OR THE
Droll Showman's Blind.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER,
AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK" NOVELS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.
MYSTERY UPON MYSTERY,
"Oo! sir! stop! Come in here, quickly, I beg of you!"
Deadwood Dick stopped short in great surprise, and looked at the handsome woman who thus exulted addressed him.
It was early morning. The streets of Denver were not yet astir, save such of the mail thoroughfares as were strangers to entire repose night or day, and Dick was the only person in sight just here.
Passing along the silent avenue, looking at the numbers as he went, he had just sighted the one of which he was in search when the door

WITH A SUDDEN MOTION DEADWOOD DICK LEANED OVER AND CAUGHT HOLD OF THE BEARD WORN BY THE LATE ARRIVAL.
of that very house was thrown suddenly open, a pretty woman in a flowing nightgown and with bare feet ran out; and, seizing the words with which our story opens.

Dick was doubly surprised, for, as said, the man lived in every house of which he had come in search.

Doffing his hat promptly, he inquired:

"My husband! He has been murdered here! Come, come, you see the blood!"

"What has happened to so excited you?"

"My husband! He has been murdered here! Come, come, you see the blood!"

"Do not be so excited, I pray! What have you done that could bring on such a calamity?"

Just as they entered the servants of the household were making their appear-
ances, with evident surprise stamped upon every face. They were in number,
three, and one of them bore a tall personage of dignified bearing.

The woman addressed him, still retaining Dick's arm.

"Summon the police, Barlow, as soon as you can!" she directed, with masterly
utterance. "Mr. Rob has been murdered!"

"I'll go now, and tell them all.

"Yes, yes. Make haste, and give the alarm."

The man ran out without a second de-
lay, and the woman pulled Dick in the direction of the staircase.

Another man might have refused to be the first one to visit the scene of the
crime, but this was Deadwood Dick, Junior, prince of Western detectives. For no
reasons than one he was willing to go.

However, he made a show of objecting.

"No, no, you must come with me, in-deed you must, sir! I must go back to the
Irishman, he may cure you. They would not go there for anything—I am
sure they would not. You must come!"

And, pulling him, she placed her bare
feet on the steps and started up.

Dick offered no further objection, but followed her, still retaining a firm
grasp upon her sleeve, evidently unwilling in her great excitement of her state of
deshabille.

Three women-servants were left in the hall below, huddled together with
scared faces.

On the landing above, the woman pulled Dick into a front room.

On the bed lay the victim of the crime.

"See!" she cried, pointing. "My love, my brother! But me of him shall die by my hand. I vow—I swear it!"

"A woman that was almost beside herself, owing to the shock and her great
grief. Her eyes were wildly dilated, her lips were tremulous, and her breast heaved with great emotion.

"Then you know who did it?" Dick asked.

"No; would to God that I did!"

"And you just discovered that he was dead?"

"Only a minute ago, sir. I awoke, touched him, found that he was as cold as
ice, and starting up, by chance, to look at his face, sawing the blood—saw the
blood! Leaping out of bed, screaming, I flew out of the room, down the stairs, out of the house, and to the rest.

"Let go my arm, please," commanded Dick. "I will throw open the blinds."

"I forgot it," said the woman, letting go of his sleeve. "I scarcely know what I say or do."

She clasped his hands with extreme nervousness, and her gaze was fastened upon the form that lay upon the bed, and it was impossible to remove her eyes from it.

Dick threw open a window and let in a flood of light. It was a summer morn-
ing, and the house was so situated that the sun, just risen above the mountains, looked squarely into the room and cast its rays upon the bed, revealing the crime in all its horror.

At the instant the woman gave one
shriek, threw up her arms, and fell to the
floor in a dead faint.

For the first time Dick noticed blood on her right arm.

Stepping to the door, he called down to the servants in the hall and bade them
come up.

They obeyed, entering the room with trembling fear, and their faces grew
more pale than before, if possible, when they beheld the dead form lying on the
bed.

Dick did not give them time for idle
singing.

"See to your mistress!" he ordered, au-
thoritatively. "She has fainted. I will
help you to carry her to the other room."

He and two of the women lifted her, and the third, leading the way, bore her to another room just across the hall, where she lay on a sofa. Dick immediately returned.

Closing the door, he took a critical sur-
vey of the apartment.

It was a large chamber, handsomely
furnished. The murdered man's clothes
lay on a chair in an orderly manner, near the head of the bed. Those of the woman
were not in sight—were probably in the
wardrobe.

The murdered man looked to be sixty
years of age. The top of his head was
bald, what hair he had was white, and
It is a mystery, a more than mystery, and one that I must unravel," he decided. Dick was in the man Barlow's room, blis-
A scribing me to Denver in all haste and
to his house the very hour of my arrival, no matter what the time, day or night, and I have come only to find the murdered. Richard, my boy, you have a job on hand." CHAPTE R II.

SUPECTING A SCAPEGOAT.

About that time the front door was
heard to close.

The woman, standing on the stairs the next moment, and Dick opened the door of the
room.

It was the man Barlow returning, and with him were a couple of policemen, who looked somewhat frightened, as if
unused to dealing with crime on so large a scale as the present.

"Where is Mrs. Rob?" the man asked.

"In that room," answered Dick, pointing. "She fainted, and we took her in
there."

"And what were you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for you," answered Dick.

"Since the lady dragged me into this af-
fection, I have never learned to learn more about it. It is a terrible crime, and
I hope the police can unravel it."

"And so do I, sir. Officers, I suggest
that this man be held, for he must be
an important witness."

Dick looked at the man keenly. What
meant such words from him?

"Yes, you must stay," said one of the
officers. There will be an inquest, and
therefore we will want all the information
he can get."

"Yes, I will stay," said Dick.

The man stood in the room, and the
policemen were visibly shocked.

Dick noticed that the man Barlow
seemed to avoid looking at the murdered man first, but soon did so.

His face was pale, and he was much af-
fected. There was a restlessness about his
eyes, as though he were not at ease, al-
though it was no more than might nat-
urally appear in any person.

"A mighty fine business," one of the
officers agreed. "Have you looked around in the room, sir?"

"Yes, I have looked around," answered
Dick, in a careless way. "A man has to
look around, coming into such a place as
Deadwood Dick, Jr.'s, Double Drop.

I came into it. Of course I looked around, sir.

"I have an expression of contempt. "I mean did you find anything?"

"I wasn't looking for anything," said Dick.

The policeman gave a sniff of disdain and glanced at his companion, and the suspicion of a sly curled their lips. Dick had his eyes on the man Barlow, without appearing to be watching him, but the man showed no signs that could be read as either for or against him. He was now apparently interested.

The officer was speaking in low tones to each other, and Dick moved over near Barlow.

"I take it you belong here," he observed.

"Yes," the man answered, "I am the butler.

"Have you any idea who killed the man?"

"Not the slightest, sir."

"Couldn't have been a robber, I should say," Dick remarked.

"How do you know that? What business have you got to be supposing anything about it?"

"I don't claim to be a superintending man, and I have my share of human curiosity," rejoined Dick. "I was dragged into it, as you yourself know, but it would be strange if I had no interest to learn more about it."

"I suppose so," the man grunted.

"It's a smart detective on the affair, of course," Dick ventured.

"Who will?"

"Trotter of course."

"Oh, yes; suppose they'll do that."

"Seeing that the man was not inclined to talk, I turned and walked to the window and looked out. By the time the two policemen had satisfied themselves that they had not enough brains between them to cope with such a case, a captain and a couple of detectives arrived.

The latter went about the matter in a better way. They examined the room with care, much as Dick himself had done, asking questions of the butler and also of Dick. But, when finally they were done, they had to admit to themselves if to no one else, that they were "stumped," to use the homely term. It was a mystery that had no ray of light anywhere.

"Who summoned the officers, and others, and the case was taken hold of in the usual manner.

A stranger got together a jury and opened his inquest.

Mrs. Roh was the first witness called. She was like death in appearance, almost. She gave her name and age, and stated the leading facts about as she had told them to Deadwood Dick.

Questioned further, she said that she and her husband had retired at about eleven o'clock on the previous night. Mr. Roh had locked the door, and she herself had tried it before getting into bed. She had been up rather late for several nights and slept soundly. Did not awaken once until morning, when she made the awful discovery in the manner stated.

"Did you then find the door still locked?" asked the coroner.

"I do not know," was the answer.

"Do you not remember whether it was unlocked or not?"

"I was terrified, and had only the one thought of reaching the street and giving the alarm. I suppose it must have been unlocked, but I cannot say. It was certainly locked when we retired."

"You were greatly excited, I suppose."

"I do not recall," was the answer.

"Have you any suspicion against any one?"

"No, sir."

"Had your husband any enemy that you are aware of?"

"No, sir."

"You have stated that you were his second wife. Had he any children grown, can you say?"

"A son."

"What is his name?"

"Harmon Roh."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Then he is not at home?"

"No; his father turned him away from home."

"For what reason?"

"It was something about property. I never asked the particulars. He was opposed to his father's second marriage."

"Has he been seen here lately?"

"I had rather not answer that question, sir."

"You must answer it."

"He was here the day before yesterday, then."

"Ha! is that so? What brought him here?"

"I do not know. He had a stormy interview with his father."

"Mr. Roh is understood to have been a rich man. Can you say how much he was worth?"

"About half a million, I believe."

"Is there a will?"

"He told me some time ago that he had willied everything to me."

"And that he left his son off entirely, of course. What do you know about the character of Harmon Roh?"

"I will say nothing against him, sir. Really, I do not know much about him. He did not like me, and I had no chance to get well acquainted with him before he was sent away."

"That will do for the present, Mrs. Roh."

The next witness called was Howard Smith, and Deadwood Dick answered to that name and took the stand. He corroborated the woman's statements as far as they had concerned himself. Beyond that he did not appear to know much, and did not make a particularly brilliant witness, and was soon dismissed.

The next witness was Wilson Barlow, the butler. He answered the preliminary questions, and told what he knew of the manner in which it looked, and the inquest closed. The murderer had met his death at the hand of some one to the jury unknown, but with suspicion pointing toward Harmon Roh, the son.

CHAPTER III.

TAKING A PARTNER.

Deadwood Dick left the house in company with Jim Bronson, one of the detectives.

He had no further excuse for remaining there, but Dick did not intend by any means to drop out of the case.

