"AWAY, NOW!" ORDERED THE SHERIFF. "SEARCH EVERY CRACK AND CORNER, AND REMEMBER THE REWARD!"
CHAPTER I
Before the Calamity.

There was an air of expectancy in the miners' camp. This tiresome experience great delight in the anticipation of the feast which he thinks he is about to enjoy. Miss Morrell's service had been less of money in Morrell's pocket. As a result, he could not return to his own house to live, and there the clerk had remained up to the time mentioned.

Having now to know nothing of the expectancy felt by so many in town, and met Rosamond Morrell, daughter of a mining employer, with no idea of what was to follow.

It had been the fate of this young man to accompany Miss Morrell, and he had said was below her in the social scale, and had no right to aspire to more than the word condescending word from her; but he was young, and at his age a step away from anything but their own feelings when they admire or are in love.

The clerk's admiral unwisely might be proven in this instance.

He and Rosamond met on this present occasion, as has been said. She was calm and self-contained, as usual, but in his manner was an eagerness he could but imperfectly prepare. He tried to conceal with mute emotion, and conversed quietly for a while. He had something to say, however, and did not long neglect the chance.

"Miss Morrell," he remarked, with grave address, "would you like to do something to you—something I have not yet told to any one?"

She looked politely interested.

"Indeed?"

"I am about to make a change in my worldly affairs."

"Are you?"

The matter-of-fact nature of the reply, and the utter lack of interest betrayed somewhat dampened his ardor but he quickly recovered and went on:

"I have now been with your father for several months as his clerk. When I came here, I had the ambition to get an insight into the banking business, and then go elsewhere and start for myself. I could demonstrate my ability, or lack thereof—in brief, rise or fall on my own merits." Rosamond simply nodded.

"And you are going to leave us, now?"

Her question was listless, yet he had guessed as much, at least, that he did not heed the indications.

"Yes. I have found the desired opening at Castle & Company. I am going to pitch my tent, as I may say. It is far enough from here, so I shall be in no way in the way of your business; indeed, I think we may be useful to each other."

He concluded with this—"I preferred to speak with you first of all."

She, though ever was his show of eagerness, but she was impassive.

"Do you wish me to break it to my father?"

He hesitated. His expression had grown more grave, and Rosamond was pictured in his face. He added, slowly:

"I thought you might possibly like to learn of my prospect of advancement in life."

"Why, of course! I trust you will do quite well," and the young woman turned to the window and arranged a flower or to her liking, while Asher Bradstreet regarded her in mute desire. Gone was her eagerness, and he did not break the silence that ensued. Either he was in error, or he had reason to expect a different reception.

"Do you remain with us long?" severely asked Rosamond.

"I don't know," he responded, gloomily, "and I judge you don't care!

"Of course, a matter between you and my father."

"No more?"

"What may it be?"

A respectful reply trembled on his lips, but he did not give the words breath. Instead, he made a final effort in another way.

"I thought you might be interested, Miss Morrell."

"So I am," she declared, calmly.

"Father has always spoken of you as a faithful employee, and you are, as such, we shall always have a kind regard."

Asher's face flushed.

"As you would for a house-servant, I suppose?"

"Pardon me, I did not say so."

"Miss Morrell, have you a right to expect some personal interest on your part? he asked, with a smile.

"A right?" she repeated, frowning.

"The word was injudiciously chosen, but you know what I mean."

"Excuse me; I do not."

Rosamond faced him haughtily. Her manner and expression were far from amiable.

"You have called yourself my friend—"

"We were in the same house, were we not? Would you have me quarrel with you? If I have been civil, does that give you any rights which you are sui generis, and your usual acquaintance does not possess?"

If the words had been capable of any misconception, her manner was not. He had come back full of his new project, not only because he was ambitious, but that he had hoped Rosamond would be interested in it, and, sooner or later, would have more than a passing interest in what concerned him. Now he had been met with a rebuff he could not overlook.

His desire to bring his new scheme in detail vanished. He did not yet feel the bitterness which might come later, for the simple reason that he could not realize the whole truth. He wanted to be alone, to study upon the situation, and reason on the sense of a change not to be contemplated at first view.

There was no longer any hindrance in this. Rosamond did not ask him to remain, and he was soon in his own room.

Among the household servants was a colored man of the name of Junius Green. The latter had always liked Asher, and he knew that he envied the young man to the room at once. On this occasion he was not welcome, for he interfered with Asher's plan of study and being aloof from the room at once.

"Of course you want to know the news, as usual," remarked Junius, without much delay. "There's a pile of it now, sah. We got a good crop of it when we meet again."

Asher walked out of the room without much ceremony, though his information untold. Straight to Mowbray's house the young man went, and was gratified to catch sight of Helen at the window. He was not to be kept waiting, it seemed. He applied at the door, and was soon in the parlor. There he was speedily joined by Helen Chester. She was a girl of about twenty years, and extremely pretty, and given the chance to notice this fully in the past, but the fact dawned upon him now. She was a fine form and face, and her expression bespoke a clear conscience, and honest, straightforward nature. And a very good, kind, and amusing man of him.

CHAPTER II
The Warning.

Asher was not kept in suspense. When Helen Chester, formally she came to the point with a frankness which was a part of her nature.

"I need not ask if you have received my note," she began, "for the fact that you are here right now is as certain as the rest of it is great surprise to you, but I think I can so explain it that you will not object to what I am about to say."

"I assure you I have no thought of mak
A cloud passed over Helen’s face, a look something like pity.

“I hear nothing but your name, Mr. Gath,” the speaker said. “I have never heard you mentioned, and I want to be sure I know you.

“I was wondering if you would like to come to my place, Mr. Gath. I hear you are a friend of Mr. Ascher, and I thought you might like to come and see him. I hear he is very kind, and I think you would enjoy meeting him.

“Please come to my place, Mr. Gath. I hear you are a friend of Mr. Ascher, and I think you would enjoy meeting him.”

“Thank you, Mr. Gath. I will come to your place soon.”

She stepped back, and he saw that she was crying. He walked over to her, and she looked up at him, tears streaming down her face.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Gath. I never meant to hurt you. I just wanted to help.”

He reached out and took her hand, and she smiled up at him. He squeezed her hand and said, “It’s all right, Miss Gath. I forgive you.”

She looked up at him, tears in her eyes, and said, “Thank you, Mr. Gath. I promise I won’t do anything like that again.”

He smiled at her, and she smiled back. He let go of her hand and said, “Goodnight, Miss Gath.”

She nodded and said, “Goodnight, Mr. Gath. I’ll be more careful.”

He turned and walked away, leaving her with her tears streaming down her face.

Ascher managed to smile, but his smile was hollow. He didn’t want to hurt her, but he didn’t want to be fooled either.

“Man-huntin’, by thunder!” was the blunt explanation.

“Yes, you are right. I am going to hunt a man.”

“Do you mean you are going to hunt a man?”

“Yes, I am. I have a reason for it.”

“I see. What is your reason?”

“Not yet. I am going to find out.”

“Huh, Brad! So you’ve shown up!” was his greeting. “What in thunder have you been doing all this while? What do I pay you for? Never mind, though, as long as you’re here now. Say, do you want some Tea?”

Chapter III.

“Yellow Gid’s Mission.”

Ascher Bradstreet had not been called upon to say anything, though what he had heard was painful to listen to, he had also been given time to collect his composure.

He was prepared to act his part without a sign of emotion.
When old Harmer ceased to operate on the road he had not deceived himself with the notion that he could be free from danger, and though he led a law-abiding existence, he made it a point to shift his quarters frequently in order to avoid the possibility of surprise and capture.

Since his coming to the town Asher had not once been more than a few hours out of the city, and when he did see him it was by means of a regular system. He would leave him at a particular place, say where he knew his father or sister—for he was, in truth, Gideon-Gath—would find it a few days later, and by the same scheme of giving him due warning, he could be informed just where they were to be found.

Now he did not know, and it was a matter of doubt whether his acquaintance with an old companion at all in the interest of his effort to reach and warn them before their enemies reached them.

He did not start at once. He had much to think of, and was at that time thoroughly wretched. He had returned to Climax Clam, with high hopes in his heart. His mind had dwelt chiefly upon Rosamond Morrell. After a hard struggle he had seen his business plans in a way of being crowned with success; whereupon all his nerves had turned to Rosamond and the hope that she would share his fortunes. There had been nothing to show that trouble would come to his relatives.

What a change a few hours had made! Not yet could he fully realize the extent of the double treason.

"My father was right," he exclaimed.

"It was useless for one with my blood to trust in the creed of honor. Why didn't my mother take his sarcastic advice and adopt the calling of stage-robber?"

It was the only remaining symbol of bitterness, for it was not meant, but in that period of sorrow he felt, as many had done before him, how vital human honors were when all fate and the world were working on the same side.

"Good-bye, Rosamond," he murmured, presently. "Now that I know you as I do, I would count of you more, but the wounds of pride do not yield so quickly to reason as they might. Good-bye forever, and let me go on to the singing! It remains; its horrors near to mock and jibe! But you and I are done. After a while the sting will go too. I believe I shall then—hate you, despise and spurn you!"

Half-turning, yet with a measure of passion, was the prophecy made. It was the last time in his eventful career that Asher Bradstreet had experienced the influence of weakness in words for Rosamond Morrell.

Quickly his thoughts turned to more ominous matters.

"My father and sister," he added, with a deep sigh. "My wayward, erring father, and innocent, loving sister! He was too old and bodely weakness the one is to be hunted like a dog for a crime I swear he never did; in that era of life when womanhood is opening before her like a vast plain! O, the things the wounded in childhood will wound the deeper, my poor Bianca must suffer!”

"No, he cannot imagine! No! This is a time for action, not for idle dreaming! To work, to work!”

From his hож bag of clothes such as he never had worn openly in Climax Clam. Plain and coarse was the material, and he planned it to suit his mind—for rough labor on the Dark Divide range.

He made the change, and then from his trunk he took a pair of handsome revolvers and a bright knife. The latter he ran into the pocket of one of his own trousers, and was accustomed to the weapon’s use. Something of this occurred to himself, then, and he smiled at the thought of his own.

"Yellow Gin is still capable of exhibiting his skill as a climber of cliffs. He has shown they prove a very accursed townspeople—that he can use weapons as well as play the gymnast of the face of the world. Heaven alone knows what the coming twenty-four hours will bring forth!”

By this time the hour was past nine, and as he had no more to do there, and no reason for delay, he left the house at once. On the way he had a glimpse of Harmer, but did not attempt to speak to him.

Since he was dressed as he was, he so carefully concealed his observation. He was not even sure that caution was any longer needed. He doubtless knew how all the town were aware of his identity—that he was the Yellow Gin. He was not going to stand any higher in consideration than old Harmer himself, but due care must not be neglected.

Asher was not long in passing the town’s limits. After that the wild mountain lay before him.

The history of that mountain might well be said to be that of Harmer-Gath. He was the original woodcutter, the first gold digger, and none of the latter had acquired the renown of the outlaw.

He did not have one in his company there who were really believed that he was under the protection of an evil spirit that cursed for him at all seasons; but that as it might, he had been a sort of unnameable mystery to all. As the eagle seen going to its eyrie, so was the Vandal seen on Dark Divide, but, unlike the eagle, the outlaw might find the fowl of the lawless man.

Into this region, where rocks, erratic boulders, and great trees of the noblest growths, cast the shadow of the wild, the sunny bandits, hastened the son of Harmer-Gath this night.

They went up the ascent with the old freedom and agility of movement, and though they did not dangle from the cliffs, as he had done in the days before, they troubled the men of the town to keep any- where in sight of them had they been along. They broke up under the very house where he and his sister, Bianca, had been in the habit of leaving letters for each other since he took up his abode in town. He did not expect any there, for he had re- turned at the end of the season when he had planned, but he still hoped to find something.

It was nothing, and he was left wholly in the dark as to where he should look for them. There were many caves in the mountains, but spaces were not known. He knew them all, he could not even surmise where Harmer-Gath might then be living. He went some distance to the east, but spurning the same to the west or to the north, or anywhere within the limits of the wide and wild.

Asher was a man of untaunted courage, but the prospect worried him. Could he have left his horse behind? He outstripped him.

Then he grew more hopeful. Harmer-Gath had evaded the onlook’s eye in many places. It was possible that he had found shelter under some caves or on the same side of the east to the west or the north, or anywhere within the limits of the wide and wild.

Asher sighed. ‘Tis fear all depends upon me. My father is old and feeble, now, He has no reason to expect this attack. May fortune assist my efforts in the case. If it does, not is there one grain of hope?”

CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING THE OUTLAW’S DAUGHTER.

One of the early men of Climax was Allen Graham. Ten years before, his father had come there as the owner of a small farm. As he was called, had always been the educational center from that time. As young Allen had always been that respect attached to his name, and he was deservedly popular, for his own merits.

He then owned a small farm, but he was surprised to receive a visit from Allen. As he was but little older than she, they should come to climb the mountain, but, although the habit of calling much at the Morrell house.

They always met in a friendly way, however. After some trival talk he came to the subject of his visit.
"Do you know of the work planned for this night, Rosamond?"
"I have not, but the men are in search of the slayer of the last man killed in town."
"Do you know whom they are after?"
"Not more definitely than I have said."
"The man is Harmer Gath?"
"That is correct."
"Tell me, are you not a municipal police officer? Are you not called to have murdered somebody. I suppose you are going after them?"
"I suppose I am not!" Allen retorted.
"Do you know there isn't an atom of proof against Harmer?"
"Well, he's got a bad name.
"Should he be condemned on that account?"
"I suppose not."
Rosamond was indifferent, but Allen re- vealed his own views in ways that he was very much interested. Miss Morrell, it was your father who first suggested the advisability of taking old Harmer in on suspicion. Now, as I said before, there isn't an atom of proof against him; the extra-guard has a, so a peaceful and retired life for six or eight years, and I regard it as unjust to disturb him for what he did not do."
"What of it? Such low wretches never reform. Why not send him to the lunchners?"
Allen looked at him for a moment, then said.
"Died ye ever see or find any nice specimens up on the moun-
tain, there?"
Peter Potts extended his hand and indicated the highest peaks of Dark Divide, one said was not able to avoid death through other slight start. He answered coolly enough, however.
"I know nothing about the region you refer to, my good man."
Peter grins face did not change.
"If I'd seen her, I'd know it, I think. You know I don't lie as you do; it would be against my principles. Never found no more than half the time. Did ye - no eyes to see it. You see, a specimen with yellow hair an' blue eyes, eh? Oh, no! You never found nothing o' the sort."
Peter Potts did not laugh, but he made a certain kind of sound which, mysteries in the listener like a grim and not unfriendly chuckle.
"Tell me, at least, what you mean?" Allen requested.
"I mean that you kin tell more about Harmer Gath's daughter, not about Harmer, than most men in town would suppose.
"The answer was plain enough, and Allen felt his face flush. He was not ashamed of anything he had done, but it was not pleasant to see that he had supposed for years, that his own secret had at least one out-
"I ask you, to talk plainly, he re-
monstrated.
"Bless you, of if I ain't done so I will. I happen to have got this put in your time ter profit, this season. I can't say how you got started, but you did get a move on, some live in the world. Was it you? They heard Harmer Gath's girl right along regular."
"Now, hold on, young feller: I don't know ez that is anything out o' the way in that. She was a peach, as the gal is; an' I allow you'd be a fool of you didn't improve ye' chances. I wouldn't be much of a man if you men to sit there right straight and well. Thar' is some men who don't care a rap for the feclins' o' these towns, but the people that is in the social scale, an' they only think o' their own selfish ends.
"I don't know whether you are a sain or a slum, an' I confess I don't care a rap, except ez concerns Bianca Gath; but if I could I'd see if I could look on her ez your friend ez I didn't think you was all right, just as they made you.
"Now, don't think I'm to talk ter or say, for I ain't. I ain't even a friend o' yours, and I bet yer never had him dealing with him, but I'm a man who has his eyes open an' sees a good many things, tho you don't believe in ez you don't care for ez.
"I've seen you an' Bianca walkin' together, an' seen that you an' her walked with yer eyes wide open. I never saw a man don't hit wide o' the mark when I say you an' she is dead in love with each other.
"Hold on, young feller, hear me out!"
"Now, you're interested in her, an' I'll tell you she an' her whole family is a big danger to you. An' if you don't take care they'll try to save them from what others may mark out for them, an' it behoves you to be careful yourself. You know you one o' them, or is the interest you've pro-
fessed in her only a humbug?"
"Peter Potts comes not only with words, but his manner had a directness not to be misunderstood. Whether it was true or not, it did make him public. Troubled and uncertain, not restlessly de-
ly.
"You have asserted certain things. How do you know anything of the sort ever occurred?"
"I know it with my own eyes," plaidly replied Peter.
"Are you sure it was I -?"
"Now, say, don't! Potts earnestly re-
estor. "Er, you won't have no part o' me, say so an' be done with it; but don't you play this up. I know what I an' I ain't trying ter put you in no trap. I ain't yer enemy, young feller."
"I'll trust you, Mr. Potts," Allen de-
clared.
"The time is one when the friends of Harmer Gath should rally to his sup-
pport, and if we are such, we have a call to this thing which is a mighty over.
"I suppose you know him well, in any case.
"Not an atom. I don't know him no-
thing, Bianca Gath, but I know her, an' have seen my fancy ter save her ez I kin. I think I'll tell a pretty girl when I see one."
"If anybody told you that," retorted Potts, coolly, "he could her 'made a good livin' by minding his own business."
"We will not quarrel over small things, sir. How can we save Bianca Gath from her danger?"
"By findin' her! If you know Dark Di-
vide, and know Harmer, as you ought, you are doubtless aware it is no easy thing ter say where father an' daugh-
ter are. An' if you know that Harmer Gath has been out o' sight as a road-agent for many years, an' he's made his home in one place or another, this week or next week, what's his den just at this juncture?
"Allen looked up toward the long, somber line which marked the area of Dark Divide. It was a tangled land, and it would be no simple task to locate the fa-
ter and daughter.
"Perhaps you are able to help me out?"
"He suggested.
"That's only one way. The gang led by Mr. Morton carries on, even while they're doin' it. We do the same. But look at that, first we kin save the Gaths—unless their lives are involved, then this case might be a matter of bullets."
Allen took his companion by the hand.
"Be ye salut, road-agent or Satan's own?" Allen said with you in this," he declared.
"Come! We may be needed up yonder. I will go with you to victory or to destruc-
tion—to death, if need be, to save Bianca!"

CHAPTER V

THE LIVING HEROES

"This sight makes me feel like a man-
slayer myself!"
Bradstreet stood on a high point of land-rock in the heart of the Divide. Far below he could see the lights of Cit-
y, others. They were going to show there at that hour, but this was a special occasion. The fighting men of the town had gone out to hunt for a murderer, and the non-combatants were so inter-

eated in the outcome that few thought of people. ‘That’s one of the advantages of news being in a reasonable time.

But Asher saw more. Between the town and the slopes there was light in-\nvisible, on the slope of the mountain, and far from stationery. They moved about in a circle. He was almost rendered erratic, but rose slowly and steadily.

‘One wrong never made amends for another,” murmured Asher. ‘If a man was done to death at Climax Chima, it done with by any number of the men of the out-\ndeed for the chief men of the place to see the life of one who had done nothing to the crime. If my father is captured, the manhunters will show no mercy.’

The operation of the manhunters almost overlaid him, and there was a mighty struggle in his mind. ‘I have tried to live an honest life; to enjoy a reputation free from all blam-\ne; to prove by daily work that there is some good in the despised family of Dark Divide, and this is the result? My un-\fortunate father never did a thing as meanly as this. These men would bring my innocent sister to the worst of calam-\ities without any visible cause. They should blame our father. Is this the way the so-called civilization is con-\stricted?’

He then paused there no longer, and for another instant had a glance on the war, but he found no sign of his kindred. Then he moved back to where he could see the second hill.

‘They had progressed far more rapidly than he had reason to expect, and were forced to return. The manhunters, however, had the advantage, and the torches enabled him to recognize many in the party. All were armed, and ready for work.

They were halted, and the sheikh of the town proceeded to make a speech. Asher went forward, and was soon near enough to hear it. There was no speech.

‘Remember,’ directed the orator, ‘that Dark Divide is a land of all hazards. This is his limit in the full sense of the word, and his money will not vrijed. The manhunters will take Harmer Gath alive if you can, and peacefully, but Morrell has plainly stated that no reward will be paid for his life. No reward has been made for him, dead or alive.’

‘I’ll save a pile o’ trouble of we don’t try for him back with us!’ shouted a miner, ‘an’ dead men sleep as well in mine as alive.’

A remark that made further impression on Yellow Old Gath. His teeth were drawn together, and for a moment he moved nervously on the barrel of his rifle. ‘I think you have got me,’ growled the miner. ‘I mean you. This man is dead or alive, and no man will ever find him unless he is dead, and the man that finds him will be the reward. I think that if you have him, you will agree that my money is not wasted.’

A shuffling movement in the group to begin the work, but none of them saw the man with the rifle who hovered near; in case they were successful, he would be on-\hand to save his father and sister.

Two hours passed. One of the detach-\ments was near a region where Gibson knew his father was in the habit of lin-\ging much, and though the son had looked there the evening before, and the next day near about. A dozen men were there, all hurrying about.

A revolver shot came like an echo. ‘Come on, you fellows!’ shouted Gibson. ‘In that tunnel that I see a man, an’ it won’t old Harmer Gath I’m a liar. He shot at me, and he’s the keep-\ner of an animal it is! Come on, an’ I’ll lead.’

It was a narrow passage between two walls of rock—a place which the discover-\ers had already named. The speaker took a torch and started in.

