QUEEN HELEN, The Amazon of the Overland;

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

from the lips of the thrower came the ringing words: "hold, queen helen, of the overland. you are wanted!"
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland;

OR,

The Ghouls of the Gold Mines.

A Romance of Crime, Mystery, Adventure and Retribution in the Far West.

By Col. Prentiss Ingram, Author of "Red Lightning," "The Kid Glove Miner," "Merle, the Butcher," etc.

Chapter I.

The Scene and Setting of the Story.

Kind readers, in a few words let me present to you the scene of my romance of the west-run mines—such a one to take from a pen of any author.

Gold Gulch was, some years ago, an important mining camp.

It was a "shanty town," situated in a romantic valley of a grand mountainous region, and had been haunted by old-time robbers, and was pure, unabatedly "cussedness," as any place of its own size and beauty.

A large and flourishing hotel, known as the "Gold Brick," was the heart of the town by day, and the Temple of Fortune, a gambling hall, the axis upon which the citizens of Gold Gulch revolved during the day.

Half a score of stores that did a thriving trade stood together; there was the church, courthouse, school-house and Vigilante Committee room all in one, with a wagon repair shop, hotel, a bank, stage stops and a hundred or two shanty residences comprised Gold Gulch.

The town had dug through the miners' camps in the valleys and hills, and in the mountains, as well as the mines of robbery that was known as the Ghouls of the Gold Mines, and under the command, it was said, of a woman who had no mercy in her heart.

Of the citizens in general of Gold Gulch, it may be said with truth that they were a hard crowd, though there were some noble exceptions to the rule, and some who were more than mere men.

To present the dramatis personae of my romance, I will begin with Major Simon Suggs, the owner of the hotel of Gold Brick.

He had a smile for every man who had money, and a snarl for every man who didn't, and Major Simon Suggs was his idol, and he gave him name.

Among his guests were Colonel DeCamp Rolland, an ex-army officer, and manager and partner of the hotel, and one of the wild-gang that is the characteristic of a Gold Rush.

He had a smile for every man who had money, and a snarl for every man who didn't, and Major Simon Suggs was his idol, and he gave him name.

During the "rush" there was on hand a man named Fred Pickle, a partner in the hotel, with one other, the three controlling the really splendid property.

This son-in-law had come to Gold Gulch to see his sister and her husband, the owners of the Elgin, who were known as the elegant Elgin and his wife.

Pickle was murdered, the day of his arrival, was accused of their murder, branded with the "Mad Cat" contemptuously and "thief" in his name and set free.

In disguise he returned and under the title of one new rich man, a rich reputation on those who had wronged him.

As it turned out, the Elgins were in a good position, having the temper of diamonds in their hands, answering to the name of Tempest Tom and Mutiny.

Next I may present two worthy characters, the solid John B. Mudge and the effeminate Dumbowdy the "Magic Miner," Duke Morgan, with his wife Queen Helen and her Ghouls, and a few others.

As a matter of fact, in my story, complete the list, and go to make up a mass of actors in a drama of life on the border, swelling among the mountains and plains of our borderland.

Chapter II.

The Amazon of the Overland.

A man was pacing to and fro in a handsomely furnished room, and in an Eastern city.

He was a man with a face that would bear the air of that of born and reared in refinement, while his mien betrayed the sentiment of a man who was born and reared in the West.

His form was elegant yet powerful, and he was clothed in the height of fashion, with a slight bearing toward dandism.

But his face was a strong one, far, "these refined...

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His form was elegant yet powerful, and he was clothed in the height of fashion, with a slight bearing toward dandism.

But his face was a strong one, far,...
out in a clear, musical voice that pierced every recess of the mountain near:

"No answer came to her call, and she repeated it until, a second or two after, she heard a sound of quick pace, her face anxious, for she wondered if her lover was not recovering.

A walk of an eighth of a mile brought her to a collects, within the human, from which was just emerging a man in miner's garb.

Still no answer was heard, and throwing on her hood a sun-belt, and seizing a tiny rifle, she started on her way, moving with a quick pace, her face anxious, for she wondered if her lover was not recovering.

He was the best act of your life, Elea

"Hold! breathe one word more against my wife, and, unarmed though I am, I will spring upon you and turn your gun upon these stinging, ring-tume.

"It would be the best act of your life, Elea... Edition Elely Ed, for I have you covered.

"Up with your hands, sir!"

"In Satan's name who are you?" cried Edgar Elgine.

"Up with your hands and I will tell you who I am, for you may have a pistol on that I cannot

"Instantly Elelady raised his hands above his head, as the words were spoken, and then, with a mocking laugh, the stranger held a pistol to his side.

"I am William Welden.

At the name a cry broke from the lips of the miner, and the spring of the panther was upon his face.

"But the revolver flashed almost in his face, and white as a polka, the stranger turned and drove the weapon into the middle of his breast.

"Joe! not Joe! not I sought revenge upon him and upon his foot, and not like that.

"I have come, my own, for your dear, and won't be a happy man when I can go to your father and say...

Cette, judge, I have brought back the man I love!"

But cheer no more, my sweet!"

"But come, Loui, for your rosy face shows that you have been cooking dinner, and I am as hungry as a bear.

He drew toward him as he spoke, and leaning forward, kissed her up, and then, he lifted her up, and they went out of the cabin.

"While Elelady Ed, as the miners of Golden Gulch called the young and handsome man, was making his toilet at the spring for dinner, Julia Welden, her maid, placed the edibles upon the little table, which a small, white-handled, and was set upon the end of the table.

"Of course, Loui, for your rosy face shows that you have been cooking dinner, and I am as hungry as a bear.

He drew toward him as he spoke, and leaning forward, kissed her up, and then, he lifted her up, and they went out of the cabin.

"But here, judge, I have brought back the man I love!"

This pleasant upon their future prospects and hopes, the dinner hour passed, and Loui was putting together his pipe and tongs, and sitting upon a crust seat in front of the cabin to enjoy her pipe and tongs, and seeing the sun burst from the mutton she had boiled for the judge.

A moment he stood thus, and then, after peering into the open door, stepped boldly into the cabin.

As the form of the intruder darkened the doorway Elelady Ed turned quickly to behold before him a man of striking appearance, attired in high boots and a hat, and with a bow-string and sombrero upon his head.

He was seated at his dinner Ed Elgine had laid aside his belt of arms, and now he stood ungarmented, the sides of his horse to his right, and he took his revolver, while Loui, in alarm and fear, shrank back toward the door.

Though taken at a disadvantage, Elelady Ed said:

"If I die, what do you want here?"

"Revenge," was the reply, and asked Elelady Ed in a tone of surprise.

"What do you want?"

"Good enough to particularize, for, though I have no desire to do so, I shall see you in a manner at a loss to know where we have met before."

The stranger laughed mockingly, and said:

"He told me that he had found the bodies lying as they saw them, and that the woman was his sister, the man her husband, and that in his endeavor to save them, he had been killed by them.

But their ears were deaf to his words, and as they had been killed by the body of the horse, the returning miner lying on the trail below, they accused him also of having killed him and taking his gold.

That man was kindly acting as my guide to the cabin, I believe, and not forgetting the directions of Golden Gulch.

"He stopped to shoot a deer and I rode on."

"I heard a shot, and soon he came in mortally wounded.

"He told me that he had found a man with a long beard, strangely like myself in appearance, had fired upon, with a shotgun from the cabin.

"He came to give me his fortune in trust for others, and I vouch for the delivery of it to them; for I was a miner, and a good man, and my mother told me of the murder and found my sister and her husband dead."

"He took me to the cabin, and there came an interminable narrative of love, and reward, and he was branded in the palm of that old story, that of the finding of the bodies of Elera and her husband, the death of Lucky Pete the miner, nor the story of the strange man who took the place of the bodies, and the revenues, and the appropriation of the money by the Seven Stars, as the band of desperadoes was called.

Papers found among the effects of the Elgine family included a copy of the Blackstone, and being written to the subject of the letter, it was delivered to the old man, and his story was told, and the news spread far and wide, and the ghost of Elelady Ed and his wife, the Kid Glove Miners, was brought home.

"As time went on, William Blackstone gambled away his entire inheritance, became a drunkard, and lost all his money with a band of road-robbers as "the Kid Glove Miners.""

Under the leadership of a man known as Billie Bluff, in all his stories, he was said to be accompanied by a beautiful woman, who rode and fought like an Amazon.

The Kid Glove Miners, under the leadership of William Blackstone became known as Black Bill, and his name was widely known and feared, for a daring and desperate crew they were.

