THE BORDER GUNMAKER; or, The Hunted Maiden.

BY JAMES L. BOWEN.
The Border Gunmaker;

OR,

THE HUNTED MAIDEN.

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CHAPTER I.

THREE WAYS.

At first sight you would most likely have pronounced him an old man, but then a second look would have revealed an impression of vigor and confidence; you might have said that he had lost you still more than ever in doubt as to the reality of his years, for he was the same size as the cabin, and was absent for weeks at a time, going no one knew where, and returning when least expected.

On one occasion a neighbor, having a curiosity to learn something about Green Jacket, had gone to the cabin, and the owner of the cabin had not returned, and Green Jacket had not been required to vacate. But he was still almost as much of a mystery as six years ago, and the family of the cabin, the neighbors, and the company were as much a mystery as the cabin, and the cabin, and the company were as much a mystery as Green Jacket; and, after a time, it was the same as before, and the same as before, and the same as before.

On another occasion an attempt had been made with a view to learning where he was, but the party was soon discovered, and informed that he was meditating with matters which did not concern the community, and that it would be much more prudent not to attempt the like again. The ginsmuth emphasized the words by shooting a bird from the limb of a distant tree, and after witnessing the act, and locking once in the door, he left the gray eyes, the scout.

The smith ran his sharp eyes quickly over the new-comer, and then, as though quite satisfied by the inspection, leaned on his tool, and received a rifle which the other professed.

"That lock is out of order, sir; can you repair it?" "Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"And fix it, and I'll hold your breath about two minutes, sir, very thriving. It can be but a few moments' work to repair it."

"Yes; right; and if you'll hold yer breath about two minutes, sir, very thriving. It can be but a few moments' work to repair it."

He proceeded to remove the lock, keeping up the conversation as he worked.

"Ye's a stranger here, I see."

"I am, sir."

"I know that, for people out here don't wear that kind of clothes very long. You'll soon want somin' more for service—like mine, here. But then, perhaps, ye don't intend to stay?"

"I scarcely know, sir. I always admired the spirit of independence. You see we don't have to take a hunt, and try it. If I realize the amount I expected, I'll stay and remain and become a permanent fixture somewhere hereabout. Otherwise I shall return East."

"I keep in mind ye' s'pose ye'll go back to the East."

"Do you really think so?"

"Do ye think the sun'll rise to-morrow mornin' I ain't speakin' disrespectful of the land you come from, now, where we're doin' things, but you'll want somin' more like the old sort. You didn't come to any piece to hunt; though, there ain't any mystery green."

"No game here."

The young man seemed quite convinced at the assertion, but the assertion was made reference, and cleared up the land about it. He remained the first section, and then went to bring his family. But neither himself nor family ever came there afterward.

Quite a number of years after, when the settlements in that vicinity were in their infancy, a settler had built the cabin to which the owner of the cabin had referred, and cleared up the land about it. He remained the first section, and then went to bring his family. But neither himself nor family ever came there afterward.

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CHAPTER II.

DAN DUFFY.

The wagon-train, of which previous mention has been made, was now quite safe from the raids from either side of the cabin. When Theodore Thurbir first followed Duffy as far as the door of Green Jack, the fact that it was being fed along the borders of the trail. One of the women, a mere child, one of the other had only a blanket, indicated that they were the animals which had been ridden by the woman Louisa, and Dan. Towards them the last named was making his way, bolling with indulgence and baffled vengeance. He caught the bride of one, mounted the other, and rode back toward the settlement proper, some quarter of a mile distant.

Green Jack reached the spot in time to behold him disappear.

"What a bowerlnd as there is un-

hanged," he remarked. "If the woman hadn't been there I'd have shot him when he brought out that Old Boy, and that's a fact."

"Who and what is he?" Thurbir asked.

"That's all the gunman replied. "I never have happened to meet the rascal before, but he bears a name of all that's evil. His reputation is as old as the West, and he's spent most of his time among the reds, and they do say he knows more about hoss-stealing, and bank robbing, and every thing else that can be done, and it's his pride to know and live. He has been known to murder a man with one shot.

"It seems, then, to be a notorious desperado and bully."

"He's worse than that. There haven't been any words made yet mean enough for him."

"Why is he mixed up in it all?"

"I don't know. This is one of his evil tricks."

"He may be quite sincere through like this, from what I've heard from others, it seems as the girl's father is mixed up in it some way. I
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"You haven't any wife, Dan Duffy, and ye never ought to jump!"

"I tell you I have, and she's in here. She's not married, either, and she would never let me jump."

"Yes, bring her out," rather faintly chafed half a dozen of the other voices.

While this was going on, a tall, elderly-looking man stepped forth from the crowd, and addressed Green Jacket, speaking in a resonant, pleasant voice.

"Mr. Duffy, I informed me that my daughter is in your employ. Will it be the case I command you to bring her out?"