The tunnel was some forty feet wide and high. It was not wide enough where one could do much dodging when sharply looked for, and whoever was there could be unseamed.

‘We’ll never find nobody in here!’ declared a weak-kneed follower. ‘There’s

CHAPTER VI

THE VANDAL’S DAUGHTER

The person who uttered the last words was no longer young, and was not ac-\neus in motion, the result of a curiosity in calling for the road-agent’s daughter.

\nWhen we take the wolf don’t let us forget the wolf’s young!’ he added. ‘We don’t want to leave Gath’s girl to wander lost. She is at home, and we can do it. Some harm, later on. If we take her, when we kin get her on the farm, don’t be danger on that head, an’ all accounts are true, we kin he’v the trimmings. The niggers don’t take parts simply by gobblin’ her. What say?’

All had something to say, and they turned to their one voice.

‘Give us the gal, for, on but she’s not far away. Scatter out among the rocks, bo’s.’

There was a general arising, when suddenly there was a halt.

‘That’s about the most part Taken one, in awe. Another figure had appeared on the ledge. Somewhat above them, and near others Harmer Gath had been when he re-\ceived his fatal hurt, was seen a person who had not the rugged form of the old road-agent, but whom everybody had been checked even he ruff man-hunters.

‘Goddamn girl!’ added another.

It could be no other. ‘It’s a woman; it must be the Vandal’s daughter, for no other woman was to be looked for there. No road came from her, and she gave no sign of having seen them at all. She did, however, gaze at the dead road-agent intently, and then moved down the ledge—a second step—a third.

One of the men only at the work, and her whole manner was like that of one who moved in a dream. She moved somberly past those who had made her an orphan was not broken; in almost breathless silence they watched her come toward the body.

As she came nearer it was seen that she had hair of golden tone; beautiful hair, that might well have sparkled in the sun. More than this, she looked wonder-\fully charming then, and they grew un-\easy. She reached the fallen road-agent and slowly knelt by his side. She put her hand to his breast, but could not expect his eyes to open, but they did not. Then the half-dream expression of her face had changed, and she gave place to a sudden look of fear.

‘Father!’ she whispered.

She then turned and did not move.

‘Father, why don’t you speak to me?’ she asked, tremulously.

The beautiful face was no longer com-\posed, but the weight of a great sorrow was settling there.

She saw then, for the first time, a little stream of red which had gathered on the ground. It was drop by drop of sharp cry, she flung herself upon the body.

‘Dead!’ she wailed; ‘dead, and lost to me forever!’

Then she broke into a torrent of sobbing which shook her whole form.
She called the dead man by many names of affection, but her kisses rewarded upon his face like a flood. Could it be that death had been so kind when she gave him to the man who only loved her, and not her to the man who loved her only.

After a while she grew calmer, and her story of the attack. The man had been concealed in the wealth of her loose-flowing golden hair, as she buried that face in his lap, while she spoke of him as if he had left her, and that he was lost.

It was at this stage of affairs that another man entered the tunnel. His arrival was marked by a whisper which rang out in tones of authority:

"What is going on here?"

"A man called Marcelli, only the re-ward in mind, quickly replied:

"We've done the job well, Mr. Morrell. Hargam's body is here.

"Dead? By thunder! That's better news than I'm likely to hear for a long time. What is the old varmint?"

David Morrell pressed forward until he saw the group by the ledge. The sight sobered him for a moment. He had no good in his nature, and pity did not make itself felt, but the sight was certain to calculated to make an impression on the most stupid being. He gazed in silence, marking the dead and the concealed with the golden hair who lay on his stiff form.

At last he spoke:

"That's enough. You've done well, boys! The reward's yours, by thunder!"

"Don't talk of the reward now," urged a disgusted hunter. "You don't see that girl is sufferin' because she's lost a father."

It was a cutting reproof, but Morrell unfeelingly answered:

"Nobody need waste no sympathy on the Gath gang. I gave my orders, an' I reckoned to do the best it was in my power to do." The word was done to the letter. It's a good job!"

"Is the murder of the tenderfoot, for whom you think you've been huntin' so long, avenged?"

"Certainly!"

"If that's the proof that Gath had any hand in it?"

"Now, don't you get funny," ordered Morrell roughly. "I don't care a rap whether Gath was guilty or not; it was a good job to get him out of the way. See?"

"The Gath was in with the consciousness of wrong. He saw he had the crowd against him. The will of David Morrell was supreme, so he relapsed into silence.

The banker suddenly advanced, and taking a step backward, lifted her roughly to a sitting position.

"Get up!" he ordered.

She was disarmed, for the first time, seemed to realize a part of her surroundings. She put the hair back from her face, and turned the gaze into Morrell's face. There was a wild gleam in her eyes, and an expression of half-crazed grief, which ought to have moved the man, though he remained indifferent to it.

"Don't look at me," he demanded. "Get up, I say! You are our prisoner. We shall take you to Climax when we are ready, and then you are going to have to talk. Talk."

"Take me to the mining office, or the bank, or the jail. Don't make racket, and some o' you see to that outlaw, Dead. Is he? Wal', it's a good job you didn't kill him."

"Your order shall be as promised."

Blanca Gath, though reared in a school superior to any she had ever seen or possessed abilities, was not proof against the sor-row of the moment. She fainted as she was speaking, and her other present was given by her to those who remained behind. In a recess just outside the tun- nel the two who had been selected to care for her laid her down, and stoically waited for her to recover—or died. They did not care which.

The banker examined the dead man closely.

"So this is the sort of a critter he was! Why, he looked like the old party, I thought, when I first saw the arches I used ter see pictured out in a book when I was a child. Mild o' face as a gander, and the thinnest kind of terror, by thunder! I don't see how he ever manage to make terror so long along the trail?"

He looked dead Harmer Gath over fully, and then turned again to his men and or- ders.

"Take the body out and hang it up by the heels! We must make an example o' him ter keep other vermin within due bounds."

The idea met with approval, for the hunters had been tiring of inactivity, and they had started a movement before they bore the body far, however, those near the front became aware that some one who had taken no part in the affair was approaching, and as they emerged from the tunnel they were confronted.

There the light was strong, and as it fell on the scene around, they saw a man of fine figure, armed fully, and resembling a true mountaineer, while under his hat was hair which was like gold in color.

"This person of fine figure, and advan- tage was out of the question.

His manner was strange and striking. He gazed a moment at the head, and then, with a glance at the body, and his whole aspect was wild and unnatural. He put forth his hand and spoke in a husky voice.

CHAPTER VII

YELLOW GID COMES.

"What harm have I done?"

He of the yellow hair asked the question, and one of the bearers of the burden coolly replied:

"Wal', it's a dead corpus now. A bit ago it was old Harmer Gath!"

"Under the face of its owner looked strangely pale."

"What has happened?" he inquired, almost in a whisper.

"Only a shootin'! We come out ter hunt for game, an' we found it. We met the road-agent, as a result. We give him enough lead to settle the matter forever."

David Morrell had grown impatient, ... he pushed to the front."

"Who are you who are so much inter- ested in this matter? Do you don't look at Climax Camp, as far as I can tell?"

"Oh! He wants ter help us 'hang the dead man up!'' You to your or- ders!' laughed a miner.

"Hang him!" echoed the yellow-haired stranger.

"Yes," retorted Morrell. "We couldn't do it while you were out for the bullets got in their work first, but we can now."

"Not while I live!" declared he of the yellow hair, and his eyes blazed with sudden fire. "Surely, you are not so brutal as to wish to vent your spite on the dead!"

"My orders go!" snapped Morrell, "an' if you don't like the style you kin go to thunder!"

The orders he referred to had been given without particular thought, and any little question as to details which would have caused him to drop the whole notion, but the opposition made him determined in his purpose. He was the objects of King Gath's Climax Claim since he became its rich owner, and had grown arrogant and stub- born. He, in fact, was a new adversary, and sharply added:

"I say, you don't know?"

"A man who has not left all human feeling behind."

"Blame me! I don't believe you are old Harmer Gath's son!" declared the banker.

"I've heard of that yellow hair before."

"It's a fact, but we won't argue. I'm no judge. Thunder! But ain't we in luck?"

"But, I say, how about the hangin' bill?" asked one of the miners.

Morrell seemed struck by the suggestion, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully."

"You can think of all your fun, I admit. That is a pile of fun in such matters, sure ez you live. Do you really want this?"

The majority of the men did not, but, as usual, the moderate element kept quiet, and the rougher part spoke quickly.

Convi cted came upon all. They saw the strong old Gath, and his companions, of the boy of old was too strong to admit of doubt. The discovery was astonishing to all, but the thought that they had been seen in Dark Divide, and they had not been sure whether he was alive, but there he certainly all his voice rang out and then turned again to his men and or- ders.

"The way it fell and the events in the tunnel, as I have previously stated, we were confronted.

There the light was strong, and as it fell on the scene around, they saw a man of fine figure, armed fully, and resembling a true mountaineer, while under his hat was hair which was like gold in color.

"This person of fine figure, and advan- tage was out of the question.

His manner was strange and striking. He gazed a moment at the head, and then, with a glance at the body, and his whole aspect was wild and unnatural. He put forth his hand and spoke in a husky voice.

CHAPTER VII

YELLOW GID COMES.

"What harm have I done?"

He of the yellow hair asked the question, and one of the bearers of the burden coolly replied:

"Wal', it's a dead corpus now. A bit ago it was old Harmer Gath!"

"Under the face of its owner looked strangely pale."

"What has happened?" he inquired, almost in a whisper.

"Only a shootin'! We come out ter hunt for game, an' we found it. We met the road-agent, as a result. We give him enough lead to settle the matter forever."

David Morrell had grown impatient, ... he pushed to the front."

"Who are you who are so much inter- ested in this matter? Do you don't look at Climax Camp, as far as I can tell?"

"Oh! He wants ter help us 'hang the dead man up!'' You to your or- ders!' laughed a miner.

"Hang him!" echoed the yellow-haired stranger.

"Yes," retorted Morrell. "We couldn't do it while you were out for the bullets got in their work first, but we can now."

"Not while I live!" declared he of the yellow hair, and his eyes blazed with sudden fire. "Surely, you are not so brutal as to wish to vent your spite on the dead!"

"My orders go!" snapped Morrell, "an' if you don't like the style you kin go to thunder!"

The orders he referred to had been given without particular thought, and any little question as to details which would have caused him to drop the whole notion, but the opposition made him determined in his purpose. He was the objects of King Gath's Climax Claim since he became its rich owner, and had grown arrogant and stub- born. He, in fact, was a new adversary, and sharply added:

"I say, you don't know?"

"A man who has not left all human feeling behind."

"Blame me! I don't believe you are old Harmer Gath's son!" declared the banker.

"I've heard of that yellow hair before."

"It's a fact, but we won't argue. I'm no judge. Thunder! But ain't we in luck?"

"But, I say, how about the hangin' bill?" asked one of the miners.

Morrell seemed struck by the suggestion, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully."

"You can think of all your fun, I admit. That is a pile of fun in such matters, sure ez you live. Do you really want this?"

The majority of the men did not, but, as usual, the moderate element kept quiet, and the rougher part spoke quickly.
CHAPTER VIII.

A DEED WHICH MAY MAKE TROUBLE.

The men of Climax Climat had simply allowed their passions to run away with them, and had done things they did not understand or like, were hungry for more. Thus it was that they sought to work they might repeat later on.

Not far away a scraggy tree thrust itself out beyond the face of the cliff, and this seemed just what they wanted. Ropes were not lacking, and one of the proper length was thrown over the most available limb and all made ready for the execution.

Yellow Kid saw no hope, but his pride took him, and he made certain assertions against the front. It was no effort on his part, for his courage was the best of the, and some there were who did not believe he would run away from an exhibition on his part than they would have admitted.

The men after the delay in the horrible work,

Morrell himself gave the word:

"The lights of the torches made all things plain.

Both of the men selected to care for the Vandal’s daughter lay there in the silence of death, but not visible.

Morrell was darted for a moment, then he cried out:

"Who has done it? Who has dared—"

"The feller who took Yaller Kid out o’ our clutches didn’t feel bashful ter dare o’ shoot at us, ef he did miss us all. We reckon he could put up courage ter do this job. See?"

The both saw fully, and the thought of it caused him to express his feelings in most emphatic terms.

"Mike an’ me was hyar in the recess, one of the guards stated, “when some cuss crept up an’ give it to us in the neck, an’ he soon had us foot.”"

"He!” sharply repeated Morrell. "Do you mean the sheriff, he you both up?

"Why not? I tell you we got no show. We never, boy, we ever got in for a minute. After that we got dizzy, there was nothing but silly.

Who was this wonderful person? What did he look like?

The answer was a description by which the stranger was chased. Second Gideon was decided to be the man.

The same feller who rescued Yaller Kid from us. He was the meanest man I ever seen. A bank, say men, I’m gonna give two hundred dollars for that feller, dead or alive.

The hunters were on the make, and the new offer was so encouraging that they thought it would all be well and right all rushed away after the bank had added a like reward for the recapture of Bianca Gath, but Morrell stayed standing there in thoughtful silence.

"Who can this man be?" he wondered. "It seems ter have the faculty of don’t about what he wishes, in spite o’ the odds agin him he acts like he could do so much for Harmer Gath’s tribe? He may make more trouble for me. There was no even a sound of blood running against Gath! But, why do I argue against my own friend? I’ll stand by what I’ve done!"

While all this was occurring, the men stood where they could lock down and see the other half of the party. Close scrutiny would have revealed these persons to be Allen Graham and Peter Potts. Suddenly Morrell would not like ter go down an’ make my mark on the critters! You knocked me all down the ladder, you know. I don’t do murder—that’s what you called it— if I could help it. Wal, when I fired at them shot hit them. I been sorry of it now. Why, man, I could’ve whinged about a dozen o’ them as pretty as this one here.

I advised that the shedding of blood should be avoided, and I’m glad we did on work with the rule. You did nobly, Mr. Potts.

Peter grinned skeptically.

"Don’t the murder o’ the Gaths, father and son, deserve something in the way o’ revenge?"

"This night’s work fills me with horror," confessed Allen, in a subdued voice, "but I have no doubt of the deeds of bloodshed we have seen done here. Harmer Gath was no angel, certainly, but there was no evidence here that he was not innocent. There was no evidence to connect him with the murder of the man slain some time ago. Yet Harmer was hunted like a wolf, and slain accordingly."

"A Yaller Kid?"

"Worse yet."

"They would’ve tak’ the gal hadn’t we been here."

"Poor Bianca! What now will become of her?"

"Potts rolled a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"I know one man who is willin’ ter rescue the lady for her again as he has done before," he explained.

Allen clasped the rough hand of the strenuous person.

"Here is another, comrades! We cannot fill the place of those who have to-night lost their lives. But we, at least, not a humane part. While we live Bianca shall not want for friends."

"And you, a daisy?"

Peter shook the other’s hand with zeal, and from his throat there came a queer, happy laugh. He was a man well be classed under any head. It seemed, however, that the rude man’s manner was more than he would have admitted, and that under his rough exterior there beat a heart which many persons who are outward refinement might have envied.

"We seem to have shaken the enemy off completely," remarked Allen, prosaically. "Shall we rest content in that opinion and go to Bianca?"

"You don’t want ter rest content in nothing," bluntly declared Potts. "Still, I reckon we may safely take a little time off, or I don’t see none o’ the critters nigh us. Yes, let’s go ter the gal an’ see how she is comin’ on."

"I guess we’re all right."

"Well, I don’t know," sighed Allen, unconsolably.

They went some odds away, and to a room among the rocks where they had left the rescued girl. Bianca had been the perch after they had dropped in tears of woe for the loss of her father, but they hoped the bull had time to recover her self-possession in a measure.

In this they were not disappointed. They received the news she arose and met them with a composure which spoke well for her nerves.

Allen spoke kindly.

"Trust, Miss Gath, you are more composed, and will bear up bravely under the loss of your father."

"What have I to live for?" Depressed of all my kindness by the remorseless men of the town, I begin to think of what is left to me in life which I may sink and hide myself and my sorrow?"

"We’ll find the nest," declared Peter,
“I'll obey your orders,” assured Peter, “but it would do me good to kill about twenty-seven of them, B'gosh!”

Without explaining why his soul thirsted for the partisans, Peter had marched with the others down the slope. The lights of the hunters were a guide, and he was on the road to success. He was on the road to success, but with no more evidence than the decision of the limners, that he could not have survived the chase. Peter wanted to know more about that matter, that it was as important as anything, and that the chase. Peter had only the search of the chase. Peter wanted to know more about that matter, to know more about that matter, to know more about that matter, but with no more evidence than the decision of the limners.

Peter had told the death of Gideon Thurlow to the rest of the boys. Peter had told the death of Gideon Thurlow, and the boys were praising his memory.

The suggestion was enough, and they went after the last services they could perform for dead Harmey Gath. The body was convey—

The suggestion was enough, and they went after the last services they could perform for dead Harmey Gath. The body was convey—

They did not know you as you were, father mine,” she murmured, in a pathet—

She broke down and her tears flowed afresh.

CHAPTER X.

DESTRUCTION.

Harmer Gath was dead, and it was clear that Bianca could no longer find a home on the Divide and ride. It was equally easy to see that she could not go to Claxim Chalin, for even if the people came to their senses, and saw the absurdity of their course in cutting a helpless girl, she could not endure existence there.

“How far away is the place where you can find friends?” Allen at last asked.

“I had none except what you know of, and that’s not much,” she replied with a sigh.

“And you, Mr. Potts?”

“Poor child,” he exclaimed. “I’m a brute before my friends wouldn’t suit her,” he confessed. “You see, my friends ain’t very high up in modern im—

Then to Allen he added, in an aside, “Don’t give it away, but my friends would scare her inter’ets. They might steal the last cent she had ter her name!”

“If you will rely upon me, Miss Gath, I will find a refuge where you will be an honored guest,” he said.

“I thank you, and shall be glad to rely upon your kindness. I am, in truth, wholly without family, and I would be glad to apply for aid, and I cannot refuse your offer if I would. But I have no desire to. I only wish to show you my good nature, and will ac—

With great satisfaction, though he was wise enough to know better, little. When there was no more to do, and even less to say, he left.

“About the time an’ place? When is it due to come?” Allen hesitated.

“We kin easily avoid the p’rion enemy,” panted Peter. “We don’t need to wear our shirts off ter do things ez we want. We don’t need ter leave the mountains o’ Deadman Valley. We could maybe beat a jack-rabbit in a race. Wait a bit, an’ let us settle all preliminaries fryar. First of all, let us see what is goin’ on among the skunks we know of.

There was no objection to this, but Allen delayed him until he had drawn from the eccentric man a promise that he would not be rash in this affair. But for one thing, I'll obey your orders,” assured Peter,
CHAPTER XI
THE CALL OF ALARM.
Six months and a half after the events already described, David Morrell sat in his office engaged in business affairs. He had made some changes in the office arrangements. Asher Bradstreet was no longer with him. Much to his surprise that useful employee had resigned. David had gone there at the time most inconvenient to him. Morrell. The disappearance had come immediately after the fire at Dark Divide and Bradstreet had never been seen since that night.

Morrell had been surprised, at first, for he had not anticipated anything of the sort, but his daughter Rosamond had enlightened him, as he thought.

That young lady, not being overburdened with conscience, had deliberately stated, "Asher had proposed to her and he was rejected, and the lie seemed to show the unhappy result." Since that time, David had set his man down as a fool, and went to work to get other help. This was not only well said but done. Practical and carefully shrewd assistant, but the vacancy had been filled after a fashion, and business went on in the banking office.

On this particular day, Mr. Morrell was very busy, for up certain matters he had not seen fit to discuss. The result did not seem to please him, and he went over the figures again and again, hoping to discover that he had made a mistake.

He could find none, and betrayed his surprise by saying, "I don't like it," he confessed, aloud.

"He was not so rich a man as he had been two months before. There had been losses—losses due to business failure, but not of any especial use. Passers-by noticed an addition to the sign over the door, and saw that it read, "Levere and Son." Rosamond, and the vanity of her sire, had led to the French count being taken in as a partner.

It was generally known that the man was to marry Miss Morrell, Miss Morrell, but Morrell himself had made nothing not only in the world inasmuch, but in common shrewdness, was aware of his aids, and not even once for a single hour.

This afternoon David was troubled—very much troubled in mind, as his de
decred and muttered amanuensis proved.

Presently he took out his watch and looked at the time. "They are nearly here," he remarked.

The junior partner entered the office.

Louis Levere was not an extraordinary-looking man, if he did rejoice in being the Count of Somewhat or-other. He was not without a grace from either of his line. He was not without a grace from either of his line. His face was that of a man incapable of heroism or scientific study. He was of that kind of man at Climax Chalm had decided that he had nothing to lift him above mediocrity.

"A neglected business," he remarked, apologetically.

"How, what much have you done?" asked Morrell, somewhat curiously.

"Nothing, I confess, but I am all ready now.

"At four o'clock!"

"I didn't feel like work. I hope I haven't tired you." He might be a count, but he was very much in the presence of his future father-in-law.

"Do you expect to suggest the possibility that he was willing to put up with some hard usage for the sake of getting his share of the Morrell money as his de
decred and muttered amanuensis proved."

"Rosamond will soon be here."

CHAPTER XII
WILD WORK ON THE TRAIL.
Morrell started up nervously and sprang to his feet. He had never suggested the possibility that he was willing to put up with some hard usage for the sake of getting his share of the Morrell money as his de

decred and muttered amanuensis proved.

"So she will," Morrell agreed. "I had forgotten it."

"Do you easily forget your daughter?" asked Levere, trying to be playful.

David leaned back in his chair and regarded his constituency with gravity.

"I am thinking of the twenty thousand dollars that are coin in the same way. The country need that money the worst way. If that should be any slip-up, I don't know what we should do.