There was a double reason why he should remain. First, the first prices Dick did not know for what he had been summoned by the murdered man, and in
"You are going into this case, then?"
"Yes, in it already, but I need your help.
"You shall have it, for there is no use in my trying to do anything with you to
"I am not so sure about that. I think
we will make a good team, and if you are
able to give it that way we will
work the thing together. What do you
say?
"It will be an honor to me, if you mean
that.
"And certainly I mean it.
"Well, then, what do you think of the
case?
"I have a suspicion against that woman, to
begin with. I do not think she is in-
nocent.
"Why?
"That man moved about, after he was
cut, and I have no doubt uttered a cry
of pain and alarm. Maybe more than one.
Do you suppose she slept on without
knowing anything about it?
"It looks so.
"I know it looks so, but did she? That
is the question.
"She certainly did, if we are to take her
story as.
"Yes, but if she had any share in the
murder she has lied like sin, and her
story goes now telling.
"Then you suspect her?
"At any rate, I am not going to hold
her innocent until I prove her so.
"That is just where we differ, Bron-
son. I begin by considering her innocent
of crime—as innocent as I am.
"On what grounds?
"Her conduct when she discovered the
murder.
"Well, your judgment is worth some-
ting, and I defer to it. You are Dead-
wood Dick.
"If she is innocent, then who is the
guilty one?
"The coroner and his jury look with
suspicion upon Harmon Roh.
"What do you know about him?
"I know him, and I know that he is
something of a sport and man around
town, but I never considered him bad at
heart.
"He lives here in Denver, then?
"No, but he has been here lately. He
hangs out at a camp west of here, a place
called Creede.
"I know the place, have been there.
Was there when Bob Ford got his quietus.
Was he the man that did the job of detective work
in the neighborhood at the time, in dis-
guise.
"No need to tell you anything about
Creede, then. That is where he has been
hanging out ever since he and his father
had the flare up, and I imagine that he
has not been lying on flowery beds of
ease, by any means. In fact, he looked
rather down-at-the-heel the other day.
"Do you know where to find him?
"He is probably down at McTurk's, on
Main Street. He and McTurk used to pull
together.
"And who is McTurk?
"A man who keeps a saloon and
billiard place. I think he is still at the
old stand. I have not been over that way
in a long while.
"Suppose we call there after you go to
headquarters.
"I'll ask him.
"But, mind you, not a hint as to who
I am; you can give your chief to understand
that you are holding fast to me. If you want
me I will unfold my scheme to you later on. I think we can work the
case to the end by pulling together.
"You think so? I know we can, with
you in it.”

CHAPTER IV.
WHEN McTURK RETURNED.

When they reached headquarters, Dick
Bristol stopped his companion outside.

"It won't do for me to go in here if I
want to remain incog,” he said. “Some
of the men would be sure to know me, if
there are many in the office, and it is too
crowded in there to do the make-up.

"Well, do as you please. I think you
are right. I will join you in a quarter-
of an hour, if you will say where
Then we will get down to business.”

Dick named a place, and they separated,
the Denver detective arriving at the office.
He made his report, withholding some
points, and the case was given into his
hands with instructions to sift it to the
bottom, arrest the murder, if possible,
and report.

Which Bronson pledged himself to do,
as well he might with such a pad in the
field as Richard Bristol.

Going out, he rejoined Deadwood Dick.

"Now for McTurk,” he announced.

"What is your plan?

"To find young Roh, the first thing.

"Easy enough, I imagine, particularly
if he happens to be guilty.

"I see some surprise.

"He will want appear innocent; so he
will remain in sight.

"Sure enough. Now, what is your own
plan?

"I want your help, I have commenced
operations at the house, but now, of
course, the doors are closed against me,
and you must open them for me so that
I can work.

"How can I do that?

"Easily enough, I will assume a dis-
guise, and you will lend me your badge
or get me one, somehow, I will return
there as a police detective, and will have
a clean sweep of the whole

"Good enough; that ought to work.

"And in return, I will give you the
well of all I learn.

"I could not ask that—

"No matter, I offer it. I have two
brosses to the beard, and I will let you
attend to the murder case and have all the
credit of that—in fact, you may get it,
anyhow, when we are done with him.

"Not likely; I could not get a smell if
you were against me.

"Nonsense. My name is not every-
thing.

"Maybe not, but it took a good deal of
merit to make your name, and it is to
found on. I'll never hear you ask.

"So much for my plan, then.

The sign that swung in the breeze in
front of the saloon still bore the name of
Terrence McTurk, and going in, Jim Bron-
son greeted the jolly-faced Irishman
behind the bar as Terrence.

"How are ye, me b'ya?" he was greeted
in turn.

"Able to sit up and take my meals,”
answered Jim, pleasantly.

"This is my friend Mr. Smith, Mr. McTurk.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Smith assured
the Irishman, offering his big fist.

"A friend av Jim Bronson's is a friend av
Terrence McTurk every onion, and don't ye forget it!

And a friend of Bronson's is my friend,
too.

Pattaking of a friendly "smile," the
Denver detective touched upon his busi-
ness there.

"I want to get a tip, McTurk," he said.

"Of thought so,” was the response.

"Phwat is it?

"I want to find Harm Roh.

"Bedad, it is not half an hour ago he
was here, just as I was in your place, and it
was bad he looked, O'irn tellin' me.

"What was the matter with him?

"He asked him that same, and he passed
it off, but it was somethin' all dye same.
And dhe drink he took was enough to
buy the man out, I wondred.

"Where is he now?

"Said he was goin' straight to Creede.

"Said he had a horse?

"Yes, he had a pony wit' him. O'irn
found him and dhe pony here phwen O'irn
offed up.

"Then he wanted to see you before he
set out. I take it," put in Dick.

"He did that same.

"What did he want?" asked Jim.

"See here, Jim Bronson, Harm Roh is
somed ay've, me, an' O'irn a friend av
his, the Irishman parleyed. "You are av dhe
detective, and it is gettin' av him into
trouble O'd be.

"You can't get him into trouble nor
get him out if he is in, Terrence, so you
may just as well talk right to the point.

"But it is yerself that could do ay'thor,
begod.

"And I would be glad enough to help him out of trouble, if I found him in it,
and I could do him a good turn—if he de-
served it. You ought to know that, Ter-
rence.

"Bedal, it is always square enough O'irn
have found ye, Jimsey.

"Now you answer my question. What did
Harm want to see you for?

"Well, he wanted a bit av a loan, that
was all.

"And he got it?

"He did thot.

"Any much?

"Be hanged to ye, Jim, av it was any-
body but yerself—

"O'irn it's me, Terrence, so out with it.
Maybe I can do you a good turn some
day.

"Well, he wanted a thousand, but O'irn
couldn't let him have it; I know him as
knows he is a bit wild and O'irn took it dhe
wanted to go buckin' some tigh over
there at Creede.

"What did you give him, then?

"A hundred.

"A hundred would do if he
couldn't get the thousand, eh?

"He called it a grub stake. Wh' dhe
tired, and hed wanted to buy out a find dhat
had just been struck.

"I see.

"And that is all O'irn can do for ye, Jim-
sey?

"Well, I suppose so. But you said he
looked bad; what seemed to be the mat-
ter?

"O'irn it he had been on a rip-roarin'
beer around town all night, fur he
looked weak and white like, and I
know he had been in a bit av a foght as well
fur he had blood on his hand.

"Blood on his hand?

"Dhat same. But, divil take ye, it is
drawin' talk out av a bar av pig-iron yed'be
here.

"I believe there was a fight over the
other side of town last night, the Den-
ver detective parleyed.

"And you say he had a hand in that. No matter; you
say he took the trail for Creede?

"That same.

"All right, McTurk, and much obliged
to you. Hoped to see him before he left
but now that he is gone that settles it.
Don't forget my friend Smith, if he
drops in to see you.

"He asked me somethin', so that
it would aid his memory," said Dick, and he
treated, after which he and Jim took
leave.

"Well, what do you think now?” asked
the Denver detective, the moment they
were away. "I dunno if I think the young fellow is innocent, if he isn't a fool,” said Dick.
"You seem inclined to hold everybody innocent in this case, it seems. Do you forget that I stood on his bond?"

"And everybody is innocent till proven guilty. No, I do not forget the blood; the blood which a guilty man would have taken pains to make sure no blood was on his hands as a matter of fact."

CHAPTER V.

DICK'S NEW DEAL.

Deadwood Dick's argument was doubly good.

A guilty man would have made sure to remove all evidences of his guilt, as far as possible.

Then, too, would he have made sure of getting out of the city as soon as possible? Or, remaining, having taken steps to appear innocent when brought to face the crime?

These arguments Dick presented, and held to his theory that Harmon Roh was an innocent man.

"You can depend upon it," he said, "that he has not heard of his father's death, or he would be a surprise to him when he does hear of it. At any rate, such is my humble opinion."

The opinion of Deadwood Dick counted for something, said his compan- ion. Nevertheless, you will not deny that he has not given the man back here face to face the music? Public opinion would be dead against me if I allowed him to get away.

"Why, we set out to arrest him, did we?"

"Certainly."

"It must be done, and he must explain all about the blood and where he was last night."

"And I must take the trail and bring him back before he gets too much of a start, for the statutes give me the time for the crime will go by.

"My name is Hill," Dick announced.

"I am from the police."

"What leads you to say that?"

"It saves me from going to the police, that is all."

"Indeed?"

"I have made a discovery."

"Ha! A discovery, eh? What is it?"

"Not so loud, but come with me and I will show you."

The butler led the way to a little room in the rear of the parlors, where he closed the door when they had entered.

He motioned Dick to a chair, and, going to a desk in one corner of the room, he spread a piece of paper and brought forth a knife wrapped in a handkerchief, the latter having blood upon it.

"Did you get these things?"

"Yes."

"In the place where the murderer concealed them, were they found by mere chance, too?"

"You surprise me. I believe you have some idea here."

"You made it an easy matter for the police to handle the case. If so, I'll see that due credit is given you—"

"No, no, I don't want a cent's worth of credit, for, as I tell you, it was a matter of accident. The things were found at all. This knife is one that has the letters H. R. cut in the handle, and I know these letters for the name of the murdered man's son."

"And what about the handkerchief?"

"There is more meaning in that. It is only a common affair, and not too clean, as you can see."

"Well, where did you find them, and how?"

"Soon told. When the undercaper came, a little later, I went up to learn what help I could in the matter of removing the body and cleaning up the room so the women-servants would enter it."

"They would not go in?"

"Not while the blood was there, at any rate."

"Go on."

"Well, we moved the bed in order to handle the body more easily, and in doing that my foot struck the infra-grate under the mat and broke the fancy covering that covers the grates in summer. It was only paper, anyhow."

"I see."

"The undertaker can tell you all about it, and his assistant the same. When we were done and finished we went to check up the damage I had done, when something caught my eye under the grate at the back part, and I called attention to it, and we got it out."

"And this was what you found?"

"Exquisite."

"Remarkable, my man, remarkable. Put there by the murderer, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Why, of course, or so it seems to me for you see the blood on the handkerchief is no more than the handkerchief, is not it?"

"You are right. It looks bad for that son."

"So I think, much as I hate to think it of him. But, when a deed like this has been done there must be no sentiment in the way of justice, and I would hand you the knife just the same if it bore the name of my own brother."

"I can well believe it, sir."

Dick had taken the knife and handker- chief, and was examining them. The initials cut in the handle were certainly those of Harmon Roh, whether the knife belonged to him out of town or not.

"Does anybody know you have found this?" asked Dick. "That is to say, anybody besides the undertaker and his assistant?"

"Yes, all in the house know about it. I told Mrs. Roh right away, and the servants were present."

"No use asking that it be kept secret, then. There seems no doubt but that he is the guilty man—I mean young Roh."

"It looks so, much as I hate to believe it, sir."

"Well, I am much obliged to you. The police will make use of the clue immediately. But this is not my errand here. I have come to search the house from top to bottom, and I must see Mrs. Roh and the servants."

"Shall I announce you to Mrs. Roh?"

"Yes."

The man rose and left the room, and Dick nodded his head after him when he had closed the door.

"Pretty good, nice fellow," he said to himself, "but not quite good enough. If I don't largely mistake, you are going to figure in this thing before it is done with."

When the man returned, Dick had wrapped the handkerchief up, and put it away in his pocket, and was ready to follow to the room where Mrs. Roh would see him. He found her still wailing, and there did not seem to be any doubt of the genuineness of her grief.