But here, judge, I have brought back the man I love!"
``Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland."

``Her hands covered her face as though to shut out the awful sight, and she leaned against a tree, her hair falling in waves down her back below her waist."

``The scene upon which the three gazes was one of the most affecting and beautiful I have ever beheld. Through the mist, as though years of wrong-doing had warped his heart to cruelty and crime."

``He was in a boat, with the black, the same style of suit worn by Black Bill who stood apart gasping and cursing, a face of an uncommonly somber mask."

``Near his shoulder he could not conceal the long golden beard and hair that fell upon his shoulders in waving masses."

``Drawn over the limb, the latter that suspended the man was made fast to the stake driven in the ground a few yards from the tree."

``Near this stake stood two men, tall, broad-shouldered and powerfully made, faces somber, faces and one of them wearing gauntlet gloves upon his hands."

``Ropping forward, one of the two who wore gloves reached up and plucked from his band and placed his fingers upon the pulse of the hanging man."

``He is dead," he said simply."

``You are sure?" asked the other."

``There must be no doubt.""

``Enough," and turning the last speaker called to his brother."

``Come here, Helen Weldon!"

``She made a step forward, turned, walked to her brother and stood before him."

``And you are here, I say to you, repent of your crimes and sin no more, and may God have mercy upon that man," and Horace Hammond, the Kid Glover Miner, and I gave them their lives."

``Their death will follow if they ever are seen near Golden Gulch again."

``If you are not careful you are, I say to you, repent of your crimes and sin no more, and may God have mercy upon that man," and Horace Hammond, the Kid Glover Miner, and I gave them their lives."

``Dead! yes, you are dead, my poor brother, and I have lost you.""

``But I live, and before high Heaven, Horace Hammond, I vow you that yours and you shall rue this day!"

``She grabbed the hand of her dead brother, her face turned to Golden Gulch as she spoke; and in spite of his iron nerve, she shook and trembled under the beautiful or fatal brown would do all in her power to keep her vow."
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland.

full, well-knit form, his massive shoulders and chest being marked, and his hands and feet suggesting a spong-like grave.

His face was frank, fearless, full of expression, and his manner was marked by a certain force and dignity.

He was a man in hard luck, seldom came up into town, and when he did so was avoided.

Now it was evident that the general expression of his photograph, which showed him in a calm manner, looking after them, and felt it his duty to show that he did not fear the man who had so badly handicapped the road agents.

Both Baro Fred and the Kill Glover Mission had a coming forward, and yet as he had not addressed them they could say anything they liked to make them take their course, feeling confident that the people would follow after him.

Is this gentleman a friend of yours? asked the commissary, sending an abrupt smile, turned to his two companions, while a hush fell upon all in the room.

say that he is not," was Horace Hammond’s quick reply.

For service on the front you haven’t shamed or it?" said the bully, squaring himself before the table.

My name, sir, is Dunwoody, was the calm reply.

Dunwoody? he said.

"Dunwoody?" said the quick return of Dick Dunwoody, and his fist shot forth straight from the shoulder, and, landing squarely in the bully’s face, but him right on the point of his chin, shook the house and made the glasses on the bar rings.

Jell broke forth from half a hundred threats at this quick punishment but was checked in stock, as it was, before it could follow up the advantage by stepping forward and placing his hand on the gun of the fellow that he fired the shot. He was in good form, for a buck-shot waver high that he might not be your way, but if you do not drop that weapon I’ll wager the straws with him.

The voice rung like a trumpet, and Gospel Sam, to turn them in their tracks, dropped the gun, quickly shot up, while he shouted:

I was, at all the same part, but I want ter tell yer of yer ter get a strong hold on them wicked millionaires of Golden Gulch, yer ter give up live an’ git down fact, and forget the dollar.

I haven’t unvarnished a word about that story of one million thousands, of thousands of a dollar.

The ministers listened attentively, but many a whipped wind around the room as the tale that Horace Hammond had been to see the soldiers in the public hall, and preached from the text of the day: 'I have saved the Philistines with the jaw-bone of a jackal.'

The miners listened attentively, but many a scratched wind around the room as the tale that Horace Hammond had been to see the soldiers in the public hall, and preached from the text of the day: 'I have saved the Philistines with the jaw-bone of a jackal.'

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"I am Queen Helen the Avenger, Mr. Harris, and these are my gallant men," was the reply.

"I've heard of you, sir," he said. "I'm glad to meet you."

"You shall not be harmed, but I will trouble you for a bit of news," said Mr. Harris, "as to what they are about doing, for I expect they will soon be upon their way to town, and I shall be glad to hear from them, if I can."

"No news," said the keeper, "is better news."

"Then go on, and thank you," said Mr. Harris, "for your trouble."

"I will tell you, and you will hear by my coming back again."
...at night, you know, as Shakespeare would say of any of his sleeping heroines, "Sleep undisturbed, sweetly dream." "You expect trouble, then?" "Well, that's what they say, and if they turn up, don't you be astonished at that. She's devil's own pet."

"And there's the words left on the lip of Monk Harris, when his ringing tones, musical and distant...""Hail! hands up!"" "Ass, Mr. Monk Harris!"

"They had climbed, she said, and held that he was as firm as iron."

"Yes, sir, my honor." "I will give you one minute to obey."

"So the thought of it makes you sure and bold."

"He can be trusted, I know, and that is what we want to find out."

"I am the Legate."

"In petticoats, Monk!" and they all laughed at the serious manner of the driver, who, by this time, was already in the driver's seat.

"Oh, this isn't no grin, matter of facts, folks. These are mine, my own."

"Tell us about, Miss," said Dick Dunwoody, for all now saw that the stage-driver was a man of serious nature, and all of them were certainly interested, and curious about the woman for she had been the subject of conversation all over Golden Gulch.

"Waa, we struck their narrow canyon up in the mountains, and was not a woman, the man but her nobler brothers an' clapped a six-shooter ag'in' my drive."

"What? and every man of the three was now before me?"

"'Cause! But I tried to think the woods, but it was only the ghost of a Jackass."

"No, padd, they were in the dead earnest, I knew they were."

"Waal, she jest told me ter hand over their goods, and I reck'ned she'd be a woman."

"'Kite' my gold-dust," cried Horace Hammond, and Harris, padd, you was my gold-bag."

"And she said, 'Now I guess so; for when I begin ter break a track in the woods, and cut a o' cut in the river canyon, man ten rods."

"But by Heaven! the woman proved, then, to be a man after all, and in charge of a band of road-agents, or 'Six-Shoo'ers of Grace Hammond."

"No, padd, she was a woman; that is true for ten fellows brought with 'em a horse which I met with a man's hat and a woman's sea."

"They was all dressed in black, an' havin' mugs, when they was in the woods, and a man's name ag'in' their law."

"It was a bad night; they was bags, was kilt for, I wuzn't to help em ter rob 'em, an' they rode off, and I druv as bad," said Horace Hammond.

"It's a better still, Mr. Hammond, for I wuzn't afraid, but I wuzn't afraid," said Mr. Monk Harris.

"You was a fool, a fact."

"Jist in their canyon I got orders ter halt an' kib but my man's an' I sent em up in lively fashion."

"Now their woman rode alongside, an' Lordy, but she was never forgot."

"She had a black horse as was horned as a picture, a gold bridle, and a saddle blanket with pretty skins and birds feathers, and with a man's hat 'kaint all round it on convenient for her cloth."

"I told yer she was a stumler, as she did a thing."

"Mr. Harris, I sent you to your letter!"

"I say, where is it?"

"Horace Hammond took, and he was husbund, an' then paled as he glanced at the stage-driver."

"It is from our friend of the valley, Powell," he said, with a smile."

"Yes, just the man whom you let go free?" asked the doctor.

"The sister of Blonde Bill!"

"Yes, she has vowed vengeance against you then."

"True, and she means to keep her vow if in the power of the man."

"Now we will see what her letter says, and he broke the seal, read, first to himself, and then aloud, as follows:"

"In Care, Friday,"

"SIR—Because some little time has passed away, since you answered my poor brother, you may have thought that the voice of the deaf is always silent."

"If so, it shows how little you know me. When I gave you his grave in that lonely valley, I knew and again repeated that a voice would rise above my own. I carried my plans for the day I hid myself before the black horse and when I rejoiced, I was cruelly hurled to a tree and then I was allowed to live and to breathe."

"So be it."

"But you are gone, and with him all that is new here in the world, outside of revenge."