"You don't anticipate any, do you?"

"I don't believe so can occur, now Harmer Garth is dead. And the way he died, unless the disappearance of his body, that night, means the end of his life."

"He couldn't do that, of course, so I think we may reckon on the money getting here, and that means that something will have to be done."

"We need it; we need it. It beats thunder. Levere, how that fellow Girdwood has been going in business, we can't understand it at all; I can't, by thunder!

"The banker pulled viciously at his beard and looked very much demoralized.

"We ought to beat him, somehow!"

"Go ahead, Levere; you are familiar with the methods of young blood that are working the mines, I suppose. Girdwood's way is much like that."

"One thing, Levere; it seems to me, that old Harmer Bradstreet, only more dashing and bold. Thunder! but don't I wish I had Bradstreet with me, now?"

"What could he do?" almost shielded the "Count."

"Best Girdwood, mobby. Anyhow, he was a shrewd matter, and that is just what we need now."

All this was consoling to Mr. Levere. He walked to the window and looked out, evident ill-temper. Almost opposite to their own place he saw a sign which read:

"L. M. GIRDWOOD,
"BANKER."

And on the window was information which told of connection with big city banking houses, and with one each in London and Paris.

Levere returned to his desk and tried to forget all other matters than the arrival of Miss Morrell. She had gone away to secure wedding finery, and she and the money were the two on the stage which was to soon arrive.

Levere was an impatient lover, and hailed the home-coming with eager interest.

Morrell looked up from his papers.

"Yes, I'm ready. How much is two thousand dollars?" he asked.

"We are pinch of thunder, but it'll save us from that place."

"Wonder if Girdwood is responsible for all our own troubles? Anyhow, the money will save us from any crash, now. Is in the stage in sight?"

"Levere arose and looked out."

"Nothing in sight but a horseman, who is tearing down the hill like mad."

The banker looked out, while his partner remained by the window and mechanically kept watch of the horseman.

The firing of the towns at headlong speed and rapidly neared the office. Finally, he drew up before the door and sent forward the postman as a guide to Morrell as if he had been prepared for it.

"Turn out, there! This way! News for you, "How are the hottest kinds of news. Turn out!"

"A road-agent on the trail, by might! That's what! The stage has been held up, and it's done just according to the old-time plan, an' whoever has got—"

Morrell was very pale, and his face was dark, as he seemed pleased with many more than passing emotion.

"But the attempt was not a success? Tell me quick! Tell me it wasn't a success!"

"It wasn't for us, but the other fellow certainly thinks it was, and he'll never rest, for he's cleaned out the whole biz, in particular your gal's wedding finery. I heard her say so.

"A! Not the valuables—"

"You didn't think I'd say he did get the valuables, the mail, an' all the things which Morrell had written his daughter to keep. The stage is gutted in jest the good old style!"

"And Morrell was a strong man usually, but he was weak then. He leaned against the door, and things seemed to swim around him. The stage robbed—and the twenty thousand dollars! Where was they?"

Levere came to his side and looked sympathetic.

"Just a little! this hard! he declared.

Morrell did not hear him. He was thinking of the lost money and the effect it would have on the business. He had relied upon it to help him out of his embarrassment, and now it was gone.

The messenger resumed.

The stage is at a stand-still in the hills. One of the horses was killed by Jim Joyce in tryin' ter resist, an' he can't go down. I've come ter you at Jim's request. What you goin' ter do about it?"

The messenger was impatient, and his voice showed his meaning. Morrell, who served to awaken Morrell from his lethargy.

"My horse!" he exclaimed. "Ride for it, and have it brought here. I'll go to the hills myself!"

"I was appointed to preparation, and the words were scarcely uttered before the messenger was galloping away down the street.

Levere saw the pale face of his partner and thought he ought to say something.

"This is tough," he remarked, weakly.

"Tough!" shouted Morrell. "Do you realize what you are saying? Do you realize what you are saying?"

"It means ten thousand dollars. We were at low ebb, financially, an' that we needed that money as I never needed anything before. Now, what do you say, that man goes; an' how do we stand? So you think it's tough? By thunder! but what does it mean financial ruin ter us?"

The violence of his emotion awed the other man, and he became his master. The banker began to walk the room with the carriage whirled away toward the hills. The messenger galloped ahead.

The journey to the place of robbery was not long.

The stage was at a stand-still, and one of the horses lay dead in the dust. The next man was reported to be angry and shocked, and among them was Rosamond.

Louis thought he knew his duty, and went to her side at once, but the senior partner had thought only of the lost treasure. He directed his speech alike to the rider of the stage.

"Jones, what has happened?" he demanded.

"A road-agent on the trail, by might! That's what! The stage has been held up, and it's done just according to the old-time plan, an' whoever has got—"

"Old times come in," he explained, tersely.

"What was that a man package direct to me?"

"That was. For further pickets see small bills, or the road-agent, as we used to say when this thing was common."

"Was it registered?"
The page contains a text about a fictional character named David, who is a member of a group called the Yellow Gid of Dark Divide. The text describes David's actions and decisions, as well as his interactions with other characters. The story is set in a fictional world where there are various groups with unique names and roles. The narrative includes themes of adventure, decision-making, and the consequences of actions.

A snippet of the text reads: "David seemed almost afraid of the answer, but it came promptly.

"Yellow Gid of Dark Divide," his heart were playing him false and turning into lead."

The text continues to describe the events and the actions of David and his companions, involving elements of mystery and tension. It is a part of a larger narrative that explores themes of adventure, the challenges of leadership, and the dynamics within a group of characters.
yellow gield of dark divide

you. Get, or I'll call a servant and have his set the dog on you!"  

jutius, kneeling near at hand, was surpried at the violence of master's passion, but what gad jackson then did do not know.  

that person drew from his pocket a roll of money.  

"you," said he, calmly, "i'll bet you to the extent of my pile that you don't set the dog on me, or make me unwelcome. in which case you'll promise that you will stay in your house as your guest if i ask for the chance. is it a go?"  

there was a laugh. something about the stranger's manner gave david an unpleasant feeling, as if he was not sure of anything, as if this person only bluffing, or did he have some secret power which made him feel all things.  

"i am not here to bet," the banker finally replied. "i am a business man. i want an answer to my question."

"i have forgotten what the question was," you asked any, but if you will define your own ear this way i will whisper the magic password into it."

jackson leaned forward a little, and then whispered something. what it was jutius did not hear, but morrell at once became agitated. with his lips he did not voice any ready and abusive retort, and he remained staring at gadin silence.  

there was something that was expressed in his face.  

"suppose," calmly suggested jackson, "i will put this to you once and you will not talk of this over we may do a good bit of business. if one of us is willing to sell and the other to buy, i don't why we should not be mutually interested in the conversation. what do you say—are we two going to talk?"

morrell arose languidly, as if he had no especial interest, and his companion turned toward the door.  

jutius thought there was no call for him to make any effort toward an audience.  

there was no show that the preliminary skirmish had been cleared.  

morrell's steps were slow and heavy as he led the way in, while the unwelcome call was being made.  

jackson had not the face that there was no change in his. he was not quite the reverse. it seemed as if, whatever might be done later on, they already realized that one was master and the other the mastered.

jutius was found; the order for supper had been sent. they were not quite alone, for someone was there of in whom the serving of the meal, for all had been in waiting, but when it was there they did not mind it.  

he began looking at jackson with a troubled expression.  

"i am here to tell you," he remarked, almost unconsciously, "that right.

"any and every time you?"

"you shall hear when i get to work."

"i don't see what you can know."

"i am here to tell you," declared gadin calmly. "first, let us get to work on the estate."

"no, i'm not here to eat."

"i do, and i think i can work for both of us. sit down, david, and while you see how a man born to be a landlord must be all fagged out chasing that road-agent. where did you catch him?"

"oh! no? i thought you went out for that special purpose.

"that's bad. i came in on the stage, and was robbed of a paper collar, a tooth-brush, a full pillow, and all my other baggage. it is tough on a fellow, and he is very much afraid he will catch the cabbage butterfly and string him to the nearest tree, according to judge Lynch methods."

"david, you have no fears."

morrell utterly a cry of real terror, when he caught at his old smile and waited patiently until david recovered enough to throw the thing off.  

gadin, showing himself, gathered up the rope again, and went on talking with his cool utterance.

"stephen darrow, as you and i well know, was a man of more than ordinary importance in your life. he had associa-

tion with all the good and bad in your town. he had but little he could gain therefrom; you could, and did, gain much, and you made a very large fortune."

"leaving all other things, for we know the story so well it need not be repeated, i'll tell you this, you did not because you are ignorant of the facts, but because i must let you see i know all about that."

"one night you and darrow were in a room with nobody near to see or watch—so you thought, and so we will imagine, for it can come in the other state of affairs, it is but a passing event."

"and he were in the 'room. he was an honest man, and knew no reason why you should not feel as much good-will toward him as he did you."

"you were there with a certain thought, a certain ambition, in your mind, and circumstance made it necessary for you to carry your plans out to the letter."

you crept up to darrow as he sat looking at the thing on the table, you held a rope. it was no now implement with you, for you had roughed it the other days, and darrow was a man with all the tools which he had a living to men of your calibre. i imagine you held the rope something like this?"

jackson had delicately coiled nearly all of the thing with which he illustrated, and made a noose in the free end. now he made it to suit himself and revealed his idea.

morrell watched in a mood like the fascination thrown upon one by a snake. his parted lips were expressive of his breathless, though painful interest.  

he sat down at the table, in his hand, and seemed to be looking at some one seated there. his advance was made by one who was carrying it by carrying the pantheon too far."

suddenly he stopped in his work. darrow saw not, and the result was easy.  

"i cast the end of the rope, you drew it tight; you bidden, you did not attempt to escape. it was soon over. you never saw before to keep your hold. stephen darrow died."

"when it was over you saw there must there that you would naturally be suspected, but somebody would be it would be things left to the byways and the remote corners in your armor which investigation might develop."

the free end of the rope you flung over the tarler of the unfinished room and hauled away. stephen darrow rose and was suspended by the neck. when found it was said he had committed suicide. you know how true that was, but you gave to the thing a new name."

"he was buried as a suicide, and the world has believed thus far. what would you do if it was known? would you speak for him?"

jackson ceased. the importance of prompt action was so apparent to morrell that he made a desperate effort to:

"if you expect to gain anything by this outrageous lie you will get badly left!" he cried. "you cannot, you cannot. i have seen the ward out and will prove it. you are a man, and that the verdict was that he died by suicide. wai, even if you was guilty, which i am sure, how would you get the proof against me?"

"you've" comes harry an charged me with crime," pursed morrell, with an increas of courage. "you've come ter the wrong shop. who are you that you can come later chamberlain and make my name away? if you try it, by thunder, i'll make you wish you'd never opened your lips. yes, i'll have you arrested and hung!"

"hanged with what rope?" questioned gadin, with a answer, and a count of the various:"perhaps i will!" returned darrow, hotly. "i'll show you something much might be, possibly, but you would not live to see it. if you move you certainly seal your own fate whether you will."

"i'll show you! i'll have you run this town myself; when i say i the people to go, "poe ter go, and they go. i tell them ter come, an they come! that's the style at which i stand. you can get up this man! they will do it; an i swear to you i'll say ef you middle hurray. by gad, you don't get out of town before mornin!'"

the banker had seemingly regained the mastery, but the slow smile of his companion never changed.
Yellow Gid of Dark Divide.

"Wrong Dave! You will do nothing of the sort, for it would be rank suicide if you could!"

"By thunder! I'll show you; I will!"

"You do nothing!" repeated God Jack- ling, but there was no answer, for we had assassinated during the night—a deed of which you are quite capable—you would again notice your certain papers and make friends with mine. They are secure because I have not lost any. You mean all goes well with me; but let me disappear and there will be music along Dark Divide. A new edition of the song will be opened, and you will go out like a tailor's candle. Not only will your scheme to suppress the old edition fail, but you will have another modern murder to answer for. On the whole, you had better go!"

He flung several documents upon the table.

"Duplicates," he remarked. "Read them, and see what the originals will do if used."

His manner crushed David's rebellion, and the latter air was again that of a man on the defensive tamed as he took up the package.

Whatever was in the papers it seemed conclusive. His face visibly paled as he read, and Jackling, watching slyly, knew that this would be more Morrell ceased his investigation.

"Where did you get these?" he asked.

"None of your business, and that's enough. How do they please you? How do you account for them?"

Jackling again twirled the rope, almost catching the other in the coils, and then summed up his thoughts:

"The rope which hanged Stephen Dar- row?" he suggested.

"Would you want?" Morrell dem- anded, sullenly, yet covertly.

"Now you talk business, and I will be frank. I am going to stay a while in this town. Were I a man of check I might demand quarters at your house, but I am not. I must get a place to call up to the hotel and be a private citizen, though I may occasionally mention that I am a friend of yours. I won't embarrass you, however."

A furtive light came into David's eyes. This request might be the means of his getting the papers upon his enemy's return.

A smile stole over God's face. He well knew what mischief was being plotted.

Jackling arose, flitted the rope about a little, and said:

"A momento of the way Stephen Dar- row was murdered by the rope, as he observed, as he pro- ceeded to put it in the bag again.

This done, he delayed no longer. His manner was matter-of-fact as he left the house.

Left alone, the banker suddenly became the victim of a terror.

"He shall die!" was the decision.

CHAPTER XVI.
TROUBLESOME GID GATH.

Near the western side of the town was the residence of Allen Graham's father, in which the young man made his own home, and to which he repaired, not shortly after God Jackling had left. David Martin, a bank clerk, was there. He walked boldly, yet with evident caution, for the building stood upon a hill, and was now burned in the house, and he advanced and peered over the balcony. It so happened that Allen himself was up, and he answered the knock.

"Peter Potts!" he exclaimed, cordially.

"Fif ain't nobody clue," answered the caller. "The same old Potts you've seed afore.

"You are welcome. Come in! You are the man of all men I wanted to see."

"How are you? How are some- body who kin give me the cash to replen- ish my wardrobe. It's a trifle out of kilter at present, and I must get a ragged suit of clothes, whereupon Allen smiled quietly.

"Go to it. I have 'em in hard luck, but I will remedy that. First of all, though, let us speak of another matter. Come in!"

They were already in the hall, but Allen led the way to the room where he had been sitting. There placed he a chair for Peter.

"The latter was more rough and graceful of appearance than he had been six months before. His clothes were in rags, and his hands were loosely wound in a circle of red cloth. This surprised Allen, for Peter had had both decent clothes and money when they were last together.

"Peter, where've you been?" the young man demanded, abruptly.

"All over the lots, old man," was the calm answer.

"How long have you been in Chinam Clay?"

"Two hours, mebbee."

"Have you seen any of the news of the rob- bery of the stage, and the report that it was Yellow Gid who did it?"

Peter nodded his head. Two looked at each other in silence for several seconds.

Then Potts replied:

"I 'heard that little story, my frien' an' I must say it's a pretty. I arrived at town since all happened, but I dropped a place or two, and got the story with my grub, two men bein' talkin' et over. Al, you're right on the ground, an' I ain't been so late a finkin' of it?

"Wu once decided that Gideon Gath must be dead, but now, Peter, I want you to think over the matter again.

I have been wrestling with the con- drum, can it be that Gideon escaped?"

"One o' two things is correct; he did so escape, or he's comin' back to work an excitement an' get more glory by makin' folks think he's really Yellow Gid."

"If it is Gid, why has he not made himself known?"

"To whose advantage would it have been?"

"Sure enough! Bianca was his last rel- ative, and we took her away. He had no more friends in the town than we had, no friends, as far as we know, here, so to whom should he reveal the fact that he was alive? If he was the imposse he professed to be, he should be alive! But if it really is he, it can mean but one thing—that we are about to have another new reign of outlawry, so the most important question to us now is, can we restore him to his family?"

"A solitary man, a new prince, upon a new reign of outlawry, so the most important question to us now is, can we restore him to his former family?"

"Read that?" and Peter handed over a newspaper clipping, as if he had re- ceived some shock in what his companion said.

Allen took the article and read as fol- lows:

"ESCAPED."

"When Jailer Kennedy went to the lock-up yesterday morning, with break- fast for the supposed read-agent, Ben Breit, who has been in the place for a month, waiting for somebody who could positively identify him, he found no prisoner to feed. During the night the fellow had succeeded in making good his escape.

"Whether the man was Ben Breit remains an open question. He has all about a denial of his identity, eaten well of the good things set to him, and seemed perfectly happy.

"Numerous persons have seen him, but the difference of opinion has pre- vented any one from deciding whether he was the right man."

"Ben Breit's career has been one of note. He got away with a good deal of gold, and, as such, he had a pile of fun."

"He was a happy-dispositioned chap, and always left some good joke to make for the boys after he took the road. Even his colors were black, and just as we were thinking to gobble the scamp and string him up to a tree. He was gone, but we found him, but when we got this late arrival in jail the editor hereon will be dog-gone if we tell whether we had the old Ben or not."

"If this Ben was not the real Ben, will the real Ben please forward what he stole from the editor hereon, five years ago? It will fill a long-felt want, which is near where our pocketbook ought to be."

Allen looked up. "What do you think of Ben—of Breit?"

"A good deal. They did have good grub in the jail."

"I was, for a dead-sure fact."

"Then I think our Gath is dead; is not it?"

"I was just that individual."

Peter, nonchalant as ever, broke into a hearty laugh.

"I'll call at that editor's office, some- day, and have a talk with him. He seems to have a right clever head on his shoulders. I can see why you ain't been around to see you an' our joint work. It wasn't neglect, but the pressure of business an' roppin' am- nesides, an' such. I tell all this ter you first. If you knew you're an old friend, I like you too, Bimee et, but you ought ter bein' with me when I was on the scenes."

Peter laughed again, and quickly became serious and dropped himself as a subject of conversation.

"What be we ter do about Yellow Gid? he inquired.

Allen arose and began walking across the floor in a nervous and excited way. Yellow Gid was Bianca's brother, and if he was really at large, he was, to say the least, a man who it would be a terrible blow to his family if harm came to him. Again, what would it be to Allen, with his spade in small and good family, and his high hopes for the future, if the woman he loved had a stranger, who, he thought, was yet to be ly- nched as an outlaw?

Actual horror was in the young man's mind.

Stopping after a troubled promise, he sat down moribund, to tell his sister and her friends. You see I am frank."

I'm with ye, but not wholly for the rea- sons you give. The hooligan may be a pri- vate grief of he keeps this thing up. He must be saved, an' we are the only ones to do it."

"Can you find him?"

"I reckon i know."

"Do it, then, and without delay. Take to the range, and let not your zeal flag un- til you have found him. You are in poor physical and circumstantial shape, but if I will furnish money and all case you need. Your only work is to find him, but do it secretly, as I have not done further deeds of madness."

"All spoke with considerable feeling, and Peter took his hand and shook it warmly as he said:

"Looking out with ye, Al! I'm with you, an' I'll do my duty. I'll find him, and I will instill burnin' words o' wisdom later his life."

There was reason to doubt that the speaker was in full earnest, for he could be a very notable liar indeed. He ran his race until Chipper Run got too much populated to make his calling, and he then went to a region where he was not so keenly sought. He was thinking to gobble the scamp and string him up to a tree. He was gone, but we found him, but when we got this late arrival in jail the editor hereon will be dog-gone if we tell whether we had the old Ben or not.
long talk, he left the house. That night he would sleep, he decreed, in a recess aside from the crowded room. The next, respectable, dressed, he could go to the hotel and make comments possible by the change in his appearance.

When again alone, Allen walked the floor of his room in silence.
The pity he had felt for Gildean Gath had grown subordinate to other things. Men were human too, under all of their situations, and he was trying desperately to work his way out. Darkness was around him, insensibly and as the result of his ability to get out of it. The acquaintance with the Gath family might yet prove a serious blow to his life.

Suddenly he stopped in his walk.

"What's that?" he muttered.

It was the slight shuffle of the door, and he knew it, but it had been so unexpected, and the hour was so late, that he did not take it with the calmness of a thing occurring earlier in the evening.

The knock was repeated, and Allen did not delay. He opened the door, to be astonished and alarmed, for before him stood a man whose whole face was concealed by a mask seen in stage-plays, but a concern which covered all of his owner's face and manner. It was his best friend.

The midnight caller at once spoke.

"Do not be alarmed. I am not here as an enemy. I have come in and have a task that I would rather not ask of you but you, as you are. You may mean well, and you may not.

"Whatever I say, I cannot explain here. It must be done within, or not at all. Further, I will swear to you that I intend no harm."

"You interest me with your strange vagary, and I'll hear you. Come in!"

The Man-in-the-Mask sat down in the chair vacated by Peter Barlow.

"Mr. Graham," he began at once, "you are curious to know who I am, are you not?"

"I certainly am."

"You must remain in doubt!"

"Why a man who comes to see me at such hours, and under such strange slumbers?"

"Granted! But you must ask to see one of me. That is why I have come. Being a man, I would be curious to learn what was wanted, and his permission followed as a result.

"Mr. Graham," the visitor, "you are an honest man. Common rumor says so, and I know it to be true. Such being the case, I wish to make you the cus
dodian of another matter of honor."

From his coat the stranger brought out a small object.

"Will you receive and keep this?"

"What is it?"

"I know, but I cannot tell."

He passed the box over to Allen, who was left to hold and to feel its very hea
tiness. It seemed nearly solid. It was not a showy article, except with its suggestion of being made of some precious metal, as a fine linen box was for the let closed down, but no key-hole was visible and no way to open it.

"Will you confess?"

"For how long?"

"I was called for. It may be too late, or it may be too early. When do you call for it?"

"To you know you are asking an extraneous ordinary thing of me? Why should I compliee to your request?"