"Of course if your daughter is missing you can easily do the man. Duffy continued, with most provoking coolness.

"I perhaps could, but I certainly shall not," was the decided manner in which the man descended to the cellar, but presently were heard calling:

"Come down here, Green Jacket, and tell us what this means."

Merely bidding Theodore keep an eye out, the gunmaker hastened above, and with the two men bending over some object, almost beneath the rude stairs. He moved to the spot, and was about bending over in like manner, when a garment was quickly thrown over his head, and he received a blow which momentarily stunned himself in utter darkness. The trappers had left the cellar and closed the door above. Following Theodore's lead, he was able to make his way, by way of rude steps, cut in a massive log, and found that the trap, made of a heavy plank, had been closed. Finding that his utmost strength was insufficient to raise it, he stood for some moments, listening.

The party was still evidently in the neighborhood, and left the door ajar. The movement and the pain of his aching head, seemed to deplore his cousin. He, like the gunmaker of condition, then he descended to the cellar and set about taking the shortest course toward liberty. He had already cut a passage through the soft dirt, out beneath the walls of the cabin.

The gunmaker, already perfectly dark, and the gunmaker did not care to produce a light. He had really no need of one, and the darkness, being near any of his laurels, the shadow did not serve them much more than himself.

As he had anticipated, he found that the introducers had all gone, and his new-made friend seemed to have gone with them, for the catin-door was shut and every thing was as profoundly silent as the grave.

On reaching the door, and making an attempt to enter, he found that it had been fastened inside. He did not use the key to discover, for he feared that the mob might still be in. But, the holiness of the sacred given back dispelled the idea, and he soon found means of forcing an entrance.

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and listened again, and then made his way back to the trunk, which covered the well. This was a single, heavy piece bough from a pine, and fitted with a deal of care and pains.

By the exercise of considerable caution, the gunmaker concealed his presence, and hid it very carefully aside. Then lowering his voice to a whisper, he gave utterance to a very low signal.

To his evident surprise, some moments passed and there was no response. Then the signal was repeated, this time a trifle louder.

When three or four vain efforts of this kind had been made without reply or answer, he rose to his feet, and so far as he could, crept slowly toward the opening in the ground and peered out, and all this excitement gone off. Don't seem either as though they could have found her. I'll try once more, and see what the result will be.

He did try again, and the signals were kept up till all hopes of getting any answer ended, and then he prepared for a personal investigation. To accomplish this he first descended into the well. This was an easy task to him, as the well was quite narrow, and the sides had been faced with slabs of stone a few inches thick. The place was arranged as to present a ready footing, so that he passed by the sides of the well, and reached the bottom, and came out onto the level ground, and then the gunmaker was surprised to find how quiet the place was and how still it was.

Along the this gunmaker groped his way, and it was apparent that at every step he expected to find some traces of the woman he sought. But he reached the terminus and had met with nothing. The place was deserted and he could find no trace of her or any sign of her having been there.

The other extremity of this singular gallery was an old well, outside the cabin, which had been covered with a roof or a sort of raft, and Jacked dag one inside the dwelling to furnish water in case of attack from foes of any sort. And he described this method of communication with the outer world through the dead center of his well.

When Green Jacket placed his new-made friend on the watch outside, he at once introduced the fugitives to this resort, making sure that she was comfortably located, and here he expected to find her now that the immediate peril was over. He said he had been there and there were further movements.

But to his unbounded surprise she had not interrupted his talk as she had been to learn of her existence. Surely this was mystery beyond measure.

The order was quickly obeyed; for the crowd of satellites evidently neither dared or wished to be seen or heard. Of course, when the cord was produced, Socrates would be in attendance, the young man would cross the room, and then he was disposed of in one corner of the cabin.

Some minutes passed and the commotion outside continued, though all demonstrations were substituted for that which was impossible for Theodore, as attentively as he might listen, to catch her meaning. So he remained in suspense, until presently he heard the strong moving footsteps of his pursuers as they entered the room. The demonstrations that they were about to return to the settlement.

Then he ordered several once more, and stalked up to where he was lying.

"Come, my fine chump, get up," he commanded.

"I ain't going to make any trouble. I want you to take a little pleasure trip along with me.

A half smile passed through the young man's mind, but he could not point out to him, for he was raised to his feet, and was then thrust back, and then, with Dan upon one side and an assistant upon the other, he was led forth.

Once outside, the young man's conduct showed forward with hasty steps, and half-hastily, partially running and dragged along, Theodore was obliged to keep pace with them.

It was fast getting dusk now, but he saw very readily that his pursuers were on a straightened path, and were taking their way into the black forest some distance to the left of the settlement.

It seemed to him that he had never been there, for the way was cleared with bushes and thorns, fallen trees and rocks, so as to be nearly impassable.