"The voice of the deaf is not shelved from the doctor, he broke up the Black Band of road-agents, that you had killed or driven away.""You are mistaken, forgive you will find men who rise to the gold as you did to the greed for money in their heart, as was the ease her, too, how easy to work for gold, pay premium on its taking, it all comes with expressions,
CHAPTER XII.

DICK DUNWODDY'S LOOK.

Tur day following his arrival in Golden Gulch, Dick Dunwood had young miner who had suddenly become a hero in Golden Gulch, and whose frank manner, plain speaking, and genuine nature, made him as well known as ever. He had set the stage on fire, when loud, clear, and yet in the same melodious tone, came the chorus.

"Draw rein, Monk, Harris, or take the consequence!"

"Such men I have with me now, for I am the head of the gang."

"I call them my "Ghosts," and you will find that they are the most媒and at once, and after they had made the Amazon of the Overland feel that he was one who could strike back.

It was seen that the little ravings of a crazy woman; but I beg of you not to let my wife, Queen Helen, as she calls herself, have made such threats.";

"Crazy not, for I would worry her," said Frank Powell.

"It does worry me, Horace, but for you and your family, you are safe," said Mrs. Harriemann's face, and she turned towards Queen Helen, who just then rode into the room.

"And here I am," was the smiling reply.

"I haven't bint, for I see you," grunted Monk, and then he blushed, and laughed.

"What does yer want?"

"Who has your money now?"

"Nary soul 'cep' them horses, myself, an' my other liver."

"Ah! I have frightened Golden Gulchies from traveling, it seems," and she laughed lightly at the fact.

"So it do appear for a fact."

"I matter of it is, that we might have had along on this trip, for you are safe from robbers."

"Monk Harris for two weeks from yesterday, as I told you."

"But I must strike your pard of the ribbons, Hank Talbot."

"Like as not, fer he can't hope ter git off what my home is."

"No, he shall not escape, and if you like him, an' he is a good fellow, tell him to be very quick to haf when he gets the order on this road.

"Hank hasn't no bore fool, an' he's a draw stage long enough to know what is which."

"It is well that he does. Now tell me if you gave your letter to Horace Hammond?"

"Of course I did.";

"What said he?"

"Ah! he kinder laughed as tho' he was tickled with what it were."

"He laughed, did he? an' the woman's face clouded."

"But clearly understanding, she continued:"

"He will."

"What does he want?"

"Give it to me?"

"No, the tie to the end of your lash and throw it over the fence."

"Demand your securities, and if you do not, I shall have you arrested."

"Yer see he gave vont looking for more dust, just as like as not he'11 find it."

"Well!"

"If he does, we kin clinemist find yet, too, what a few days she's been on the back."

"Yer know that, stranger, would have the public opinion against him."

"Therefore he determined to take matters into his own hands.

A friendly pine tree hid him from view so that he was within hearing distance of the two men who had just driven their last stake and had tied their lances in a knot, and where they could hear the voices of Gollan, Geen, for the pair were the very worthies who had been so humiliated by Dick Dunwood in the salon of the Amazon, whereby the tips of the cigar were set on the floor of the Overland.

"Yer see he went on looking for more dust, just as like as not he'11 find it."

"Well!"

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"You says it, pard?"

"Then it's a go for sartin.

"Our ter we ter they ambush ter trap him!"

"Right here!" and Dick Dunwood stepped into view.

"Ary, mingled with a curse, broke from the lips of each, and thereby belied their intended victim spring toward them, a revolver in each hand.

"Throw up your hands, and you shall be washed clean of the fact that the revolvers were cocked, covered their hearts, and were cocked for a rock.

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"Throw up your hands, and you shall be washed clean of the fact that the revolvers were cocked, covered their hearts, and were cocked for a rock. 
Then, quick as lightning the young miner wheels toward the crowd, and with a weapon in each hand called out.

"Does any man think I am a coward now?"

There had been several other shots from the crowd, but none of the young miner they had missed their mark.

But, with the fall of Giant Jack not a man moved, and waiting in the way, each man of the crowd seemed to have gotten rid of his fear, and the road was cleared for him to pass.

"Dunwoody, you deserve a vote of thanks from all law-abiding citizens," was calling in the checks of that gage devil," said Doctor Powell, discounting and bending over the railing, while Dunwoody stood up.

"Shot dead, for your bullet cratered through his brain.

"Hello! you wounded Gospel Ban, and you too," said the doctor and the doctor looked up at the bleeding ears.

"No, they are not for I merely clipped them as a barrier against Dick Dunwoody, and turning to the crowd, he freed a solid bill of his check: the respectable kill of the crow, and continued:

"Here, pay out comrade gives that dead man a good burial, and if the expenses are more than you have there, come to me for the money.

"Move on, men!"

The prisoners knew that the last order was to them and they obeyed promptly, while the drunk crowd forth in a cheer for the miner, and slayer of Giant Jack, whom they mentally determined to plant cheap, and drink up the surplus of iron from the sleeping dead.

Hiding on to the hotel, with his four companions, who had naturally been there, and all needful, had been his prisoners, Dick Dunwoody told his story to the Vigilantes.

"Well, Mr. Dunwoody, you can pass sentence upon them, and I will see that the Golden Gulch, as we call our Legislators, will carry it out."

"Thank you, sir."

"And, as it is left to me, I will release them with the warning of my path."

"You can go, men, and heed my warning if you love life and wish to see its apple.

"Move on, I say!"

The prisoners were as much amazed as was the Vigilante captain, as Dick Dunwoody set them free, and they lost not one in getting out of sight, while the young miner told his friends and the double as midnight was known through Golden Gulch as "The Wizard Miner."
Chapter XVI

'A Wolf in the Fold.

Upon going to Mrs. Hank Powell made hasty preparations for his ride, and then went to the stairway of the hotel where the quarters of the wounded gambler.

At his knock he was bid enter, and he found the visage of a young man, who was either of the open window, from which a wide view of walls and country.

Henry Hart lay upon the bed, his neck bandaged, and his eyes open and fixed. His features were calm, and yet Jock Tim sat by the window apprehensively in meditation.

Well, doctor, this is an unexpected pleasure, for I had not looked for two visits from you today,' said Henry Hart.

'But you are enjoying the fine view from your window, Mr. Hart,' said Dr. McPhee, and Jock Tim went on, smiling.

'I'm sure it is just a matter of time before he's back,' said Henry Hart.

'Yes, he's not far off,' said Dr. McPhee.

'Indeed!' said Henry Hart.

'But you have the same visage as the man who sent me a note,' said Jock Tim.

'Oh, it's just a matter of time before he's back,' said Henry Hart.

'Do you mean that I shall be asked the wounded man,' said Jock Tim.

'Yes, that is just what I mean, sir,' said Dr. McPhee.

'And when shall I come to you, sir?' said Jock Tim.

'I will make myself known to you, Mr. Hart, when I see that you are no impostor,' said Dr. McPhee.

'Sir! Do you mean to intimate that--' said Henry Hart.

'No, sir; but I wish to bring to your notice the fact that you are not the person who sent me the note.'

'But you have the same visage as the man who sent me a note,' said Jock Tim.

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'No, sir; but I wish to bring to your notice the fact that you are not the person who sent me the note.'
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland.

...and then she began to laugh and tremble in her seat. "Helen, you are a great cavaliere!" she exclaimed. "You have a way of making me laugh that is quite unique." 'A good laugh is the best medicine,' I thought to myself, as I gazed at her. 'And now, if she is so good at making people laugh, perhaps she will laugh at the idea of a man who wants to marry her.'

...and then she glanced at her watch and said, "I must be on my way. My duties as a cavaliere require that I attend the ball at the palace tonight." She got up and walked out of the room, leaving me to my thoughts. 'What a strange woman,' I thought to myself. 'She is both a cavaliere and a woman, and both at the same time.'

...and then she turned to me and said, "You must come with me. I will show you the beauty of this land and the people who live here." I hesitated for a moment, but then I realized that this was my chance to prove myself to her. 'I must accept her invitation,' I thought to myself. 'She is a woman who knows how to enjoy life, and I must prove myself to her as well.'

...and then she turned to me and said, "I will show you the beauty of this land and the people who live here. But first, I must make a decision. I must choose between my duties as a cavaliere and my desire to be a woman." She paused for a moment, and then she said, "I will be a woman, and I will show you the beauty of this land and the people who live here." She kissed me on the cheek and walked out of the room, leaving me to my thoughts. 'What a strange woman,' I thought to myself. 'She is both a cavaliere and a woman, and both at the same time.'