"Because the honor of a man is at stake."

The first time the unknown showed some emotion. He leaned forward in his chair, and there was anxiety in his here

to hear my voice."

"Do I know this man?" asked Allen.

"No."

"Then why am I selected as the custo
dian of his honor, as you term it?"

"Because you are honest, too. You have no idea, I think, how honest? Surely they should be the ones to rally to his aid, not I. If this thing is important, and I am afraid you show a strong hand to get it over to an entire stranger."

"All that has been carefully considered, and you have been selected as the cus
todian of the box."

"I object to doing anything blindfolded."

"The proof of the pudding is much of doubt and uncertainty. How am I to know the box does not contain something which, if I could see it, might do me harm? In brief, how do I know your request does not hide some at
tempt to get me into trouble?"

"You have my word of honor such is not the case."

"And you are—who?"

"I cannot tell you who I am, nor can I give you any light as to the matters at stake. If you believe me, you will take my word that it is as I say. I swear to you that this box is a man at stake, and you can see him, a possible great harm by complying with my request."

"There is nothing in the nature, in the case of the sitter, as a whole, which need give you one moment of uneasiness. If you take it, you will do a good deed, and you will regret, sorrow to be true."

He took it from Allen's hand, and im
deedly looked at it.

"The honor of a man. You can save it without risk to yourself. Will you do it?"

"I am not disposed to say what I see. Allen. The fast-closed box was a curiosity of no com
mon kind. What was in it? What did all the secrecy mean? Was the affair worth following?"

Allen obeyed the sudden prompting;

"I will show you the secrecy and the trust. I will take the box!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GIRL IN THE WAY.

The masked man grasped Allen's hand.

"You have done something for which you will one day be glad," he exclaimed.

"If I cannot see it, it is not because of a guilty secret to hide. Speaking for the man at stake, I will say he is actuated by the best of motives, and you will have charge of the vital part of his life."

"And you are to call for it?"

"It may be a month; it may be six months."

"Will you confer in confidence, add, what is in it, or take away from it. All is uncertainty. Again, you may be called upon to open it."

"But you say I can't do it?"

"You can by breaking it open. Now, lis
ten attentively: Once in every week you will see me or receive by mail a note signed "Moloch." If ever ten days pass with no sign from me—from Moloch Allen—and you are to break the box and know. Understan
"d?"

"I do, but why break it?"

"Once seen, you will make use of the information seen within, according to directions."

"Moloch?" inquired Allen, and Allen was not pleased.

"I don't like the job."

"Remember my promises?"

"I forget nothing. If you say the word, I hold to your every order."

Once more the man leaned forward and shook Allen's hand.

"Friend," he exclaimed, "you shall never regret this, if I can control future events. I am grateful; I am very grate
ful.

He seemed about to say more, but sud
denly arose.

As he stood there Allen was impressed by his manly appearance. Himself of mas
cular and powerful build, the stranger towered above him.

Add to this that his man
ner had at all times been grave, dignified

and firm, and he could but command re
spect.

At the door he paused once more.

"I have given unto you a sacred trust," he remarked, his voice being a trifle;
"and may every effort be directed to keeping it as such. I have the fullest confidence in your discretion."

"You do me no more than justice," se
riously answered Allen. "Having ac
greed to this, I should be deemed if I proved false to the confidence."

"I thank you, Mr. Graham; I thank you."

Impulsively the stranger again shook Allen's hand, and passing quickly out, dis
appeared.

The box stood on the table. Allen picked it up and examined it carefully, but there was nothing more to be learned. What did it contain?

This "Moloch," whoever he is, is not a name, I am in the dark as to the things that are in it. To whom and to what have I linked myself?"

That night he slept but little, and in the morning was early to the breakfast table with a heavy heart. His father was there, looking cheerful and happy.

"I hear nothing to be late," the older man observed. "You see, there is something upon my mind."

Allen forced a smile, but it was not a
radian one.

"I don't, at least, am on time, sir."

"True, and all ready for our journey, I dare say."

"I shall be glad to receive and know your chosen lady. The occasion is one al
ready arranged. I remember your own youth, when your sainted mother was the star of my life. Most men grow cai
ning the airs, but the you are the young as your own youth fades away, but it is not so with me. You have your beauty and your grace.

Mr. Graham reached out and shook Al
len's hand cordially, and the latter was much moved.

"You are very kind, sir," he replied.

That's because I have faith in your judgment. I am sure there is no one who would discredit our name. I am not given to undue pride, but honor is something. I am ready to the breakfast table in this town many years now, and nobody can say aught against me. The same ap
plies to you, boy. I see you are above price, and I feel sure your brides
clesi will uphold our endeavors. But let us to breakfast, and then prepare for the journey."

"I am glad to have the subject dropped.

They ate in a thoughtful mood, and then the stranger man went to his own room again.

"How will it end?" he exclaimed, fever
ishly.

"How will it end?"

The question was a momen
taneous one with him. That day they were going away to call upon Blanche Gath—or Alice Mayton, as she had been known of late. Affairs had progressed so rapidly between her and Allen that they were now engaged, and the latter's father had been informed of the fact.

To get at this Allen had dared to inform his father who she was, and, being well aware that there would be strong opposition, he had made a plan by which he would go in ther way in the elder man's good graces before anything was said.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I was on the way to where she was sitting, and bring her to the Graham home. By the time she had been there a few days, Mr. Allen became a standing with Horace Graham so that it would no longer he risky to reveal her identity.

"He must love her; he cannot help it!"

the lover had always assured himself; but the events of the previous day had upset all his plans.

If Blanca came she would hear the story that Ylloyd Gath was alive, and cer

14 Yellow Gid of Dark Divide.
main in the house to keep up the show of indifference. So the case grew dark, and Allen decided to make a visit to Climax Claim well out of the way.

How could he keep both Bianca and his father interested? The journey must be taken, and he prepared for it. Before leaving the town they parted, for, as a service, for Mrs. Allen wished to learn if there was any further news of Yellow Gid. There was none.

Climax Claim in trying to make a road hundreds of miles without success. From the time when he spurred his gallant horse and rode down the valley from the ranch, Gid will go back. He will go back. He will go back. He will go back.

"Would you approve of that?" asked Allen, in a low voice.

"All right," said Bianca, "I am not of that build. Still, you must remember where we live, the temper of the men, and the record of the town."

"As for me, I consider lynching the most barbarous act of the century," declared Allen, warmly. "Let a man be ever so guilty, he is entitled to trial by law, and those who take his life without giving him such a trial are more deeply dried in evil and brutality than he can be!

When the last of the 'diggers' returned, Allen turned to David, sincerely, but rather carelessly. "We are about to pass the scene of our first meeting.

They did pass it, but Yellow Gid did not leap out to molest them, and no more was said of the episode, which was indeed the beginning of the end. The stage was set for an affair with the subject of the stage.

It was an all-day journey to the town which would be reached, and when the sun set they reached the place. Allen wished it would stand still; if, by some miracle, their journey would be indefinitely prolonged. Nothing of the sort occurred, and in due time they reached the station.

Bianca had been put to live with an honest family, and though they were so frail that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

Horace Graham looked grave, but Allen saw that it was just from being blocked for a while. If she could not go to Climax Claim at once, the visit was made in vain.

"But there was so ill that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

"My boy, you'd do famously in business," said Graham. "If you acted as well as in selecting a wife, you'd be one of your choices to the farthest as I have seen. An excellent girl, I do believe."

Mr. Graham shook his father's hand and he was duly happy, but the next words were not so pleasant.

"I think you said she was of good family?"

Allen tried to hide his embarrassment. "Well, to be quite frank, I must say there was a good deal of difference between the two, but the differences were in favor of my wife, and in her personal appearance with the place."

"So it does, Allen; so it does. But is there any hope that we can take her home with us?"

"I'm afraid not, I am very reluctant to put her to any risk."

"Perfectly right, but I am in hopes she will be much better in the morning."

Allen did not discontinue the conversation, and though it seemed cruel, he felt no great desire to see her recover so speedily. His love affair was on a tangled basis.

CHAPTER XIX

YELLOW GID'S NIGHT VISIT

Another day had brought all the Climax Claim road agents out, but without success. From the time when he spurred his gallant horse and rode down the valley from the ranch, Gid said he would go back. He would go back. He would go back. He would go back.

So the hunters came home tired and weary, and with the firm belief that the lad had better luck. As for Allen, he would not let Yellow Gid, if the troublesome person really was he, be broke loose again.

One man did not share in that opinion. David Morrell went home, sore at heart and ugly, troubled in many ways, and wondering how he was going to meet the various storms which were rising around him.

He sat down in his room and meditated. He thought of Lasco Girdwood.

When the last of the 'diggers' returned, Allen turned to David, sincerely, but rather carelessly. "We are about to pass the scene of our first meeting.

They did pass it, but Yellow Gid did not leap out to molest them, and no more was said of the episode, which was indeed the beginning of the end. The stage was set for an affair with the subject of the stage.

It was an all-day journey to the town which would be reached, and when the sun set they reached the place. Allen wished it would stand still; if, by some miracle, their journey would be indefinitely prolonged. Nothing of the sort occurred, and in due time they reached the station.

Bianca had been put to live with an honest family, and though they were so frail that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

Horace Graham looked grave, but Allen saw that it was just from being blocked for a while. If she could not go to Climax Claim at once, the visit was made in vain.

"But there was so ill that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

"My boy, you'd do famously in business," said Graham. "If you acted as well as in selecting a wife, you'd be one of your choices to the farthest as I have seen. An excellent girl, I do believe."

Mr. Graham shook his father's hand and he was duly happy, but the next words were not so pleasant.

"I think you said she was of good family?"

Allen tried to hide his embarrassment. "Well, to be quite frank, I must say there was a good deal of difference between the two, but the differences were in favor of my wife, and in her personal appearance with the place."

"So it does, Allen; so it does. But is there any hope that we can take her home with us?"

"I'm afraid not, I am very reluctant to put her to any risk."

"Perfectly right, but I am in hopes she will be much better in the morning."

Allen did not discontinue the conversation, and though it seemed cruel, he felt no great desire to see her recover so speedily. His love affair was on a tangled basis.

CHAPTER XIX

YELLOW GID'S NIGHT VISIT

Another day had brought all the Climax Claim road agents out, but without success. From the time when he spurred his gallant horse and rode down the valley from the ranch, Gid said he would go back. He would go back. He would go back. He would go back.

So the hunters came home tired and weary, and with the firm belief that the lad had better luck. As for Allen, he would not let Yellow Gid, if the troublesome person really was he, be broke loose again.

One man did not share in that opinion. David Morrell went home, sore at heart and ugly, troubled in many ways, and wondering how he was going to meet the various storms which were rising around him.

He sat down in his room and meditated. He thought of Lasco Girdwood.

When the last of the 'diggers' returned, Allen turned to David, sincerely, but rather carelessly. "We are about to pass the scene of our first meeting.

They did pass it, but Yellow Gid did not leap out to molest them, and no more was said of the episode, which was indeed the beginning of the end. The stage was set for an affair with the subject of the stage.

It was an all-day journey to the town which would be reached, and when the sun set they reached the place. Allen wished it would stand still; if, by some miracle, their journey would be indefinitely prolonged. Nothing of the sort occurred, and in due time they reached the station.

Bianca had been put to live with an honest family, and though they were so frail that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

Horace Graham looked grave, but Allen saw that it was just from being blocked for a while. If she could not go to Climax Claim at once, the visit was made in vain.

"But there was so ill that, though in no danger, she was in bed.

And she wasn't able to go on a journey for some days," added the mistress of the house.

"My boy, you'd do famously in business," said Graham. "If you acted as well as in selecting a wife, you'd be one of your choices to the farthest as I have seen. An excellent girl, I do believe."

Mr. Graham shook his father's hand and he was duly happy, but the next words were not so pleasant.

"I think you said she was of good family?"

Allen tried to hide his embarrassment. "Well, to be quite frank, I must say there was a good deal of difference between the two, but the differences were in favor of my wife, and in her personal appearance with the place."

"So it does, Allen; so it does. But is there any hope that we can take her home with us?"

"I'm afraid not, I am very reluctant to put her to any risk."

"Perfectly right, but I am in hopes she will be much better in the morning."

Allen did not discontinue the conversation, and though it seemed cruel, he felt no great desire to see her recover so speedily. His love affair was on a tangled basis.
Morrell was silent for a time; then he abruptly arose, and putting on his hat he left the room. He did not look up as David appeared, so the latter had a chance to wait and watch him as well as dispose of his other callers. As good luck would have it, he needed none. When the way was finally cleared, and David failed to step forward, Girdwood looked up inquiringly.

He saw his rival, pale and uneasy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Morrell. A warm morning, isn’t it?"

"Yes, it is," agreed David, awkwardly stepping forward. "Can I see you in your office, please?"

"Certainly!" and he arose and led the way to the other room.

Girdwood had heard of his loss by the stage robbery?" David began abruptly, as the door closed.

"Yes. But why don’t you get a loan to tide you over?" asked his rival, somewhat surprised.

"It would be hard for me to raise twenty thousand dollars."

Morrell hesitated, but finally answered.

"I’ve been raising that way for some time, already. I’m about the end of my rope."

"I don’t see how you got into this scrape, Mr. Girdwood, with more show of interest. ‘Business has been good with you, sir.’"

"It can’t be. My business is in a fix.

"What is that?"

"Surely, assumed, David, if you have the nerve to make some one way, in which we can arrange matters so as to be mutually satisfactory."

"I can think of but one way."

"What is that?"

"You will loan me the twenty thousand dollars."

"That’s a pretty stiff loan."

"I’ll call the security, urged Morrell, growing more eager and hopeful.

"And do business in opposition to me, as I judge, and for the first time Girdwood smiled.

"Surely," assumed David, "if you have the nerve to make some one way, in which we can arrange matters so as to be mutually satisfactory."

"Why then?"

"I didn’t call the security, urged Morrell, growing more eager and hopeful.

"Why not?"

"I think of but one way."

"What is that?"

"I will loan you the twenty thousand dollars."

"That’s a pretty stiff loan."

"I’ll call the security, urged Morrell, growing more eager and hopeful.

"And do business in opposition to me, as I judge, and for the first time Girdwood smiled.

"Surely," assumed David, "if you have the nerve to make some one way, in which we can arrange matters so as to be mutually satisfactory."

"Why then?"

"I didn’t call the security, urged Morrell, growing more eager and hopeful.

"Why not?"

"I think of but one way."

"What is that?"

"I will loan you the twenty thousand dollars."

CHAPTER XXI.

RECOGNIZED.

Morrell, when asked for such a suggestion, could but make answer:

"I am in no way to understand, Mr. Girdwood. Are you going among you what you need?" explained Girdwood, "but this loaning with or without security, I do not like. I owe nobody money; I do not care to have any one owe me. Debits make trouble, worry and other things. Hence, the only way I can help you is to take an interest in your business and let you have the cash under such circumstances."

Morrell meditated. He had never anticipated such a prospect. In fact, the very mention of his financial dilemma he had not once dreamed of Girdwood as a partner.

Does he hide a sinister purpose?

He studied the face before him closely. A firm, strong, self-reliant face--that of one who lacked the ability which Girdwood had shown since he came to Climax. At that moment it seemed to Morrell that he had seen some face like it in his past, but now only the fact that he had grown accustomed to the looks of his rival, since they were of the same town.

"Can you command the money at once?" the visitor, asked, "put it into the business?"

"Yes, certainly, if I so decide."

"And you have no other circumstances mentioned?"

"Of course I shall have to look into the standing, but no greater. I doubt not I shall find that all right."

The project, now under way, went on with great velocity. Mr. Morrell being warned to the subject, and, under the inspiration of having a chance to get the desired help, he was eager to do good for Girdwood. With such a partner he might be able to retrieve all his losses, and once more put his business upon the proper footing.

When they came to the terms of the partnership it was just as easy, for Girdwood did not ask for anything unreason- able, and it was his suggestion that all be made as simple as possible. The bargain was not closed then, but when David went away he did so feeling that all danger or embarrassment was over. He had been saved by the man he had tried so hard to ruin--if he was saved!}

"Very, very well. It was all with much curiosity and interest, began with questions, but was curiously squelched. At that moment he especially weak and worthless to the practical banker.

"Going to the inner office he locked the door as above and sat down to think the new deal over."

The following day Lasco Girdwood sat in his office, and, as he had just done, and was looking over papers which he held. There was a rustle of garments at the side door, and he turned to behold a lady caller. He arose with celerity, and bowed deeply. His strong face remained immobile.

"Miss Chester, I think?" he politely inquired.

"My name is Helen Chester," was the reply.

"I remember seeing you in the town. You are welcome to my office. Can I aid you in any way?"

"He had sat a chair for her, and made her welcome with the little attentions which go further than words.

"You are a man of business, she re- peated, not inability of such things, if she knew nothing. I have not come to buy or sell. I have come--"

"I paused and again evinced embarrassment.

Lasco Girdwood made a reassuring gesture, and his manner was full of respect and dignity.

"I hear," she abruptly added, "that you are about to become the head of the business of David Morrell."

"Has the news traveled so fast?"

"It is the latest, but this is not to the point. If you take that step you are ruined."

Suddenly she made the announcement, while Girdwood regarded her in surprise.

"Upon what do you base the prophe- cey?" he asked.

"Dare you risk daily intimacy with Girdwood?"

As she asked the question she leaned forward and fixed an intense gaze upon him. He moved to his chair, and there was a suggestion of nervousness in the act.

"Why should I not?" he inquired.

"Mr. Girdwood must be constant, to seem to meddle with your affairs, and I hope my course will not be misconstrued, but I beg leave to say to you."

His large eyes did not waver; his face did not change.

"Nothing," he said.

"Either, an obscure statement, he easily returned. "May I ask what it means?"

"Simply that you are Gideon Gath!"

"With a quick glance around, and then with much lowered voice, she made the assertion, it was simply made, too; no trace of feeling was in the utterance. Lasco Girdwood did not smile or look alarmed, but with unchanged face he kept his place.

"Gideon Gath?" he answered, calmly, "is a man reputed to be a road-agent and murderer. Do you know who I am?"

"Six months ago I came to you, when you were Asher Bradstreet, and made known the fact that I knew you, then. Why done for you by the circumstances mentioned?"

"I look like that as Asher Bradstreet?"

"You do not. The resemblance is so close, but not so close; nor do I doubt to me it is so almost imperceptible that I am amazed at your skill in disguising yourself."

"I am convinced," he continued, "but for your device has succeeded well enough for your purpose; nobody else but your secret is known to me. If my past record is answer for the natural inquiry, if your secret is safe with me."

"Miss Chester? he exclaimed, "I owe more to you than to any other living person. I am in debt to you."

"I came here last," he went on, "and have been living at the Liberty. I might again recognize me, but I did not think it possible when it was the belief that I had perished on the mount- ain."

"How did you escape?" Helen asked.

"Girdwood faced the dark.

"I fell by the chasm," he explained, "wounded, blind, and dead."

"Consciousness yet required, however, I used the instinct of self-preservation and then an arrow, but if you could not save my life I wanted to die, however my proflane hands could not touch me; or their hatred make my last moments bitter."

"I could not walk, and that it was that which saved me from death."

"I was reduced to the last extremity, as I thought, I began to crawl away. I had gone but a short distance when I looked back and saw them as they arrived at the chasm and decided I had fallen down it. Had they seen what I had been, I, but they were slow to take any other step, and I improved the opportunity, made the trail by inch by inch."

She paused, and a very, painful, path, existing the moment to come with each movement of my bleed- ing ear."

"It was not my lot to die thus, and I at length reached a secure nook. There I lay. The brief, I lay until the foe was gone."

"A long period of illness from my wounds followed. Three weeks I lay in the care to which I crawled, but at last I got the better of my hurts and was able to go."

"He ceased and Helen added, in a low voice:"

"My seek revenge?"

"Revenge? Yes, a son’s revenge--revenge for my own wrongs and atrocious perjury in his blushing you!"

"Let my silence answer?"

"It does answer, and nobly! There are many deeds done, and many done and always find new and interesting. Miss Chester, I thank you again, and most no one must know. I cannot halt or waver. It’s my destiny now to defeat, dishonor, ruin the base."

"The sole author of my misery and disgrace!"

"And his voice quivered with his deep emo-tion."

"I will not bid you turn back, for it is your affair in the full sense of the word. Let you against this combination with David Morrell."

"Why?"
"Incredible!" Girdwood exclaimed. "What in the name of the jinn were we going to do with a place of incineration here? The earth is a spot good enough for our dead."

"I do not ask for money aid, sir. All I require is land upon which to build the incinerator."

Girdwood turned irritably to Morrell. "I leave you to deal with this crank, he bluntly added.

"And I shall get along famously," declared God, with his meaning smile. "Next week I shall look upon the project in a different manner, and see the value of it. It will completely return, and immediately proceed to business. The idea was discussed, and a few endearments, such as I showed Mr. Jackling that, though the East might see fit to burn instead of bury their dead, there was no crying need of such an institution at Clinkay claim."

Jackling acted with apparent deliberation, and at last seemed so far convinced that he decided to defer action until he had thought it over further. He went out without any more of his weird acts or words, and Morrell breathed more freely.

"And so, I beg to note, Mr. God, the matter就此!

"Not to my knowledge, but do you think I am likely to forget the man who made love to you in the past? If you do not know or understand women!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW SCHEME.

The next morning Girdwood was in the office of David Morrell. He had been made very welcome. His new partner’s reception was cordial, but just simply an every-day courtesy. Since coming to Clinkay claim I have been looking for the best chance to say good-bye, and service, and I am prepared to believe it is with your house."

"Mr. Morrell will attend to you, sir, was your reply.