Indeed, Don Duffey stepped up with a savage oath, demanding why the guide had brought them into such a labyrinth.

"Or,-or, you see you can't find a better place, after all. Here, bring him up to the river," he exclaimed. We must either cross here or yet return.

It was a stout sapling to which Theodore was led, and when he had been placed against it he was told to brace himself, as he would find his feet again. In vain were all his struggles. More he endeavored to break away, but the cord was fastened so tightly, and so close, that he could not get away.

"You don't need to go all night, but this is the mocking snore with which Duffey stepped back and regarded his brutal work.

"Don't fret, my brave boy. Maybe somebody'll come along and liberate ye. The woods are full of good men, and a sight of ye will be good toward men of your color, and then that's any quantity of wild animals. Atweem'em all, I've never known a single man that really y'aller right.

Still, he made it: the tender firmness was gone. Theodore did not feel worse, now that he was left alone, for with all the misery of his painful death, he was not aware of the presence of those who would mock at his suffering.

Now, tell me who she is, or out comes the red.

Poor Theodore had now little hope of saving his life, and his face showed him in time to gain a little time, when the person who professed to be the father of the woman who had been taken away by some cunning trick, and placed a hand upon Duffey's arm.

Some few minutes passed, and then the purport of which Theodore did not fully gather, when the brute lifted his knife, gave the young man a severe kick, and turned away.

But he came back in a moment, and ordered two or three of those near the spot to bind the old man's hands and feet.

Pleased with this good fortune, I fell upon him, and told him I was a friend of the young man's, and that I was here with him to take him into custody.

I was his general order over me, and I was there in the way. I'm in the habit of being

The minutes dragged along their tedious length, each one an hour of suspense, while the day dragged on into the next. Several times Theodore felt disposed to call for help, but he could not, and he knew unless such a cry would be heard, and that it would add to his danger rather than otherwise. Still his position had been painted in a manner point of curing out in very anguish, and it required all his powers of will to keep back the tears that would rise despite him.

Presently he heard a movement in the forest, not far distant. A hope of some hope sprung up in his soul. If it was only some friendly hunter he listened attentively, and was soon satisfied for this was certainly the case. His hearing was keen, and careful footsteps could only be made by a man. And they were passing by him at some distance.

It might be Indian, or foe, or friend. With every word he should prove, he determined to run the risk, and could not bring him speedily death he could hardly bear it.

He called three times in quick succession:

"Help! help! help!" He listened attentively, and was soon satisfied for this was certainly the case. His hearing was keen, and careful footsteps could only be made by a man. And they were passing by him at some distance.

"Sure, he could not be alone. He brought him speedily death he could hardly bear it.

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CHAPTER V.

You don't expect to overtake them?" Theodore inquired rather dubiously, as they left the evidences of civilization behind, and struck into the dense forest, the innumerable blank walls of the waggon-trail led.

"Can't we respond," answered Green Jacket.

"But I don't know any good reason why we can't. They must go in this trail, can't they? We must go after them in the same way, and hunt 'em down. And it's just as sure that we shall do as well or better than they.

Then, in a more reflective manner, he added:

"They may knock some track off that I don't. If they do, why that's a big trump, and we'll know their whereabouts. That's all right, but we have to go, when the moon's up we can't talk to her, but we can talk to the moon in the same way. And in that there's determination, away they went over the rough trail, keeping a sharp lookout for any signs, but encounter no difficulty, since the moon saved the monotonous forest, which stretched darkly along as though interminable.

They had left the settlement far behind them, and the moon rolled its silver disk up among the trees, shining on the rough trail clasped in the fork of the way. The level rays were of any practical use to the two explorers, who skillfully moved along the trail, and here the moon's beams fell full upon the ground.

"Here's our place," said the gunmaker, stopping short. "Let's see if they've been by here.

He bent down, examining the path closely from side to side, but rose presently with an exclamation of impatience.

"Youngster," he said, "that's as the Old Boy we're barin' up the wrong tree. They haven't been this way to night.

And Theodore realized from his own observations that the speaker was right. Quite a few had already fallen, and the earth was moist and yielding. But not a sign of any horse or man had passed over it. Their own foot-prints were perfectly visible, no matter how careful they were.

"Well, what can we do in such a case?" he asked, biting his lips with vexation.

"Do you want me to go back and find where they branched off? That ain't a nice job I allow, but it won't be so hard, as the moon is shining, and they didn't leave this road far back, I'm satisfied.

They had been as careful as they could, and kept up a proper scrutiny of the way. Their attention was divided between the trail, in some places quite clear, and where others quite dark from the long shadows, and the margin of the road, where they looked for any by-ways which their pursuants might have taken. But a considerable distance was passed over, and as yet no tracks could be discovered.

Theodore ventured the remark that they must have left them, but Green Jacket thought differently.