"I am sorry to trouble you, madam—"

"No trouble, sir," she interrupted him, "we have no trouble about it, as far as I am concerned."

"The police have been here already, and the arresting of the murderer of my husband."

She interrupted him with a cry.

"But I am here on that account," she explained. "You would not think me guilty of so horrible a crime, would you? How do you know there was blood, on my sleeve? You were not here, so how could you know? But, yes, I can explain about it, and easily enough."

"Do so."

"It must have got there when I reached over and touched the gun when I made the discovery that he was dead."

"And as you sprung out of bed immediately, you drew the gun from your side, and that was where the blood was. That makes all plain. But, now, who would we have to cut the knuckle of the threepence screen where it was found?"

"Any one who knew such a place was there, sir."

"And who would know it?"

"Any one of the household, or who had ever been in the room."

"Very well; I will see you again before I take leave. I must now go through the house."

"Barlow will show you everywhere, sir, and will assist you as you may desire. Let nothing remain. Everything that will go toward putting the crime where it belongs. The slayer of my husband must be the master of the place."

Dick bowed and left the room, and found the butler waiting at the door.

CHAPTER VI.

A PECULIAR PAIR.

The town of Creede is too well known to stand in need of description here.

At this time it was its heyday, and was to Colorado what Deadwood was to Dakota when we first took up the pen. Nearly the whole of the denizens of the gold land that Creede had everything that money could buy, and there was no need for any man to work for it; not in stock, all you had to do was to leave your order.

We will remember the day when the first piano came to town. Some one had made the remark that the place did not own a single piano, and a few days one of the leading saloons had a handsome upright instrument, at a cost of not a cent less than twenty-five hundred dollars.

This by the way. One afternoon a peculiar specimen of humanity struck the camp.

He was a man far along on the downhill side of life, and it was plain that fortune had never smiled upon him very kindly, if appearances went for aught.

Ruefully clad, he wore one boot and one shoe, his coat was split half way up the back, a bit of rope did service for suspenders, and the top half of what had once been a white plug hat crowned his head.

What drew attention to him more than anything else was the fact that he had a pig with him, a lean, savage-looking animal, with the tusks and a pair of black horns standing almost upright. He had a string to one hind leg, and as the pig ran on ahead, it seemed to make up for what was lost in speed by that same rate.

The man held the string with his right hand, and in his left he carried a staff with a crook at the top.
By the time he had reached the camp center he had drawn a great deal of attention, and crowds were bowing at his heels, laughing and jeering at him, and finally he stopped.

"What's the latest laugh at?" he demanded. "Didn't ye never see a hog before? The way my Angelina trotted into the circle and stuck her nose in my mug, I could holler out loud, 'Here, boy, you're going to get a laugh at'!"

The crowd laughed, and one smart fellow there is just as much as to say--

"You must pick your company, old man. Maybe you chose the porker so as to have some of your own kind with you."

"Well, as ter that, I wanted a pardon, and as et was a choice 'ween hogs of two kinds, I took the kind that wears bristles fer a fact. I had had about dealin' enough with the other kind."

"And is that pig your grub stake?" asked another wit in the throng.

"A grub stake! Youngster, this hy' pig is my whole fortune, she is. I would be walkin' on my murrers this minute if it wasn't fer this same pig. Ain't that about dealin' enough with hogs?"

The pig stopped its nosing around the ground, lifted its head, and gave forth a squeal.

The crowd was now large, and had formed a circle around the old man and his pig, the good-natured curiously, and this seemed to amuse them greatly.

"And how is the pig your fortune?" asked the smart fellow again.

"That pig, gentlemen, is educated," explained the old fellow. "She kin swim, stand on her hind legs, figure out her numbers, and do a bun lot of things that ye wouldn't think possible fer any but a two-legged hog ter do."

That name seemed to amuse the crowd more than anything else, so far.

The pig nodded, gave a squeal, and frisked around in a playful manner.

"Oh, she aire a dandy, aire Angelina," the old man declared. "If you would like ter see her perform it will cost ye only a bit a-piece, gentlemen, and ye needn't pay a cent if they show ain't worth yer money."

The old man was eager for that, certainly.

The pig nodded again. Then it was near the old man put it to his lips and began to play, at the same time putting his head down and taking the squeal to a foot, and with a wiggle of its tail the pig squeaked in and began to dance.

The crowd was much amused, and when the music stopped the crowd was eager for more.

"That there was only a beginning," said the old vagabond. "We will now have a waltz, and Angelina will stand up on her hind legs to execute it. Choose yer partner, Angelina, and her bran will begin ter play forthwith."

The old man pulled the string a certain way, or telegraphed through it to direct the pig's action, or whether the selections shall be natural or they will not try to explain, but the pig ran forward to the dandy who had first set out to have a Waltz with the Pig. The fellow jumped, and tried to get out of the way, but it was no use; the pig got hold of the heel of the trousers and pulled.

"Oh, no, no!" laughed the old man. "Angelina knows her kind when she sees 'em, young man. Hold on there! This is a matter of real importance. Alexander what is dead ain't gone! I don't make you think that's a tornar d deal; but don't say, 'Ain't got away, Angelina, that' is too much hog for' yer, my pet!'"

At this the crowd fairly whooped itself hoarse, and the young fellow made his exit with considerable promptitude.

"Well, boys, if we are to have a dance let's go without a flaw," the old man remarked. "Git ready, now, and I'll holler a two, three, and count 'tra-la-la and a'-" And then he put the harmonica to his lips and began to play again, and the crowd followed.

Sure enough, the pig got on up on its hind legs and began to move around in its own fashion a real bear. The man called the waltz, and the crowd accepted it for such good-naturedly.

"How was she?" cried the old man, when he stopped playing. "Wasn't that jest about suberb? Wall, I reckon! Thar ain't no flies on my Angelina, no way ye kin fix et. She is jest about ther durnedest est hog ever was, when ye git 'quainted with her. And now what will ye have, gentlemen?"

"A song?" was the call.

"Yas! Yas! Give us a song, old man!"

"Dy'e hear, Angelina, my dear? The gentlemen want ye to sing 'en a song. Git ready, now, while I tune up, and then do your purrities!"

The pig gave a preliminary squeal of two, three, and crossed its forelegs in front, and in that manner looked around at the crowd, this way and that, and then commenced to laugh.

"Aire ye ready, Angelina?"

The pig gave a nod and a delicate squeal.

"All right, then, hyer she goes, with a two, three, and a-tra-la-la, and a'-" And with that he struck up the music, and the pig opened its mouth and sang.

And such singing! It was a continuous squeal, almost with a little waver and quaver at times, and all the same, one long-drawn continuous squeal of the genuine piggie sort. But the manner of it was where the fun came in, and the music of the harmonica aided the deception.

The pig loafed its head from side to side much as a graduating schoolmissis who has the bee in her bonnet that she was cut out for a Fatti might do, and the crowd, now a great one, in their exergencies to see pressed forward till the narrow circle was closed and the performance had to stop.

The pig seemed to say, that the old man tried to pass it out.

"Chip in your bits, gentlemen," he invited.

The Harmonica brought the show to a close, and it ain't my fault. Chip in your bits, and tell that 'thar' ain't a hall that kin be hir'd fer Angelina, for she is worthy of a hall. I leave et to you et she ain't none. Now, don't cheat poor piggie out of her supper."

Some coins dropped into the hat, but before the owner of the pig could get fairly at work the crowd had commenced to melt away, and ere long it had nearly disappeared.

"Jes' like blamed hogs!" the old man cried. "That's wuss'n you'd do, now ain't it, Angelina? But we won't be too rough on 'en, fer some of em chipped in like gentlemen, and the rest didn't know any better. But, then, they couldn't all see that time."

"Say, stranger, what is your name?" some one inquired.

"My name?"

"Yes."

"Wall, now, you aire the first ess that has taken that much interest in me in a dog's age. My full name is Regional Gustavo Spade, but the folks here say one thing and another, and I have been cheated out of the girl I loved and married her, when it became Mud--Mud Spade, in fact."

The remnant of the crowd laughed at that—it takes but little to cause such a crowd to laugh.

"But now ter business," Mr. Spade announced. "You may think I'm doin' this all fer fun, but the truth is, I have just been hunted, and not very still, either, fer a fellow whose first name is Deadwood Dick. Jack, and that is there is all there is to it."

CHAPTER VII.

MAKING A MISTAKE.

Such an announcement was a surprise for the crowd.

The name was one that was not unknown there in Creede, in fact, it was a very familiar one.

Everywhere in the wide West the name of Deadwood Dick was famous, and for such a personage as this to make inquiry for him, declaring that it was important that he should find him, created amazement.

What did you want wi' him?" one fellow demanded.

"That is jest what I want ter tell him when I find him," was the answer.

"Yes, but what kind a fellow like you want wi' a fellow like him, that is what I meant," was urged.

"That is jest what I want him fer, to tell him what I want when I find him. Has he been hyar of late? Dy'e know what he is up ter?"

"No, he ain't been hyar in a while," spoke another.

"Yes, my father, Reginald Gustavo Spade complained. 'Hyr have tramped thurr all blame West over, me ol' Angelina tergether, tryin' ter get him, but et ain't been no go. We have got close onto him once or twicet, but away from him ter git him. Angelina, ain't et too blamed bad?"

The pig gave a squeal.

"My name is aire, I proclaim et aloud. Et after too durn bad that we have come to another bloomin' town all for nothin'. That Deadwood Dick is ther hardiest man ter ketch that I ever seen. He is like Paddy's flea, when you put yer finger onto him he ain't there. Well, Angelina, that ain't but one thing fer us ter do about et, an' that is, take a rest and trudge right orgon."

The pig gave a nod and a grunt.

I tell you what et aire, boys," the old man explained. "The pig is in the way, that is all, fer we have seet to ride round, no road to travel, but we have set out ter do a certein thing, and by ther great paws, I'll do it, every button stay on, you bet! And this hyar pig, I tell ye et is worth her weight in this here money, now. I don't know what I would do without my Angelina, I would give ye further performin' and we would have it all over," the old man went on. And then I must look around fer some well-seasoned hog fer her to swill. See you later, boys?"

And with that he moved on up the street and disappeared around one of the corners.

Immediately he was gone the crowd fell to discussing him, some still in a laughing discourse over the pig, and some went to the pig, and one fellow declared:

"I tell ye what, I think of that fellow, boys, I think he himself is Deadwood Dick in one of the wonderfull disguises we read about him fer on now and then, and has a job on hand."

"Dy'e think so?"

"Well, now, you are the first ess that has taken that much interest in me in a dog's age. My full name is Regional Gustavo Spade, but the folks here say one thing and another, and I have been cheated out of the girl I loved and married her, when it became Mud--Mud Spade, in fact."

"And then his askin' fer Deadwood Dick, that was only a blind ter put us off their track, and we've got Deadwood Dick, and that is all there is to it."

"Et would be a joke on him ter make him onnak."
“So et would!”

“Let’s do et! Let’s show him that he can’t fool those people of Creede, not a bit of it!”

“Hoory! That jest ther cheese, and we’ll do et. As old Abe use to say, you can’t scotche all the people all ov th’ time, and all ov th’ people some ov th’ time, but he can’t fool all ov th’ people all ov th’ time.”

“That’s thar matter! Come on, boys, and let’s be out of sight, and make me own thar corn and treat. Et will be fun, an’ he won’t git on his car and start home, as it’s only fun. Come on, an’ we’ll take some ov thar consensus out of thar great Richard, B’gosh!”