David started. He did not want any more of his good will with God Jackling, but was not in position to refuse."

Had he found a partner, only, or a rescuer?"

"But little more work did David Morrell do that afternoon. He sat and thought deeply, and then walked home in the same mood. He had an idea, and was so reluctant to let it rest that he took pains to put it in motion as soon as possible. He told his daughter he wished to see her alone, and they were soon satisfactorily situated."

"Rosalie," he began, abruptly, "her you any fancy for Louis Lever?"

"Why, I’m not marry him," the daughter replied, in surprise.

"That ain’t what I asked. Thar’s a thing they call love. Be you a victim to it?"

"Louis Lever is a count!" significantly answered Rosalind.

="That’s somethin’ better than a little money. Would you throw a tiffed beggar you yer leavin’ a rich man? In brief, would you give Lever the dump an’ marry Lasco Girdwood?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

GIRDWOOD AND MATRIMONY.

Some young women would have been shocked at the question, but Miss Rosalind was not. She regarded her father’s inquiry

"Are you dreaming?" she asked.

"If I haven’t dreamed it, matter-of-fact dream you ever heerd of," the father replied. "Yes, an’ that’s solid clunks o’ wisdom in it. What does Louis Lever amount to?

"He’s a count, and the woman who marries him will have a place in the incineration of the dead, the same place to be called the Stephen Darrow.

David breathed hard. The name Stephen Darrow was the same he had heard whispered in the hearing of the Moontop and the Morrell house.

It had a meaning to him; it had more, for he began to fear the speaker was going to betray the secret of the past.

"It would be to some, surely, though it not every one.

"Rose, some Girdwood come ter town has been change things in. Before he come, all was steady and blockish."

The minute he began that was a change. The cumin’ o’ that man is simply astoundin’!"

"Yes, and he doesn’t know it. But he does. Yes, an’ what he has come in I don’t know, but he does. Yes, an’ what he has come in I can see into my profits ter the quick. He’s been around so long, I make efforts ter beat him out by boldness, and I seem to have done."

"The girl noted her father’s downcast look."

"Surely, you didn’t get hurt?"

"But I did! You asked me why I took Louis Lever to a rich man, and I simply astoundin’!"

"Why, I never heard o’ him do so underhand work, an’ I feel grateful that he come ter my rescue as he did. It was he who saved me, not did me harm. God, he is a lonesome man, Girdwood is; an’ his money pulled me out the hole, would have done it. Why, he has it by the bussel, an’ he ain’t a rich man o’ me once more, by thundin’!"

"You are plain enough, but suppose Girdwood be right.

"Now you come ter business!" declared Morrell, seeing the gradual yielding of the daughter’s object, "I have not been clear with you at all. You can’t passen I see him look at you in a peculiar way. It impressed me as odd at the time, an’ thought I wasn’t sure o’ my ground, then, I’ll bet the drinks is in love with you.

"Rosalie did not let that possibility worry her. She looked very much gratified.

"Mr. Girdwood is fine-appearing," was her modest comment.

"He is, he sure don’t know any finer; an’ he’s a smart man, too. That’s what counsels, gal; it’s the man who can make money who is of use in the world. I’ve been poor—"

"I haven’t, and don’t want to be!" declared Rosalind, clapping her hands in delight. "I want to make money, God, and a man and a money-maker, every time. Are you sure your fortunes are so desperate?"

"I’ll give it to you straight.

"Then let us temp Girdwood. If I find I can snare him, and he continues to bring cash into your pocket, I’ll throw Lever over with a will, Mrs. Lasco Girdwood. What sound could be sweeter?"

Rosalind laughed lightly as she spoke, but it was clear that her cold nature had undergone no change.

When Rosalind lost her wedding finery at hands of Yellow Gid she had declared the marriage off for nothing, until she could recover her nerve, if not her fortune. Only this loud Girdwood had taken exceptions in vain, but he was appeased with the promise that the delay should be but temporary, and it occurred to David that it might not be the worse to manage the count.

"I am no member of the banking firm, and had, at least, that hold upon them. If he could do them no damage, he might, at least, can make them omnipotence to the affair, and thus letting Girdwood know the character of the man would count with him.

Morrell mentioned his fear.

"Leave that to me," advised Rosalind. "I can manage the count. Let me deal with him, and you shall see I am no mean diplomat."
Yellow Gid of Dark Divide.

So it was settled. The next day Morrell and his daughter went to ride. The accumulation of troubles and close application to work had worn them down, and they felt the need of relaxation. The help received from Girlwood had done much to cheer them. The feeling of pleasure that the days to come he thought he would soon have his health back.

As they rode, the carriage rolled away on the trail, and father and daughter leaned back in their places and looked out over the face of the country. There were no regular roads in the section, but many of the gulches had smooth and easy places where a carriage could be driven with ease and comfort, so David ordered his man to turn from the stage-road, which was rolling along the unfringed way.

The day was fine and air cool and inviting. The child considered her troubles and was happy. For some hours she would ride in the gulches, and then turn toward home.

"I am getting to know this region well," remarked Rosamond. "I believe if I were one of the settlers I could find Gideon Gath!"

"Thunder! don't speak o' him," expostulated David. "I'm not sure I'm afraid of him."

"He is not," Rosamond replied. "He does not mean you or your other meetin' with him!" curtly retorted Morrell.

"Why should I, when he took all my valuables away? But I think he will be careful to keep out of sight, now."

The Vandal had long been a troublesome horse.

As they rounded a curve in the path, the horses suddenly pulled up and stood restlessly.

"Yeller Gid!"

Yellow Gid it might be. Handsomely done, the Vandal seemed to look the road-agent to the life!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE VANDAL'S SECOND STROKE.

The Vandal waved his hand commandingly.

"Driver, keep where you are, and don't raise your eyes from your work. The rest of you, ease up, and don't forget the mules."

"Dismount!" echoed David. "What for?"

"You will learn later. Get out of the carriage!" and Yellow Gid carelessly swung a revolver around to the front, and then turned and rode away.

"If you want our money," he began, huskily, "we can give it to you right where we are."

"I don't want your money! Are you going to obey?" demanded Yellow Gid, sharply.

They were. Neither of them was in a mood to do otherwise, and David led the way. He started, and Rosamond tremblingly followed. Then the robber waved his hand to the driver.

"Move on!" he directed, "but halt just near enough so I can see you. If you go further, I'll shoot you. I shall be compelled to shoot you. Do you hear?"

And the revolver was raised a little higher.

"A nice man looking down on the minister, but David made no sign and the driver touched the horses and started on, as though he knew the mule-driver was angry, and that he would be still more angry if he spoke.

"No," abruptly remarked the Vandal, turning to his prisoners, "I think we can soon settle our business. You have been hunting ever since you rode in; you have found me."

"Thunder! I didn't want to find you like that!"

"Rosamond burst into tears.

"For Heaven's sake, don't harm me!"

The Vandal ignored the woman's speech and quietly went on:

"What do you want now?" almost growled Morrell.

"You wouldn't kill us?"

"How do you deal with Harmer Gath?"

"That was done in passion. I've re- peated it often in the house of God. You should have been there."

"Your repentance comes too late!"

"But I am within ter make amends—"

"It is now too late. Had you not never done that deed all would have been well with you, but you did it without mer- cy. Do you think that man will be shown now? If you do, you are wholly in error. As you sowed, so shall you reap. Do you think to reap in death? He was not only a man of wealth, but of honor and a public benefactor."

"Your voice was incoherent, and bore of his name."

"Morrell stood silent before his terrible ac- cuuser."

"You do well," Gideon went on. "There is no defense you can make; you may as well bare your head to the storm and ac- cept the Peter's words of the unpardonable sin."

The speaker pointed toward where the carriage had last been seen.

"You are deserted?" he added.

Vehlde and driver had disappeared.

By my orders it has gone on to Cli- max Clain. He cannot help you. You are alone with me."

"Rosamond had been weeping silently, but now the remorselessness of the Vandal's tone made her sob convulsively. She flung herself on the ground, and cried:

"Spare me! spare me!" she wailed.

He struck away the hand she raised in extremity, and exclaimed:

"The Vandal shall taste the same mercy they have shown!" he pronounced, in icy voyce.

She tried to clasp his knees, but he re- ceived:

"This is my hour of vengeance!" he went on, in tones which seemed to chill the hearers. "I am deaf to all words of reason, Mr. Clain. The question is, do you know my plan of satisfaction? You shall be informed."

The Vandal extended his arm and pointed in the direction where the carriage had vanished, and looked at Morrell.

"Go!" he commanded.

"Eh?" snickered David, stupidly.

"Go, you!" he reiterated, sharply, and he brough the revolver to bear upon the back of the man.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't leave me here with this terrible man, father! Don't go!" pleaded the girl, but not in fear, but in anger and an- guish.

"Will you go?" shouted Yellow Gid.

David Morrell marched off without a word. There was a cry of absolute horror from Rosamond, who tried to follow him, but the strong hand of the Vandal held her back.

"You are to stay!" he fiercely remarked. Morrell did not pause or even look backward, but increasing his pace, he was soon at the point of the cliff.

Yellow Gid drew Rosamond toward his horse.

"What are you going to do?" she fal- tered.

"Take you with me!"

"Oh, spare me! Spare me! What have I ever done to you? Why should you make me suffer for another's act? I never hated you."

"You talk in vain!" Still holding her firmly, the Vandal turned toward the driver, holding her securely before him. Then he turned the head of the horse toward the north—the desert desolate into the range—and gave him the word. The animal sprang away with spirit. For a moment his feet beat against the hard earth, and then dashed out of sight of any one who might be watching. Away, away, and up the Divide they flew until they were lost to them in fylm, and she was truly alone with the outcast.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEN OF MYSTERY.

On the same afternoon a carriage drove up in front of Torrance Graham's door. The professor hurried out to meet it, and from the interior came Allen and Blanca Gath, or, as the elder man knew her, and as she had been called ever since she began the new life, Alice Mayton.

"I remove with what pale, and was not yet fully recovered from her illness, according to the plan arranged."

It was a momentous occasion when she came to the house having strongly objected to going to the house in any but a frank and open manner, but was over- come by the persuasions of her friends. The step then taken was for well or woe, to her, and it remained to be seen whether young Allen would get along in her new role.

All went well at first; there were no prying eves to watch her movements, or make questioning comments as to her identity. They talked about the war on that day Allen had a visitor. It was Peter Potts, whose frequent asso- ciation with Allen had caused the latter's considerable interest but the younger man never neglected any chance to see his ally. He did not neglect it now. They considered her in very well, and they went accordingly.

"Have you any news?" Allen demanded, quickly.

"Not an arrom, I confess. No wonder the hunters don't find Yeller Gid. Thar's nothin' in the woods that an elephant, but I can't find the critter."

"That's bad!"

"Don't be downcast; we'll find him yet. I've found caves an' dens galore, where women or men or beasts have lived, but I ain't no shedder o' doubt that Harmer Gath flourished thar once. I'm right inter the bowels o' the upcountry. I must root Gid Gath up sooner or later."

"And the notices?"

"I've put them up as you ordered. Ef Gid ain't blind he must find one of them soon. When he does, what then? The notices set forth that he wants ter hear something o' value ter him, right from the throat-latch of a friend, he must do so an' not wait. I think he'll believe the notices come from a friend?"

Allen shook his head.

"They suppose you put in all his time hiding in the hills of Dark Divide? the young man queried.

"Where shall we be ho?"

"He is bold and daring. Suppose he does not remain there all the time? It would be true Gath recklessness for him to come right to this town o' nights. Perhaps he is far nearer to us than to the notices; you have put up the caves and dens, yes' es likely ca n't.

"The friends squawked soon, and Allen returned to the house. Peter went back to the hotel in which he had made his home since escaping to town. He was prepared to take life easy after a hard day's labor, but he had a surprise.

Arresting at the hotel, a number of people talking with animation, and when he had learned the cause he was equally inter- ested.

Yellow Gid had been seen again, and Rosamond Morrell had been abducted by him.

The ex-road-agent's sympathies were all with the new master, but he was amazed and discouraged at the great new. How could Gid be saved, if he had not reduced himself to slavery?" What had gone before was but a rush- light in comparison with the latest. If only the Vandal would take it into his head there could be no safety until he was captured, and all had an interest in the speedy end of the lawless band. Once more David was busy forming a rescue party, and Peter was among those who started out with him to find the bold Vandal.

Allen was occupied at the house, and did not hear of the affair until the alleged res- cuers were well under way, and then it came too late for him to share in the chase, if he had wished.
felt, that they did not feel so beguiling as but a moment before.

"Gid Gath is here!" added the masked man. "He will be here of him?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SECRET IS KNOWN.

If anything was wanted of Yellow Gid those present were to make the facts known. Satisfied that the Vandal really was before them, they gazed in mute wonder, not a man of them to think of the presence of mind to say or do anything.

"Well," sarcastically demanded the Vandal, "what are you waiting for? Have you no word for Gid Gath?"

The question broke the spell. As one man the good citizens rallied, and one of their number found voice to command;—"Don't let him escape! Cut off the way of retreat.

A sarcastic laugh from the Vandal, as he whipped out a revolver.

"Gid Gath is here!" he added. "Who wants to take him?"

The citizens looked at each other. No one seemed inclined to act.

"I have voluntarily come to see my friends here," the outlaw went on, "I am told I am wanted, I say. Who is here to deal with me?"

"Men!" cried a grizzled miner, "Kik we stand this? I say No! At him; at him, an' don't let up until he's dead!"

The speaker mimicked the Vandal, and the door was slammed in the miner's face. He almost fell over by the shock. It was there was a delay in getting it open. When they accomplished that they saw Yellow Gid on horseback, looking straight at them in a calm and matter-of-fact way.

"I thank you for your hospitality!" he announced. "You see, you will never go to Dark Divide I shall be glad to reciprocate. I am always at home. Come and see me!"

He waved his hand and spoke to his horse, which was in a moment more it was speeding away. A new desert scene, while Gid Gath looked around and waved a deferential "good-bye" to the men he had so defied already.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" was the cry. A volley went whistling in pursuit. They might as well have shot at the un rising moon.

Allan knew not to fail to see that the chance had come to make an effort to see Yellow Gid, and he started at once in pursuit. It was a foolish effort, however, and he had no heart in the work. A fleetfooted horse was not to be beaten on even terms, but there was the slight possibility that he might be able to beat the Vandal off by taking a short cut which the horse could not be willing to attempt.

This plan he hastened to carry out. He indulged in a wild scramble for twenty minutes and ran panning over the rough way, often half-falling as he encountered a large rut in his feet, but finally arrived where he could see the Vandal if he saw him at all.

If any one else had taken the same course he had distanced them, and now he had all to himself. Down went he, looked, but nothing was to be seen. No rider, nor pursuer was there; only the quiet cliffs appeared as they kept their way.

There was nothing to do but to wait and watch, and this he proceeded to do. Minutes, hours passed, and was there no further sign.

"It is deserted!" he exclaimed. "Yellow Gid has again proved himself as a man hard to catch, and he has outstripped all. I may as well go home and be done with it; it may be to have had my eyes on him and not be able to strike him."

Slowly the speaker retraced his steps. The latest developments had not increased his satisfaction, and he took the Vandal as Gid Gath showed more and more how reckless he was, and it seemed impossible that he could capture him. That night Allen's rest was not of the best, and he arose feeling that he was not in condition to dare emergencies. Perhaps, since fate is fickle and capricious, that was just the reason why he was speedily called upon to face new and troublesome complications.

While he was absent and nervous at the table, Horace Graham inferred she was not feeling in her best health, and the guess was confirmed a good deal deeper. He knew something had gone wrong.

Presently the elder Graham left them alone, and Bianca hurriedly whispered:—"Tell me, where you where we can con verse in private."

"Let us go out then."

"I thought you would be happy to talk to me; you where we can converse in private."

"I thank you for the news. As usual, you are thoughtful of my happiness."

"I do not know what to do to induce him to give up his rash work—in fact, I am sure we can if you can meet him."

Bianca was silent for a while, evidently
bested with another idea. Then she exclaimed:

"He may get tired o' her."

"Not much! He kin come the galling when he ain't got no business on his hand, an' et ain't likely he'll throw a good thing away."

"Yes, he'd jest everlastingly hang ter her."

There was a rattling of a horse's feet up the street."

"Some' o' the boys are lat in gettin' in," commented a loungier.

"Alf Hine, Toot, I guess," said Mr. Godam.

The citizens looked lazily to see who was riding. On came the horsemanship. At first his speed had been considerable, but as he drew near it was increased. At a hard gallop he tore along until the wheelers cut away from him.

"Don't look like Alf," said the loungier.

"What's he got his arms?"

"Some kind of a bundle."

The wise men of Climax Claim had not yet grasped the whole truth, but they were willing to see more. They were not disappointed.

Mr. Godam dashed the rider until he was almost abreast of them.

"Why, it's a woman!"

The somber exclamation came as they saw that the supposed package had shape not common to its kind, but no further carrier was granted from that point of observation.

The rider halted suddenly,sprung to the ground, and, unhesitatingly, laid the burden he had borne. Then he leaped back into the saddle. But the laden horse sprang several paces, and shrilly cried:

"God Gath! God Gath!"

Something like an electric shock ran through the hearers.

They recognized the voice, and, too late, the facts of the case.

The Yandal had been under their very eyes, and was free with his escape!

Again came the half-frauteen utterance of the woman.

"Is it the young Mr. Godam? Is there no one here to capture God Gath?"

There was a roar from the citizens. But men were not in company, and men who know how to fight. More than that—they were bound to capture the Yandal in some way, and now he had so recklessly ventured into the town they had the chance they desired. There was but one drawback—and that a serious one. No horses were at hand.

Yet all started for foot, and the air became vocal with expletives as they endeavored to arouse others who could see God Gath in time to block his way and make the good work sure.

The town was awakened, but all in vain. The fugitive, instead of being captured, went through the Yandal's street, and by the moment an organized effort could be made he was out of sight and hearing.

Once more he had defied them all and won the struggle.

While some part took in the rain hunt, others went to Rosamond's side. She was too nervous and excited to be capable of coherent action, and stood wringing her hands and trying to urge the men on to some decisive effort.

Afterward, and no recollection of what she had done, and this it was that made her so impractical. The men had been driven off, and even when this was done she did not give them the degree of information they desired.

Seeing that the best way was to take her to her father's house, this was done at once.

Rosamond was not at home, but he heard the latest news and soon put in an appearance. This time Rosamond had recovered her wits somewhat, and her welcome was more warm than dauntless.

"I'd like to know," she exclaimed, "what kind of wooden men we have in this town./ They don't seem to care whether you that did not see God Gath and capture him? You should be ashamed."

"Wal, Rosie, I'm certainly sorry he got away—"

"What good does it do to be sorry?"

"None, ma'am,"

David was meeker than he would have been had he not been sure he would get a tongue-lashing for having left her in God Gath's hands. She was expected, but the sky cleared finally and they became more practical.

"How did you get upon ter be byar in town?" the banker asked.

"He brought me back,"

"God Gath did?"

"Yes."

"Willin'ly?"

"What else? I had no thing to do about it. He took me on horseback, brought me to the center of the village and there dumped me down and left me."

"Thunder!"

"I think a man must be crazy."

"He's too confounded sane for my taste. But this does look queer. Why should he stop and then bring you back?"

"It's all a mystery."

"How has you used?"

"I tell you, he stopped me. He took me prisoner as long as he wished, but let me severely alone. In fact, he hardly spoke to me at all while I was with him.

"Wal, he must be crazy."

"He carried me to his cave, and I was almost dead with fright when we got there. I could hardly stand, but he neither added to my alarm nor gave me dry air. He put me down by myself, where I could not get out, and there he kept me a part of the night. The next morning I saw hom I had run the cave, but never was there a chance to get away."

"What was the cave like?"

"Up in Dark Divide."

"I know, but where? Could you tell me the way to it?"

"Heavenly, no! I haven't the least idea where it is."

"What was it like?"

"A vast room of rock. How large it was I can't say, but it had many passages, and the air was cool. God Gath did not know it all, or, at least, that he did not visit the various parts often. In chambers there were many things which would have interested him—if, as I think, he had not seen them before. Rosamond fumbled in the pocket of her dress and brought out a sheet of paper.

"Read," she directed.

David found the paper covered with characters plain enough to read, but of a nature like no writing he ever had seen before. He perused the contents eagerly.

This was the paper:

"TO GOD GATH"

"If this meets you, God Gath. I am advised that he has a friend who wants to see him. More than that, it is most interesting to the best interests of the town to see that friend at once. He will learn something not now known to him which will change the whole current of his life.

"Certain things of the past have never been known to Mr. Gath. Let him seek the explanation before it is too late. He can learn a secret which will overcome joy."

On receipt of this let him go to the dead plane of Sulkker's Dutch and leave a series of rocks there in the shape of a cross. Under the center of the cross, in English, let him bury some glass. Glass also comes to the depth of an inch. If he puts in one, he agrees to meet the writer there in one day. If he puts in two he and all will go on. The writer will watch the spot the following day and it will be out of sight and hearing with the result that he will learn something new which will change the whole current of his life."

There was no signature to this paper. David looked up wonderingly.

"Who wrote this?" he asked.

"Mr. Godam? Isn't it a trick to entrap Yellow Gid?"

"No; or, if it is, I have never heard of it before."

"I thought as much. I believe he has some friend, just as the paper claims, who is trying to get within range."

"Wal, why didn't Godam grapple upon the paper, then?"

"He overlooked it. As far as I know, he did not once go near the part of the
'Thyrend! yes; an' in an awful tryin' position.'

"I dare say his course was taken only to emphasize the fact that he thought he could lord it over Climax Claim. He may have had that idea, but one is ignorant of that on account of the outrage. I miss Morrell must have a strong hold upon the affections of Miss Gath, that is evident, without any doubt.'

