompany me?"

"Yes, yes; tell me all about it together."

"But, Mr. Bristol—"

"What is it, madam?"

"Who can have your name? And why would our child go out to meet you, a stranger?"

She had not heard the particulars.

Dick briefly stated the points, to give her an understanding.

"Strange, strange," she mused. "And who, besides, knew of your coming, and made such terrible use of the information?"

"I cannot guess, madam."

"And why was it done?"

"Impossible to say. Mystery is piled on mystery, it seems."

"Yes, yes; that is only too true. But, no matter what the cheat's left undone, restore our Betty to our arms alive and well?"

"I will certainly try to do."

"You have now a double motive, sir."

"How is that?"

"I say, why aid us, and to learn who has thus used your name."

"Yes, you are right. I must have a fee here, or a friend who is altogether too friendly."

Dick wet a sheet of paper and laid it carefully down upon the scraps as he had arranged them. That done, he took another sheet and put mucilage on it.

Turning over the first sheet, the scraps and, pressing it down sharply, he had even a secret order so that it could be preserved and read at any time.

Removing the first sheet then, he folded the other and put it in his pocket, and announced that he was ready.

They passed down the stairs, and Mr. Gorman led the way from the house by the rear exit, which was the nearest to their desired destination. They had a lantern with them, but not yet lighted.

CHAPTER VI

DOUBLE DEALING.

As soon as these had gone, Mrs. Gorman said to her step-son:

"Come; you and I cannot be idle, Charles; there are still some other houses to visit."

"But, what is the use?" the youth objected.

"If she went to the mine-holes, arranged as well wait, now, till father comes back, hadn't we?"

"No, no; I cannot remain idle, and you are not so good. You run to Smith's and Osmond's, and I will go to Howard's and the rest of the houses in that direction. That will finish it."

"Well, if you say so—"

"I do; I urge it! Haste!"

They went forth from the house together, by the front way, but separated immediately and went in different directions.

The woman did not go to the place she had indicated at all.

Instead, she went around by the rear of the town to the "orth, and came up from the opposite direction, now with a swell on her head so that her face could not be seen, only her eyes.

She peered in at the post office, and then at the mayor's office, which was the official headquarters of Dollarville.

She saw there the man for whom she was looking.

By a signal she drew his attention. It was Joseph Spraker.

She moved slowly away, and presently came out and overtook her.

"You?" he asked.

"Yes, I must speak to you.

"What is it?"

"He has discovered."

"Who—what?"

"That detective. He is sharper than Satan."

You don't mean to tell me that he has found out?"

"No, no; but he has now got a clue."

"And what is it?"

"The Decay note."

"The devil!"

"You know I was to look out for it, if..."
left in her room, and it was; she put it in one of the drawers of her desk."  
"And you know that, and yet did not destroy it?"  
"On the contrary, I did destroy it."  
"And still you tell me that he has found it! You talk in riddles."  
"I tore it up into bits not bigger than your thumb nail, some of them, and threw them into the fireplace."

"And he has placed them together?"

"Yes."

"Did you have known it?"

"Might have known it? Why should I?"

"I told you who he was—the keenest detective in the world, almost."  
"But, who would have thought of his looking there, when there was nothing to draw his attention?"

"Deadwood Dick would have thought of it—and he did, it seems. You should have sent it up in smoke; no other plan is safe when a paper is to be disposed of.

"Well, I will know better another time."

"Yes, but the mischief has been done this is as he now perceives it will be?

"He and Reuben have gone to the mine-holes."

"I wonder where? They may discover the trail?

"If it is night?"

"If they are one to Deadwood Dick. How long have they been gone?"

"Not ten minutes."

"They can be thrown off the track, even yet. If they have not already struck the trail, I will take care that there is none left for them to see when I return to the town.

"What can you do?"

"The trampling of another horse around the house will give alarm to those still there.

"Did you find her, or hear anything of her? she asked.

"I did not."

"No; and I shall go mad if she is not found. Heaven only knows what fate has befallen her since."

"And have we done all that we can do?"

"Yes; you may now depend entirely upon your father and this wonderful detective whom he has engaged."

"I hope they will find her. I am going to the mine-holes to help them."

"No; I cannot allow that. Charles—"

"But, why not? Father will not care, and maybe it can be done."

"No; no, you must not go. It is a dangerous place, and what if an accident were to happen?"

"But no accident will happen—"

"You must not go, Charles; it is my wish, and the wish of your father has said about your respecting my wishes."

"Well, if you insist, of course."

"I do. I beg of you not to leave me alone, for we must comfort each other in this hour of trouble!"

In the meantime, Deadwood Dick and the bank president had made their way to the mine-holes.

"This will be an opportunity for us to talk," said Dick, as they proceeded in that direction. "You say there was no suspicion against any one but Mr. Trillman?"

"No."

"And assume that the crime cannot be proven against him?"

"I hope it is true; but Spraker tells me he was a very unpleasant duty. Spraker, you know, is the prosecuting attorney."

"Then he seems to think it will be proven?

"That is the way it looks. He has urged me to put forth every effort for the defense."

"Well, as to that I cannot say, but he is a friend of my family, and has an interest in my daughter."

"And how is that?"

"Well, her grief has been intense, and no one could help having an interest who knows her.

"I see. I must see this man and have a talk with him. If I find out all about the proceedings, I may then be able to work up the defense, even if I do not succeed in finding the guilty person.

"But, why, the prosecutor tell what his case is?"

"He will tell me, of course, if he has the friendly interest you seem to think he has."

"That is so. You must see him as soon as possible, after we have recovered my child. I have no doubt but that he will give you all the aid possible, secretlyly.

"By this time they came to the mine-holes and Mr. Gorman stopped to light the lantern, cautioning Dick not to proceed till he could see where he was going. The miners were the first to see him, and they hailed him as the one who did not thoroughly understand the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

COWARDLY ATTACK.

As soon as the lantern had been lighted and adjusted, Dick could survey his surroundings. He recognized that it was a dangerous spot indeed. It was where some shafts had been sunk the other day, and the timber coverings were beginning to rot away.

"A bad place to straggle into in the dark," he observed.

"Just as I told you." The wonder is that the town allows it to exist."

"It has been ordered filled; there is only a delay in settling it.

"Probably it will be done after some one has lost his life here, that is generally the way.

"Well, now to begin our search. How would it do to call my child's name?"

"It will only draw attention to us. If she is here alive, we shall hear her, undoubtedly."

"Heaven grant that she is not dead!"

"Amen!"

With the lantern, Gorman lighted the way among the covered shafts, and Dick kept close to the ground. Suddenly the bank president uttered an exclamation.

"What is it? Dick asked.

"Look! Her pistol!"

"Ha! That is something! We can read the signs."

"What do you read?"

"That she had occasion to draw it, but was overcome before she could use it. She has been abducted, Mr. Gorman."

"Or killed."

"Not that, I think; no one had an object in that, so far as I am able to see."

"And what object in the other?"

"Possibly, to force a ransom from you."

"I hope it is no worse than that. I hope it is no sooner."

"Let me take the lantern, please."

Dick took the lead then and scanned the air with the light of the lantern. The ground was almost like rock—in fact, a good portion of it was rock, and it was hard to pick out any signs that could be taken as meaning anything, especially by lantern light. And the farther they proceeded the worse it became.