“Anything ter keep our blood movin’ and thar town growin’. Oh, I tell ye we are the people, after all! With a wedding last night and a funeral this mornin’, and now a visit from thar great renowned Richard— Why, pards, we are right in et, clean up to our China! Come along, pards, and we will bring Deadwood Dick to time and enjoy a treat at his expense!”

And away they started, a crowd of the rougher element of the youthful city. They found Reginald Gustave Spade busy behind the bar, in which he had just appeared. He was munching a sandwich that he had begged or bought, while the four boys were exploring the contents of a swill bucket.

“Hillo!” they greeted him. “Hyar ye be, a-feeding?”

“As you see,” answered the old fellow, with mouth crammed full.

“We been a lifting et, and we jest see you in thar, and we want to see ye as ye ar, ’ye savvy?”

“Nary a savvy, boys; don’t know what ye are talkin’ about.”

“You said ye wanted to find Deadwood Dick, didn’t ye?”

“Yes; have ye found him?”

“We think we have.”

“Look out, boys, he’s a dangerous man. The old fellow named, don’t make a blam hog of yerself; we must go and see thar greatest detective on earth!”

The pig grunted, but refused to leave the feast.

The man pulled at the rope. The pig supposed it was to go. The man gave a jerk, and over came the swill bucket, dousing the pig’s fore and aft, so as to express it.

“Sarves ye right,” the man cried.

“Well, we have to let go when I tell ye. That is the worst of a hog, never knows when it has had enough. Jest like some men I have heard ov. A nice lookin’ young lady ye are now, I must say! Look thar way, boys; we are ready.”

The crowd had laughed, and were laughing still, keeping well out of the way of the pig.

Josh was about as uneasy a porter as was ever seen—or smelled, and no one wanted to come into contact with it, the pig, however, seemed to seek companionship.

“Yas, and we are ready, too,” said the spokesman of the crowd. “Take off them ‘ar whiskers.”

“What do what?” in greatest amazement.

“And what thar merry mischief would I take off yer whiskers. Can’t ye understand plain English?”

“The crowd laughed heartily.

“That is good, blamed good, hang me ov et ain’t!” cried the spokesman. “But this hyar is Creede, and you can’t fool us, you bet!”

“And who is tryin’ to fool ye?” asked the old man.

“If you have set out ter fool us, you’m some wrong. Those you will have et, so Wade right in, and spare my whiskers of ye please.”

Again the crowd squealed, as if supporting that view.

“If ye aire bound ter have my whiskers, I suppose ye will have ‘em, anyhow; so fetch along a pair of shears,” the man invited. “I hate ter lose ‘em, fer et is de-lightful to have the wind blow through them on a breezy day, but of ye aire dy-ing to denude me ov ‘em, come on with yer shears and chop up my face.”

“Et won’t do, Deadwood Dick,” declared the spokesman. “You can’t fool us any more, and then we’ll accept your treat. Let’s lose no more time ov et.”

“Wh? Is that ye call me?” the old fellow asked.

“What do we call ye? We call ye Deadwood Dick, the Old Man most as well come out ov yer shell and own yer corn.”

“Haw! haw! haw!” the old fellow laughed, never letting it to from splitting.

“Ef this hyar don’t beat my time, then I’m a sewer! Deadwood Dick—must I?”

They would not take his word for it; they fell upon him, almost pulled his whiskers out by the roots in their vain endeavor to pull off a false beard, as they were impressed that it must be, and when at last they were convinced of their mistake, they ruthlessly kicked him out of town in their charg.

But, in the melee Angelina had managed to clean well her cape against their many legs, and finally the old man shook off the dust from his shoes as a testimony against them.

He turned his face toward Denver, and we shall see him soon.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMAZED DETECTIVE.

When Deadwood Dick bowed and left, the room stood and the waiter waiting just outside the door, he said to the man:

“Mrs. Roh directs that you conduct me through the house, so we will begin without delay, if you please.”

The man bowed.

“Where will you begin, sir?” he asked.

“In the room where the crime was done, if you do not mind. We will go there first.”

“It is all the same to me, sir; it is as you say. This way, sir.”

Dick had followed. If the man suspected him, he wanted to remove all doubt from his mind, if he could. He had made some reason for wanting to win the man’s confidence. Reaching the apartment, Dick had the butler tell him all about the finding of the knife and handkerchief in the fireplace.

“There is something strange about all this,” Dick mused.

“What is strange about it?” the butler asked.

“It looks to me like a woman’s work, hiding the knife in such a place as this.”

“It can’t be that you suspect—”

“I suspect nobody until proof indicates some one, my man. But a woman is apt to forget such places as this for a temporary place of concealment, and how could she foresee that accident would re- turn to her?”

“It would be bound to be found some time.”

“No; she would have removed it to a safer place as soon as she had opportunity to do so.”

“Well, you ought to know; I don’t pretend to understand anything about such matters. But you would not for a moment suspect Mrs. Roh, of the crime, would you?”

“My why do you mention her?”

“She occupied the room, and— But the knife belonged to the son; you must not lose sight of that.”

“That is, and if he did the deed and wanted to throw suspicion upon some one else, this is the very kind of place in which he would conceal the weapon. You may be right.”

“The knife makes it look suspicious, of course.”

“But Harmoh Roh is a man of average sound sense, is he not?”

“Suppose so; why do you ask such a question as that of me?”

“His leaving a knife with his own initial upon it does not show a very long head; that is all.”

The man gave Dick a keen look, but did not make any comment. He was just as well the little room on the first floor. The detective was reading him without letting it be seen that he was doing so. He was not greatly pleased with the fellow.

Dick inspected the room as if he had never seen before.

From there he went to other parts of the house, and at last he and the butler again entered the little room on the first floor.

“Well, so much for the search,” Dick observed, and nothing accomplished. I would like to have a little chat with you, now, Mr. Barlow, if you don’t object to that.”

“Anything you please, sir,” was the willing acquiescence.

“Then visit each room, and answer a few questions, then. Did you find the house well secured this morning after the murder?”

“The door was open, but Mrs. Roh said that she had opened it, and of course she did. She ran out on the street and gave the alarm, and pulled some fellow into the house.”

“I have heard about that. She was greatly excited, I suppose.”

“Actually crazy.”

“She did not remember whether the door of her room was locked or not, I believe.”

“So she said, and I suppose it was the truth—in fact, no reason to doubt it. But it must have been unlocked, of course, or the murderer would have caught them.”

“Then you suppose that he was bid in the room?”

“That is my theory.”

“And that he opened the door and went out, and quietly let himself out of the house?”

“That is it, exactly, sir. But, of course, there is lots of room for me to be mistaken. If it was young Roh, there is no doubt about his way of doing it, and it is my opinion he was the man.”

“Have you any good reason for thinking so?”

“I think I have.”

“I see that it is.”

“Search has been made for Mr. Roh’s will, and it cannot be found, and I know he left none.”

“How do you know it?”

“Because I was one of the witnesses who signed it when it was made, and I
happen to know that it would be to his interest in any way in which to bring the matter around.

"He had been cut off?"

"Every cent was left to Mrs. Rob."

"Oh!" Dick exclaimed and took up everything to him than that he should have done such a crime.

"I have no doubt of it, madam. But, if guilty, why would he take steps to fix the crime upon himself? That is one point that I cannot see clearly. I do not see why he left his knife where it could be found."

"I do not know; I suppose he was afraid it would be found on his person."

"No doubt he expected to remove it himself before the turnings of the house, as would naturally follow."

"You may be right. But, madam, I must be talking with you and tell you that certain ones of the police have their eyes upon you, and think that you are possibly guilty."

"Oh! monstrous!"

"Not a bit in the room; your sleeve had blood on it—"

"The second time you have mentioned that fact. How came you to know there was blood on my sleeve?"

"The man whom you pulled into the house when you made the discovery, saw it. Then, too, it was strange you did not wake when the deed was done, for your husband—"

"Cease! Cease! I beg of you! I cannot bear to have it spoken of. Do you for one moment imagine that I could do a thing like that? And, if I could, do you suppose I could remain for hours in the room with my husband sleeping? In God’s name, sir, can you believe it of me?"

"Sir, a woman of you, said Dick, earnestly. "I believe that you are innocent."

"Then save me, save me, I beg of you!"

"She was too near, too near, Dick thought. But he must go, for he was looking for no such demonstration."

"Get up, lady," Dick ordered, taking hold of her hands to assist her. "I am here to punish the guilty, not the innocent. Fortunately no one else saw this exhibition of weakness on your part. Why do you ask me to save you? Are you in danger?"

"No! if I could only tell you, sir. My husband suspected me, much as I loved and honored him, and if that were known it might be fatal. Sir, it was because I loved him, because I placed my confidence in him, my whole being in him, declaring my entire innocence, and begging you to save me. My name has been taken against me, and I was living in the dread that false accusation was true, as I am in horror of one man, even now."

"And who is that man?"

"His name is Deadwood Dick, Junior!"

CHAPTER IX

Dick MAKES PROGRESS.

Dick was amazed. But he opened the way for what he had come and he desired to learn why Mr. Rob had

sent for him, and had been watching for some way in which to bring the matter around.

"Why do you fear that man?" he asked.

"I have heard of him as a man of unreeking fouls of the guilty, but as the friend of the innocent and oppressed every time it has been his lot."

"He will consider me the former."

"And why?"

"Because my husband sent for him to look into my past and gain evidence against me—I am sure it must have been that."

"And he has not come?"

"No; my husband looked for him hurriedly."

"He had told you?"

"No, not did not know that I knew it. I learned of it secretly, and I lived in constant dread of his coming."

"Then perhaps there is something in your past, madam, that you would not care to have known, and, if so, the appearances against you are still more damaging, for some might say that you killed your husband to stop the inquiry."

"That is the very thing I live in dread of, sir. But, having cast myself upon your mercy, I am ready to tell you everything, for I am willing to help you and the one to help me, I like your sincere manner, and I feel that I can trust you."

"Well, of course, I will do all in my power for you, for, as I have told you, I believe you innocent."

"Then shall I confess everything to you?"

"Wait. What has this Deadwood Dick should come to me the moment, what would you do? What would be your attitude toward him?"

"I had made up my mind to cast myself upon your mercy, the same as I have felt forced, in my weakness, to throw myself upon yours. I thought perhaps he would believe me and befriend me."

"Would you inform him of the business for which your husband had called him?"

"Yes, yes, if he would promise to aid me."

"Very well; I am Deadwood Dick!"

With a cry the woman was upon her feet, starting back.

"And was, and make the surprise still greater, Dick removed his disguise and to it was the man she had dragged into the house that morning!"

"Speechless with amazement, the woman could only stare at him; when he was before her knees before him, lifting her hands to toward him imploringly. It rather took him by surprise for he was looking for no such demonstration."

"Get up, lady," Dick ordered, taking hold of her hands to assist her. "I am here to punish the guilty, not the innocent. Fortunately no one else saw this exhibition of weakness on your part. Why do you ask me to save you? Are you in danger?"

"Oh! if I could only tell you, sir. My husband suspected me, much as I loved and honored him, and if that were known it might be fatal. Sir, it was because I loved him, because I placed my confidence in him, my whole being in him, declaring my entire innocence, and begging you to save me. My name has been taken against me, and I was living in the dread that false accusation was true, as I am in horror of one man, even now."

"And who is that man?"