"Oh, Rosie is right popular!" averred Morrell. "Nobody is more so, I think to-day.""

This high compliment would have been amusing had it not been given with an ob- ject. David was not in the habit of wast- ing much good will, let alone good words, even to a man whom he considered, not himself, but the utmost possible to impress him. What better time than this? I wish he would have, and I think he would. I do not think he could work on a man without the money-bags.

"A good idea, Rosie; a right good idea!" Morrell exclaimed. "I'll go about it at once. I'll call on Girdwood, and bring him hither. You get all ready."

David went his way, while Miss Morrell put herself in condition for the event as a blooded horse is cared for on occasion. Now the danger was over; she was as free as a bird, and was prepared for any part from languid pretense of illness to flippant unconcern, but she did not think it the most likely to impress calm Girdwood was one of cool herosim. The lover of Morrell brought the former rival, Rosamond was steady and resolute of manner.

Again Girdwood, this is my daughter, Miss Morrell!" announced David, with dig- nity. "My dear, our new partner."

Girdwood began a formal bow, but it was not in keeping with Rosamond's mood. She hastened to take the great frowning man's arm.

"I am glad to see one of father's friends," she observed, "and if I am not near the man in my frame, I trust you will not take notice of it. I have been severely tried, sir.

"I have heard of your adventure," Gird- wood replied in a low and, it seemed, sympa-thetic voice.

"I hope you won't laugh at me when I say I have been very nervous!" and she laughed, and smiled, and blushed, and blushed, and blushed, as far as the eyes could go."

"Not by any means!" declared Lasco. "It is highly creditable to you that you are as calm as possible. I have not seen Gird- wood for ages, and I am inclined to dis- tinguish Gideon Gath. Pray, what sort of a monster is this monstrous read-out agent?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM WAR TO WOOGING.

Girdwood did not allow the least smile to cross his face as he asked the question, and Rosamond seriously replied:

"As far as looks go, he is of fine form- as large as you are, and muscled but. Of course I do not know how he looks in the face, since he was masked the whole while."

"Didn't you get one glance at his face?" Lasco anxiously inquired.

"No." "That was unfortunate." "Oh! we all know how he looks!" de- clared Lasco. "But how do you know a mask when with her I don't see. She wore none on the trail when he robbed the stage, and his face was well known, ever since he was a boy.

"Some freak of his," calmly ventured Girdwood. "As if Gath must have suffered, if she knew all, she has no	his."

"And then brought you back. How do you account for the last fact?"

"I don't know why he brought me back.

"A strange affair!"

Girdwood showed great courage" de- clared David. "I Judge so.

She talked well, and really entertained Lasco Girdwood. How well he was en- tertained she did not put up when he was not at home. Let us face the evi- dence thus presented, Gid Gath has some trick of his that will be a discovery.

"If I knew I'd see his neck stretched before the sun rises again!" cried the bank- "catch your man before you hang him!" repeated Morrell, practically. "Talk is cheap; action goes a good deal further.

David regarded the notice with fresh enthusiasm. It seemed natural, what Ros- mond inferred, or only the work of a joker?—perhaps of the Vandal himself? Why should he not know? He was the one girl's face suddenly lighted up.

"Why not call Lasco Girdwood into this conspiracy?" he suggested. "You and I are to impress him, what better time than this? I will pose as a heroine, and I think we shall be successful. We may be able to work on your partner—the man with the money-bags."

"A good idea, Rosie; a right good idea!" Morrell exclaimed. "I'll go about it at once. I'll call on Girdwood, and bring him hither. You get all ready."

David went his way, while Miss Morrell put herself in condition for the event as a blooded horse is cared for on occasion. Now the danger was over; she was as free as a bird, and was prepared for any part from languid pretense of illness to flippant unconcern, but she did not think it the most likely to impress calm Lasco Girdwood was one of cool heroism. The lover of Morrell brought the former rival, Rosamond was steady and resolute of manner.

Again Girdwood, this is my daughter, Miss Morrell!" announced David, with dig- nity. "My dear, our new partner."

Girdwood began a formal bow, but it was not in keeping with Rosamond's mood. She hastened to take the great frowning man's arm.

"I am glad to see one of father's friends," she observed, "and if I am not near the man in my frame, I trust you will not take notice of it. I have been severely tried, sir.

"I have heard of your adventure," Gird- wood replied in a low and, it seemed, sympa-thetic voice.

"I hope you won't laugh at me when I say I have been very nervous!" and she laughed, and smiled, and blushed, and blushed, and blushed, as far as the eyes could go."

"Not by any means!" declared Lasco. "It is highly creditable to you that you are as calm as possible. I have not seen Gird- wood for ages, and I am inclined to dis- tinguish Gideon Gath. Pray, what sort of a monster is this monstrous read-out agent?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM WAR TO WOOGING.

Girdwood did not allow the least smile to cross his face as he asked the question, and Rosamond seriously replied:

"As far as looks go, he is of fine form- as large as you are, and muscled but. Of course I do not know how he looks in the face, since he was masked the whole while."

"Didn't you get one glance at his face?" Lasco anxiously inquired.

"No." "That was unfortunate." "Oh! we all know how he looks!" de- clared Lasco. "But how do you know a mask when with her I don't see. She wore none on the trail when he robbed the stage, and his face was well known, ever since he was a boy.

"Some freak of his," calmly ventured Girdwood. "As if Gath must have suffered, if she knew all, she has no	his."

"And then brought you back. How do you account for the last fact?"

"I don't know why he brought me back.

"A strange affair!"

Girdwood showed great courage" de- clared David. "I Judge so.
feller tried ter kill him, an' the feller owes it up. This is all I know. Be sure to tell all it may keep me there a week.

It was the woman who entered the room. He found a person who was, indeed, desperately ill. One glance showed that. She grew weaker and weaker, and looked and looked the typical mountain desperado. Her face bore a peculiar dogged expression, and when he asked her if she could not, and yet one he was bound to fight to the end.

"You are qualified ter take a legal affidavit, be you?" he inquired.

"I am," admitted the magistrate.

"I want you ter take mine. I'm about done.

"The faintness of voice and weakness of body indicated bote out the statement.

"Jailer, call in another witness, and we'll go right on with the business, the magistrate ordered.

The man done, and the wounded man was then told to make his statement.

"Write it down," he directed, feebly, "and don't let it go wrong; for I shan't never tell it agin.

"My name is Caleb Dunn. More' o' my history, I reckon, 'll be told. Last winter I was high your town. My business don't matter, you know only I was arrested for stealing. I was got away from certain persons who was hunting me. I was tired, worn out, dead broke, an' hungry. I daren't apply for food without cash.

"Outside your camp I met a man. He said he had got all the money I wanted as I set eyes on him. He was well dresser an' speak lookin'. I went at him an' demanded his money. He refused, an' called out for help. Then I jest fell upon him an' did him up so quick he couldn't yell or talk. I jest killed him. I wish I hadn't.

"I took his money, an' a fine bodle the rest. I left the country, and the money was borrowed by a neighbour.

"I've killed a man, and I know another man had suffered for what I did. I then heard that when the body of the dead man was found that was a long way o' doubt over it; an' my crime could not be fastened on anybody, but the hour finally come when I was caught.

"Another man died for what I done.

"The man was Harmer Gath!" There was a pause. "Then it's been a good thing," said the man. "Durnation!" he exclaimed. "I never see old Gath," went on the woman, "he was a good man."

"Durnation!" exclaimed. "It's a bad day, an' a bad day for it. I killed him, an' he touched the tenderest point of my life. But I'll see to his business, so I won't care to be troubled about it."

"It's too late ter save Gath, but I want you ter let me swear ter my story. Well, go on.

"The wounded man was growing weaker all the while, and the official plainly saw the need of haste if the world was to have a statement of the facts in the sad case.

"I was there, an' I was there at the time. We have sworn to and sworn again. It was done in proper order, and then, after a long pause, the woman was able to make the finishing touch, the magistrate turned to the dying criminal.

"Have you got the other matter?" he remarked. "Is it something you want written down?"

"I want to—"

The wounded man whispered feeble and without any distinct proof that he really knew what it was about him. His expression and utterance were alike far away and vague.

"You can tell, you know."

"Yes, more—more to tell.

"Barely audible was the reply, and the following instant the woman added:

"He won't tell it in this world.

The stricken man opened his eyes wider and sighed more.

"It's comin'," he murmured.

It came! Twice he breathed deeply and uncertainly. Then he gave a tremor of effort, first in his limbs, a long, quivering breath, and he lay perfectly still.

"Dead!" he remarked the jailer. It was true. He would reveal no more, and if it had been in his mind to tell why he had made the attack on Goddick, he would never make known the truth now. Those at his bedside could only speculate as to the nature of the story he had failed to reveal.

But of far more interest was the confession he had extorted from the wounded man.

"I always did say Harmer Gath had no hand in that murder!"

"So did I."

"'An' me, too,'" the trio looked at each other curiously. It was common enough talk for Dave Morrell.

"He had no business to set the gang on old Gath without some evidence to warrant it. It was just simply murder to do as Morel did.

A man gets no sympathy when he's down. It was so with Morrell. It would have been hard to remember a time when those men who now criticized him so freely ever had been so positive in their opinions before, but by that time he was too late to pose as far-seers, they thought.

"This ought to come out in the daily paper," suggested Gath, "and Morrell.

"It shall," replied the magistrate. "I'll carry it over myself. It's about time for people to get a proper idea of what will make for sensation for them. Keep it quiet until the paper is out."

"The prominent men of every man of them broke the promise within half an hour, and the news was made known to many, many more. The newspapers were in circulation as the newspaper itself came out. Among those who took this local publication, and who delivered it, to his door, was David Morrell.

When the carrier arrived with the paper it chanced to fall from his hand, but Girdwood was in the office and not especially occupied with the paper and went to look it over. On the first page he saw the following in large letters:

"NOT GUILTY!

"HARMER GATH WAS INNOCENT.

THE REAL MURDERER OF THE TEN- SPEEDFOOT FOUND, AND HIS CONFESSION DILY WITNESSED.

Even if the name of Lasco Girdwood never had been heard in Climax Claim at the time of the murder, there was, it seemed, something in the article that interested the strong-nerved banker. He read it over and over, but the reading, remained still looking at the article. There might be other things of interest in the letter, but his mind seemed to attempt to find them. Straight at that confession he stared, but if any one had been there to see his face, the details gained such a sense that he certainly saw what the page was at all.

After many minutes Morrell rattled his documents, and the sound served to rouse the younger man.

He cast an almost frightfully vindictive glance at David; then made an effort to regain his normal expression, and turned about with easy unconcern outwardly.

"Your name is here, Morrell," he quietly remarked, and held out the paper, pointing to the headings.

Girdwood read the result. He did not betray any interest; his gaze was upon his companion, but his whole expression was that of an earnest man who looks unwisely and hardly notes what is before his eyes.

David read the headlines, and his gaze grew intent and his manner excited.

"Thunder! what's this?" he demanded.

"Harmer Gath was innocent! What is that? If those fellows here be spittin' a sensation, on me they will sweep for it, by thunder!"

Morrell settled down to business and read. The article was by no means short, and it had made enough to make plain all that Mr. Morrell could desire.

His face changed from one emotion to another, from composed to alarm, to dismay. All this Girdwood saw, watching coldly, and, and, one would have said, unmoved.

When David finished he looked up and broke out impetuously:

"Burnin'! lightnin'! What do ye think of it?"

"Remember, I am a new-comer at Climax."

If Girdwood had been a machine he would not have spoken with less evidence of excitement.

"You've heard of this Harmer Gath case, ain't you?"

"Yes," Lasco admitted.

"Wal, by thunder, what do you think when a man comes up an' swears he did it? Cease ye've kivered up behind the trap. Don't what this chap says he done? Ef he didn't—an' what menace he made an innocent man when we took Harmer Gath?"

Laso Girdwood remained like a rock.

"Of course you had good proof against Harmer Gath?" he inquired.

"No proof fer, any way what I have heard an' my men was in no way connected with Harmer Gath."

"Why was your work done, then?"

"Old Gath had a bad reputation.

"Looks like the evidence upon which you killed him?"

"For the first time the even tone was broken. "It was reasonable, sir. I have been like sternness crept into his voice. Morrell felt it, but there was not enough to cause him to flinch.

"You don't understand, Mr. Girdwood. I'd 'll admit that was nasty action on some one else's part, yes, at the time."

Girdwood, disdainfully added, "Some'n the boys were a bit nasty, I reckon;"

"I presume it will bring adverse comments enter me. Thunder, why should you back up a person when he's done his best?"

"Your conscience is easy, is it?" Morrell hesitated.

"Hang it all!" he finally answered, "I didn't know old Gath was innocent!

"Then you might consider the evidence insufficient," dryly observed Girdwood, turning away.

CHAPTER XXX.

THAT UNLucky BOX.

Allen Graham never expected anything to go wrong, and proceeded to dress himself. This done, he went to the closet of his room. Of late the need kept the door of this place locked. He never had done so until he became the custodian of the mysterious box left with him by the equally mysterious "Mołoż," but that event had made him more cautious than ever before. Every night and morning he looked at the box to be sure it was safe, and it was fasten as tight as a new closet.

He looked for it, but found it not. The first failure brought a start of surprise, and then a hurriedly overturned a pile of things which might conceal it, though he had no cause to suppose they did.

It was in doubt. The box was not in the closet.

Dismay seized upon him. He knew not what to think of such a thing as this. He knew the thing had been a sacred trust which he felt bound to protect as much as if it concerned his own life. Now it was gone—how? and Where?

The only servants in the house were those which he himself had engaged, and he seemed to remove them from any suspicion of doubt. They could not have life, as any thieves had been proper, nor Blanca. Who, then, had spil'd it away?

His first thought was to interview all members of the household, but, as he had ex-
spected, all denied knowledge of the lost article. He was left to conclude that it was the work of an outsider, but it was rendered all the more mysterious by the fact that it had been taken, as far as he could discover.

It was a blow which struck him harder than any personal mishap. He was, so thoroughly the soul of honor that a pledge even to a stranger was sacred to him. He could not believe that any one except himself was aware of his whereabouts, or that any he could have escaped from him was a severe shock.

Totally at a loss what to do, he at last sought the advice of his friends. To him, if there was nothing he would not do for him, or the mystery presented for solution.

"What am I to do?" Allen asked.

"Let Molech find it!" bluntly suggested the old road-agent.

"No, no, a great duty." He said.

"I reckon his enemy has got the bugle on him. Somebody else must know of the box, as that somebody has jest everlast-
ingly got his fingers over it." He said.

"That's what I fear. Now, if his secret has got away to his injury, I shall never cease to regret it. It was trusted on me on your honor." He added.

"You ain't lost part o' yer honor." He said.

"I have lost the box.

"The box which was insured, did it ye?" Peter's face became stern and unconcerned, but Allen proceeded to set forth the mate-

rial facts, and the canny old ex-road-agent was led to see how the loss was regarded.

"Now, I do anything to find it?" Allen asked.

"Strikes me you've got a lot of cash, sir. Now, the box was insured for more of a lead, but ye' Uncle Dud is never willing ter let a friend bear all the burden. Ef you've a plan, let it wig-
gle!" He said.

"You are a good trailer. Do you think you could find the trail of the thief and follow it to the place of his return?" Allen ventured, the box had slid, but had been missing.

"I would give you almost any sum of money to get it back," the road-agent replied.

"If you wouldn't, I wouldn't take a cent. I ain't yer partner for the sake of makin' cash an' bullion out o' yo. No. The box is out the denominational facts!"

"As you will. Name your way, but go for the box-stolen," Peter said.

Peter lasty picked up a paper which Allen had thrown down. It was that day's edition of the local sheet, published in town, and had been half-unconsciously carried by Allen until he threw it down because of the box.

Almost the first thing Peters saw was a very suggestive heading, and his eyes grew large. Then he handed the paper over to Allen.

"Take a sight at that," he requested.

"It looks very enough to solve upon Graham's attention at once. This is what he read:

"HAVE YOU LOST A BOX?"

"Singular, indeed, and his eyes sought for me to say a few words. The man had a warm face, and a warm heart, and a warm desire to know the present condition under which the article was, he said.

"Miss Rosamond Morrell, while walking outside the town, early this morning, found a piece of unique kind, a gold box, made of some silver-brass metal, and a delicately fine workmanship. In fact, so well is it made, no one has yet succeeded in opening it. It is locked, and no key is at hand to hit inside with. Only a faint line marks where a proper and correct key would work, and it cannot be opened, without a knowledge of the secret.

"As a result, it has not been opened, as yet. It must belong to some one in Claxon County, and I am sure Con-
sider the point! I have something private within. Why compel me to reveal its nature? I have tried to find out where and that the contents must be

know here not to be suspected of being locked, even if I had not described the box.

"Nobody thinks of charging you this, but it is too bad that the contents must be made known, too."

Rosamond was stubborn, but it was not to Allen's liking to get angry, which would not to make her so. Instead, he began a more elaborate plea, and the argument went on steadily.

The young woman's manner continued peculiar, and it began to dawn upon Allen that there was more in the case than he yet knew.

"The box had been opened and a secret exposed which he would not wish to claim part in?"

"Finally Rosamond abruptly asked:

"May I inquire what you ever had such a peculiar box for, anyhow?"

"I don't feel inclined to give a historical article along with my claim, he re-

"You will claim it?"

"Yes."

"And I would like to know where you got it?"

It was a new voice at the door, and a small packet dropped at the office. Without further ado, the young gentleman was attending to a letter and opened it, and then read:

"Tell me!" cried the man, "or I'll have you arrested."

"Stop!" exclaimed Rosamond. "This is Mr. Graham, a gentleman of the best standing in town, and one of the best families."

"What is the stranger somewhat discom-
mited for a moment, but the mood passed.

"That don't alter the fact that the claim is stolen property," he declared. "Stolen property!" echoed Allen.

"Nothing less. The box you insist upon claiming is stolen and from me. Do you know who took it?"

"No," answered Graham.

"Harmar, young man was dumbfounded by this the property in which he was so eager to as-
sert proprietorship?

"If you claim it, I'd like to know what sort of a collusion there is between you and the Gath family, added more strange.

The manner of the question was not less insolent than the words, but Allen was not. He then turned his eyes upon the box, which had been stolen by Gath man, who had brought it to the house.
The silent question naturally brought a significant answer.

"Was it Godless, Gath, himself?"

"Was it the mysterious "Moloch's" real name? And what was in the thing which he, an honest man, had so stoutly claimed?

"You don't seem so anxious to maintain your point," observed the stranger, sig-

ificantly.

"You say Harmar stole it from you, he replied, a little rallying. Do you know how his work on the trail ceased many years ago?"

"It was ten years ago that he stole it from me," "And do you think I, then a mere boy, was the accomplice?"

"That is not the point. Another Gath, yes, and is on the trail. No doubt the Gath man, who has found somebody enough like them to shares in their plunder."

"You have said enough," retorted Allen. "I know not who you are, and I care not, but if you report one more sir to my, on my, directly or covert, you shall feel the vengeance of the man you insult. Come to that, it is not your affair."

"There was no mistaking such language, and the bullying manner of the man sud-

denly disappeared. He perceived that Allen was to all appearances capable of car-

rying out his threat, and had no desire to test just revenge."

"Of course," he responded, awkwardly.

"If your standing in the community is-

"There will not comment on it further. If you want satisfaction you can have it."

"You and your friends have no cause for fear. We will not comment on it further. If you want satisfaction you can have it."

"My father and Mr. Girdwood are com-

ing. I sent for him, and he is a gentleman and appeared and claimed the box. They can now do what remains to be done."

Morrell and Girdwood were, indeed, at the door, and they soon entered. Ros-
CHAPTER XXXI

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

Lance Girdwood calmly, deliberately, and in a matter-of-fact way replied:

"I should say, give the box to the gentleman."

"He warded his hand to Alton, "That box will contain the stranger. "The box is mine, and I claim it!"

"You'll keep it," retorted Alton, "Girdwood, you declared you had received reasonable reasons and that it'll end the whole business."

Girdwood was not reluctant to explain:

"I do not know its owner, nor, and as I understand it, no one does—"

"Hands it over, Alton, and I am an honest citizen of Craver's Fork and the box belongs to the stranger. "Go there, and you'll find my record is above reproach." We do not deny it, or deny your good faith. Not at all. Nor do I seek to deny you of the possession of your property. Still, you are unknown to us, while Mr. Graham is well known and esteemed. So, when the time came, we could demand your word for a moment. My first idea was to give him the box without reserve. Now I see that Mr. Morrell has no such views. Mr. Morrell, a business man whose reputation is not to be subject to two opinions among those who can estimate Morrell's honest worth. And Mr. Morrell looked deeply pleased—"so I will suggest that he be allowed to keep the box until we get into the case further. Let the box be kept right where it is, in Miss Morrell's care, until all can be arranged."

"Girdwood, you thought it, and it did not work. The sudden reversal of decision put the victory away from Alton. It was a different case. But Girdwood did nothing by halves. Turning to the young man, he added:

"You are aware, Mr. Graham, and I am sure that Mr. Morrell will do all in his power to protect your rights, but, at least for this time, the box will be sent until the matter is cleared up."

"Why so?" retorted Alton. "He has not yet told how he came by the article he claims."

"He can tell that when you have proved your own right. Mr. Morrell, do you not think the matter closed and the discussion on the subject, keep the box secure and await developments?"

"David is not a man to close the box."

"Certainly, certainly!" he exclaimed. "I am aware of Mr. Morrell's satisfaction, but there was no appeal. The verdict was given, and he was as clear in his purpose as his action was bold."