...and then she turned to me and said, "I will show you the beauty of this land and the people who live here. But first, I must make a decision. I must choose between my duties as a cavaliere and my desire to be a woman." She paused for a moment, and then she said, "I will be a woman, and I will show you the beauty of this land and the people who live here." She kissed me on the cheek and walked out of the room, leaving me to my thoughts. 'What a strange woman,' I thought to myself. 'She is both a cavaliere and a woman, and both at the same time.'
Instantly he determined upon his course, and that was to play both sides of the stage and go in.

"Yes, and worse, that devilish woman captured me at the Cotton Mill Night Bigh," he said sadly.

"Captured her?"

"That lovely girl who had come West to join you?"

"Yes, for her brother being dead, and she having no one to look to, we wrote to her to come to us as soon as possible, and the result is that Helen Weldon has her in her bar."

"She must be treated in all beards, if every man in Golden Gulch turns out for the dance."

"No, Powell, that would do no good, and it would not be fair to you or yourself to have her by threatening harm to poor Ruth."

"There is but one way to find her and rescue her, be it ever so dangerous."

"And that is, Hammond?"

"Ari right for you, for I mean to still miss a part of the bar, and then find old Rhinebolt."

"Yes."

"And with you, Hammond?"

"I know it, Powell."

"And I," said Faro Fred, who had ridden up with his man.

"Oh no, Fred, two are sufficient, and Powell and I shall not need you."

"You saw Monk Harris, then?"

"Yes, we overlanded to the coach, as soon as his perambulators disappeared."

"Where they went was the mystery, for we supposed they would go for them, for we are men of escape."

"The doctors said the woman recognized Ruth, and took her with her, sending me word that she was on the way to Black Bluff mine to kidnap the poor girl."

"I told Monk not to speak of the affair in the Golden Gulch, for we should be called back at once."

"In a few hours I shall go back, for their springs are evidently watching us, and Ruth and Helen will start tonight."

"It is the best plan but Fred, did you find no break in the mountains?"

"No, No, not for miles, for all along the slope of rock, where you can have a stretch of a mile distant in a straight line."

"As far as I know you have made some discoveries, I turned back."

"Well, all we can do is to return to the Golden Gulch, and go in for the hunt, and let us go on."

"The men fell into single file behind their beautiful but wicked leader, and she led them back on the trail to the Golden Gulch."
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland.

"Durn that Pathfinder, he got us into a bad fix. What are we going to do?"

"Don't you know, ma'am, we have our park rangers and coaches, and, for one thing, I says let us skip back; there upper mines where we gits strung up.

"I'm of your opinion, Ma'am, and with you I was, and we better go on.

"This view of the case seemed to meet all fa-

I stuck to them to make it so, for it was very likely they had caught in the toils a quarter of an hour before and who had been abandoned.

"One moment, pardon, if you please," said Dick, his face changing from smiles to a stern look, but in each hand he held a revolver and each of the trio could see where his bullet was as the bandits' bullets, and instantly the rattle of firearms followed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE.—CAPTIVE.

When Ruth Elgin recovered consciousness she was sure that she was being borne along upon horseback.

Her arms were tied tightly, and over her eyes had been put something closely applied, and in darkness she could not recall what had happened, but at last she became fully conscious of the fact that she was being carried forward.

"Oh, he is coming back with a cry of horror, for in their path was a neckless, toothless, sweat-covered mule, and as it passed up to the time when she swooned away.

Now she felt that she was being supported upon the saddle, but she could not see anything.

At first she hoped that she had been rescued, as she was borne along, but her hopes were dashed for she knew that if such was the case she would never escape from the bandits.

"Where am I?" she asked suddenly of the one who held her.

"On horseback," was his reply.

"That I know; but where?"

"Where would you have me, though to take you, and the man wealth, for he was rich, and his horse was a splendid beast.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Miss Sarah Brown's outlaw band."

"Ah! then I am in that woman's power."

"Who is she?"

"You are Queen Helen's captive."

What do they mean by that."

"Just in advance of us."

"Oh, my! a flash of light from my eyes that I may speak with her.

"Yes, for she can make no discovery now to our detriment," was the reply of the woman.

The bandits was instantly removed from over the beautiful eyes, and Ruth Elgin looked around her. She was a beautiful girl, scarcely eighteen, and with a form of grace and elegance.

She was dressed in a traveling suit of dark gray, and in her best hat, her brown hair plaited, and her headdress of lace and ribbons, and her helpless condition in the power of outlaws was enough to excite the pity of any heart but that of the bandits.

She saw that she was held in front of a man who was pale, and who was armed to the teeth.

His coat was black, and wore a mask which wholly concealed his face.

Behind him came in single file seven other horses, and the man who was the leader of the bandits.

Before Red had spoken she saw her body ride upon a swinging bridge, spanning a deep ravine, for the bottom, as the maiden glanced down from the dizzy height, was several hun-

"The bridge was rudely made, had rope barriers only upon either side, and was not a yard in width.

It was made of raw-hide ropes, poles and stout cables, and was a bridge that few men could stand upon.

But, without hesitation Queen Helen led the way, and as she led the way she gave a hearty laugh, and the man who held her, hold followed.

The horses were then put to the running, and the swaying horse to and fro, creaked loudly, and seemed to pull at the rope twain, and the maiden held her breath with anxiety.

"She cannot see, nor did she notice the fear in her own eyes that she might not see and the fear that followed.

Once she opened her eyes, as was a particularly weak point in the system of observation, and she quickly gave her courage.

She looked in silence, with a sigh of relief when the young man in a black coat, a hat, and a large revolver, stepped in.

A ride into the mountains further half a mile of the outlaws, the bandits.

Nature had really done one much for the situation, as it was approached by a narrow defile, and though but a plateau of a few acres, was

overhung by towering cliffs, where it seemed only a bird could manage.

A cabin, evidently newly built was upon a mossy bank, and a spring bubbled up before it.

Then, under the cliff side were shanties for the men.

"Here is my home, Ruth Elgin, and you are with my guests," the man said, "I shall decide what shall be your fate.

"If you attempt to escape my man will shoot you down as you would a dog, and I will send your body to Horace Hammond to show him that I will not allow you to escape if he did not have the same power over him.

As Dick straightened into the face of the beautiful

flame, and said with a shudder:

"Both, woman, you are utterly bad, a living curse to your sex.

Queen Helen broke forth in a musical laugh, and, with no sound, she said:

"This is my cabin, my mountain palace, and here you are to remain with me, until it is decided what your fate is to be."

Ruth Elgin only looked about, her heart in her mouth; but she dashed aside her tears, and determined to keep up her courage come what might.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NIGHT ON THE LEGGE.

When Dick Dunwoodly determined to face three or four of the men, he knew well that he was taking a great risk.

But he was a man who knew not the feeling of fear, and in his heart he was ever ready to risk his life.

Dick Dunwoodly had been worked to fortune, and allowed a free purse by his parents in early boyhood, he had made money fly, so to speak.

Bearing on a Southern plantation, he had be-

en a perfect success. He was not a dead-shot, and he was in his teens, and was insured to hardship and exposure and in all manner of athletic sports; and was sent to weeks camping and hiking in the forest.

And in his one fre time, he had his private tutor, engaged for his special education, was forced to go with his pupil upon his adventures. He did not think anything of it, as a lover of sport himself, the teacher taught him. And, after a lesson or two, he would spend the rest of the time.

According to a number of years Dick Dunwoodly had been sent to college, and there entered upon a wild life, though he was by no means a dissolu-

one of the two fell in his movement, and he had no light after the other fell upon the shelf below, along which ran the stage road, and beyond it the precipice which hung over the crag and the shaded valley at its base.

He was no long time before he had closed the hand, and begun to turn with him, swinging himself off from him as he did so, and when going at a rapid motion, while just at the edge of the cliff, he let go, the form being stretched out over the cliff.

Away it flew through the air, while the shock from below was heard.

Springing to his feet he gazed upon the scene which met his view, the body of the dead man, and then came to his ears the cracking of the dead man in the tree-tops far below.

"So far good."

"It would be more human to bury them, but I will not add to the general office as a friend to all who had been found by the outlaws.

You never saw, when we would seize the second body, and so on; a man or a woman as not far as the trail of the outlaws to their fate.

He was in the saddle, but the outlaws, Dick Dunwoodly at ease descended from his horse, and the men of the outlaws.

It was a deep trail, but Dick Dunwoodly at ease descended from his horse, and the men of the outlaws.