"I am afraid it is of no use, by night," said Dick, "but the trail must be taken up the first thing in the morning, and pushed to the end."

"And you will do it?"

"I will aid if I want the very best plainman that can be found in town."

"That will be Pat Conlon."

"The is he?"

"Just what you have said. He is an Irishman, who is at present working Starbuck mines, when it pleases him to work at all."

I will scrape up his acquaintance when we go back."

"But, let us look further before we give up. Remember, my child is in peril, every minute is dangerous for her."

"I am willing to keep it up all night, sir, but I am afraid so little would be found. In any case, all would be lost, for by morning we would be played out, or nearly so."

"Let us go to the end of the old mine road, anyhow."

"All right; you know the ground and the shot, if you think there is anything to be found, lead on."

Gorman proceeded to do so, taking the lantern again.

"I shall try the other trail, as soon as possible to get a starter on it," observed Dick.

"What trail is that?"

"The wall!"

"And is not this the trail it indicated?"

"I mean, I will try to find the writer of the note and follow it up."

"Ah! I see!"

"And I can promise you a clearing up of the mystery, I think.

"Let us go to the way, Bristol, did you connect the two cases, the robbery and this."

"That is something I have been trying to connect, Mr. Gorman. I cannot find no good reason for doing so, and yet I suspect that they have bearing upon each other.

"The same thought has come to me."

"Have you reason for thinking that way?"

"No, further than that both are blows at me."

"And have you an enemy?"

"Dor not know it if I have."

"Well, it is what I declared it to be at first, Mr. Gorman—a mystery."

"We were silent, and thoughtful to the end of their present destination, and they discovered nothing more.

Where the hard ground and rock gave way to softer soil, nothing further was found to encourage them. No tracks, no signs of any kind."

"It is no use, Mr. Gorman," said Dick.

"Those who have been clever enough to lose me that I was the one who had been clever enough to decoy your child in my name and cover up their trail, I am afraid that it is not so, that it is not proved difficult even by daylight. Can we return without going among the holes?"

"I will follow the trail around."

"We may as well put out the light."
This was done, and they proceeded slowly toward a place they had never been, the men being engaged in conversation, in low tones. Dick doing his best to hold off a beginning point, when, all at once, four men were attacked from the rear.

A blow on the head dropped Gorman to the ground, and before Dick could make a move, the men were upon him. Dick, "Surrender!" bussed one. "Surrender, or you die!"

"And now if I do, I suppose," retorted Dick, as he struggled fiercely.

"No, we will give you one chance."

Then a question of surrender, said Dick, ceasing to struggle. "You are too many for me."

"You are killed sense. If you utter a cry we will knifing you and throw you into one of the mine-holes, to keep company with others who have gone where they can tell no tales."

"What are you going to propose?"

"Come with us and find out. Mind, your life is not worth the life of a fly to us, or certainly not any more."

Deadwood Dick was shrewd enough to see this was but one chance for him, and that was to accept whatever terms might be offered. His life was at stake, and those men were desperate.

CHAPTER VII

STARTED BY A QUESTION

Dick Britstol was in a bad fix.

He had had experience enough to recognize the fact.

The man had spoken only the truth in declaring that his life was no more to those of the mine than the life of a fly. A blow away from the scene of the attack, a man hanging on each arm, so that he was rendered helpless, the three men going their way, and so they passed the gulf.

When out of sight of the lights of the town, they turned into a narrow by-trail. Along this they went for some distance; then they stopped in a sort of hamlet, where it was too dark for Dick to see more than the outlines of its capitors.

"Now," said the spokesman, in deep tones, evidently to disguise his voice, as Dick readily guessed, while the others still held fast to their prisoner; "now we want a written on your own words."

"You have got it all your own way," said Dick. "I just say you have mighty little choice in the matter. Still, as we have nothing against you, we mean to give you one chance."

"I accept it."

"You are wise. The alternative is death here and a grave in the mine-holes. You have chosen wisely."

"State the terms."

"The condition is that you go away from Deadwood, drop the case at once, and never return."

"Well, I have got to do it. I am not a fool altogether. I know a good thing when I see it. That fellow Trilliman is nothing to me, and I don't feel called on to give myself up to him."

"Then you swear that you will go away?"

"I swear it. Give me the chance, and see how quick I will bust out."

"All right."

As Dick stepped forward, and Dick felt the cold tip of a gun pressed against his forehead.

"Let me give you fair warning," the man said, "let you get away this time, but if we catch you again it will go hard with you. We will kill you at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes; I hear, and heed."

"It is well. You will be bound and gagged and left here for the rest of the night. To-morrow, about stage time, you will be set free by a man who will call you in disguise. This man will escort you down to the trail, keeping you under cover, and so that you do not escape, he will be carried. Men, bind and gag him, while I hold this gun against this head."

Dick's hands were brought together behind his back, and were securely tied. Then his feet were served in the same manner, and he was laid on the ground and a gag was put into his mouth, rendering him helpless, and more than ever at the mercy of his foes.

"Now, a last word with you, spoke the ringleader. "You have struck a snag that never looked for here. The job you tackled was too heavy for even Deadwood Dick to handle. I guess you are ready to wedged it now. Anyhow, it is the fact."

Dick could not deny it, gagged. "There is no mystery here at Deadwood than you ever dreamed of, and you have run up against men as smart as yourself, you have never coming; we have him in wait for you; and now, as a last friendly warning, your life depends upon your obliging to a letter. Return here, and you die!"

With that, the three walked away, and Dick heard their steps die away in the distance.

"Well, Richard," he thought, "you are in a double way no more enough. You certainly got more than you bargained for. This case is deeper than it looked to the first sight. Perhaps there will be another inning, and you will come to the bat again after a while. We'll see."

Leaving him there, we return to the scene of the attack.

Retten Gorman lay where he had fallen, and still as if he had been killed by the blow.

After a time he began to recover consciousness, and when he opened his eyes it was some moments before he could gather his thoughts sufficiently to realize where he was.

His head felt sore, and, putting his hand to it, he found a lump where he had been struck.

"I wonder if I was left for dead?" he asked himself. "And what have they done with him? Have they thrown him into the mine-holes?"

The thought lent him strength, and he got upon his feet. As soon as able, he started in the direc-
tion of the village, and finally arrived at the door of his own house and staggered into the hall.

His wife and son heard him.

They were in the room on the right, and came out immediately to learn who it was and what word was brought.

"Reuben?" the woman cried, springing to her happiness, and said, "What has hap-
pened to you? Where is the gentleman who was with you?"

"I don't know what was the trembling and excited answer. "We were set upon, and he is missing."

"Good Heaven! Maybe he has been killed."

"I fear it."

"Now, if you had only let me go, mother," complained Charles.

"You might have shared the same fate, but I don't want any more than ever glad that you did not go!"

The wife and son helped the bank president into the room, where he dropped upon a chair at once, and the woman began immediately to ascertain how badly he was injured.

"Never mind me," said Gorman. "Send for my father, Mr. Gorman, if you feel too weak to walk. What do you say?"

"All I need is assistance," avowed the man.

"I'm not much of a man, but if you allow a little, so that no time will be lost. Get lanterns, torches, anything! That man must be found."

"Ye are right, he must," cried Conlon.