Rosemond had brought the box to the table and set it on the table. "Wrong, wrong, put it away," advised Girdwood. "Miss Morrell, will you see to it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Girdwood," Atonions, too, the rich partner, she arose with alacrity and picked up the trembling box, which she carefully placed with her to the chest where it had been kept. Then she put it away. No more was to be done, and when Girdwood invited Alton and Graham out to have tea with him, the box had been well refused to go with him. The Morrells were left alone. Girdwood took his two companions and purchased the material for smoking. During the brief interval which followed he was untroubled. It seemed impossible for his stern face to break into a smile, but his heart was content. Allen went back to Peter Potts. It did not take him long to relate all that had occurred. "I want to know all that has been done," he said. "It's a howlin' shame!" affirmed the old road-agent. "You should'n' have the boxtraveling in that manner."

"I didn't get it, and now I don't know what harm may result. Not only are the interests of the railroad at stake, but my own are in peril. What if the box should be opened and something found within which is new and strange? I have claimed it stonily—I can't very well go back on my own claim."

"Fact, by the by."

"Can it be—can it be that Moloch is Gideon Gath?"

"No, no, Mr. Girdwood, no."

"Then all the while we have been so earnestly searching for him he has been near me, and I have not suspected it."

"Things will work that way."

"Peter, what is that box?"

"I don't know—"

"I only hope it won't ruin my reputa-

tion."

"Now, see here, old man, what's the need o' lettin' it do that, no matter what is in it? Why need ye wait for them other fools to open the box?"

"What do you mean?"

Peter heaved a deep sigh and spoke in a mysterious whisper:

"I've got an idea!"

"Name it!"

"Let's steal that box!"

"Steal it?" echoed Allen, with a nervous laugh.

"So I said, an' I think my warble is plain. Steal it, by gosh! Er has been left too many times! Morrell, that's ter huer-

us from goin' 'ther, freenin' o' ter that same box an' gittin' away with it? Sim-

darlin', or the odds and ends within it? So I said, an' I thought, Steal it!"

"Peter bobbed his head up and down with emphasis, the dismaying look, which had come to Allen's face did not leave."

"I ain't so slouch, the old road-agent went on, churning out a pretty job when I set out, an' I say now I am cold I break into Morrell's house an' get that thing nice and easy. Shall we go?"

"No!" declared Allen, emphatically."

"I'm not a housebreaker!"

"You kin learn."

"Your success is alluring in that it opens a way for me to get the coveted box, but I must decline. I will not break into Morrell's house, the property of another man's house, nor will I be party to such a deed."

"Al, I pity you. You mean right, but you must've been badly brought up. Your ideas o' right an' wrong are all out o' joint. Still, you're young an' may out-

brave it."

Peter chuckled over his joke, and let the project rest. "He and Alton talked for some time keeping closely upon the pos-

sibility that Moloch and Gideon Gath were one and the same person. Finally, they separated and each went his way."

"Peter chuckled again when he was alone."

"Oh, no; that mustn't be no Robbins!" he muttered, as if it was a huge joke. "So says Alton, an' I think o' the things ter pin his faith on an' associate with. When this game is played out I'll strip the tral-la-la o' Al, will I? But while I can, I'll stay I'll work my level best for Al. A good fellow; yes, a right good fellow!"

Peter straightened his hip with a braving hand and added:

"From that night I left that box or brake!"

In this decision he never wavered, and when night came he was wide awake. He took a back position near the window house where he could watch all that occurred, but the watch did not develop anything to interest him. He held his position unawar- long after. The night was unusually cool for the season of the year, and the wind came down bleakly from the hills of Dark Di-

vide, but it made no impression on his heart. He had been back in the old days and lying in wait for a mail stage in the far-away mountains when he had once fevered the box. When he thought the proper time had come he left the covert and walked toward the road.

"They don't keep no dog," he muttered.

"Every day they did there was no sign of it on this occasion, and he saw no living creature to molest him or interfere with his plans for the night."

It was not hard for him to effect an en-

trance, and he seemed to have a special knack for the work. Once inside he exhib-

ited rare judgment and prudence. He did not know the house inside, but this did not trouble him as he had memorized the room was located in which the box had been placed. He looked around a lantern, and with this he went direct to the proper place. Thus far there had not been a stir in the build-

ing, and he had strong hopes of escaping discovery."

"That's the door," he soliloquized. "Not me the trusting."

The door was not locked—a circumstance which gave him no small amount of wonder—and he opened it with a creaking noise. "Come lay, pretty birdie!" yelled Fess. Someone jocose direction was supposed to be added to the box, and probably he did not really expect it to fly at him. All he wanted was to get his hands upon it. He looked for it. He did not see it.

Fess was about to search in the chest to hide the desired article, and he began to pull this little out of the way. In a few mo-

ments, and he had put to it the key."

"And the fact was forced upon him—the box was not now there."

He had not been a blank and disheartened expression.

"Blame the sweet little birdie!" he muttered, in disgust.

He looked around. The room. There was no sign of the thing desired. He sat down to think.

"Has one o' them drasted lilits taken it ter bed with them?" he inquired, aloud. "Or did somebody ketch it up? Bah! what nonsense! That wasn't a mor-

sul' danger!"

When, in his first effort, he meditated deeply before going further. If he did try elsewhere and lost, he might get both him- self and Allen into trouble. This was not an agreeable thought, but it was more so than to give up wholly, and he did not lose his nerve."

Going on, he boldly visited the sleeping rooms of Morrell and his daughter in suc-

cess. Each was asleep, and he encoun-

tered so well that he made a satisfactory examination without awakening them.

"They've taken it to the old man's office," he decided. "Well, that settles it. He will not lose the box."

They means o' smashin' no safs, an' I won't try until I've had chance ter think more carefully. Yes, I must substitute!"

With all due care he left the house.

"Es pretty a job as a burglar could do," he commented. "That's a beauty, I tell ye, an' that is that I didn't get what I aimed at, still, I couldn't expect the earth!"

Jocose as his speech was, he really felt the failure keenly, and his homeward jour-

ney was slow and deliberate. He placed no great amount of faith in those who had the box, and fearful it would not be retained for Allen as promised. At that hour Allen was sound asleep, and not even in his dreams did he have an inkling of the fact that his faithful, but
reckless aid, had turned housebreaker in his heart.

When he awoke in the morning his first thought was of the box, and he lay for some time musing on the chances of getting it back. The desire to be loyal to Melch had been altogether a matter of conscience, a feeling that he had not been with the mysterious unknown he had also been with Gideon Gait. It was a matter of vital concern to him.

How would the complication end? What would happen, now the whole matter was in the hands of the carriage man and in the course of events which had grown out of it. He knew danger, and the possibility that when he had been with the mysterious unknown he had also been with Gideon Gait made the affair a matter of vital concern to him.

A startled look overspreads his face. The valuables were not dug in on any paper until I was hard up. You came along an' put money on the finer, an' I got on my feet again. The boxes were not opened until I was in bed, it was by your advice I took the last step. You didn't things an' I don't. Them papers are gone, an' the only thing I've left in the world is my house!"

"Very well then."

"Hard! It's ruin!"

"The last may be found."

"You are shrewd an' cunning. Go in."

Morrell bowed his head on his hands and relapsed into silence.

He brooded all morning with composed face and steady eyes. The partner did not seem to feel so much pity for his friend as he might have done. The partner had not seen Girdwood in years, and he then Girdwood had peculiarities. As he sat there surveying Morrell there was a singular light in his eyes. It meant nothing; it might mean a good deal.

Possibly he might be abridging and repeating the old Biblical assertion, "Vengeance belongs to me." Amon, David spoke again:

"I'm a beggar at my time o' life, an old man gone ter the poorhouse steps, I started there, when a boy, an' then I went in ter win money. It was a passion with me. When I was a boy I used to toss up for a heap o' dollars an' ter lose. I've hev a few dollars ter my name—yes, ter git rich.

"I was slow work, at first, an' I didn't hev scarcely nothin' when I come ter Climax Clinam. I had been a miner fer many a year, fer an' I was heavy. With that I spade I labored early an' late. I wan't long in seein' that was money ter be made. I went into town fer some, an' I set out ter be one o' them."

"How I lived through it I don't know, fer I was too poor. Early in the spring I sold the pick, an' I grew old fast under the strain o' such labor."

"I had my reward. At last, after long years, I struck it rich, an' laid the foundation o' the fortune I finally got. Even then I took no rest. I knew that I fairly haunted the mines by day an' night."

"I came home, though, when I let mining alone an' went later the business. Then I was a big man in the eyes o' them who knew me, an' things was a good bit easier. I had my hand in dat until—just before I died."

A faint smile curbed Girdwood's lips—it hovered there, and was gone, leaving him calm as ever.

Suddenly Morrell broke forth:

"What am I now? A beggar, an' at my time o' life. What have I done? What have I work I've done! A beggar, an' after been a rich man! Oh! this is too much—too much!"

"How do you account for it?"

Coolly came the question after the wild eyes of the old banker, with a strange in

duction to it.

"Account for what?" mechanically asked Morrell.

"Such ill luck. Can it be a judgment?"'

"I was wondering," slowly replied Girdwood, "if you ever did anything which brought this upon you as a judgment."

David was not ready with his reply. Strange things happen, that men do deeds which recall on their own heads, pursued Girdwood, stoically. "There is nothing as ruinous as judgment. Don't you think so?"

The line of argument was suggestive, but it was not the matter into which he criticized. He could only think of his desperate financial condition. The bank was not over troubled than one would believe possible in the case of such a hard-headed person, but even Morrell had come to the point of seeing all his swept to the winds.

"Can't you do something, Girdwood?"

"We can try."

"You are shrewd an' cunning. Go in.
"He is quite right."  "Wal, the question is about the terms."  It was a poor man looking to the interests of his ailing wife for a ready sympathizer, and the conversation was going on briskly when a step sounded at the door and inside was Blanca Gath. She paused on seeing the caller, but Graham rose politely.  "Mr. Horace Graham, Miss Alice Mayton, sir," he said.  "You don't really mean to say you are—you are—Gath's daughter?"  Her head dropped.  "I am," she whispered, faintly.  "Then, how—why—what does this all mean?"  "Oh! I can't tell you—I can't!"  "My son's promised wife—you, Horace Graham's girl!"  "I am Blanca Gath," she faltered.  Graham passed his hand over his forehead to his bare streaming forehead.  "Tell me," Graham directed.  "I cannot," he said.  "I don't blame any one but me! I am used to it, and he has always been so anxious to have your good opinion that he would not have turned you. You won't condemn him, will you?"  "I looked impolitely into the face of the unconscious—of the fact that I was not a severe face then. In point of truth, there had been little there but discretion, and that was done by my master by making him extremely young and by not having mucky condemnation. This was in his mind now when he re-plied, "I have nothing to say in the way of blame, but I have heard all. Will you tell me the story?"  "Ask Allen, sir!"  "Tell me," observed the father.  "Stay here until I return. Do you promise?"  "Yes, sir," he said without further speech, and left the room, according to promise.  There was no hope in her mind, and she simply expected to have Allen come and throw her to the wolves, and that she expected to learn that the elder Graham had notified his son to have no more to do with her. Then she darted not further.

For the sake of Allen's future she already was willing to give him up, she thought, but it did not seem so easy now the time was at hand. Better, indeed, were her thoughts on the mind.

Many minutes passed before anybody came. Horace Graham was finally appeared. She looked at him anxiously, eager to read her fate in his face, but he took her hand in his and took her hand with a grave expression.

"Child," he remarked, "do not look so downcast. Let us make another attempt. What is your future or anybody else's will be, but of this rest assured: I have no such regard toward you as I know all, and I must say you have but acted like a woman in the affair, while many of the things that are said are much to the credit. I am not here as a severe judge."

"And Allen?"

"You will not, you must not blame him," she said.  "I am not now going to blame any one. I confess this has been a shock to me. If I had never seen you it is probable I should judge with the same harsh judg-
ment of the town in general, but I am glad I have not that temptation before me.

"I am still Bianca Gath."—

"Of whom I never heard anybody say one word.

"Child, there is no need of haste in this matter. I have my son's good always at heart, and now I know I have her in my arms, I would not have any other's. Give me time to think what is best. Let me plan for you and Allen, and from that point I will do what I know is best for you. You will remain under this roof as my honored guest, and I trust you will never be sorry for the choice of Allen."

"But you are willing, child?"

"Yes, dear, I am willing."

"You are kind and noble," she explained, "I could say no more, and she went hurriedly out of the room.

Allen met her and conducted her where they could speak freely.

Then he took her in his arms and ten- 

died her on his shoulder.

"Be of good cheer! There is nothing in the future which need alarm us. My father has heard the truth from me with forbearance which does him great credit, and though a final decision is postponed, I have no doubt as to the result. All will be well."

"For a while their conversation ran upon the singular discovery; it brought to the vital points of the case, but Allen had something else to say. Matters had reached a point where there was no longer any truck to the common interest, and, as a certain secret was already known in a degree to each of them, he did not think he was unjustly betraying any trust when he introduced the subject again."

"You never see a peculiar box about your home when you were with your father?"

"A box?" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes."

"I remember none."

"This is important, you know."

"If you could give me a clue to your mystery, I would rather have you meditate and get the secret yourself. Consider."

Bianca was silent for a moment. Bianca did consider. For some time she did not succeed in making any discovery, but her face suddenly lighted up with an idea.

"Was it one of silver?" she demanded, quickly.

"Of silver, or something which looked very much like it," Allen quickly re-

sponded.

"I remember it well. It was around when I was a mere child, and I once had it in my hand, but it was taken away from me."

"Describe it."

"It was silver. But Bianca could not perform with exactness, but when she was done Allen's mind was clear on one point—he did not doubt that it was the same box which he had in his possession, nor did he doubt seriously that it was Olisea Gath who had brought it to him and acted the part of "Molech."

Considering himself released from his pledge by the inexorable march of circumstances, he told her plainly what had occurred.

Bianca listened eagerly, and with many comments.

"Our beacon is alive, and near Clonam Claim, I believe all your ideas are correct. I believe it. He what can be in the home of our friend."

"That is what I don't know. He says it is the honor of a man that I hold," he replied.

"How can that be?"

"I don't know."

"I see."

"I am the man who is acting as the new Vandal..."

She paused and did not finish the sentence.

The same idea was in each mind—how could Yellow Gid hope to maintain his position as a Vandal-again?

"One thing is sure," declared Bianca, "if my brother is alive, he must be fearless. How can we do it?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"IS THERE AN AVENGER?"

The loss of the box from Gid Morrell's house had been reported at once, and there had been no explanation of the affair had been ar-

rived at, but all other things were disturbed by the news which was published upon the family in the robbery of the same.

The banker and his daughter contempt-

uated this calamity with the utmost dis-

may.

The only hope now is that I can marry Girdwood," declared Rosamond.

"Sometimes," he said, sympathetically as he did, remarked David, doubly-

fully.

"He's your partner now."

"I know, but only to a certain degree. The money he put in is tied up so he will lose next to nothing. I am won-

derin' if he've fell into a trap!"

"What trap?"

"He was unconscious willin' ter advance me cash, an' I wondered at it. Sup-

pose he only did it to trap me? I was his business used, an' Road give him hard knocks with my tongue, an' tried to with business methods—only he got the best o' me that way! Now, what of he come ter my aid only ter wipe me out? What of he has been plunnin' ter git rid of a rival, in-

stead of giving me an advance?"

"Have you any evidence of this?" asked Rosamond, with a sinking heart.

"No."

"Then don't let us think it. It's not agreeable."

"Mebbe it ain't so. I don't see how Girdwood is responsible for it really. It is true, he did order me to use my money inter the securities that was lost before I could get them out o' town, but he couldn't have known o' the robbery was comin', of course."

"Isn't it possible that it was Yellow Gid?"

"The work was not like him."

"He is capable of anything."

"All men are his, when anythin' when I am the victim. All are jumpin' on me," declared Morrell, querulously, "when I am the victim. All of the whole world had conspired ter pull me down!"

Which goes to show I must marry Girdwood, and send him the only hope open to me. Marry him I will."

She did not see her way clear, but she had developed resolution out of difficulty, and meant all she could to do her duty to her friend.

They were interrupted by the coming of the local officer who had undertaken the detective duties, saying the matter of the robbery was safe. He had another man with him—a humble citizen—and he proceeded to make known that he was the new Gid.

"I reckon I've got the burglar," he de-

clared.

"And anywheres your office," said your office, eleen o'clock that night, an' the man ain't one I'm stuck on ez a sample o' honest looks, that's fer sure."

"Who was he?"

"His name is Gad Jackling."

Morrell brightened up. For the time be-

ing he forgot that he dared not antagonize Jackling, and was ready to grasp at the chance to do so, but at last he realized, still but turn.

"Can't be so?" he asked, quickly.

"Well, ain't he the dam he come cinin' away from the office? Gad Jackling, an' he didn't come ter that at that hour?"

"None, by gad."

"Then we will interview Mr. Jackling on the subject. I have an idea we have our man, an' the sooner we arrest him the better."

"Good! Go in an' do it!"

At that moment was another ar-

rival in the shape of Mr. Lasco Girdwood. Morrell's half-expressed suspications of his partner were silenced, but he hailed his coming, and the new idea was dully made known.

"Don't you think Jackling is the robber?" Morrell asked.

Girdwood remained calm.

"But it looks that way."

"At what hour do you say he was seen coming away from the office?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"It is a case of mistaken identity," calmly assured Girdwood. "Gad Jackling was at my room until nearly one, and he did not leave me until nearly one."

The trio sat downcast.

"Blame it," exclaimed the citizen, "I could have sworn it was him that I saw by the office."

"That shows how easy it is to be mis-

taken. He was with me, and cannot have been anywhere else."

The citizen scratched his head. He was not exactly convinced, and it came hard to give way even to a man great in local affairs.

"The chap must hav' her a double then," he returned at last.

"Oh, mistakes are common," easily an-

swered Girdwood. "I think I have heard Jackling say he was an old acquaintance of yours."

David remembered the secret, and was not slow to get under cover.

"That's the truth," he admitted. "I know him before we ever met on Clonam Claim. Not intimately, you see, but well enough so that..."

"I wouldn't think he would do a robber."

"I know absolutely nothing about the man, Mr. Gad Jackling, "and my tes-

timony in the case is to the effect that he was with me at the time men-

tioned," the citizen had said, and had been the person seen at Morrell's office.

"Well, I'll be blamed!"

"It was unannounced, but there was no more to say or do. The case was going against him, and as he had no other friend in the affair, he con-

cluded to let it go."

The officer felt grieved that so promising a clue had come to naught, and his partners had pronounced on the wrong side, he was out of the race, it seemed.

"Sam, her you gone blind?" he asked.

"Not much," was the stodgy declaration. "I'll take my oath I see just what I said I saw."

In the meanwhile Girdwood was left with Morrell. The latter did not give much thought to the allib which had been established, justly or otherwise, for Gad Jackling. As he chased the weird man with the rope it did not matter how the fellow was cleared.

The two bankers were taken in trivial subjects when the servant appeared with his visitor.

"Mr. Gad Jackling, to see you, sir."

David looked at Girdwood. He was not surprised. Mr. Lasco Girdwood could call on him then or at any other time.

"Perhaps," suggested Girdwood, "he was brought by the man who thought he saw him, and is inclined to be ugly. I am younger than you, and capable of dealing with the man effectually. Bear in mind that though duly has made me his means of allib, I have only a passing acquaintance with him. If he is troublesome, call me from the other room.

"Our man," Lasco Girdwood, "will go to the next room, and Morrell caught at the old idea that he might be useful some time to beat the process."

"I like that notion," he replied, quickly. "Keep in that, but don't enter unless I call you. I recollect I shall be able to take care of the feller."

The last words were brought about by the recognition that he was expected to bring Lasco into the case openly, but his partner seemed to suspect nothing, and David let him alone.

Gad Jackling entered.

"Mr. Lasco Girdwood saw the vis-

itor also saw the rope, and this time it was wholly uncovered. He had it called by other round, and had hardly entered when he gave it a true and neatly landed it on the banker's neck. The latter had a message, and a message set in the centrality of the man, and realizing that it was harmless in itself, he did not start as nervously as usual.
CHAPTER XXXV
YELLOW GID'S DEMAND.

To David Morrell the visitor at that moment looked more than a trifle decorum. He had always smacked of that appearance, and now he had adopted an unusually apt line to further the impression.

"Is there an averager?" slowly repeated Jacking.

"What averager is there?" the banker asked, in a hushed voice.

"I don't know anything of his relatives."

"Yes? You've met some of them?"

"Are you one?"

"Guesstain again. The one to whom I refer has figured much in your life at Climax Chins."

"I don't know who you mean," answered David, thoughtfully, yet with a naught that might have occasioned his limit. "I'll tell you who. Listen with all your ears—even if you are profusely supplied with the same—because I am about to exceed my limit. "You see, Stephen had a brother. The name of the brother was—"

"Anson Darrow."

"Anson Darrow, and spoke the next words in a deep voice:

"The name was Harmer Gath."

As a mien of the banker's face, but the momentary horror quickly gave place to a smile of relief. The idea seemed so absurd that the chance that Jacking would lie on every conceivable occasion was so probable that it was natural he should believe it.

"Yes? I've got one right for you."

"Gee, I'm right now."

"Brother of Stephen, you know?"

"And there's my friend."

"Such is the fact. You never saw the gay and festive Anson, for he was the blackest of the race, and he was away from home when young. He never troubled his relatives again, nor they him. He was seen, I believe, once, when his old friend Harmer Gath was in New York, and when he was about where Stephen lived."

"I got a little in thunder had to do with the brother?"