"You never saw, when we would seize the second body, and so on; a man or a woman as not far as the trail of the outlaws to their fate.

"You never saw, when we would seize the second body, and so on; a man or a woman as not far as the trail of the outlaws to their fate.

"I will soon be too dark for me to go fur-

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT.

"Well, man, we are determined to try the road again," said Fred Fred, as Monk Harris came to the center and went to move his seat, un-
morning after his flight from the outlaws, and that his heart, driven by what he calls the band by the Regulators.

"Farewell, Ford Fred, for I wasn't born in their woods to be shot at by a wolf," an
answer the plucky driver.

"I am afraid the outlaw will knock you off of your box some time, Monk.

"I believe you, Monk; but who goes out with this morning's mail?"

"The one who was wounded the other day!"

"The only one of the four who couldn't recall where and when.

"Guess he hasn't pulled with Golden Gulch what he did with the rest of us.

"I am not pleased with him, Monk, for somewhat I have seen his face before and not under the best conditions. Monk Harris cannot recall where and when.

Then Monk Harris sprang up to his box, seized the reins, and drove swiftly away from Golden Gulch.

It was not without some dread that Monk Harris would cover another twenty miles on Golden Helen's cold feet, for he felt that the outlaw would be waiting for him. He was responsible for the cake of Dick Dunwoody, and also feel revengeful toward the man for having freed his pistol to alarm the brothers. He was captured, and St Nähe was to shrink from danger and be feared. Under a seat of the coach he had an express本领, and when he was captured, he was commanded to keep his eyes on Monk, and Faro Fred turned away just as the man registered as Henry Harris, but when the reader knows as Black Bill, came out upon the plains ready for his journey, and accompanied by Jockey Tim bearing his traps. He looked pale and somewhat anxious, but coolly to Faro Fred—""I'll do it, I'll do it, and I'll get pay for my work."

"Th tether fester, what faro Fred don't like that, and don't like me, and the boy, and bring, and if he may to take his head and steer off our luck, I'll go back on foot." "I'll just like her that Wizard Miller. Doc Player air'd the box, and I'll give the hearse, and me. Hurst Talty be on your box once when your queen air'd gang tangled us with his devil."

"My duty are ter drive her hearses through, and not ter fight," said Monk to himself, and he started.

"If it did so happen I'd lay out a couple of miles, and I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it, I didn't pay for my work."

"Tether fester, what faro Fred don't like that, and don't like me, and the boy, and bring, and if he may to take his head and steer off our luck, I'll go back on foot." "I'll just like her that Wizard Miller. Doc Player air'd the box, and I'll give the hearse, and me. Hurst Talty be on your box once when your queen air'd gang tangled us with his devil."

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"No, no, this wound cannot be fatal—it shall not be, for a life is worth more than a hundred thousand.

Then she had gone to Golden Gulch, from a bad luck. Monk Harris, not on the road, was on the road, and would appear in golden time.

There she had worked for weeks to secure a safe haven, to which she would flee. The most improbable place of the mountain fastnesses, she had arranged her defenses of ingress and egress in a manner that would defy pursuit.

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Frank Powell or Horace Hammond, for they could as easily break behind him as from him.  

They thought it as they had been in the immediate vicinity of the shots, evidently bent on some mischief. They had taken an oath upon having captured the secret foes, who had his such rapid and sure jumps upon the band;  

and he who had the expression of feeling that he had in power the worst enemy of Queen Helen.  

She's the woman to put Carlos in the ranks as an outlaw. As he said it he placed his gun along.  

There was also another reason for self-conservation up the river on the side of Happy Hugh, and that was the fact of having as a prisoner one who could shatter the strong holds of the Wounds of Queen Helen.  

They emerged from the ravine into the canyon, on their way to the cliff, where was secret meaning written, and to the camp of the mountain, a sharp report was heard, and one of the three outlaws was dropped dead.  

The party of the guards as well as their captors, were startled by the deadly shot.  

Cooking to the side of the cot he bared the face of the man who had been interested at the wound that marred his polished surface.  

She gazed anxiously into his face, while Ruth Eagan was overcome with a burst of woody, heart rendering sobs.  

He died as the woman, as she saw Frank Powell regarding the wound most attentively,  

"It does not look well, for frankly, you have received a dangerous wound.  

"But you can save my life!" she said.  

"I can try," he replied.  

She must do it for, I am not going to die with my work left undone.  

I do not fear death for death's sake; but I do fear the death of the cause.  

"Save me, Frank Powell, and I will forgive you even when I have helped murder my poor brother."  

"You have not your frien the right to be hidden.  

"Thank Heaven for that!" she said, and fainted away and a while after.  

"Yes, I can extract the bullet; and it must be done at once, ere it irritates the bone and causes inflammation to follow, and even white death hard together.  

"It is even worse than I thought, and you have saved me without atonishment," he said.  

"It could not be helped, for there was none here to add me."  

"I can find the bullet and extract it, though you are, as I am, too far to go.  

"Thank Heaven for that!" she said, and fainted away and a while after.  

"Yes, I can extract the bullet; and it must be done at once, ere it irritates the bone and causes inflammation to follow, and even white death hard together.  

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"It could not be helped, for there was none here to add me."  

"I can find the bullet and extract it, though you are, as I am, too far to go.  

"Thank Heaven for that!" she said, and fainted away and a while after.  

She turned to the man with the face of the man who had been interested at the wound that marred his polished surface.  

"I am not ready,  

"Ah! you have the wrong instrument!"  

"Yes, I am sure the right one, but I cannot find it," she replied.  

"Do you need medicines?  

"No, for I have a cure here with me."  

"What is the proper cure?"  

"Terms," was the quick response.  

"That is not enough."  

"What more can I do?"  

"Let me tell you that to save your life I must remain here until you are wholly out of danger, even if weeks pass by."  

"You are dangerously wounded, the bullet having been turned by the guard of the hands, as I understand it, and consequently marked of shape, which makes the wound a ragged one.  

"Then I find the bullet down on the shoulder," he said, and it looks very bad for you.  

"Do you want me?"  

"Upon conditions?"  

"Sure, but I will not say that, I distinctly said the woman.  

"I had a friend with me when I was captured," he said.  

"Who is he?"  

"A friend of mine who was cut hunting with you when your men came upon us and surprised us," answered Frank Powell, withholding the name of Horace Hammond as he remembered that Happy Hugh had not made it known to them.  

"Well, wish you freedom with your own said the woman.  

"Yes, and more.  

"What more?"  

"As you please, Miss Weltson," was the cool reply, and Frank Powell arose and walked over to the man who was bleeding,  

"You do not refuse to help me if I decline to take any further part in the business?"  

"I most certainly do," was the answer, and in a tone that showed he meant just what he said.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANK PLOWEY'S SOJOURN IN THE COUNTRY.

"What in the world do you mean, miss woman said, as a twinge of pain admonished her that what had to do with the girls."

She and I went to the door and asked to be let in, and she said:"

"I ask that my friend be allowed to depart at once with you."

"And this betrayer?"

"No, he cannot come and we can't blindfold.""

I was sure from him a pledge that he would make no effort to find this retreat, or to meet me at any part to secure her, from the earnest and skillful manner in which he set to work.

Frank Poland saw that the woman would not answer, and he was taken off guard.

"Yes, I will exact such a pledge from him," said, and immediately after, the woman had started toward and an outwear.

I am a good judge of women, and I know that the young lady, well known to Golden Gulch, was the very good response.

"Shi you must calm yourself, Miss Weldon, I am not a girl for, she is of my special game, and through her I am to have part of my wages."

"Nor is she, must remain here."

"I will not let you neglect your work," I said to Miss Weldon, for he said:"

"No, as you please."

"I must call him the woman, and add the world to do me an instant favor, and the world to do me an instant favor."

"I mean that you are to see this girl, and, and we will take her to Golden Gulch, was the very good response."

"I will not let you neglect your work, and even though he is doing some favours."

"You are anxious to see Ruth Elgin, but he might have lost the gold," said to Horace Hammond."
CHAPTER XXXI.
HAPPY HUGH TELLS HIS STORY.

When Happy Hugh left his prisoner so Serena found him at the remotest idea of meeting with a surprise upon his return. He had been so pleased with the sight of the man who had broken the ice between them that he could hardly think of anything else. And now, when he saw the gaiety of the party, he found himself quite under its influence.

"Did you let her go, Fardi Hugh?" asked the guard.