"Oi am wid ye, every tolne, an' will be to the very ind!"
They were out and away as speedily as possible, two men supporting Gorman, and two or three others carrying lights, and in trucks they reached the spot where Gorman had come to his senses.

"This is the place," he announced. "It was here that I was struck down by that coward hand!"

"And here is where the work must begin," cried Spraker.

"And, bedad, we'll begin it!"

Conlon was one who had a lantern, and he began scrutinizing at once in search of the trail, but they were almost impossible to find, for, as the place of attack had been pressed in the face of a chimney with a view to the old truss, the ground was as hard as a floor.

And then the fussy attorney kept running in Pat's way, bound to be ahead of him if he could.

One or two others were doing the same. "Begorra!"

Pat suddenly sprang back. If you goonsoun don't kape back, ye will be after hearing av somethin' drop, O'Finn told rah."

"What do you mean?" demanded Spraker.

"Oh name Phat I say, begob!"

"And you call me a goon?"

"Dhate same Oi did! Phat you do know like that I am as eager as you, sir, and perhaps know as much, if it comes to a question of that."

"Well, it is jest here: Ather you drop behind, or Oi give up the job, dhat is all I can say, no, I will not go on," he said."

"This is no time for bickerin'," spoke up Gorman. "You know Pat is an old truss Spraker, so let him have the lead in this matter."

"Well, I will; but I won't stand any such names."

So the irate prosecutor fell back, and the Irishman went ahead and bent to his task.

He kept muttering to himself, however, and what he had to say was by no means complimentary to the district attorney.

The tracks were all confused; the few that were defined, as Deadwood Dick himself had found them, were impossible to follow by lantern-light. And there was another difficulty.

Charlie Gorman's report in the town, when he went for help, had been passed from man to man by this time even running to the mine-holes from every direction, and it was impossible to keep them two ahead of the ground where the trail must be.

Finally, Conlon gave up.

"Bedad," he said, "Oi give it up till mornin', and by that time Oi ain't divil enough to be able to find it!"

"Meaning the cry was: 'To the mine-holes!'"

It was the belief that the detective had been murdered and his body cast into one of these old shafts. All was excitement, and in less than an hour torches were burning everywhere, and a thorough search was in progress—a search in the wrong place and by the wrong men.

But the citizens could not know that: their intention was good and they worked like demons.

The name of the victim inspired them. It was as if an angel had visited them unawares, this coming of Deadwood Dick under a false name.

His fame was well known, and not a man, child, man or woman, but who would have missed a hot dinner, or turned a blind eye, or even a look at him when alive—for it was the belief that he was certainly dead.

Gorman was one of the last to leave the house. Spraker going with him and swearing as loud and strong as the dignity of his office of Mayor would allow.

He had disappeared, and, while no one thought to look for him, yet no one would have found him, probably, had search been made, for he had been murdered in mind that he did not care to confide.

"Oi thot he was a mon av more sense, on me soul, and went on, complaing to himself. "Oi don't know if the Phat man is to ake an avy. Could it be that he would be a searchin' this truill for me? Oi can't believe that av my, as little Oi love dnow jackass."

"And so he went on muttering, but arrivin' no nearer to a conclusion."

At last he came to ground which would reveal tracks, if it had been crossed at all, and there he stopped.

He listened well, and, hearing no one, removed his lantern from under his coat, turned up the light, and, taking off his hat, carried that in the same hand to prevent the light from being seen from the direction of the mine-holes.

"Begorra, Oi want to be alone, fur wanst, he said.

He examined well the ground. Something he saw seemed to satisfy him, for he proceeded, step by step, along the trail.

"Four that wint and three that came back here," he presently muttered. "Oi like the look of it. Oi think it could be the one I was lookin' fur."

He got down close and examined each set of tracks with minute care, taking plenty of time to do it.

"Oi think it could be the one I was lookin' fur in mind, now," he said, finally. "Oi will remember this, and Oi'll have an eye out fur tracks like that."

"Oi live, Oi only hope that Oi shall find Deadwood Dick above and kickin'."

He moved on, following the direction from which the three men had come on their return.

The tracks revealed that they were three of the party who had gone the other way only a little time before, and he prevented the light from being seen from the one who had not come back.

Finally the tracks left him. The truss was out on a space of bare rock, which continued for fifty yards or more, and on the other side, where the trail ended, Dick was not to be seen. But Pat did not give up: he had expected that he should have hard work before he got done, and he was ready for it.

CHAPTER X.

DICK'S NEW PARD.

It was far into the night when Pat Conlon's work was done under his coat, and he headed down his lantern, drawn his coat around it, and proceeded alone further up into the gulch. Perhaps he had something in mind that he did not care to confide.

"Oi thot he was a mon av more sense, on me soul, and went on, complaing to himself. "Oi don't know if the Phat man is to ake an avy. Could it be that he would be a searchin' this truill for me? Oi can't believe that av my, as little Oi love dnow jackass."

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 CHAPTER XI.
THE SEARCH IN VAIN.

Pat Conlon had his thinking machine in motion as he walked along. Suddenly he came to a stop and scratched his head with a vigor that indicated discomfiture.

"Begorra, that is so!" he exclaimed.

"But will it be best to do it or not, Oi? Which would make no mistake in phwat Oi do, or Oi may appollie dhiel same fur us?"

The thought that had come to him was this: "By remaining near the rock where he could see who would come to free Dick and conduct him down to the trail, and by calling him he might discover the identity of at least one of the rascals against whom they were contending. He, Pat Conlon, would take care of several minutes.

"I-won’t-do," he finally decided, resuming his way to Dollerville. "No, it won’t do at all at all. It would be takin’ the risk av bein’ shot.—And that would upset dhiel plans av me cousin dhat is to come: besides, it might fit me out for plantin’ dhiel trees. Oi am in no haste to experience, begor! Oi must be found in me cabin in dhiel morning.

By the time Pat got to Dollerville, the town had become quiet. The search at the mine-holes had ended, no one was seen about the streets, and few lights were to be seen anywhere.

At an early hour there was a knock at Pat’s door.

"Who is there?"

"It is Spraker."

"And phwat do ye be wantin’?"

"I want to see you. Open the door."

"All right; just wait a minute."

Pat got on his clothes with no loss of time, and opened the door.

There was the little weasel-faced attorney, and he looked at the Irishman in a searching manner, which Pat noticed.

"Good morning!" he greeted. "You are wanted, Pat, just as soon as you can get something to eat and get ready."

"And who wants me?"

"Mr. Gorman."

"And phwat fur?"

"To take up the trail to find his daugh- ter, if a trail can be found."

"Yis, a trail can be found!" Pat echoed. "And hie dhiel quickshunes dhat was out last night, divil a chance fur it!"

"Well, the men were excited last night, Pat, and no wonder."

"And you were wan of them."

"I have to admit it, Pat, and I feel that I must offer an apology to you for it."

"Divil a nade av dhat; ye didn’t know any better, and so Oi excuse ye. Are you to be wan av dhiel searching party dhiel day?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Dhen Oi will go out av it. Oi want no more av dhiel same wid you—"

"But that will not happen again, Pat, and I have offered my apology. You must not refuse, Pat."

"And will you agree to take a back seat?"

"Yes, I will agree to that."