"If the traditions of Climax Claim are correct you had good deal to do with him," dryly replied Jacking. "I am told you the lynches on him, and the only reason they did not serve him in your favorite way—with the rope—was because the quicker-paced rifle got in its work first. Anyhow, you and your cane killed Harmer Gath, and he was brother to Stephen Darrow!"

"And I believe it!" declared Morrell.

"Doubt costs you nothing in money, but it may in other ways. I want to sum up on you. What are your legal rights in this stand. You killed both brothers, Stephen met his fate with this rope, while Anson, because of his Harmer Gath, died in a style well known in Climax Claim."

"Dead, but murdered by you?"

Morrell looked up quickly. "I don't know anything of this, and I don't care anything about it."

"Can you convince the averager?"

"What averager?" asked the banker, uneasily.

"Isn't there one on your track? Don't you see it in every way? Are not strange things told about the averager's prospect? Are you not menaced in certain ways?"

"If you do?" demanded David, suddenly.

"Whatever I may be in your life, I do not mean myself. No. You have seen me and know the extent of my work. If there is an averager—if there is one, I say, I tell you, it is not the sort of man. How is it, slayer of brothers, is there an averager?"
Yellow Gid of Dark Divide.

“I am going to walk,” she remarked. “Don’t go too far. Remember Yellow Gid is a wild horse.”

“Which way are you going?”

“Along Rocky Gulch, to the ground beyond.”

“I’ll follow you in about an hour. I want to drop around and see Girdwood, then I’ll come ter you an’ walk home with ye.”

She was an unusual offer from him, but he had been put in high spirits by the recent events, and felt like rewarding her for the success so favorable to trapping Girdwood.

Rosamond went as planned. She passed along the road, her head held high. Her thoughts were so unfelt and joyous as those of most girls after having seen some pretty thing abroad, but she was not like in like mood. She now thought of Girdwood, but only as one who had put a life of loneliness behind her. She had planned how she would make the man out of him.

“This is better than being the wife of a poor count,” she decided. The title held no allure for her. It would be a good deal if a father’s money had not got away from him, but it amounted to nothing. How will Leverre take this? I am not having the success I hoped for in making a name for myself. This is an opportunity. This is the way I do not like to tell the truth. I am a bit afraid of him.

He received no reply. Rosamond knew she had used Asher Braddock basely, and it was a fresh horror to find he was the avenger, and took possession. What hope was there for her now?

He pointed to the south.

“From that point,” he said, “Yellow Gid is coming this way. I can see him, if you cannot. I have shown what I can do for my father; and now see what you can do for yours.”

“What do you mean?”

“For Asher Braddock you had no feeling after a man with a title came along. Do you care more for yourself? Or do you, prove it! When your father turns the point of the rock a shot from this revolver will drop him as if by magic. Will you save him?”

“How can I?”

“By sacrificing yourself.”

Rosamond did not respond to the invitation, and, after a pause, the Vandal went on.

“Prove your love. I want but one victim now. Go you, and leap into the chasm, and I will spare the rest of your family.”

The savagery of the suggestion left Rosamond speechless and awe-struck. She was not of the stuff of which heroines are made, and if she had been capable and upon her might well have been more than she could bear with strength to consider, not to mention obedience. Like in a horrible dream she saw her companion draw a revolver and point toward the person before her. He paused but a moment after, going in that direction.

“Where is he?”

“Yellow Gid,” was the light reply.

“My brother—Gideon!”

“A word that?” cried Allen.

“A word!”

“Is it?”

Allen stood speechless for a while, but the power of speech returned he exclaimed:

“Where is he?”

“Where is he?”

“Yellow Gid!”

“I see him here!”

Allen gave way to the impulse of losing him entirely, she stirred into life and moved in pursuit, again uttering the name, but the voice was rough for her, and she lost sight of him. She was still searching when she met Allen, who had followed her. She called out hurriedly:

“Where is he?”

“Yellow Gid!”

“My brother—Gideon!”

“Never!”

Allen stood speechless for a while, but the power of speech returned he exclaimed:

“Where is he?”

“Yellow Gid,” she persisted. “Do you think I would not know him? Lasse Girdwood I have never seen as far as I know, but Gideon Gath was here!”
Yellow Gid of Dark Divide.

Again Allen was briefly silent; then he remembered the situation of the past, and his decision came quickly:

"By my life, I see it all now! Gidwood made it clear in his letter, and he has been with us all the while. Have all been so close to the truth, have all been so close to it, but not told. Gideon Gath had shown himself to be a man of wonderful nerve and determination. He knew all the things that were going on, and all the things were going on, from like him—most of all, stubborn determination was possible.

Gidwood had recently moved from the hotel to a private house, and when they reached the place they were informed that the note was not there. They sent for him, and the name, the couple awaited in the sitting-room, and in due time other steps than those of the current voyage were heard. Gidwood entered.

His disguise was wonderful, but Bianca was not deceived. She knew him before she could be in doubt now. One earnest look she gave, and then she started to her feet.

"Gideon!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

He stopped short; he stood in silence.

Allen was shaved to understand that pause, and the last doubt as to his identity was swept away. That was the man whom she saw, and there were both satisfaction and dissatisfaction in the knowledge. The chance had come to talk to the Vandal. The willingness of his decedent at Clein Max was almost overpowering.

"Gideon!" Bianca repeated.

Lasco Gidwood folded his arms.

"The secret is a secret no longer!" he admitted, quickly. "You could not hope to deceive me. I am your brother!"

His manner was far from loving or inviting, yet she advanced toward him with her hands extended.

"Gideon!"

"Stop!" he requested, almost coldly. "Remember how things have changed. Remember what I am!"

"You are still my brother—my own dear brother!"

"You had better not own me, he returned, with a glance at Allen.

"I will never do otherwise!"

"Have you heard the stories of Yellow Gid?"

"I have heard all, and you are still my brother."

"Bianca, do not look at it in that light. You have found friends who are as honest and true as you. The claimkinship with the Vandal of Dark Divide, even though you are with those who are disowned, should be used to pit upon your situation.

"You do claim such kinship, and always have. Whatever the case may be, you are still my brother. But, oh, Gideon, why have you gone into this mad work?

"Who are you?"

"The Vandal of the Divide?"

"Yes.

Gideon Gath stretched his hand out toward the hills of the range.

"Remember was occurred there; remember how our father died! Can you ask the question now? Was there not cause for revenge? For righteous vengeance?"

"Was it that when you became a stage-driver and a sheepman, you kept all hands from all who had money on the stage?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Gideon's temper was terrible and cold.

"But, oh, my brother, do you not see you must continue to ruin sooner or later? Will you be in dishonor? Remember our childhood, and how our mother prayed with and taught us—""

"Forbearance."

"No, no; for your sake, for my sake, think of those dear old days; of our determination to do what was happiest for both or our birth- plans. Think of the mother who loved and cared for us."

"I think only that I am Yellow Gid, the Vandal."

The strong man tried to speak with harshness, but it was a failure. He was deeply touched, and Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.

"Gideon, you will not repulse me—you will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings?"

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the same game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sigm. She was the essence of the resolute, and they were a waste of time on their course.

Never before had Allen been so nervous. The crisis in his life hung in the balance, and he hoped all would soon be settled. Whether he could be the brother he could not tell. Gideon Gath had shown himself to be a man of wonderful nerve and determination, and all things were possible from one like him—for most of all, stubborn determination was possible.

The Vandal turned his head away.

"I have heard," Bianca went on, "that you are the Vandal of Dark Divide. What rash step does that portend?"

"Sister, do not seek to know too much. Such things must not be made known. Don't let us speak of this."

He turned to Allen.

"Bob and Mr. Graham."

"To be frank, I think this is a matter which concerns you and Bianca more than it does me. I want you to settle it better alone."

"I want to thank you for your kindness to Bianca. I did not know that I was so dependent until recently; I had lost all knowledge of her whereabouts and could not trace her; but you have found her, and I am the person who was more valuable. I rejoice in the fact, and I know you shall not make it impossible for you to continue that friendship. She is a noble girl. Stand by her, and you will never regret it!"

"Mr. Gath, I have a question to ask you. Who is Moloch? Who is the owner of the box?"

Allen was silent for a moment, then he replied:

"I have never had a guess my secret, and I will confess that I am Moloch. It is odd that when I brought the box to you I did not know it; but I am the person who was told you simply because I believed you to be an honest man. Yes, I am Moloch; more than any other. I am the appointed one, who was found by Rosamond and taken to their house. Oddly enough, I was called in to look after him when you were not, the other man claimed it. I saw fit to have it left in the care of the Morrels, but I only waited and then Mr. Rosamond returned the box to you. It took two house-breakings, but I did the work."

"What does that mean?"

"I will remind you of Moloch's directions. I cannot answer more fully."

Allen sharply.

"Mr. Graham, I think it is a "letter for you."

"A letter for you?"

With this brief announcement the unknown writer of the article mentioned and started away.

"What?" Allen directed. "Who is this from?"

"Don't know.

"Nor know what the writer said the article he wrote, and the article mentioned and started away."

"Quickly Allen handed the note to Bianca."

"Do you recognize the writing?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I have never saw it before, I do not recog- nize it."

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sign which Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.

"Gideon, you will not repulse me—you will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings?"

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the same game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sign which Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.

"Gideon, you will not repulse me—you will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings?"

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sign which Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.

"Gideon, you will not repulse me—you will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings?"

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sign which Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.

"Gideon, you will not repulse me—you will not turn a deaf ear to my pleadings?"

"That is natural. I suppose. One playing at the game which the writer has in mind would not be so foolish as to betray himself in such a cheap way as to use his weapon, if he was capable of any concealment. Let us go on."

The girl was too much occupied with thoughts of her brother to heed the sign which Allen Graham felt a thrill of mingled hope as he saw plain evidence that all feeling was dead in the avenger.
avenger seemed capable of almost anything, and they were prepared for a crash.

"I mean ter be hangin' around an' see the man, but I may ter do it never; country have another chance ter get on ter the cilike ways. Shall you be there?"

"No."

"Sorry, for I should like a chum in the watches o' the eye. By the way, that's all."

"We will let him rest for the time," curtly returned Allen.

"Right, and a gonn' ter keep at it. Gid is hangin' right close ter his mountain room where he is. I'm not a foot away from Peter as soon as he could.

With the coming of night there was a stillness. The wedding guests were all on the alert to prepare for the wedding.

The invitations had been general, and all of Climax Claim was expected to be there. Peter Potts went early, but he did not want to be seen. His one desire was to be close at hand, and watch the progress of events. Not a word was uttered, and he proceeded to satisfy that desire.

Just as he was leaving, the chink in the door was opened, and another man came close to him. It was Peter, who had been concealed by the bushes which grew near at hand, and he remained unnoticed while his neighbor was clearly visible.

It was Louis Levere!

He marched into the house and looked long and earnestly. Wedding things and preparations were there, and he may have been interested in them, but if Peter read his expression a hint he took no friendly pleasure in the sight.

"Why, what the devil are you doing here?" muttered Peter, under his breath.

He had been impressed by the expression. The face was some-thing ominous and startling. The countenance was wild and glaring, too, and he had the appearance of not wholly in his right mind.

"What did you mean? Had they been the victims of a joke?"

Lasio Girdwood advanced and cried in a loud, clear voice:

"Fellow citizens, give three cheers for the bride and groom!"

"Great Heavens!" she exclaimed, "what have I done?"

"Like a machine Girdwood explained:

"You have become Mrs. Gad Jackling."

"The brief opinion that there had been a joke upon the general public died away. The faces of the Morrell tribe told enough of dismay to remove that impression. Rosamond was white and trembling, while her father was dazed by the blow.

Plain it was, then, that they had been made to see death dash and the import of it began to dawn upon the banker. All his doubts of Girdwood took on new meaning, and the man who had lately cherished all the malignant hatred for him which Morrell had been aware he deserved.

Forgotten fear, anger came to the front.

"Treachery," he cried. "By the gods, Lasio Girdwood, you've sealed your own doom of you can't explain this away!"

"If you want any explanation, ask Mr. and Mrs. Girdwood," coldly returned Girdwood.

"Were you in this vile plot?"

"I engineered it all!"

"You did? You, who were to marry my daughter!"

"I never had any idea of doing so. I was working for Jackling, who may not be worth your consideration, but you will make about as good a husband as he will."

"You've done this out of revenge, you've done it ter ruin us—"

"I've done it to make amends for the wrong you committed. Consider, Mr. and Mrs. Girdwood, and you will see the object of your work. You are a beggar, and your daughter is a waif. We love you like you, the situation?"

"The minister interfered."

"Have you heard their worthy people?" he asked, severely.

"I have."

"What was your motive?"

"Revenge!"

"What had you ever done to them, sir?"

Lasio Girdwood stood more erect, and the human feeling entered into his voice as he spoke until it rang out with startling power.

"The greatest wrong that could be done to any one!" he declared. "I accuse Morrell of murdering my father; of breaking my sister by his cruelty. I could not forgive it. Little by little I have accomplished my work. I made him a beggar where he had once been the head of a happy and patient task, but I did it well!"

In addition to what meant the rivalry which had been waged against him, and he saw only too clearly how he had been set up. He was almost overwhelmed, but, satisfied that he was for once innocent, he counseled Peter:

"You can try to keep me, for I am Gibson Gath."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CASK-OF-FINS BLOW.

A hush fell over the people.

"Yellow Gid Gath!"

The assertion was amazing, yet the most skotest of them believed, after a little while, that they were in the company of the noted Vandal, and it was a dunamfounding fact.

Gideon gave them but little time to meditate on the subject, but went on with:

"When my father was unjustly and brutally slain in the hills of Dark Divide, I swore vengeance, and it was the man who had been wholly responsible for the work, this was David Morrell—human wolf that he is."

"I was long in recovering from the wound I received on the occasion of the revolting tragedy. I was too sick to prevent, but when I did, I disguised myself and elaborately arranged to be here to work on my plans by ruining Morrell and his enterprises, in repuation, in happiness—in every way."

"Did you not?" came the quick, firm retort. "Oh, men of Climax Claim, are you all so blind? Do you not know me yet when I have told you my history so plainly? Do you not know me when, instead of being an acquaintance in a few months, I have been a live man, in all my life?"

No one did. They grappled with the conundrum. The face was one they could not possibly settle.

"Once," he resumed, "I was a familiar figure, here, in my true form, and your congratulations must have been given to me, as who was often seen swinging from the cliffs like a thing unnatural. Don't you recognize me?"

And then he seemed to grow taller as he clearly added:

"Did you not ever know, me, for I am Gibson Gath?"
yellow Gid of Dark Divide.

Know by my own statement that I was not intending to keep what I had of yours.

My story is told, but there is another to tell.

He glanced at Gad Jackling, and that man arose with easy grace and his usual amiable air.

"In David Morrell," he spoke, quietly, "you are in the first crime was not committed at Climax Claim. There's another blot on his record, and it is peculiar that he should have been cast into each other in a certain way and degree.

"Years ago he knew a person named Stearns who was a miner in California, and at one time looked as if they had found a rich field. The mine came to his notice, so to speak, and that was all the good he got out of it.

Now, honest Stephen Darrow had a wife and children. The latter took a new name and was at one time well known to you of this town.

"Yes, that was his assumed name, but he was really the brother of Stephen Darrow, and he was responsible for the death of both.

I know where I speak, for I was the first to know. And that is a time ago. I met Gideon, son of Anson Darrow, and by doing him a favor I earned his good will. I think we shall make a famous team in fortune, and when I came to Climax Claim it was to aid him. I have helped to worry Morrell, and he is a rich man, and the work by marrying Morrell's daughter by a trick. It was planned by Gideon Grant how it has been executed you have seen.

"Mrs. Jackling, as you and I are not closely related, I think we shall make a famous team in fortune, and when I came to Climax Claim it was to aid him. I have helped to worry Morrell, and he is a rich man, and the work by marrying Morrell's daughter by a trick. It was planned by Gideon Grant how it has been executed you have seen.

"Gadward, you are our prisoner!" spoke the giant.

"You are in error," answered Yellow Gid, easily. "I shall not surrender, and they are not enough men here to take me!"

It was a bold defiance, but he had his back against a wall, and in his desperate struggle for his life, he was not to be moved by any human force.

His ability was not put to the test, when. Then, when Gad Jackling and others had joined in the fray, he was not to be moved by any human force.

It was well known he had been jilted by Rosamond for another lover, and his wild appearance did not prepare them for what followed.

Unseen by any one, Lewere drew a revolver, and when he was raised they fired from behind him. Rosamond and Gad Jackling! Hardly had the last bullet sped its way before both were lying dead.

The next day the daily paper opened a long article with this announcement:

"The wedding of Miss Rosamond Morrell and Luis Giddo, which we took pleasure in recording last evening, which was to have been consummated last night, ended in the most deplorable tragedy our town has ever seen.

"Giddo has proved to be none other than the notorious Yellow Gid, Gath, and is now fugitive from justice; David

Morell is dead, shot by his partner, Louis Gid, who did not expect in his desperation to find his rival lying dead at his feet, and who was himself shot by the same man.

"As yet no further word has come from Giddo or Rosamond, but Bianca and Allen are sure they will come. The latter has always been a favorite with the weight of unjust crime done to a peaceful and quiet man.

"Over Hanner Gath falls the void of Rid conundrum, and we are living happily. With such natures they could not be at peace with one another, even under most favorable circumstances.

"Peter Pots called on Allen and Bianca, and told them joy; they have located the stage and rode away. Now that they send small letters of their regard to Allen and Bianca, but they are not seen by anyone.

THE END.

SILVER SAM, THE SHASTA SPORT;
DON DANUCAN'S DEEP-SEATED DESPAIR;
BY GEORGE C. JENKS.

Beadle's Dime Library.

BY WILLIAM H. MANNING.

Silver Sam, the Shasta Sport;
Don Danucan's Desperate Device;
By George C. Jenks.

NEW ISSUES.

Silver Sam, the Shasta Sport; or, Dan Danucan's Desperate Device, By Geo. C. Jenks.

Beadle's Dime Library.

By William H. Manning.

The Silver Detective's 'Shake-up.
The Stage-Track Judge.
The Police Special's Dilemma.
The Ghost in the Cobweb.
Grayson's Double Deal.
The Athlete Sport About Town.
The Silver Detective.
Plunger Pools, the Race Track Detective.
What the Silver Detective Saw.
Steve Starr, the Deck Detective.
The New York Show-Down.
The Detective Clock and the Record Breaker.
Dane Gall, the Chief of the Great Hump.
Spokane Sam, the Samoan Suspect.
Jump Shot Paul, the Samoan Spy.
Three Wise Men with the Border.
John Doe, the Game Guard.
Murdock, the Fraud Detective.
The Silver Detective.
Dan Dxon's Double.
Reddy Hank, the Kid Detective.
Wyoming Zeke, the Hangman of the West.
The Girl in the Golden Gown.
Old Doublet, the Wild Detective.
Mr. Bob, the Disk or the Man of the West.
Paradise Sam, the Nor-West Pilot.
Unsa, the Coachman of the Kinsey.
Uncle Horace, the Proverbs of the West.
Central Pacific Foul, the Mail Train Spy.
Boisterous Bob, the Fast Train Robber.
Kansas Veteran, the Northwest Detective.
Fancy Fanny, the Fast Train Robber.
The Duke of Diablo.
Knockabout, the Washington Detective.
Yankee Todd, the Tail-Hunter of the Hills.
Tramp Burke, King of the Rockies.
Wild West, the Mountain Veteran.
Deep Dark, the Ghost Guard.
The Irons of Montana Hill.
The Heart, the Detective.
Bucky Joe, the Jockey Detective.
The Tenderfoot Detective.
The Doublet Detective.
The Giant Horsman.

Sheepless Eye, the Pacific Detective.

NEW ISSUES.

Silver Sam, the Shasta Sport; or, Dan Danucan's Desperate Device, By Geo. C. Jenks.

Beadle's Dime Library.

By William H. Manning.

The Silver Detective's 'Shake-up.
The Stage-Track Judge.
The Police Special's Dilemma.
The Ghost in the Cobweb.
Grayson's Double Deal.
The Athlete Sport About Town.
The Silver Detective.
Plunger Pools, the Race Track Detective.
What the Silver Detective Saw.
Steve Starr, the Deck Detective.
The New York Show-Down.
The Detective Clock and the Record Breaker.
Dane Gall, the Chief of the Great Hump.
Spokane Sam, the Samoan Suspect.
Jump Shot Paul, the Samoan Spy.
Three Wise Men with the Border.
John Doe, the Game Guard.
Murdock, the Fraud Detective.
The Silver Detective.
Dan Dxon's Double.
Reddy Hank, the Kid Detective.
Wyoming Zeke, the Hangman of the West.
The Girl in the Golden Gown.
Old Doublet, the Wild Detective.
Mr. Bob, the Disk or the Man of the West.
Paradise Sam, the Nor-West Pilot.
Unsa, the Coachman of the Kinsey.
Uncle Horace, the Proverbs of the West.
Central Pacific Foul, the Mail Train Spy.
Boisterous Bob, the Fast Train Robber.
Kansas Veteran, the Northwest Detective.
Fancy Fanny, the Fast Train Robber.
The Duke of Diablo.
Knockabout, the Washington Detective.
Yankee Todd, the Tail-Hunter of the Hills.
Tramp Burke, King of the Rockies.
Wild West, the Mountain Veteran.
Deep Dark, the Ghost Guard.
The Irons of Montana Hill.
The Heart, the Detective.
Bucky Joe, the Jockey Detective.
The Tenderfoot Detective.
The Doublet Detective.
The Giant Horsman.

Sheepless Eye, the Pacific Detective.

NEW ISSUES.

Silver Sam, the Shasta Sport; or, Dan Danucan's Desperate Device, By Geo. C. Jenks.

Beadle's Dime Library.