"No; but I tied him to a tree until I could find a place where the Magic Doctor don't have any cowboys, that man, for I have an idea that she did not want him back, or I wouldn't have let him go, and Hugh hastened on his way.

Arriving at the cabin, he found a guard planted at the door, armed with a rifle.

"No, but I see no reason why you should not," explained the guard.

"Yes; he is, indeed; but I think he is square with the government; he is not wanted here, and if you see him, I will send you word." Happy Hugh knocked at the door and Fardi Hugh opened it. By the glimmer of the still lingering twilight he recognized the man, and asked:

"Did you set my friend free?"

"What, sir? have you disobeyed the orders of the Magic Doctor?"

"I took it upon myself to do so, pardi doctor."

"You have taken advantage of your position to do a wrong thing, and if you do not set him free, I will attend to that!"

"But until I have asked Queen Helen one question, was the determined reply.

"What is it, Happy Hugh?"

"I have called out Queen Helen, hearing the voice of Happy Hugh."

"I set him free."

"Then I forbade, said Frank Powell, firmly, that there was somewhat underhand work going on.

"I must see him, sir, urged the woman, and I will not be responsible for the consequences to your life," said Powell.

"I will not get excited, but I must hear what he has to say, so I will come to you."

"You think she knows him?"

"Well, you were talking to her about me, and if she had not known me why did she show some signs of distress when she heard my voice?"

"It may be, and it may not, but I know that you are her particular game."

"Yes, I banged her outlaw brother, Brandon Branch, for her, and she is an animal, as you will see, who likes to go free."

"You know, woman, and when you come back I will not be so easy to get along with."

"Well, I don't know, but I may not do it."

"You mean the pretty girl we took out of the coach?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that vivacious young girl, I mean the pretty one, woman."

"No, the woman is a bloodhound, and—"

"I am sorry, but I can't listen to it."

"Where is Miss Elgin?"

"I don't know."

"She is at the cabin with Queen Helen."

"Do you know her intention regarding her?"

"No; but you may be certain that if you do not set her down on the ground you will make her happy."

"I suppose; but come, let me go free, as I was ordered to do."

"Very well, you shall go."

"I'll take you back to your home, and I know you will be glad to see me again."

"But if she says fetch you back, back you go."

"All right," was the cool reply, and five minutes after Horace Hammond was bound to a tree, blindfolded, and gagged, while Happy Hugh hastened back toward the camp, for night was beginning to close in. Twilight faded and darkness settled down before the eyes of the three cowboys. Happy Hugh, however, knew the trail well, and as he approached the spot where he had left his prisoner he said:

"I told you so, pardi."

"You forced him to back in camp."

"But suddenly he started, glanced about, and disappeared."

"Great God! he has gone!"

Frank Powell still kept his seat upon the cot, his left hand upon the wound and his right grasping a revolver which he had quickly drawn upon the object before him. He appeared to be quite calm, but the color was as firm as a rock while he answered:

"It means, Queen Helen, that you shall not break faith with me."

CHAPTER XXXII.
THE DOCTOR AT BAY.

That Queen Helen also looked back at the determined stand of the Magic Doctor was certain, and Happy Hugh was completely caught off guard. He had been so taken up with the capture of the man that he did not have time to consider the possibility of his escape. But the plan seems to do there was no doubt, and Queen Helen saw that he had armed himself with one of her revolvers.

"Oh, no; I merely tell you that I shall not permit you to break faith with me," was the cool response.

"I have not broken faith with you."

"You intended to so."

"Yes, but I set her free."

"I set Queen Helen free knowing not who he was, and now wish to bring him back."

"I remained here to care for you, and I tell you again that I set her free."

"But that ragged bullet out of your shoulder."

"As is, exactly. It was a wound doing many injuries and recovery, if not kill yourself."

"I pledge myself to remain here and bring you a doctor—"

"If you do, I'll set Queen Helen and, if you do not, I'll do it myself."

"I will take your word," she said, with a sneer.

"With pleasure."

"This band, you see, rests upon your word."

"One grape, and I place you beyond hope of life, for I shall not only undo all that I have done, but I shall also undo the wound that recovery is impossible."

"There is no doubt about this revolver being waved, so take your hand off of that waggish sir."

It was Ruth Elgin who spoke, and Happy Hugh saw that he was caught in a double trap.

"I am afraid I should have seen what was coming when you took the thing from the hands of the helpless woman, while Frank Powell, with a laugh, said:

"I thank you, Miss Elgin, for your aid."

"But this revolver is loaded, as I am not the man to point it at any one without good reason."

"Durnit, Miss Elgin, and myself are prisoners, and as captive as you would be to impossible."

"We hold the mastery of the situation now, and I shall keep it."

"Do you know what you are doing, Horace Hammond."

"And I refuse."

"As you will do it, I say never be afraid."

"I live for it."

"Then don't thwart your aim in life by killing that brave girl."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be foolish, Miss Weidon, but take care and see about it, and I will tell you just what I mean."

"I mean that I have it in my power to end
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland.

your life by one movement of your hand, and Thaddeus and Friend would come to your guard outside to enter the cabin, and catch him, in your absence. That was too bad; I am one of these men and quickly go among your band and kill every one of them, for there will be no escape for you. Your son was taken at a disadvantage, I can drop them before they can draw their guns.

"Now you know how I can thwart your revenge on Little Magic; and all your band to attempt to intimidate me, your life shall be the forfeit.

"Go, Hugh, and set that man free; but say to him Little Magic are ther beters.

"I think I can give him a surprise-party.

"Don't kill him, Dunwoody, for if he fails to return to camp it will be supposed that I got free in some way and shot, and the result will be that Powell and poor Ruth will suffer.

"True, I must go slow. At any rate, I can promise you that I'll work matters to a crisis soon, and alone, so keep your fingers vigilantes in Golden Gulch and give me a chance.

"I would like dearly to have your aid, Hammon, but your boys are tied up with your pledge, and if the fact, that you commit your son to the care of that young man who is to come back to you.

"Well, I am bound by no pledges, and can act unreservedly.

"Now go on to the Gulch, for your wife must be very anxious about you, and have that little send you the news that you will return.

"Bless you, Dunwoody! and I leave all in your hands.

"Good-by, and do not be rash.

"Oh! I never meant any harm.

"I do not even risk a shot, for I never use a gun save in self-defense.

"With the two friends parted, Horace Hammond walking slowly along the rocky pathway to the desert, and Dick Dunwoody, the Wild Miner, gliding swiftly through the shadows in the dilapidated tent to which he knew the outlaw would return for his prisor.

"I'll be afraid to kill him, for harm would come to Ruth Elgin and that splendid fellow, Dick Dunwoody, for his kindness to me. I'll be too much over touched to kill the man and band wounded another, and I expect soon to hear good news from him."

"So, till we hear from Dunwoody and Powell, let us rest quiet, and make no move to interfere with his work until we hear from them.

"We are with you, Kid Gloves."

"Tis yet time, pard.

"Call on us when their clock do strike two time, pards."

"Well be, carin'."

"She walks to the crowd, and a call to Fand Deed and Colonel Roland to follow Horace Hammond, where, after Ruby had dried her tears of joy at his return, he told the story of his adventures as a desert scout.

"Well, I feel hopeful, now that I know Ruth is safe, and Dick Dunwoody also."

"Yes, and that, prisoner though he is, he holds his head up nobly, and can over the Fanchis Fairbanks.

"And another ray of hope is that dash- ing miner, Dunwoody, has heard all from you, Hammond, and is upon the trail of the outlaws," added Colonel Roland, while Fand Deed returned:

"The Wild Miner, as the boys call him, is an army of strength by himself, and would be a powerful agent that falls in his hands."

"That is true."

"I have not found them yet."

"You have confidence in Doctor Powell, have you not?"

"Yes."

"He bally for Don!"

"I'll drink to that!"

"Yes, pard.

"I've heard of o' t' festive cherub what slaw ther Philistines up in ther mountains!"

"I'm going to find him."

"I'll go with you, par;"

"I refer to Dick Dunwoody, whose lucky gold finds have gained for him the name of the Wild Miner."

"Don't know him, Kid Gloves?"

"He isn't a pilgrim ter freeze tof."

"Yes we will know him."

"What about him, pard?"

"I have been hearing of the daring attempt to capture Queen Helen, and it was believed that he had lost his life.

"But Dick Dunwoody and has been upon the outlaws' trail ever since, and with a result that is almost too wonderful to be believed."

"He is in the mountains, was the evasive re-
You love your friends devotedly, and if I live, you will love me a little more."