"Well, dhen, fur dhiel sake av dhiel gud, Oi will do phwat Oi can, and ye may tell Mr. Gorman so. Oi could not refuse him, anyhow."

"All right. But hurry, for we must be off at once."

"Oi will be dhere in a jiffy."

Spraker turned away, but the next ins tant Pat could be heard again.

"Oi say, Spraker?"

"Well?"

"Oi have something to show ye. It won’t take two seconds."

"What is it?"

"Come around here and see fur yerself."

Pat stepped out and led the way around his shanty, entering a small inclosed yard in the rear.

Spraker followed impatiently, perhaps wondering what he was going to see. In that rear yard was a dog-house, and Pat advanced to that.

"Oi have some av dhiel foinest pups here that you ever saw in yure life," he declared. "If ye would like to buy one av dhem, whin they are a little older, Oi will let ye have yure pick av dhem."

But Spraker had stopped in disgust.

"To the devil with you and your pups!" he cried. "At a time like this, to think of such things! I think whether Gorman will appreciate your service so much if I tell him this."

"Begorra, he has taken but wan minute."

"And that is one minute lost. We’ll talk dogs some other time.

"All right!—just as ye please; no offense intended ye, sor, none at all."

Spraker hastened away, as if his dignity had been lowered, and Pat looked after him with a grin as he closed and made fast the gate.

Pat had chickens in his yard, and the fowl of light was up.

As soon as he had fastened the gate he dropped down to the ground within, and began examining the fastness of the gate.

"Begorra, he never tumbled waast!" he exclaimed. "Oi did dhat as nate as wax, so I do so say. And, Hrvins, av dhis isn’t wan av dhem same thracks Oi will ate me shirt!"

He examined it well, and when he rose and gave his shamed canny a rub he decided he would have at least one pointer for his "cousin" when he came.

Making his breakfast as speedily as possible, he soon put in his appearance at Gorman’s cottage.

There Gorman himself, Spraker, and a score or so more, were awaiting his coming, all ready to set forth upon the trail, men of them mounted.

They had a horse for Pat, too.

"Now, Pat, if you ever did good work, must do it today, then, for Pat on Oi’s coming up. ‘My child must be found, and you are the only man to find her and me. I put you in charge."

"Thank ye, sor," Pat acknowledged.

"Are you a-going wid us?"

"Ah, of course!"

"Dhen Oi make you second in command, sor. And, by dhiel same token—"

"What then?"

"Did ye find dhat young feller last night?"

Pat was taking in Spraker from the corner of his eye while he put this question.

"We did not, Pat," answered Gorman.

"I fear it is only too plain that he has been murdered. God grant this mystery may soon be cleared, and the evil ones put to justice."

"Amen: to dhat same, sor."

Spraker watched Pat closely, as the Irishman was aware, but the Celt gave no open attention to him, yet had an eye upon him as much as possible without the risk of detection.

The little company started, and as they left the house, Mrs. Gorman called after them.

"Pat Conlon, bring my child back to me, and I will never forget the service while I live."

"Dhat same Oi shall try to do."

They proceeded to the mine-holes direct, but it was useless to think of finding anything there.

Where hundreds of tracks had been made in every direction, wherever it was possible for a foot to leave its imprint, nothing could be hoped for.

There was but one chance, and even that was a doubtful one. It was to widen the circle until the limit of this confusion of tracks was passed, and there the chances of striking another trail.

But it proved futile, utterly. Tracks were found and followed, but they vanished and turned and came back to town again.

Conlon, of course, understood how it was that he did not have more of the country that he did. He knew that the trail had been hidden, and a hundred false ones made so that the one that was nearest to impossible.

At noon the search was given up.

 CHAPTER XII.

CONLON’S COUSIN COMES.

When they rode back ‘into the town, Mrs. Gorman met her husband at the door.

She seemed to know the result by the faces of the men, and the fact that the missing girl was not with them.
She covered her face, and sobbed her form.

"She is lost! lost!" she cried.

"We have still one hope."

"And what is that, Reuben?"

"That she is alive."

"Maybe it were better that she were dead."

"No, no, I will not say that. Perhaps she is safe, and will come out of me, and if that is the case, I will gladly pay."

I should say, offer a reward," suggested Spraker.

"I have done that."

"Double it—treble it. Money must not count for anything. But, pardon me; I carry my interest too far."

I will give every dollar I am worth for the restoration of my child," the banker avowed. "But, at the same time, the murderer of poor Watkins shall not escape his just deserts."

"No fear that he will, if it was Trillum."

"Spraker, I insist that he did not do that deed. Why will you oppose me in it as you do?"

"Because I have no proof against any one else."

"But he had no need to rob the bank, nor hang in their hands with blood, nor need to dip into crime."

"How do you know that?"

"Young and in your own days, and have his own private troubles, and you cannot know but that Trillum had his."

"And do you know that he had."

"I fear you misunderstand me, Mr. Gorman. I am not eager to convict the man, but something would please me so well as to see him freed and clear of the charge; but, in my office, I must take things as I find them."

"Well, it is useless to discuss it. There are more important things than that to occupy our thoughts at the present moment. I am going to send for government detectives. I will report what has happened to Deadwood Dick, and they will send for him in all haste."

"The very thing to do, Mr. Gorman; strange that I did not think of it. If these rascals run down, they will be the men to do it. And it will take days for them to get here."

"And another day and another may be lost in sending for them."

"Not another hour, Mr. Gorman; I would say, send a special messenger to the nearest telegraph post immediately."

"It shall be done, Pat, will you go?"

"Nothing would suit me better, Mr. Gorman; but that fact av the matter is—"

"I cannot take excuse, Pat. You must go."

"Yes, but Oi can't, Mr. Gorman. Oi expect a cousin av mine by d'rother day, and Oi must be there to meet him when he arrives."

"He can take care of himself till you return!"

"Oi would go in a minute, sor, but any man here can do as well as Oi, and so Oi can't let me be left to my own, the darkey, b'ys; they are young and light, and it will be fun for them."

"Gee, Pat, there were young negroes in his employ about the cottage and stables, and they were excellent riders, and Gorman had—"

"Well, I will do that," he said. "I know you would go, Pat, if there was no excuse."

"Oi'd break me neck to do it, sor."

So it was arranged, and one of the darkest was despatched upon the mission.

The town, meantime and after, was in a state of suspense and general confusion.

There was an air of mystery hanging over the young city, and no one seemed to feel perfectly secure or say anything.

There had been the robbery of the bank, the murder of the watchman, the abduction of Rebecca, and at last, but not least, the murder of Deadwood Dick, the prince of detectives!

It needed but to spark to explode the passion of the people, and it would face hard with the guilty wretches if caught.

But would they be caught?

The afternoon stage rolled into town at about the usual hour, and with its usual complement of riders.

Pat Conlon was on hand to meet it, as on the day before, and he had let it be known around that he looked for a confidant, who was coming out to try his luck at Dollarville.

There were quite a few passengers on top, and as the stage came to a stop there was a sudden breaking out on the part of one of them.

"Pat! Pat!" he cried, waving his hat.

"Oi'd be lookin' on ye want more, Hovin' bless ye! Oi'd be lookin' on ye, Tim!" cried Pat, with an accent of gladness.

"Dhat same it be, Pat."