"His name is Deadwood Dick, Junior!"

CHAPTER IX

Dick MAKES PROGRESS.

Dick was amazed. But he opened the way for what he had come and he desired to learn why Mr. Rob had

sent for him, and had been watching for some way in which to bring the matter around.

"Why do you fear that man?" he asked.

"I have heard of him as a man of unreeking fouls of the guilty, but as the friend of the innocent and oppressed every time it has been his lot."

"He will consider me the former."

"And why?"

"Because my husband sent for him to look into my past and gain evidence against me—I am sure it must have been that."

"And he has not come?"

"No; my husband looked for him hurriedly."

"He had told you?"

"No, not did not know that I knew it. I learned of it secretly, and I lived in constant dread of his coming."

"Then perhaps there is something in your past, madam, that you would not care to have known, and, if so, the appearances against you are still more damaging, for some might say that you killed your husband to stop the inquiry."

"That is the very thing I live in dread of, sir. But, having cast myself upon your mercy, I am ready to tell you everything, for I am willing to help you and the one to help me, I like your sincere manner, and I feel that I can trust you."

"Well, of course, I will do all in my power for you, for, as I have told you, I believe you innocent."

"Then shall I confess everything to you?"

"Wait. What has this Deadwood Dick should come to me the moment, what would you do? What would be your attitude toward him?"

"I had made up my mind to cast myself upon your mercy, the same as I have felt forced, in my weakness, to throw myself upon yours. I thought perhaps he would believe me and befriend me."

"Would you inform him of the business for which your husband had called him?"

"Yes, yes, if he would promise to aid me."

"Very well; I am Deadwood Dick!"

With a cry the woman was upon her feet, starting back.

"And was, and make the surprise still greater, Dick removed his disguise and to it was the man she had dragged into the house that morning!"

"Speechless with amazement, the woman could only stare at him; when he was before her knees before him, lifting her hands to toward him imploringly. It rather took him by surprise for he was looking for no such demonstration."

"Get up, lady," Dick ordered, taking hold of her hands to assist her. "I am here to punish the guilty, not the innocent. Fortunately no one else saw this exhibition of weakness on your part. Why do you ask me to save you? Are you in danger?"

"Oh! if I could only tell you, sir. My husband suspected me, much as I loved and honored him, and if that were known it might be fatal. Sir, it was because I loved him, because I placed my confidence in him, my whole being in him, declaring my entire innocence, and begging you to save me. My name has been taken against me, and I was living in the dread that false accusation was true, as I am in horror of one man, even now."

"And who is that man?"

"His name is Deadwood Dick, Junior!"
found, I will destroy it, and let him have whatever the law would give him—rather
than let him have whatever it will give me, and be satisfied."

Some further words, and Dick took his
leaves.

He had incidentally learned more about the
man Gilman Speaker, where he lived,
and whom he dressed, so far as he knew.
It was his intention now to find him, if
possible, for, after what he had heard, his
detective mind connected him with the
matter more than incidentally. There
seemed good ground for suspicion.

He said to Mrs. Roft, "Tell Mr. Dick that I
would have but little trouble in recognizing
him."

He went first to the place where the
man lived.

"No, he is not at home," was said in
response to his inquiry. "What did you
want with him, sir?"

"I am here to see him upon a matter of
business of much importance to him,"
answered Dick. "If you can say when he
will be at home, or can tell where I will
be likely to find him, you will do him a
service."

"Who are you?

"My name is Anderson Gardner."

"Well, he is now in Creede, sir, where
he has mining interests."

"In Creede, sir?

"Yes.

"And you have no idea when he will
return?"

"No, sir."

"Is his wife at home?"

"Why, yes, he has a wife, sir; he is single."

"Oh! my mistake. I did not know, of
course. You are his housekeeper?"

"I see. Well, let me see, how can I
arrange it? I am likely to miss him on the
way if I go to Creede to find him. I'll
tell you: If he comes home before I can
see him, tell him I have gone to Creede
and will remain there until I hear from
him. You will not forget the name?

"I will not, sir."

So it rested, and Dick had gained a
point and planted a seed at one and the
same time.

From there he went immediately to the
saloon of McTurk, removing his disguise
at a convenient place on route, and when
he entered the saloon the proprietor
recognized him at once.

"Come here and want to speak with ye,"
McTurk said, motioning to the end of the
bar where others would not hear.

"What want you, Dick?"

"Phew didn't ye tell me all about it?

"All about what?"

"Phew! want w'd young Roh."

"All we wanted then was to know where
to find him."

"McTurk, I know it, worse luck. And av Oh, had
known phwaw you want him fur, it was
divil a wurdid yes would have got av
McTurk."

"And that ought to answer your ques-
tion, my man."

"How is that?"

"If you had known our hand you would not
have come in."

"Divil a wurdid ye never spoke,"
acknowledged the Irishman. "Oh would not
that same."

"You have heard all about it now. I
take it?"

"Ye take it just right. But, by dhr red av Aarun Oh don't belave dhr lad
done it all at al."

"How can you help it, with all the
proof there is?"

"But maybe you have not heard all the particulars?"

"Oh have only heard dhr dhl one man has been killed, and dhr dhrme
suspect dhr lad av it."

"Well, he was in town last night, and
you saw him here this morning with
blood on his hand—doesn't that or the
devil might have flown away w'd me before ever Oh mentioned that same?"

"Too late now, McTurk."

"Oh know it is."

"And then a knife that belonged to
him was found it also bloodied, and
wrapped in a handkerchief. Then,
again, the old man's will is missing,
and that man was the executor. It
seems that everything was willed to the
young wife, and the son was cut out
with the will. With the will out of the
way, he will get the hom's share."

"As he should, bego! Oh don't believe
in young wives fur cud men, whin it is
goin' to rob children, begorra! Maybe it
was dhr wife hersel' done dhr deed, to
get rid av dhr man and come into his
money."

"I hardly think so,"

"Phew now?"

"Her giff is genuine, seems to me."

"Divil trust her! Sure, a woman can
play it off funny."

"Then you believe Harmon innocent?"

"Of do that!" emphatically.

"Well, can you hand to hand proving
him so? That's the important
point, if you are his friend."

"Oh only trust in hom, I would, sor."

"Can you advance anything to show
that the wife is guilty?"

"Divil a thing! Flit at all! But phwaw
are ye quizzing me at this rate fur, sor?"

"Because, like you, I do not believe that
Harmon Roh is guilty of his father's
murder, and I am going to prove him
innocent if I can do it."

"Bead here's me hand on thot!" said
McTurk, extending his hand over the
bar. "And av Oh can be av any use to ye, ye
have only to command me. Oh want ye
to know that Harmon Roh is a white man
every inch."

CHAPTER XI.

THE STRANGE MEETING.

"Angelina, et won't do! You have got to
stop that ther dod-rotted hog foolish-
ness, or take a dod-rotted blamed good
lickin'!"

So voced Reginald Gustavo Spade,
standing short to argue the point with his
trained pig, which had evinced an inclina-
tion neither to fed nor to be fed, rather
inclined to do about as it pleased.

The time was noon and the place
a small house out of Denver on one of the
highway trails.

They had traveled far since we saw
them last.

"Tell ye et won't do, Angelina, and the
scrubbles it. You'd orner be ashanched or
every to carry on on; a nice young lady
like you be! What aire ye thinkin' about anyhow? No, we won't go that ther
way at all; our road is straight ahead, bosh."

He gave a jerk on the string that was
tied to the pig's hind leg, and sent the
meager piker rolling over in the dust,
squalling loudly.

"What is et ter be?" he demanded.

"Will ye go right or will ye have ther
lickin'?"

The piggle squealed the more trying to
get up.

"Ye can't be no choice," said the man. "Et
is ther lickin' ye want, then by avarous ye
sholl hear'it."

He would not allow the pig to get up,
and finally it ceased its struggles and lay
over on its back with its legs in the air.

"Is that a sign that ye give up?" Mr.
Spade asked. "Et is, I'll be easy with
them in another way. Git up, now, and
et ye will march right along as ye'd
oder et will be all right."
He allowed the pig to get up.

"Now, then, straight ahead," the man ordered. "Et is Denver we want to go to, not to show off. What, aire ye bolin' a-ready?"

For a yard or two the pig had gone shrimpin' and then of a sudden it darted off at right angles and made a break for the roadside, and the man had to pull it back again.

"Et this hyar string should break, whar' would you be?" he cried. "Angelina! He's aire a fool! Hyar pigs run this fer a while, and see how ye like it," catching the pig by the neck with the creek of his staff. "Do ye think ye kin get away with that, and me, and ther bull bizness?"

The pig evidently tried to do. "I see," said the man, "you 'ject ter goin' to Denver, that's what's ther matter with you. But that's another 'son, if I have to take ye that a dead porker instead of a live one. And now I'll give ye my word, ye dan'l, I will. I am goin' ter see ef any blamed hog kin run over me like you afe a-doin' and not suffer any consequences."

He had landed the pig upon its back, and now he began to beat it soundly with his staff and kick it till the pig presented with all the power of its lungs.

"That'll be master or ther sittywashun. I'm thinkin'," the man cried, as he laid on the blows. "I have been known to kick over two-legged hog in my day, but I'll be everlastinglly chawed ef I will let a little four-legged one like you git the best of me. How'd y' like it, Angelina? Dye think ye kin keep in the middle ov' the road now, ef I let up? Dye think ye'msely lookin' shot? Speak up, or ther great goshamities ef I don't kill you?"

"Me, you ferhead! What in blazes are you doin' to that pig?"

Another actor upon the scene.

"Well, where are? What in blazes are you doin' to that pig?" asked the young man. "What in blazes are you doin' to that pig? Repeated the owner of the porcine. I'm thinkin' you'd better be on your guard, and I don't mind a figurative devil, either, by a long sight!"

"What does the pig done?"

"Ther blamed thing won't go where I want et to, that's what, an' et would make me sick.

"Don't doubt your word a bit, old man, but did you ever know a hog that would go when you wanted it to, and not do ter did. Now, if you could only impress it upon that pig that you want it to go in every way, but that you really do want it to go, you will have no trouble.

"That is jest what I was tryin' to do when you broke in on ther preceedin'," said the old man.

"Then there is another way," suggested the young man.

"How is that?

"Put the rope around its neck, and if it is a good strong one, all you have got to do is to control your business. That pig will come after you or lose its head, one or the other.

"That is the case," Angelina's business ter head, and she has got ter do et dig."

Angelina! You don't mean to say that is the pig's name?

"That's what et aire, though."

"I know what is the matter with it, old man, if that is the case."

"Well, what is the matter? Ef you kin tell me you will confer a favor, I declare. She ain't used ter cuttin' up like this, and I don't know what ter make of et, b'gosh!

"The pig is trying to get away from its name, missus."

"I can't believe that, stranger, fer she has had et a good while, and rather likes et, ain't she?"

"For a few moments the pig had been sitter still, as if listenin', and it nodded its head and wrinkled up ther nose, as if it were tryin' to understand the horse looked at it with the greatest surprise.

"Hang me ef it don't seem to understand," he exclaimed. "Understand, of course she understand, that is what makes et so mighty queer the way she's cuttin' up."

"By the way, where do you come from, anyhow? What are you doing with such a miserable-looking pig as that? There isn't an ounce of fat on it, from head to tail thoroughly."