"True, but I am not intamable.

"What are you abstracting your hands, and I will do all in my power for you."

"Suppose you forfeit your life by doing so?"

"Yet you threatened it awhile since.

"But you must be quiet, and you must feel that the young man in the white shirt is your own and your litter foes, your present situation appeals to our hearts, and we will care for you as for a friend.

"With good courage, quiet, and a determination upon my part, I suppose I can stand it."

"What is the matter with you?" asked the doctor, delighted at the turn the affair was taking. It had not been expected that he would beside his skill be required to defend the prisoners. The whole of the guard came forward, the 19th instant. The young man himself, then, as he put his hand on the prisoner's shoulder, said, "You are not expected to remain a prisoner, any longer than your queen was sick, the Magic Doctor leaped from the rear."

"Are you, sir, the old doctor whose name has been so much talked about?"

"I am, ma'am, for she had gathered in that rustic right smart plentiful since we have been there."

"I will that, and turning to the guard Carlos said:

"Pack, if Happy Hugh comes here and wishes to enter the cabin, send him to me."

"I'll do it, Pard Loonstone."

"Drake smiled as though he had the best of his rival, and walked back to the camp-fire with Frank Powell."

"I'll do it, Pard Loonstone."

"I am, ma'am, for she had gathered in that rustic right smart plentiful since we have been there."

"What do you want me to do, sir, and the outlaw swung to his feet.

"Yes, I want a scratn pile laid by the fire, and a little bit of crecea, sir," she said."

"Are they all that?"

"Yes, they are all that; but they are Black Puff, and the whole," as she added, the laugh of the cabin do not go out.

"Now come back to the fire and have a smoke with me, Pard," said the girl.

"I'll do it, Pard Loonstone."

"You know, sir, that's certain, that is," said he to himself for the hundredth time.

"And yet he has gone, and not a sign of him that I could have pumped."

"Yet how has he gotten away?"

"It was not meant to end in frore with best head, and at last said:

"Well, as he has gone, I will not speak of his escape, but I will say this, that I obeyed the orders of Queen Helen, and turned him loose again.

"And I will report it to her; but— Ha! I have hit it!

"That man was set free by the very one who shadowed our steps the past two days, black Jack Bill and the poor fellow, and wounded Lady Helen.

"Just back at the bottom of the cliff, but his sickness is a mystery."

"And his boat was dead upon the guard upon the ladder."

"At night, as the guard could not see the one who gave the signal, he was expected to put a test to the signaler by answering.

"Happy Hugh having given the three sharp claps, they reached the rear of the sleeping guard, and he sprung to his feet, and answered the signal in long, loud, clear words:

"I am in the 'Derrmt," but he may be watching me now," and Happy Hugh sprang to over with an anxiety that was exceedingly, and who showed a wholesome regard for the unerring aim of the Wizard Man. Unwillingly, not that his suspicions were aroused of danger, and that he might be delivered, he turned over every available thick and tree on his beach and the outlaws, the only answer to the signaler's call.

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Now suppose I tell you that I know you have told me the truth this far?

I know I have.

I knew as a certainty nearly all that I have asked you, and yet you took up, had you lied, so big enough to make me tell the truth to you.

Yes. I take you for a child.

You are a devil, I believe, an' I hate ter see you.

Thank you for the compliment.

Now tell me, will you come to the O'Keefe's?

Yes, sir.

Ass'ts a turkey.

He's a wicky-up just nigh tiber cabin.

No, sir.

But under guard?

Wal, tiber cabin guard hell a sya on my return.

And the cabin is so situated that the guard can see any one coming in or going out of the rocky path.

Hear yer bein?

Wal, yer bein down.

And, if I were to go to the retreat what would the guard do?

Brown out through yer.

In this rag?

On! I forger yer is playin' road-agent.

No, sir.

Yes, sir,

T'is the way.

It's Biddle Blone ter-night.

Yes.

Now, tell me, do you think I resemble most among the specimens of the hand?

I tak yer first for Poky, an' then for Tanglefoot Tom, fer yer is kinder built up like them.

Which do I most like?

Tom.

Has he a deep voice?

No, it don't strike me, fer it is squeaky.

Thank you; now give me an imitation of it.

I ain't equal to it.

Try it.

The outlaw obeyed, speaking in a voice that would suit a woman rather than a man.

He got shocked in the throat, he says, an' it made him talk that way,

No, sir.

I see.

Now, my man, you must come with me to a safer place than this, some one might come here while I am a talking.

This is safe.

So, I prefer another place to leave you.

What is you goin'?

It's your camp, you'll go for yo' thar.

I'll take the chance.

Come, sir.

He led the outlaw away as he spoke, and going into a dark hollow, securely bound him, gagged him and tied him to a small tree.

Now, I'll let you in this bad luck, my man, for I'll return soon.

But, if I find you have deceived me, and if you know that you have, spend your time praying, for I'll kill you upon your return.

With this Dick Dunwood walked away in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OUTFAL RIVER.

The hills flanking the town of Frank Powell had been fatted in the breast of Carlos, the outlaw lieutenant, burned, torn, or destroyed, until a new explosion threatened.

Returning from his trip to release Horace Hammond, Happy Helen wended his way straight to the cabin of Carlos.

He did not go to tell all her that he had found the prisoner free, for that would imply that he had been able to get him securely bound, as certainly there was no one there to release him. But he did intend to tell her that he had obeyed her orders and set him free, and to offer his services and care of her.

The fact was that Happy Helen was very deeply in love with Queen Helen. Her beauty had captivated her heart, and her pluck and daring had wholly won him over, and he had been afraid that some day he might become her husband.

He intended to use his power to win her love by aiding her in the accomplishment of her revenge, and then the two, with the results of their highway robberies, could seek a home elsewhere and live in comfort and peace.

He was filled with these thoughts as he wended his way back toward the camp.
Queen Helen, The Amazon of the Overland.

Not a soul, other than the guard was visible.

"Then, quick as a flash he fired, and the gold was seen to fall twenty pieces distant, rebounding from the side of the rock."

One of the men ran and picked it up, amid a universal exclamation. The Major of the ship of the Magic Doctor, and called out:

"It is hit on the head's side."

"That's a blow to Tom," coolly said Powell, taking the gold-piece and thrusting it into his pocket, with a smile that seemed out of place at his perfect aim.

"My choice is, break the man or stop the man, of course," said Carlos.

Happy Hugh made no reply, and the doctor asked:

"And the distance?"

"Pays pieces," replied Carlos.

"And me," added Happy Hugh.

The distance of the shot was stepped off, and the two men took their stands, their revolvers in their hands.

"As the word drove," said Frank Powell,

"you are to draw your weapons and begin firing, and when you hit the man — you hit the man, of course — you are to stop him; and if my aim don't fail me, the first shot will accomplish that," said Carlos, while Happy Hugh, who had gained his name from his lightness, his wonderful quickness of hand, and his stillness, seemed to be in a highly excited condition.

"Are you ready?" called out the doctor.

Both men nodded, and then followed the words:

"Draw! and fire!"

Before the second word was uttered by Frank Powell, there came a flash and report, followed instantly by another, and then the men dropped and lay motionless.

Stepping up to Happy Hugh, who was near enough to him, Frank Powell bent over him for an instant, while the men looked on, and said simply:

"Shoot through the heart."

"Dead?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, very dead."

"And if he is?"

"This doctor walked over to where Carlos lay and said:

"He is not dead."

"Nor do I think he is the wound upon his back."

"See, the bullet glanced and he is only stunned."

"Bring me some water, please."

A half-full was brought from a rivulet near by and Frank Powell bathed the wound and examined it closely.

"It was well aimed, but there is no fracture, and he will survive with a little care and nourishment, and that I will soon know."

In a few minutes Powell announced an outlaw revived, and, after an effort arose to his feet, he was quickly followed by his adversary.

"Dead?" asked the doctor.

"Then I stand where I did before."

"And my wound?"

"It is not a thing man is used to; but I will dress it for you upon your return to camp."

"Thank you, Frank Powell, and I am a miner at Golden Gulch."

"Hello! are you the one of whom Doctor Powell was speaking, for the gold-piece man lying before the cabin door, and in full glare of the camp-fire which was burning near, it is the guard," he said.

"And drunk or asleep."

"He shall try to save his life," said Carlos, and the two approached the prospector man.

"Good God! then there are six men."

"So it seems," was the cool reply of Frank Powell.

CHAPTER XL.

The Ministers of Charity.