"Well, get honest, happy, content with his salary and little savings, and happy in his engagement with my daughter, of which I am proud. If you can show me a good reason otherwise—"

"I confess that I cannot, sir; but, every man has his own private troubles, and you cannot know but that Trillum had his."

"And do you know that he had."

"I fear you misunderstand me, Mr. Gorman. I am not eager to convict the man, but something would please me so well as to see him freed and clear of the charge; but, in my office, I must take things as I find them."

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"Oi'd break me neck to do it, sor."

CHAPTER XIII

CHARLIE GORMAN'S COMMISSION.

Meantime, Reuben Gorman had posted a reward of five thousand dollars for the rescue and return of his abducted daughter.

Notices to this effect were in the leading business places of the town, and were drawing not a little attention; but, while many a man would have liked to earn the reward, it was clear that Betty Gorman was missing as completely as if she had been taken up into the skies.

There was one who said a little, but thought much—her brother Charlie.

Charlie had gone in for detectives by his own experience in and about Dollarville and elsewhere, where that had given him some knowledge of the world.

After what he had seen of Deadwood Dick's work in this case he desired to do something himself.

And it was needful that some one should do something, now that the great detective was out of the case.

No one would be likely to suspect him, he thought.

And it was no one to confide in, however, for he well knew that his father and step-mother would oppose his plans if he mentioned that he meant to go out in the world.

As for Spraker, he had taken a dislike to him, since he had made everything against him in his black speech against Trillum, and could not bring himself to make a confidant of him, although he knew that his father and step-mother did. Trillum and he had always looked upon the same.

And Charlie thought a good deal of him.

Come to think of it, he was the very person for him to confide in.

The interests were identical with the finding of Betty and the arresting of the rascals.

And Betty lived in Dollarville that had a jail—the genuine article.

It was of brick, with iron and steel furniture throughout, she had caged into cells.

Trillum had a cell somewhat apart from the rest of the inmates, who were men of the very worst type of border ruffians for the most part.

Charlie was admitted for the asking.

"Thank Heaven, Charlie, there is one who has not forgotten that I am here," the prisoner cried, at sight of the youth.

"No, I haven't forgotten you, Mr. Trillum," was the response, as the two shook hands; "but everything has been in such a hurry. I didn't think of anything but Betty."

"What of Betty?" eagerly.

"She has been found."

"Stolen! My God! Tell me all about it, Charlie!"

And so the youth did, relating all that he had seen, and as he knew it."

"Why did they not let me know before?" Trillum asked.

"Why did they keep it from me?"

"I don't suppose anybody thought of you in the excitement; and then it was of no use anyway. I only worry and could do no good. I am sorry now that I told you."

And what are they doing toward finding her?"
"Father has sent a messenger to telegraph for government detectives, and has put up a big reward.

"I think we might be free to join the search! Heavens! this news is maddening! I cannot endure this confinement longer, my dear, than I did not, and I must show up the proofs against me at once."

"But how could he know it, Mr. Thrall?"

"That is just the work for you to accomplish, Charlie. Get proof that he did know it, and you can arrest the boys for me and allow me to walk forth a clear and free man."

"I'll do it, or give up the job."

**CHAPTER XVII.**

**PLAYING A GUILTY HAND.**

Pat Conlon went out and bought a quart of rum, as he had declared his intention of doing, and, in buying it, he made his boast that he was going to give his cousin a warm reception and make him heartily welcome, and send him off in fine style before he went to wonder elsewhere.

On returning to the shanty, however, the quart bottle was put up on the top shelf of Pat's cupboard, unscrewed. When Pat and Tim made their appearance, nevertheless, early in the evening, they were both as quiet as the mouse, apparently. They went rolling down the street, arm in arm, singing popular Irish songs, and made merry with every congenial spirit they came in contact with, dropping into all the popular resorts.

They drank, they danced, they treated the boys two or three times, and were well received wherever they went.

The most popular place in Dollarville, with a certain class, was the Barred Saloon, so-called, and there the two Irish cousins settled down finally to spend the evening.

Here, usually, were congregated the roughest characters in the town. They were not wanting on this night, for the place was well filled, and they were in the majority.

The two Irishmen made amusement for the whole room for a time, singing songs and cracking jokes at each other's expense, but growing serious every hour.

Finally they were "not in it"; they had become, in the common parlance, "corked."

Only a little girl, however, Joe Spraker had entered the saloon, in a disguise so thin that any one could penetrate it. He had nothing of this kind before, and it was understood that he was working in the interests of his office when ever he so appeared, doing a little detective work.

On this occasion he sat down by a table, alone at first, but he was presently joined by a rough-looking fellow, a stranger to most of all present.

About this time, Pat Conlon tried to get his cousin up and take him home, for Tim had dropped his head on his arm on the table and was smoking beautifully.

Pat was almost as drunk as the other, to all appearances, but he did manage to get Tim up on his feet.

Then and gone heavy on his understanding.

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way, Charlie; but you are wrong. However, I do know tell better."

"Needn't unless you want to."

"I will tell you. He was one of the first men to come to my office, when I gave the alarm about the discovery of the robbery and murder."

"That might be right."

"It is all right; but, when your father came, and urged him to take hold of the investigation, he turned his guns right on me. About the first thing he did was to demand my pistol."

"I begin to understand, Mr. Thrall."

"Yes, and it looks to me as if he knew one chamber was empty, which I swear I did not, and that he knew how to show up the proofs against me at once."

"All right; and I will see that everything that is all right with the gal till you get ready for her. Then it is to be understood that you are to pay me before I give her up."

"Yes; and you are to swear that no harm shall come to her."

"I am old enough to be a woman. It is too bad, but you see how it is. I must have her, and there is no other way open to me."

"You are a devil."

"Yes; you ought to know how deep I am. If I ever hear of your breathing a word of what you know, the rope will go around the necks of you and your pard so soon that you will see stars!"

"I will tell him."

"You had better believe it. Now, let's see, do we understand each other in the game?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"You know what your own part is to be."

"Sure I do."

"I will have Gorman let me meet you at a given time and come to take the money and get the girl."

"Yes."

"I will pay you what we agreed on, and then I will bring the girl and the money both back, and tell my story. But, first, of course, there must be the little shamus scrawling at the cabin, in which you will allow me to do the heroic."

"Oh! yes, I know, and I'm glad to do that for money. But, in fact, you couldn't begin to whip one side of me."

"I know that, of course; but we will have it hot, and finally I am to master you and rescue the girl, and I will look a hero in her eyes, and if there is a spark of sentiment in her heart, she will regard me."

And what about the other fellow?"

"Which one?"

"Him in jail."

"Oh! I will either hang him or send him to be shot down for a long spell; there is no help for him, now."

"But, I hear said around that Gorman hasn't no luck; he is losing money every day."

"We will be done before they can get here."

But we don't know where Deadwood Dick is. That is a thing that I am not quite easy about."

But it would like to know, too, but it does not worry me. We have our eyes open for him. He could not come here without our getting onto him, and he would not dare so much as to come."

"But, another point; suppose Gorman
 sends a big force along with you, what then?"

"Why, you fool, that is one of the main points in the whole game. The notice I will put up will declare that only one man must come, or the deal will be off and the girl will be killed."

"Oh, sure!"

"And I will offer to go, and will go, and that will be the hero of me and my story standing here for all time. And when, some of the bank's funds are found in that secret place in Trillman's room, both of the finishing put on the finishing touch, you see. Oh! There can be no miscarriage."