"I opine you are right, stranger. Briley hogs don't run much fat to, and Angelina is brainy et she is anything, why, she kin sing, dance, read, write, finger, and do a hull lot of other things that ther common run of hogs can't begin ter do, an' that is as straight as a string."

"You surprise me."

"But you asked me whar' I'm from. I have come from a long and weary tramp of some days and nights, and I'm bound fer Denver."

"And the pig, what do you mean to do with that?"

"That pig is my livin'!" declared the old man. "I have had to travel a good bit to tell in detail some of the wonderful things the pig could do. While they were talking the sound of hoofs was heard and another horseman appeared around a bend a little distance away, and the two men he drew rein and came to a stop near them.

He was a fearless-faced man, keen-eyed, and he looked sharply at the young man on the horse.

His hand rested upon a gun at his hip. "Your name," he said, "Harmon Roh, I believe," he spoke, in a business-like manner. "Well, what if it is," retorted the other, feebly. "You are my prisoner, that is all, the rejinder, and a pistol was quickly drawn and leveled.

The young man turned pale, and the old fellow on from on somethin' of surprise. He was heard to repeat the name the named defendant had mentioned. The new-comer was Jim Bronson.

"Your prisoner? Who are you? What do you arrest me for?"

"I am Jim Bronson, of Denver, and you are wanted to answer for the murder of your father, Marian Roh."

"My father dead—murdered?"

"Marian Roh?"

"The young man exclaimed, while the other questioned dazlely.

"Yes, murdered, and you are supposed to have done it, I've informed. "Your knife has been found, you were in Denver last night, you left early this morning, and you were seen blood on your hand—it is a very strong case against you."

"But I am innocent, I swear to you that I am innocent!" the young man exclaimed, earnestly. "I did not know that my father was dead."

"Of course he is innocent!" cried the old man with the pig. "Roh might do a mean thing, but he's known ther has that, but murder is somethin' out of their line, and I am sworn to swear to et! Ain't I right, Angelina?"

And the pig sat up on its hind legs and squealed its approval.
Passing replies were made, and the detective pressed on to the central police station with his prisoners, where his coming was hailed with satisfaction by his chief.

"I knew you would get him," the chief said.

"I meant to, if it was in the wood," was the detective’s reply.

"Has he escaped him?"

"No, not yet."

"And who is this other?"

"He is committed by the other."

"Why?"

"He found them both together, and thought I would scoop the joint."

"That was right; a pair is not to be sneezed at, sometimes."

"And right hyar’s a pair that beats any three of a kind that you ever seen in your life," declared the old man, boastfully, indicating himself and his pig. "If you don’t believe me ask Angelina."

"And who do the deuce is Angelina?" asked the chief.

He looked around as if to find a girl or woman in the company, for quite a number of persons had pressed into the office.

"Who is Angelina? Right hyar she be, captain, and thfinest young lady of her time. She don’t mind how the man sings, dance, read, write, and do any number of cute things, both known and unknown. Do you want to see her perform?"

The old fellow raised a laugh.

He was committed with him, under his coat and under his arm, and now he put it down on the floor.

"You can’t see it perform," cried the chieftain. "I want it got out of here quicker than lightning, though. Of course, I ought pig out into the street and let it run."

"Hold on," cried the old man, catching it up and thrusting it, under his arm again. "Don’t you fetch my Angelina! She is bread and butter to me, and if you take my pig you take my all. I will keep her quiet, boss, so go ahead with the shot. She won’t say peep."

The policeman looked at his chief.

"Well, never mind it this minute," said the latter. "We must see to our prisoner. What have you to say, young man?"

"I am informed that I am accused of the murder of my father," was the answer of the criminal, and he did not know that he was dead until informed so by your detective."

"That is good; but can you prove an alibi?"

"I don’t know. I want to see a lawyer before I say anything."

"That is all right. I have no business to press you. But you must be searched, and you must not resist."

One of the headquarters detectives went through his pockets, producing a pistol, a pocket-knife, some keys, and a hundred dollars in money, besides a leather sheath that had evidently held a knife.

This appeared to be all, but presently the detective discovered there was something like a paper in the lining of the young man’s coat, and proceeded at once to select of it; the officer was not surprised, real or pretended, declaring he had not known any paper was there. It was soon found, and as soon as it was opened it was found to be the missing will of Marian Kohl.

This was a sensation then ought to go without saying.

Deadwood Dick, in disguise, was one of those who had entered the office upon the detective’s arrival.

He was interested in all said and done, and at this disclosure a smile moved his lips for an instant, and he looked satisfied. He said nothing then, however.

"What have you to say to this?" the chief demanded.

"I did not know it was there," the prisoner declared.

"Have you any idea how it came there?"

"I have not."

"Here is blood on your sleeve."

"I know not how it came there. I found some on my hand this morning, too."

"Where did you spend the night?"

The prisoner named a resort of no savory repute, and said that he had during more than was good for him, and had been put to bed.

Further than that he remembered nothing until he was awakened at an early hour, as he had in the evening expressed his intention of setting out early on his return to Creede.

The examination was carried further, but nothing more of importance was gained.

The prisoners were locked up, and a detective went to the Robson residence, where it was found that one of the keys in the prisoner’s possession fitted the front door of the house.

The knife found evidently was the one belonging to him, for it fitted the sheath as closely as if it had been made for the person. In fact, he admitted that the knife was his. Later in the day he was examined and committed to prison. Old Spide was dismissed.

CHAPTER XIX

TOM TUCKER AT WORK.

During this time Deadwood Dick had remained incon."n.

After the examination he made himself known to Bronson, who was amazed that he had not guessed his identity before.

"I looked at you a hundred times," he said, "and how was it that I failed to get on to you, when I was looking for you and had you in mind? That is what sticks me now."

"Because I took pains not to let you recognize me," explained Dick. "When you saw me then my expression was something like this," changing his face instantly, "but now you see it in something of its natural Repos. That is the difference, a very simple trick, you will admit."

"But one that only Deadwood Dick could play, my friend. Take off my hat to you, Richard."

"You needn’t do so; you are famous enough."

"Well, let’s drop it. What do you think now?"

"Let’s drop around to McCurt’s and have a chat over it."

In a few minutes they were seated in the Irishman’s place.

No sooner had they entered than McTuck "went for" Jim, declaring that it had been unfair the way he had warned the fellow into telling what he knew about young Rob, and betting he would never do it again.

But he was easily mollified.

"And phwat dyer think av dhe bie?" asked Jim, making an order for cigars.

"That is just what we have here to decide," assumed Jim. "Sit down and have one of the good time."

"Dhat same Ol will, wld pleasure. Ol will take dhe home."

So the two joined company and lighted their weeds.

"Now, Mr. Smith," proceeded Jim, addressing Dick, "av you talk first?"

"You know what I think about it," said Dick.

"That he is innocent?"

"Yes; just that."

"But what are you going to do with all these proofs against him?"

"Why, find the guilty man and brush them all away."

"Easier said than done," and Bronson shrugged his shoulders.

"Begorra! It must be done!" cried McCurt.

"That is the way to put it; it must be done," supported Dick.

"But how think damming the evidence against him?"

"He’s found almost red-handed, as it were."

"Too much red-handed," assumed Dick.

"Then chief is not."

"That he is the victim of a scheme—exactly. This is a put-up job, and it is for us to get him out of his fix."

"What about the woman? It seems to lie between the two."

"She’s as innocent, wholly so."

"You puzzle me entirely."

"I am puzzled myself, as yet," Dick admitted. "On those points, however, I do not think that I can be mistaken."

"Bedall! It is a jewel ye are," cried McCurt.

"Go out and prove thump, and begorra it is my trata."

"I expect to do it, if the wheels stay on," said Dick. "Let us glance at it just a moment. Young Rob is no fool, and here are some things he would not have his hand that will slip away upon his person. He would have destroyed it at the earliest possible moment."

"That is horse sense," agreed Jim.

"And then for the woman, she was too earnest in her excitement and grief to adopt doubts. There can be no question in my mind about her innocence. But it has got to be proven, and it is for you and me to prove it, Bronson. I have a scheme, if you will aid me in carrying it out."

"You have only to direct," assured Jim, in deep earnestness.

"Well, we must go together, in the best disguises we can assume, to the den where young Rob spent the night, and see what we can pick up there. It may be a little dangerous, but we are used to that sort of thing."

"That for the danger?" and Jim smoothed his pigtail.

"And whin shall Ol see ye again?" asked McCurt.

"Look for us at any time," answered Bronson. "We may want to see you."

"Begorra, yez can play me to dhe full hen, av it is workin’ fur that young man yez are?"

"That reminds me," said Dick. "I am going to make an appointment with a man to meet me here later in the day, and if he comes I want you to detain him until I arrive."

"Of will that same. Phwat is his name?"

"His name is Spade, and you will know him by the fact that he will have a pig with him."

"Yes, wld he?"

"Yes; and you may be able to get some fun out of the pair while the man waits for you."

"All right, sir; Ol will attend to thim."

The scheme was arranged that Dick took leave, in company with the Denver detective, and in due time they entered another restaurant.

This time it was one of a different order, and they were looked upon with suspicion until they had spent some money,
and had given enough proof that they were cowboys in town on a "tear." "We aire lookin' for a pair of our'n," said the big copper, "and the deuce, Plott, explains it; "and this is one of the places what he said we might round him up." "A pair of your'n?" asked the fellow behind the bar. "The town?" "Well, that is hard to tell, unless you give us his looks. "He is a good lookin' chap, chestnut hair, and mustache to match; rather a lee- teed seedy in trappin's, but all wood and a yard wide every time. His first name is Harm." That was enough. Suspicion was awak- ened instantly, and the man declared: "Everybody in Denver had heard of the murder, by this time, of course, and here of all places inquiry was enough to cre- ate a sensation, for here the accused man had spent the night. "Well, what's their matter?" asked Dick. "We don't know nothin' about him," stated the man. "That settles it, then. Why didn't ye say so? Must be that he hasn't got as much sense for a yard yet. "Don't see the use of waitin'," spoke up Jim. "Why not?" "No knowin' when he will round up hyar, and we will be losin' all the big gold landed by the town." "I forgot this was your first visit to Denver, pard. Well, we'll wait a spell, center up and make a long shot shoo, and the company is A1. Come! who will smile again?" They promptly removed the suspicion, to a degree. No doubt there had been a feeling that the men must be detectives, having inquired for young Rob. For a couple of hours they made jolly about the place, proving themselves the pair of the best hearted "galoots" in the world, and at the end of that time every leading man was swept to the floor. They had thought it best to make no in- quiry for Gilman Spencer, and to say nothing more that could create suspicion anew. Finally they made ready to take leave. "Well, we will drop around again," announced Dick. "Maybe our pard will be here again, and if he does come, just tell him to wait for us." On this head they were assured, and so they went away, having gained nothing, but having at any rate assured themselves of a welcome if they chose to call again, which might be worth a good deal to them. They parted company, with an under- standing, and Deadwood Dick set for- ward for McTurk's place.

CHAPTER XIV.
FUN ALIVE AT MCTURK'S.

Meaning to take some of the beer, the pig was set free, he stopped to look around him.

The pig may have been under his arm; he was an object of much curiosity, in a place like Denver, naturally, and he felt lost and ill. "What aire we goin' ter do, now that we aire hyar, Angellina?" he inquired of his paper partner. "Seems ter me we aire ruther in their wrong pen, this time, but I believe we can get it out." The pig squealed.