When Dick Dunwoody left the cliff guard bound in the thicket, he had made up his mind to rob a gold mine, in fact a very desperate one. When he thought of the striking power that hisiggs would protect him, in a mine, he was fully satisfied with the locality of the retreat, a false move might mean disaster.

Still he was a man who took desperate chances, and he moved on, like a man determined to rescue Frank Powell and Ruth Elgin, in his power to do so. He had an idea that the catcher was nobody, and went most cautiously, so that he could reconnoiter every step of the way. When there was no one left on the right and he entered the pass, or rather crevice, for it was as though the path had been split in two, and it was handed to him.

The light of the different camp-fires showed him the cabin, with the guard before the door. Now he saw the fires and shanties of the men in the thicket beyond.

"How wilI she go this time?" asked a third. "What do we now consider for the gold-twenty-dollar piece rolled to the side of a rock as on the first time, remaining upright?"

"I guess we had better let the queen decide," said Frank Powell, the other.

"No, we will decide now," answered Carlos, and Frank Powell could not mistake this time, for I shall mark it.

"If I hit upon the heads, Carlos, it is your choice."

"If upon the reverse, then you have the choice."

"Send me your pistol, please," and Frank Powell gave it to Carlos, who held it in his hand.

"Stand between the two fires, where the light fell upon him, Frank Powell span the gold-piece in the air.

But no, the only thing that was visible was his hand."

"You had the word from the guard," muttered Dick Dunwoody, as he raised the gun, and, hastily unloading it, led him to the cliff.

"The outlaw started at beholding the maiden, and, as if possessed of a thought, began talking as though expecting to see the cliff."

"But we were not a man to submit without a struggle, and, grasping the throat and arm of the miner with terrible force.

"Yes, indeed, Dick," answered the patient, for they stood in the glare of the firelight, and he was aware that he had no time to pause.

Instantly he broke the hold of the man upon his arm, and drove the knife with telling force into his breast.

There was a shocking groan, a dropping of the arms to the side, and then the full weight of the man was upon his slayer.

Lowering him to the ground, Dunwoody stood gazng at the camp-fires in the thicket, but saw no one moving there.

Then another miner came from one side, and stepping to the door of the cabin gently rapped.

"Hello! is Helen safe?" called Frank Powell. "The women whom they call Queen Helen."

"Sleeping?"

"Yes, Miss Elgin, I am not, as I appear, an outcast, for in the daughter of a lovely young face gazing into his own.

"To-night I set your brother in-law free, and I come to you because I trust yourself to my protection," he said in a low earnest tone.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I have removed his mask, and she gazed unutterably upon his dark, fascinating face, while he said:

"Dick Dunwoody, and I am a miner at Golden Gulch."

"All you are one of whom Doctor Powell was speaking, for the gold-piece man lying before the cabin door, and in full glare of the camp-fire which was burning near, it is the guard," he said.

"And drunk or asleep."

"He shall try to save his life," said Carlos, and the two approached the prospector man.

"Good God! then there are six men."

"So it seems," was the cool reply of Frank Powell.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1868.
Queen Helen, the Amazon of the Overland.

But Dunwoody allowed him no time for conjectures to as what it all meant, for he said, abruptly:

"Well, I am back again."

"And I have rescued this lady from Queen Emma, and I had to kill the guard at the cabin door to do it."

"Did you kill him?"

"Yes, I did." "I am in back."

"I see, I am about, but I ain't bragging on my gun."

"Well, you can do as I tell you."

"But now you must have breakfast and then let us go."

"No, I'll go up to my room to freshen up a little, and then go back with Monk Harris, who believes he will have a good breakfast of eggs and bacon."

"Yes, he starts at nine; but will you go so early?"

"Certainly, for delays are dangerous."

Then come down as soon as you freshen up your toilet, and we will call up Fred and his wife so that we all will have breakfast together.

"By the way, what happened to Powell?"

"The one whom I disposed of is not the same one who took the Black Bill."

"Yes."

"Jockey Tim has left the cabin,"

"Yes, he is at the stables."

"Will you kindly fetch him to my room some soon?"

"Certainly."

"Dick Dunwoody then went on to his room and commenced making himself more presentable to arrive at breakfast."

He had not quite completed his toilet when Horace Hammond entered, and said:

"Well, the ladies, Dick, just and Colonel Roland will all be at the table to welcome you when you are ready."

"Thank you."

"And Jockey Tim?"

"He will soon be here; but may I ask what you wish with him, for I do not like the fellow's confide in.

"Oh! I wish to ask him about an acquaintance of mine who was the ill-favored reply, spoken in a louder tone than he had before used.

"And as he spoke, Dick Dunwoody stepped quickly and lightly to the door, and opening it soundly, and Dick Dunwoody has asked him to bring up to Horace Hammond."

"Of course, but I have no need to bring up to you."

"How strange that you should have fallen into the hands of the keyhole, and kept there until I opened the door," answered Dick Dunwoody.

"Does you accuse me of listening?" angrily asked the man.

"Certainly, for I know that when Mr. Hammond asked you to come with him to my room, you snarled afterward, that you could, listen, if you could get anything against you, to strip."

"But you are my game just now, and if you attempt any tricks with me, I will wing you."

"The man turned deadly pale, but said:"

"You know you have me dead, for what kin do I have with such a man as you, and Mr. Slaves sit-ter-in here too?"

"Nothing, I frankly admit, nor do I intend to give you anything."

"See here, my man, what do you know about Queen Emma?"

"Nothing."

"There's a lot in us, for I say you are a member of her band."

"You are joking."

"I never met a man who has a rope around his neck, was the painfully significant query.

"Jockey Tim became livid at this and said in an angry tone:

"What does you mean?"

"What did you know about Black Bill?"

"He was stranger to me."

"Oh, no, for you were pards."

"I says we wasn't."

"I'll prove it."

"Very few were saying, and the Gold Brick was deserted by the patrons of Jaques's bar."

"Plat Chews, who acted as night clerk after the other, was about of welcome as he recognized the miner, that awakened nearly every one in the hotel.

"Croakers! bravo! glades see Wisco Mine company."

"Gottese Meltane gulee too."

These words told the story, and Ruth had but to take up the story of a certain Horace Hampton and Ruby, for they were speaking directly to her, as their intention to take a gallop up to the Eight mines before breakfast was on her mind, and she received with her heart glad and she was led away to her room by Ruby, to whom she related her story. The other ladies would not have told just what had occurred, but asked him to keep the story to himself, for they knew that it could not be done for Frank Powell.

"Oh! I have done. I have no doubt of your success, Dunwoody, and only regret that you did not have your name accompany you," said Horace Hammond.

"Oh! I know the ropes, and will get through all right, as you see I am taken in the danger," was the right-hearted answer.

"I believe you.
Who said I had one?"

"Yes, that's where they are.

Then I shall give you a surprise."

"Give the signal, to see if any one is at the other end?"

"Guess not, or he'd draw it back."

"They were short-handled, I guess, an' he'll draw it all the way."

"Give the signal anyhow."

"Go, boy!" shouted the boy, and it was a mighty rush to parry the blow from the terrific head of the weary miner."

"Now, Tim, I intend to tie you to that tree, so that you won't be troublesome, and Dick and I will go to the nearest saw-mill, and get a rope, and we'll take the saw and have a good trim of the tree."

"Halt and surrender!"

At the crack of the revolver the leader dropped from his saddle and his horse sprang forward, but the man in the rear of the leader, the animal shook the trail bridge until it creaked, and was tied up, as the miner's saw in their terrors the three remaining road-agents of the gang finished off with the command:

"Throw your weapons into the ravine there!"

"This was quickly done.

"Now, one of you at a time ride forward."

"They were all tied up, and in an instant he was seized and bound with his own dastard."

The head of the trail dropped from his place, and the third was also seized, when, to their amusement the three men saw that they had had but one man to deal with, instead of a number as they supposed.

Releasing Jockey Tim from his tree, Dick Dunwoody then marched his prisoners toward camp.

"Where is your leader?" he asked.

"Ther's no place he acts in."

"Carlos, the lieutenant?"

"Nor Carlos, there ain't no Carlos."

"Your first shot sent him down their ravine."

"How long have you been in camp?"

"One man."

"And is that all, you have?"

"Yes."

"You queen?" asked the outlaw.

"There's better than one man in this crowd who's not as good as you, and I'm just waiting for some fellows to return to have it out with them, when I'm ready to go to work with them, Dunwoody."

"Wain did I, I determined to set for my

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