"Well, I hope not, for I want my slice out of it, and then you can bet I will have business in other parts, mighty soon."

"A fool if you don't!"

Meanwhile, Pat Conlon had got upon his feet, and was standing by the youth who had been awaiting his appearance.

It was Charlie Gorman, who was amidst the crowd of the knowledge of his father or stepmother.

The rasally official went up the street, in the direction of the Gorman cottage.

Charlie followed with the stealth of a cat.

Coming to the cottage, the man stopped by the side of the house, just outside the fence, and made a signal.

It was like the call of a night bird, which he repeated several times before there was any response, and, naturally, Charlie wondered what it meant and what was coming next.

Finally there was a slight tapping at one of the windows.

At that the man ceased his signaling and withdrew to the rear of the yard fence and stationed himself there in the deep shadow.

Charlie crept after him and secured a position surprisingly close to him without being observed, and in that manner both patiently waited, the youth a tremble with suppressed excitement.

Presently a soft step was heard and a voice whispered:

"Where are you?"

"Here,"

"He's here."

"Charlie Gorman recognized the voice.

It was that of his stepmother.

Had any one struck him a blow, he could not have been more surprised, and he almost uttered an ejaculation.

The woman came on to the fence, and the youth was in a position where he could overhear every word that was uttered, if they spoke at all above a whisper.

"Well, what's the word?"

"Everything is working fine,"

"And what do you want now?"

"We must have a final talk."

"All right."

"I am coming to pin a notice on the front door of this house."

"What for?"

"You will know if you stopped to think. It will be the demand for the ransom."

"Oh! I see."

"And, when I come in the morning, you must lend your voice to support my offer to go and pay the money and bring the girl home."

"Yes, yes."

"And then you will show the young lady the cup of gratitude she owes the hero—ahem!—the hero who has risked so much for her.

"Ha! ha! with a light laugh. "Yes, I will magnify your heroic act, do not fear."

"I will bring not only the girl, but will keep the price of the ransom as well and return that to Gorman, and take it all in, they will have to recognize my worth, to some degree."

"You are a schemer, Joe."

"Second-rate rascal."

"And then proceeds from the robbery?"

"That is safe enough. A little must be put where it will fasten the crime more securely upon Trillman."

"We did not commit a murder on a murder, when we first planned it."

"True, but that is done now."

"You said you had to do it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He recognized me."

"Then there was nothing else you could do, of course; but I hate to see Trillman hang."

"I think he will have to hang, however, unless he sees fit to kill himself. It might not be a bad idea to give him the means for doing it."

"Cannot we plan his escape, instead?"

"Are you a fool? He is an innocent man, and he would never rest until he had proven his innocence."

"Well, well, we see are bound, hand and foot."

"There is only one thing that worries me."

"And what is that?"

"The fact that Deadwood Dick escaped."

"Yes; I tremble every time I think of that."

"And, the mystery, is, who freed him?"

"I cannot tell, I am not with him."

"Nor I. But, Satan help him if he crosses our path now!"

"So much mistake must be made again."

"You can bet it will not be. How is everything here?"

"All right. I am playing my role to the fine point. I am all but crazed with grief. Ha! Ha!"

"You are a good one. Well, the end will come, and your eyes, and that of Gorman, will forever suspect the part that you have played in it. Then we shall control riches, the thing we have always longed for."

"Yes."

"There was some further plotting and planning for their work for the morrow, and when they understood each other thoroughly, they parted.

The woman made her way back to the house, while the man passed around the fence toward the front, and after him crept Charlie Gorman, who was hardly able to convince himself that he was not dreaming.

Charlie crept close to the fence until he came to the gate, and that he opened with the utmost caution and entered.

With the treaty of a cat he went up the steps to the front door.

He could be seen, in the dim light, by any one who might be near enough, but he made no sound that could be heard to put the distance.

There he was busy for a few seconds, after which he retreated as silently as he had approached, and hastened off in the darkness toward the town center.

Meantime, others had been watching.

Charlie Gorman did not give up his vigil, but shadowed the rascal still further, with almost the ability of a profession.

Spraker had an office over the office of the mayor of the town, in a building about opposite to the bank, and he went along letting himself in with a key and closing the door after him.

Charlie crept forward and tried the door.

He took care to make no sound, and found that the door was fastened against any one who might try to enter.

It was better so. Had it not been, the boy would have ventured in, and discovery would have been almost certain to follow.

And others were watching him, with every more caution than he himself could exercise.

After a while the man came forth. No one was in sight of the door, and locking the door, he made his way to the Eagle Hotel, where he lodged.

On the way the Gorman boys told that he would see him no more that night, and was right in his guess, so he gave up his vigil and turned his steps homeward in an excited state of mind.

He had not gone far when rough hands seized him, a hand was clapped over his mouth, and he was a prisoner.

CHAPTER XVI.

DRAWING THE CIRCLE.

Meantime, what of Pat Conlon and his cousin? Shortly after Spraker had left the room, Pat went for his cousin again, to see what he could do with him.

He was still so drunk himself, apparently, that he could hardly navigate, and the crowd looked on with a good deal of amusement, well knowing there was fun ahead.

Pat got hold of him and tried to waken him, but he might as well have tried to waken a dead man, almost.

He persisted, however, and finally succeeded in rolling him to the floor, falling with him as he went down, and the crowd appeared to enjoy it immensely.

The man with whom Spraker had been talking was looking on, and so the two men had to play well their parts in order that no suspicion might be awakened that they were not what they seemed.

Pat now appeared to get angry, and gave Tim a few kicks to sit him up and put a little life in him.

And this had some effect, for Tim opened, letting out, and went from Pat, with another man holding Pat up, managed to get on his feet.

He reeled and rolled as if the saloon were being tossed on a raging sea, and the proprietor of the place, to end the occasion, came of it, paid a couple of men to steer them safely home.

The worse men had no easy time of it, but performed their task and left the Irishmen lying on the shanty floor.

When their steps had died away, both sat up, in the dark.

"How was that?" whispered Pat.

"It was immense."

"And what is the next on the programme?"

"To shadow Gorman's cottage."

"Phew! is going to happen there?"
Dick told in few words what he had learned, and the Irishman was jubilant.

"Yes, Dick!" he exclaimed, "and Dick did to impress him forcibly with the necessity for his holding himself down, and acting as if all was over with it.

With little loss of time they were out and going in the direction of the Gorman cottage, but taking care to remain within the shade, both of Pat and Dick, and to be not to be observed by any one.

Hence, it can be guessed who the captors were; Pat Conlon.

The boy was picked up and carried swiftly away from the place of his capture, and as he was over his mouth so as he could not cry out, and he was soon safe within Pat Conlon's shanty.

Deadwood Dick held him while Pat secured the door.

"Now, me lad," said Pat, "ye made no fear, fur no wan is going to harm yew or yew head. All we want yew is to warn yew to kape still."

"And keep still you must, too," added Dick. "I am your friend. We can help you and you can help us, but we cannot allow you to go alone on your own hook."

"Do you promise to kape still," asked Pat.

Charlile gave a grunt.

Pat removed his hand from over his mouth.

"I thought I was done for," the boy declared in a whisper. "I never had such a scare in my life."