"But we mustn't forget the errant that brought us hyar, as we go along. We aire lookin' fur ther great and only Deadwood Richard, and we must find him if it kin be done. In a town like this, some- body is always up for money. Here him an' mebby we kin pick up his trail erain."

The pig gave a grunt.Absent.

"Not that their matter is as 'portant as et, fer by their looks of things et doesn't, but we ain't got on hand an' put in our calm when the clean-up is made, hyar, Angellina? But this ain't findin' Deadwood, Plott, I am much ac- fared that we ain't likely ter find him. And so be two, wull, we will scare up a lawyer who will no doubt boot our case along for a share." He had not spoken loud enough to be overheard.

About that time a stranger stepped up to him, and in a low tone, but very dis- tinctly, said; "You have come here looking for Dead- wood Dick. I can read your secret. Do not speak, but pay attention. Be at the saloon of McTurk, No.— Street, at four o'clock this afternoon. Ask for Howard Smith, and wait there till he comes, if you have to wait all night. Do you understand?"

"I savvy."

"And you have got the name and number?"

"Yes." "All right; don't forget." The man was off, and the only fellow could only stare after him. "Wull, I am clean blowed! the old man is exclaiming, did you know, too, Angellina? Who was that, and how did he know my thoughts? Must 'a been some- thing akin to the thought of the day."

Simply explained, Dick had the cue from Bronson. The old man had told the Denver de- tective of his mission on the way in, and had learned much he desired to know. "But we'll be ther', eh, Angellina?" he declared. "We'll be ther', you kin bet we will, mister, whoever ye aire. Don't forget yer name and yer number, Angellina." The old fellow watched Dick until he was out of sight, making sure that he would know him again. But would he? Dick was in the dis- guise that had puzzled Jim Bronson. The man with the pig stopped short. "How the dence do you know my name?" he asked.

"By the looks av ye, m'sir," was the re- sponse. "Come and take something."

This the old fellow was nothing loth to do, and he stepped to the bar at once and invited.

I want to find a man named Smith," he observed. "Yis, I know, sor, and he will be here in a little bit. When he comes, ask for me, if he can. That same has been my plan all this time."

"I will wait, you bet, for he has got to come."

Does yer pig drinkin'" asked the pro- pietor. "If ye have a pan of sour beer you can try her," said the owner of the porce- ney. "Bedal, Ol will lute some, thin?"
The Irishman found a pan, filled it more-

than half full of beer, and handed it over the bar to the owner of the pig.

Immediately the pig began to squeal, and the propietor was vexed. It frisked around and wiggled its tail joyously, and those in the place gathered to enjoy the fun. It was something new.

"Hyar ye aire, Angellina," said the old man, as he put the pan on the floor. "Just set the beer, and don't let it go, and it will be gone all the same. Ye needn't go in over yer ears! But its jest like a blanned hog!"

The crowd around laughed.

The moment the pan touched the floor the pig had dived in, burying its snout to the full extent, while the old showman finished his own drink. "Begorra, she does like it, sure enough," averred the propietor of the saloon.

As well as some two-legged hogs I have known in my day," agreed the owner of piggie. "If they ain't hogish, then I don't know what is. Hal in goes both fore feet, jest as I expected. But t'other there is a wise precaution, Angellina, fer there was danger fer a minute fer she stuck up pan and all of ye didn't mind." The crowd was enjoying it to the full.

"Come, come, Angellina," said the owner, presently pulling the string. "Don't ye think ye have had enough, now?"

But the pig held on like grim death, and as the owner pulled harder on the rope, the porcey raised its head and its voice at the same time and let out a squeal in protest.

"Let her finish it!" cried McTurk.

"Begorra, it is ye'reself! that wouldn't want to be pulled away by the hind leg, is it?"

"Mebby you aire right, Mr. McTurk."

"Begorra, it is bettin' Ol am not Ol am."

"Well, go in, Angellina, and make a blamed hog of ye'self if ye want to, but don't blame me." And the pig did go in, and did not stop till the pan was empty and she had rooting it over and spilled the last drops on the floor, when she grunted in a satis- faction.

The crowd laughed its approval, and some bets were immediately paid. The pig had been said to not finish the beer, others that it would, and the latter had won. "I'm the owner of the homely thing. "She would 'a finished it if it had been a bar'. But come, Angellina, you have had your fill, now you have got to sing a song."

"Sing!" some exclaimed.

"You bet she kin sing," cried the owner, fishing his harmonica out of his pocket. "Set up that like a lady, Angellina? The pig sat up on its hams and crossed its fore legs, as we have seen before, and when the man began to play the harmoni- ca it began to let out a prolonged squeal. Not only so, but it primped and aired itself most gloriously—as a pig might, and the crowd fairly had their sides with laughter while they heard the lilt of the 'grid'. It was some- thing no one of them had ever seen before, and all enjoyed it. "By the hoop!" cried Spade, when he ceased playing.

"Ain't she got jest a prime voice for opera?"

"I'd say, what she has, old man," some one agreed.

"And she kin dance, too, ye bet?"

"Let's see!" "If ye have their 'bull show as half, don't ye say so, boys?"

"That's what their matter!"
"But my livin' is at stake," informed the owner. "This is the way I corral my grub, and you won't object to my passin' in the fence?"

"That's all right, old man; pass around and we'll fill et chuck full up. I never seen the like of the outfit show that has struck Denver in a dog's age, and we are goin' ter see et out!"

So the old fellow passed his hat and got a good return, and the pig performance was carried on. But by this time piglet was almost ready, and the place was at its height Deadwood Dick entered.

The pig was dancing, or trying to, but it was staggering this way and that, and suddenly it went down all in a heap and refused to stir.

CHAPTER XV.

DICK INTERVIEWS SPADE.

"I guess the performance is over," remarked Deadwood Dick.

"Yes, I guess et are, too," agreed Mr. Spade. "Angelina has reached that stage where she feels no interest in anything.

"And I don't blame her," added Dick. "For the first time in my life I've had a day's rest, and I'm goin' to savor it."

"That done, he glanced up at the clock.

"Et's about time that yer man was smarten up, ain't et?" he inquired of McGurk.

"Sure, he is roiled on hand, sor," McGurk responded. This is the gentleman, and it is placed to matte and know ye he will be, Of am sure.

"He introduced them by motions of his hand to the old man, and asked:

"Mr. Spade?" asked Dick.

"That is my handle," the old man answered.

"And mine is Smith. I am the man you are lookin' for, Mr. Spade.

Mr. Spade looked at him keenly, trying to recognize in him the man who had spoken to him before and made the appointment.

That, however, he could not do, and he gave it up with a shake of his head. The other must have been a brother or first cousin, if not the same man; he was haggard, and it was certainly not the same man.

Dick ordered something he thought the others would have, and they sat down by a table.

I understand on pretty good authority, that there is a way by which you are on the lookout for a man named Deadwood Dick.

"Well, ye see' come purty nigh to makin' a bull's-eye," the old fellow acknowledged. "He is ther chap I am after. Do you know where he is?"

"I can put you on his trail."

"Well, do that, then."

"I must know something about what you want him for, first."

"That ain't none of your business."

"Maybe not, but it is like this; If you want to find him, I'll lend a hand.

"No; no; et ain't nothin' like that. Smith had a case for him and I wanted his help. That is ter say, I did have, but et now looks as ef et had run water on et."

"A case concerning yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Now you are gittin' down to ther quick ag'in'."

"Well, I am Deadwood Dick, the man you wanted to find," in whisper.

"Yer don't say?"

"Yes, I am the man."

"Well, I am durned!"

"You are an old friend."

"I be, fact."

"What is it surprises you?"

"I expected ter find a feller brestlin' all over with th' law."

"Don't you hear? Jr. hyar be just like any other man."

Dick had to smile.

"And I ain't an ordinary mortal, after all," he declared. "But now that you have found me, make your known your business, and then maybe I have some business with you."

The old vagabond looked alarmed.

"Don't be nerous," Dick added. "May be your slate isn't quite clean, but I am not goin' to call you to account for that. The business I have with you may be to your benefit. But I can't be sure of that till I have heard your story and know more about you."

"Then you want me to show down first?"

"Just that."

"All right. Jest wait a minute."

The old fellow began to go into his clothes as if in search of a secret pocket.

"Find out a paper, a pocketbook that was as flat as if the fabled elephant had stepped on it, and opening that he took out a very small newspaper clipping."

"Right hyar is ther 'bull business of et,'" he asserted, holding it up between his thumb and forefinger. "Several pairs of eyes focused on this bit ov paper. So small ye can't hardly see et without yer spectacles, mebbe, but ther right hyar et is. Now, of ther 'bull story' ther was hyar, et would tell its own tale, but et ain't."

He handed it to Dick, then.

"It was a newspaper clipping, as said, and it had been a personal advertisement.

"There was no date to it, and the signature was gone. What there was of it read as follows:

"If the only brother of Marian Roh would hear of something to his advantage, let him communicate with the said brother. A mistake of the past can—"

And that was all.

"Ye see how short and how blamed doosely sweet et are, the old fellow made remark.

"Yes, it does come up with something of suddenness," asserted Dick. "Have you lost et?

"Never had it," said the old fellow.

"Ha! that puts it in another light, then."

"And that is jest what I wanted of Deadwood Dick. See? I want to find out what you are up in, and what address was signed to it."

"Then you did not know what paper et was in?"

"No; it was only a scrap when I found it, jest as you see it now."

"Well, now, in the point! Are you Marian Roh's brother? Are you the man this calls for?"

"Goshaw! Does my name spell anything like that one?"

"No; but a name more or less does not come high here in the West. What we trade on is fact, and right for his own good. But that is of time past, and let er rest. But, blazes! what is ther use tryin' to fool an old man like et?"

"Not much, I guess you will find, Sid- ney Roh."

"I own ther corn, neighbor. Now, what is ther outcome of et all? I hear that Marian Roh is dead."

"You know he is, you mean."

"What do yer mean? Yer wouldn't think Iter killed him?"

"No, but you were present when his son was arrested, and you got a dose of the medicine."

"Goshaway! That wasn't you, too, was it?"

"Dick had to smile."

"I am not quite such an artist at disguises as all that, Mr. Roh," he said.

"Call me Spade," the old man requested. "I was the black sheep of the family, and I dropped the name long ago, so as not to bring disgrace on the rest."

"That young man looks something like you."

"He's a black sheep, too, by the looks of things. But, durn et, ain't it his fault, it is only 'cause his dad didn't understand him."

"How was that?"

"Well, take my own case. My dad was bent that I should be a preacher. I was bent that I would be a showman or nothing was set, and so after a result I took a middle course and went to a dog."

"And how does that apply in this case?"

"I don't know, but you will find that it doesn't make all the difference. It was like this: if my dad had set me up in the line I longed for, I would have made a re- spectable showman, but he didn't, and the outcome of it all is that I am trampin' the country with a trained pig at my back."

"Well, it looks as if there may be something in what you say. But that is for our present business."

"Somethin' in et? That is dead loads in et! Sence all boys can't be presidents, the big majority have got ter somethin' else, and of dads would see et in that light— But you called me ter order."

CHAPTER XVI.

DEADWOOD DICK SURPRISED.

The old fellow cut his sermon promptly short.

Dick had hinted that there was something else to be talked about, and the hint was taken.

"Having admitted that you are Sidney Roh," Dick added, then, "you are aware that your brother is dead. This advertise- ment was no doubt inserted by him, and the paper was a Denver publication."