"You might have been done for if you had got into that office with that rascal," said Dick. "Are you Charlie Gorman?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. How much have you learned?"

"More than I can believe."

"Then you doubt your own ears, do you?"

"It seems impossible."

"Nothing impossible about it. But, tell us all you overheard. What put it into your head to play detective?"

"Seeing you do detective work, sir."

"Do your father and mother know that you are out of the house?"

"No; I went to bed, as they thought, but I climbed out the window afterwards and began watching Spraker."

There was no light in the shanty, and the closed doors.

"What put it into your head to shadow him?" asked Dick.

"I thought, why, I'd tell me to do it."

"Ha! Then he suspects him?"

"Yes; he thinks he is the one who robbed the bank.

"And he certainly is."

"Yes, I know it now."

"Well, your story.

Charlile told everything, withholding nothing, and the others listened with close attention. It is wonderful," said Dick, when the boy had done. "That woman is about the sharpest of her class that I have ever come across."

"I can hardly believe it of her," averred Charlile. "She has always seemed so good and kind to Bobbe and me. But there is no chance for doubt, after what I have heard to-night."

"Well, what are you going to do," asked Pat.

"I thought I had better tell father."

"You must do nothing of the kind."

"What is that?"

"That is all the excitement and upset all our plans."

"But what must I do?"

"Will you do as I direct?"

"Yes, if you are going to rescue Bobbe."

"We are going to do that, and, what is more, you shall have a hand in it, if you want to."

"All right; I will do just what you say, then."

"Well, you must go home, get into your room unheard and unseen, and it must not be known that you have been out."

"I can do that, if no accident happens."

"And can you greet your step-mother in the morning just the same as if you had not heard anything about you?"

"I can try it."

"You must take extra care that she does not suspect you. If she does, she would not give much for your life."

"I think I can play the part."

"If you think you cannot get back into the house without help, Pat and I can go with you."

"I can manage it."

"Well, we will have to trust you, and from what I have seen of you I am sure you can do it if you take reasonable care. But now, another thing: you must meet Spraker the same as ever in the morning, and you must not let fall a word, or give a look, that can awaken their suspicions."

"I will take extra good care, Mr. Deadwood Dick."

"Then that is all, now. With what we know, and are likely to find out, Mr. Spraker's room should not be hard to get into."

"I hope they will hang him in the place of Trillum. They certainly will."

The boy departed.

"A purty sharp lad, Oi take it," said Pat Conlon, when he had gone.

"As smart as they make them," agreed Dick. "Now, Pat, there is work for us to do, too."

"What is it, sir?"

"We must visit Spraker's office."

"That will be no snap av a job, Oi am thinking."

"Maybe not, but it has got to be done. Have you a revolver?"

"A brace av them."

"So much the better. I have a couple, and I think we can make it hot for anybody who jumps us."

"By dbye same token, we will make a thiry fur it, begob."

"They made no light, lest it might be seen, but in the darkness of the room they felt to make sure that their weapons were in order and ready for business."

And that done, opened the door and went silently forth.

In due time they were at the door of Spraker's office.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINDING THE PLUNDER.

Deadwood Dick had more than once opened a locked door.

He had no great difficulty in opening this one, while Pat stood by and kept watch for danger.

The door unlocked, they passed in, closing and locking it after them, and made their way up the stairs, where the Court led the way to the door of Spraker's room, knowing which it was.

This, too, was secret, but it was opened as easily as the door below.

They were on the ground.

"Now, what about a light," asked Dick."

"That is the divil av it," assumed Pat."

"A light will be seen."

"We must take care that it isn't. Does any one sleep in the building, that you know of?"

"Divil a wan."

"And I have noticed that there are shutters."

"Yes."

"I take it that they are closed."

"As to find out."

They groped their way to the windows, and found that the shutters were all closed in, and that there were curtains to the windows besides.

The curtains pulled down, and when that had been done, Dick said:

"I think that will do; I am willing to risk a little light, Pat, and if it is seen we can come to defend the fort, that is all."

"Of am wid ye, begob! Oi will stand to yure back till yure other side cains in, and uss us mase av Pat Conlon, ocheose! Oi want to make it a double sure case against that skunk av a Spraker."

"Oi have got him on the hip as it is, Pat."

"Divil a doubt av it."

Dick then struck a match, and they looked around.

On a shelf was a lamp, and this they lit, but did not turn its light very bright.

This enabled them to explore the interior of the apartment at their leisure, and while Pat carried the light, Dick began and made a thorough examination, nothing omitting anything.

There was a desk, a bookcase with books in it, an old chest, some boxes, and a few chairs.

That about comprised the furniture.

At the end of half an hour's search nothing had been discovered of any importance, and Dick pocketed the lamp.

"Begorra, it is a fool's errand we have come on," inferred Pat.

"Delawuish, it is a demurred Dick."

"We have not struck the right spot yet, that is all."

Then, be Hivarus, the righth spot isn't here, allanna!"

"It is here, Pat; we have proof of it."

"Where is the proof?"

"In what that boy overheard."

"Ha! ye are right! We must go fur it."

"Put down that lamp and lead me a hand with this desk."

"Oi will same."

He did as directed, and the desk was laid over on its back.

Dick then took up the lamp, and examined the bottom of the desk, both with care, and an explanation escaped him.

"I have found it! See there!" and he indicated a screw that seemed to hold a secret door closed, and in its place.

"By dbye powers! Oi belave ye are right."

"I know I am right."

Dick had a screwdriver attachment in a young pocketknife he carried, and in a few moments the screw had been removed.

A slight pull then opened the secret door, and there lay revealed most of the funds that had been taken from the bank, tied in compact bundles.

"What do you say now, Pat?"

"Oi say it is the divil ye are!"

"Well, get me something to put this in and we will take it with us."

"Ye want a bag."

"Ought to have one."

"And impossible to get it! But, hould on!"

Pat pulled off his coat and vest in a hurry, and immediately his shirt.

He pulled the lower of this around the neck and tied them in a knot, and, lo! there was a bag that would answer all the requirements.

"You are a jeweil, Pat!" averred Dick."

"Oi am a shirtless mon, begob!" was the response, as he put on his vest and coat.

Dick then had the upper out of the desk and wrapped up in this novel bag, and the desk was closed as before and stood in its proper place.

So far, so good; but Dick was not quite done yet.

He examined everything around the desk, and gave particular attention to the paper.

He soon came across some that had a
yellowish, flat, and, taking from his pocket the note which he had picked piece out of the waste paper-bag in Betty Gorman's pocket, he compared the \( \times \) 

The paper was the same.

He took the top sheet of the lot, which was a small, cut, in the tearing of which a notch had been torn in the corner, the piece still protruding on one edge of the \( \times \)

That ended their work, and when they had put everything in order, just as it had been put, they put out the light and made their way to the \( \times \)

A little later they were again at a blank, where the money was carefully hidden, waiting and listening.

Next morning this notice was found posted on the door of the Gorman cottage:

"Reuben Gorman—Your gal is in good hands, and no harm has come to her. If you want her, you kia have her by payin' us five thousand dollars, and not a cent less. Send one man, and only one, with the money to Yaller Creek at once, and we will make an even change. If you try to do any funny trick, the gal will be killed."

That there was a new sensation can be taken for granted.

Gorman set out once for Spraker:

"She must be saved!" Spraker declared, as soon as he had heard. "Not an hour—-not a minute must be lost, Gorman!"

"I'll be there in half an hour. Oh, if I could only send a score of men!"

"But, there is the threat. You would risk your own child. I will tell you what I will do."

"What is that?"

"I will take the money with me, and will bring the young lady safely home to you. And then, if I can get a clew, we will run the risk of losing our lives."

"It will be a big risk."

"Yes. But there is the threat."

"I will take anything to save your child, Mr. Gorman."

You had better do as he says, I think, Reuben," spoke up the woman. "We are at their mercy till we get Betty safe back into our arms."

Charlie was present, taking in all that was said.

No one had a thought or suspicion of who knew where he did; he was looked upon as harmless by the rascally pair, and useless by the others.

"It is not the money I am thinking about," Reuben was saying, "it is the guilt of having to give in to them, and then allow them to escape unpunished across the border."

"What else can be done? No doubt they have spies in this very town, and every move will be watched closely. If we try to play them false, they may kill your child," urged Spraker.

"Yes, but that is not all."

"I am going to try to save Betty, and you can help me, Reuben," said Mrs. Gorman. "If we have any chance of saving her, we must not let her down."

The trouble had been taken down from the door by the one who had discovered it, Mrs. Gorman, and so few in the town knew it, or were supposed to know; but Pat Conlon and his "cousin" knew it.

Finally, Spraker's argument prevailed, and he went forth alone, with the sum of money in his possession.

CHAPTER XVIII.
DENOUNCEMENT AND CONCLUSION.

Joseph Spraker set out alone, as said. Mrs. Gorman praised his courage, and Mr. Gorman certainly had faith in his good intent.

But another had gone to Yellow Creek ahead of him, and that other was Pat Conlon, who had set out before daylight, and was already on the ground before Spraker arrived.

Pat had been chosen for this, because of his experience as a plainsman.

He had secured his horse at a distance, and was hidden in a prominent place of meeting before any one else reached there.

Finally he saw the man who had talked with Spraker in the Barrel Saloon on the previous night, and he, too, concealed himself while waiting the coming of the messenger from town.

Pat had the big end of the stick now, no matter which way the game went.

If more than one man appeared, the fellow did not choose to show himself, Pat could trail him to the place where the girl was hid.

Finally, after a considerably long wait, Spraker came loping along on horseback, and, when he crossed the creek, he drew rein and gave voice to a signal that had evidently been agreed upon.

The others came forward. "Are ye all alone?" he asked.

"Certainly. I would not have come any other way," they replied.

"Well, it is money talks. Here is what I promised you for your share."

He tossed the large package as he spoke, and when the man had opened one end and looked at the contents, he was satisfied.

"Come on!" he said. "I will take your word for the amount."

He led the way, Spraker following, and Pat Conlon creeping after them both, and in that way they went to a cabin hidden in the woods, and near the mine.

Spraker dismounted at the door and followed the man in, and in a few moments the girl prisoner was led forth. A horse with a saddle was provided—the same upon which she had been compelled to ride to her place of captivity.

She was allowed to mount, before the fellow demanded the amount of the ransom.

"Now, for that money!" he demanded, drawing a gun. "Tork it over, or you will never leave this spot alive!"

"You can't do that!" responded Spraker, jerking out a gun himself, with a big showing of bravery. "Fly for your life, Miss, take back to this fellow, or lose my life trying!"

"No, no, Mr. Spraker! You must not fight! He has got a gun."

But they had already opened fire.

"Get Spraker, then the other, but neither seemed to be a good shot, and when they had emptied their guns they sprang at each other.

The struggle was long and fierce, apparently, as one of the men was sure to be the other's captive, but Pat Conlon was so desperately wounded that he could only faintly resist the等到 each other.

Suddenly Pat saw her look around, slip from the saddle, and, with wonderful speed and agility, dash and death Spraker's antagonist a blow on the head.

Instantly the fellow sunk down, limp and helpless, and sprang up with a look of greatest surprise upon his face. Here was a new dilemma: the tables had been turned, and Spraker was now a hero, the girl a heroine and he the rescued man.

"Why did you do that?" he cried. "I had it all my own way, and he was giving in slowly but surely."

"I feared for your life, Mr. Spraker. Come, let us hasten away!"

"Don't ye be in a great rush; about risin' away wid dhat b'gudair!" cried out a new voice, and Pat Conlon made his dreadful cry. "Trow up, yore hands, ye spaleen, or, by dhee powers! Aye Oi don't b'are a hole in ye!"

A heavy hand fell to the lips, and he obeyed before he could get over the first shock of surprise.

Pat Conlon sprang on him, and he was a prisoner in a trice.

"Why, Mr. Conlon?" cried the amazed girl.

"Don't be surprised," encouraged Pat, cheerfully. "Dinis theae av dhee wurrul tell us to dhee last, we kith, he has, and Oi'm dhee knot at dhee end av dhat same, so Oi am. He is dhee gossen, he robbe dhee bank, killed poor Watkins, and did all dhee rest av dhee diment."

Perspiration stood out on Spraker's forehead in great beads, and he tried to stammer a denial, but he could not speak.

Pat made sure of the other fellow, and then said further.

"Now, Miss Gorman, are there any more av dhee same here about, y'know? Just thrum them out, if there are!"

While they were talking the tread of hoofs was heard, a man of a more familiar mode of listening, Pat raised his voice and called out, in his hearty, cheerful way:

"Here! If ye right along, Miss! Oi have them dead to rights, so Oi have!"

There was immediately a cheer, and the prisoners came scrambling through the undergrowth—Deadwood Dick, Charlie Gorman, and a couple of the colored boys.

The latter sent up cheer after cheer, on seeing their employer's daughter alive and well.

The prisoners were mounted, Pat Conlon took charge of them, and the others rode back to Deadwood for a little respite of time, and when they rode town they found the citizens were pouring out from everywhere to shunt their welcome.

Deadwood Dick rode at the head of them to Gorman's cottage, where they entered before the fact of their coming was known, and Mr. Gorman and his wife were taken by surprise. The latter turned pale as death, but perhaps that would have been considered more natural.

Immediately, however, she recovered, to play her part further, and ran to embrace Betty, but Deadwood Dick interposed.

"We have had enough of that sort of thing, madam," he said, coldly.

"Wh-—wh—what do you mean?" the woman gasped.

"I mean what you mean, indeed?" cried the banker, indignantly.

"I mean, sir," answered Dick, as he snapped a pair of handcuffs on the woman's wrists, "that this woman has been at the bottom of all this trouble and mystery, working your ruin to elevate her rascally brother, known here as Joseph Spraker."

"Good heavens! Reuben! You will not believe that and only me—you, your wife! It is false—false!"

"I have ample proof to show how true this is," sprang forward, "Mr. Bristol, it is impossible!" gasped Gorman.

"Unless you show me thereby how impossible it is," suggested the detective.

"It is the truth," assured Charlie, for on the floor before all that she had to say to Spraker, "at the rear of the yard last night, and—"

With a cry the woman fell in a faint, or a pretended one, after which she was laid upon a lounge, and forthwith Deadwood Dick told Mr. Gorman the whole story, from beginning to end.

There was no room for doubt.

James Trimmall was promptly released.