"That is the way et looks, pardner, sure enough. But you see, et was fer me to find that out, by myself, and so I was lookin' fer you ter help me through with et. But, hyar we are, at ther end of ther trail, and brother has cashed in his chips."

"Before doing so, he sent for me."

"For you? What fer?"

"To find you for him."

"No, durnee doeso Spade! But, why not, sense his paper notices failed to fetch me? What did he say?"

"He was a dead man when I got how."

"Then et is all up, and I'll never know what he wanted. Too bad, fer I didn't hold no grudge erainst Marian; et was all ther wrong's, and as I was the black sheep anyhow—"

"Well, I dunno about it."

"What is ther about?"

"You shall see."

"Well, you know what you are a-talkin' in, Spade. What et was fer me to do was fer me to well in this world's goods and chattels. He had two boys, Marian and Sidney, but I was the only doggy-chap; I was the scapegoat cus. Dad left all to him and nothin' to me. Same old story.
I wanted Marian to give me a lift, but he refused. He said it was his duty to carry out our father's will. I s'pose mobby et was a pleasant duty all the same.

"I see."

"Well, callin' Marian a name that was somethin' akin to Angolina thar', I dast out to shake for myself, and I have been a-sinkin' the last sight of every loc-lation I had in the world, and cared nothin' for them, believin' that they cared none for me, and the first thing I heard from any one of them was this no- tice that I found on this scrap of paper, found by investigach, and naturally et me to thinkin' about times past, and I thought I would look into et if I could."

"Well, you have reached the end."

"And what is ther' benefit?"

"Your brother has decreed to you one of the richest mines in Creede, to go to you if you can be found inside of five years. Every effort was to be made to find you, and, falling, then the mine would go to a worthy charity here in Denver."

"Great goshaway!"

"That is the substance and Rabine of it!"

"And what is the name of that mine?"

"The Susan Jane."

"Servin' time, I see!"

"What is the matter now?"

"That is ther' very mine some felers out and a-fer' stealin'."

"You don't say?"

"I do, though, and right out loud, too. Great goshaway papers, and let me go back there and astonish ther' natives!"

"You shall have them, but some forms of protection thar' is necessary, and I will see to that; then you will want to look at your dead brother, I suppose, before any other business."

"Well, yes, "says. "It will be lookin' at a stranger, I s'pose, but Marian and I will beg a-fer' a feelin' fer him still. Yes, I must do so, I s'pose. But, goshaway! they would never own oper this kind o' dress and as fer Angolina—"

"You will have to fit yourself out anew and stop appearin' like a gentleman, and you will have to give up the pig, of course—"

"And give up Angolina! Never! That pig has stayed with me through thick and thin, mostly thin, for three long years, and I would not leave him in a cold, hard world at this late date."

"Well, we may be able to get McGurk here and make care of it for a while for you and you can come and get it later on."

"That is different; but I will never desert Angolina."

"Your brother left some papers and a letter for me, in case anything happened to him before my coming," Dick then further explained, "and it was fortunate he did so. It looked as if he had had a thought that his time was near its clos- ing. Be that as it may, the papers came into my hands all right, and I hold them for you. There is the deed, and a codicil that makes the matter all straight for you. Besides, here is a scaled letter for your use."

Dick had taken from his pocket, while speaking, the envelope he had received from his brother, and from this he laid another envelope, which he now delivered.

Sidney Roh took it and opened it with trebling fingers.

Dick said nothing, but watched.

Then he tore open the side of the envelope which contained, opened it, and began to read it. His face softened as he read, and a tear fell into his eyes.

"Poor Marian!" he said, with choking voice. "He never felt right about et, and he asks me to forgive him. God knows I do it, fully."

"Keep letter," said Dick. "It is your brother's last message."

The man put it into his pocket.

"Now, all the fellows who are try-in' to steal that mine; who are they, and what do you know about the matter?"

"Well, if it's that whole lot about it. One of the fellows is a chap I heard called Gilman Spencer—"

"The name's right."

"You know him?"

"I want to know him, and I am going to know him, too, before many moons. But, go on with your story."

"Well, he and another man named Henry Housey aire plannin' to get hold of the Susan Jane. I overheard 'em talkin', and when they 'tweened themselves. They was only waitin' fer some other scheme to come off—"

"Ha! I thought so."

"What ye mean?"

"No matter, go on."

"Well, there was a man in Denver, and as soon as that is all right they mean to make their swoop fer ther Susan Jane."

"And we will make our swoop for them!"

"You kin bet your life that I will, any-how, as soon as I git hold of my title- clear to ther mine."

"And I will, with you. We will have business at Creede in a day or so, and there will be a surprise for somebody, I don't mistake, greatly. But now to busi- ness."

Arrangement was made with McGurk concerning the pig and the coming and going. Dick was left in charge of the empty house.

They first visited a barber's, where a bath and liberal application of the razor and scissors made a wonderful change in the appearance of the trimmeryman. He hardly knew himself.

From there to a clothing emporium, and then to the hightail. Simplicio Gustavo Spade looked like a gentleman. He adopted now his true name.

"Now, one other thing," said Dick. "What is that, pard?"

"That is just it, your language. You must lay off some uncouth manner of speaking, if you can do it, and make your language fit your appearance."

"Goshaway! that will be a sticher. Might ex well ask Angolina to lay off her bristles and take on wood."

"You must lay off your attention and do the best you can."

"All right, pard, I'll try."

"And now, the visit to your broth- er's home, where you will meet his wife, or widow, now, and see your brother's body."

"They set forward at once, and in due time were at their destination, where of something of a surprise awaited Dick. The door was opened by a woman-serv- ant, who informed him that Mrs. Roh had been arrested."

Dick could hardly believe that he had heard aright, and he inquired immediately for Barlow, the better.

CHAPTER XVII

MAKING A CLEAN SWOOP

"Gone!" Dick exclaimed, when so in- formed by the woman-servant.

"Yes, sir; he went away with the of- ficers who arrested Mrs. Roh, and I sup-pose went talking for his life of there was a gen- eral consultation, in which Dick showed his hand fully."

The chief and Bronson were amazed.

"I told you there was no use in my stayin' in," Jim remarked.

"There was every use in your stayin'-"
in sit," said Dick. "This case is yours still."

"And where do I figure in it? You are the leading cornet; I am a tin whistle. But give me my little part and I will play it to the best of my ability." "I tell you the case is yours," said Dick. "When I leave Denver I go for good, and I will rest with you to clear the matter up."

"Give me my part," said the Denver detective, feeling a little pimped, but he had a level head.

"Your part is to go with me to Creede at once and bring back the murderer of Mabel, Mr. Dick."

"Well, if you say so."

"I do. You, chief, will attend to watching the house where Harmon Roh was imposed upon last night, and make such arrests as you think necessary. You will get there all the evidence you can ask for."

"I will see to that part of it, never fear."

"Then nothing remains but to go to Creede and scoop in the chief villains of the place."

"But what is the matter with visiting that house before you go?" put in Jim Bronson. "You will want some of the fellows there that have had all the work, Wooded Dick."

"The very thing," the chief quickly approved.

"But—"

"No but about it. You are the very man for the job. You and Jim go there the same as you went before, and I will have my men on hand to respond to your call."

"That is ideal," cried Sidney Roh, forgetting his correct dress and the language it was meant to correspond with. "That is what we will do, and I will count me in! I only wish that Ang...

"You forget yourself, Mr. Roh," said Dick, smiling.

"Well, you are right, but I don't forget the pair that took my brother's life!"

So it was quickly arranged, and Deadwood Dick and the Denver detective set forth to carry out the work that needed to be done to complete the matter so far as Denver was concerned. It was already night.

Arriving at the house, they were heartily welcomed. Of course they were looking for nad not yet been there, and it was considered uncertain about his coming.

"So far, they were welcomed, as said, and went to make themselves at home, which they proceeded to do, but in a way that was a surprise to all present.

The Denver detective put a whistle to his lips, gave a shrill blast, and immediately heavy steps sounded in the hall.

"What does this mean?" cried the proprietor of the place, alarmed.

"Just what the cornet here and every person here are prisoners," answered Bronson, and he and Dick had guns in hand.

"You kill my life and do not know it," cried Sidney Roh. "We are going to let you through me to the joy of the indifferent and the keeper of the peace."

But what is it for? persisted the master of the place.

"To get the murderer of Mabel Roh," explained Deadwood Dick. "We know that that crime was hatched and fitted here in this house, and we mean to sift it to the bottom."

"It is a lie! We know nothing about it!"

"That remains to be seen. Harmon Roh spent last night here, and here the proofs of the crime were put upon him. We are determined to get down to bed-rock in this thing and make a clean breast of the thing, better."

The fellow saw there was no use delaying further, so he named the ones who had aided in the matter, and they told all they knew, and it was promised he would be made lighter for them for turning State's evidence. These were arrested, and the quicker and the quicker Mrs. Roh and Harmon were freed.

But it was done secretly, so that the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By train, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CREED CATCH

By trail, Creede is very much nearer to Denver, in point of time, than by trail.

It is no inconceivable distance, actually, and only those take the trail who are forced to do so by some circumstance beyond their control. It takes longer, but it saves the fare.

This last consideration had influenced Harmon Roh, and he had made the entire trip from Mister and the quicker the news might be ahead of Deadwood Dick and his pards.
The whole scheme had been carefully laid. It was the one to do the deed, and was to receive a handsome sum for his part.

How he carried it out we will disclose.

On the night of the crime he concealed himself in the room, and by burning a peculiar perfume after the household had retired, made their sleep profound.

The knife had been previously obtained for him by an accomplice, at the house where Harmon spent that night; and after doing the deed the murderer secured the will and sent it to the house where Harmon was, where it was placed in his coat, in the place where it was discovered. There was proof enough for it all, and the guilty wretch made a full confession, throwing the blame upon Spencer, as the instigator of the whole execrable scheme.

Both Mrs. Bob and Harmon were shown to be entirely innocent of any share in the matter, as Deadwood Dick had believed them to be from the first.

It had been planned by the villains to throw the crime upon Harmon in order to have him removed entirely by means of the law. He had been lured into a scheme at Creede, where, could he secure the use of a thousand dollars for a short time, a tempting fortune was held out to him as a bait. He went to Denver to show how he could get the sum of money—which was the very thing the conspirators wanted, and the rest of their vile plot was easy to work out.

It might have been a success only for the intervention of Deadwood Dick. The estrangement between father and son had not been caused by the father's marrying a second wife, as the wife had supposed, but was due to a desire on the part of the son to establish himself as a showman, after his uncle had died before him. Old Sidney had guessed it more closely than he had ever dreamed of doing; and, with the example of his erring brother before his mind's eye, no wonder that the father refused and withheld the items necessary to the existence of such an enterprise.

But, vain refusal! For the uncle and nephew joined issue and launched out with a show that was a success from the very start.

The rescues received the desert they so richly merited, and no one mourned the sheriff's good fortune.

THE END.

NEXT HALF-DIME LIBRARY, No. 947.

The Bowery Wrestler;

or,

The Butcher-Boy's Backer.

BY J.C. COWDRICK.

Beadle's Half-Dime Library.

BY WILLIAM E. EVERT.

BY HAROLD PAYNE.

BY BUFFALO BILL (Hew. Wm. F. Cody),

BY LIEUT. A. E. SIMS.

BY COLONEL PRENTIS INGHAM.

LATEST ISSUES.

NEW ISSUES.