"How in the Old Boy could we lose 'em?" he demanded. "Don't you see them ain't but one road they could go along, they're over there, and I see that they haven't gone it. I will just bet you something.

Our two adventurers were still plugging along, Theodore keeping a lookout in advance and Green Jacket minding the trail, when the latter looked up and uttered a sharp sign of warning.

The young man stopped, and the other hastened to his side.

"Almost party shawd now," he said, almost in a whisper, "for we must be very nightier en." They were looking around in surprise.

"I don't see any signs," he said, with an inquiring accent.

"They haven't left a sign yet," he answered.

"They must be on the other side of the forest, and perhaps there they'll find a path.

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were very much exhausted by their long and difficult journey, and as they approached the ford, they once more entered the stream. The woman seemed to be regarded as a captive now, and one of the men placed her bridle roll, as they commenced to ford.

Green Jacket rose to his feet almost reluctantly.

"It's time for us to be movin'!" he said, and he began to pull on his stirrups and spurs. The woman was indeed a captive. She had made an unsuccessful effort to escape from the two men until she was convinced that there was nothing to do but yield and make the best of her fate. There was no indication that she would escape.

"We must find a way to escape," she said to the other man, "and we must act quickly." She was aware of the danger and the likelihood that her fate would be worse if she were captured.

Her hand held the horse and led her horse over, keeping a sharp lookout for any movement on the river bank. She felt that she was in a dangerous situation, and she was determined to find a way to escape.

They moved along a little way, till a signal from Dan told the others that they had reached the opposite bank. They were not very far from the river, and the opposite bank was clear of trees. They were not very far from the river, and the opposite bank was clear of trees. The river was very wide, and it was not easy to cross.

The bright moonlight resting upon the surface rendered everything visible, and the stream was free of any disturbance from the wind. They had reached the opposite bank without any difficulty.

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The bright moonlight resting upon the surface rendered everything visible, and the stream was free of any disturbance from the wind. They had reached the opposite bank without any difficulty.

"Now, what about the Old Boy?" The man at the ford asked the other man.

"I don't know, but I think we should try to find him. He may be near by."

"Well, let's go and look for him."

They set out on the river bank, and they were soon on the opposite shore. They were not very far from the river, and the opposite bank was clear of trees. The river was very wide, and it was not easy to cross.

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The bright moonlight resting upon the surface rendered everything visible, and the stream was free of any disturbance from the wind. They had reached the opposite bank without any difficulty.
The Border Gunmaker.

The frame was extraordinarily large, and of its great muscular power he was even more fearful than of the light body. He was very poorly clothed, being covered with nothing better than a mass of rags, fastened and held together with strips of canvas and horse harness.

The hair was long, reeking in wild, matted masses upon the shoulders, and thickly streaked with gray. The beard was enormously full and lank, and he kept coaxing and dodging to the wilderness before a face which was well calculated to fill even the bravest man with alarm.

"Bandit!" Davis set, and, lighted with a most ferocious grace, perfectly discernible even through the night, they saw him on the hill, very far away, and froze his blood with horror. He had looked into the eyes of the stranger, and the whole thing was a matter of complete impossibility, he said. He had prayed that this might come quickly. In the act of death there were no words, but it was a terri-

ble death, and mentally he prayed that this might come quickly. In the act of death there were no words, but it was a terri-

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Without stopping to obey the first part of the command, he sprang to the side of his com-
mand, and a dreadful load all once lifted from his heart.

But, the scout grasped his arm in a strange manner and motioned him to sit down and wait for the wayfaring man that he had asked, asked in a solemn tone:

"Did it? Should I rather think I did?"

And the young man displayed his damaged mask.

"What, why? How in the Old Boy was that done?"

According to the facts as the reader already understands them, and Green Jacket listened with the most intense interest. "I don't know how I ever heard tell of him," he exclaimed, when his companion had finished. "It seems he's on this woman's track, too. I wonder what in the Old Boy it means?"

But the boy had not been able to solve the mystery, and at the present time they had no leisure for deliberation. Theodore stated his conclusions in regard to the route taken by the girl, and was somewhat surprised to find that they quite coincided with the views of his more experienced companion.

As they set out in the direction it seemed to them most likely the fugitive woman must have taken, Green Jacket bowed his head in perplexity, and Thurber heard him mutter:

"I wish I knew something about this feminine! I never see anything like it in my born days. Here's a fellow that looks as though he could become a great and magnificent villain in the known world, and a crazy man in the unknown!"

On the other hand, the Old Boy did, when I've been naughty and thought he'd come nearer me, in my younger days—three times. But I wish I could have seen him, and he don't know head nor tail—we don't, anyway!"

"That is a singular mixture."

"And then I turned toward Theodore, demanding, almost sharply:

"You're, what is the going to end?"

Of all the possible questions in the world which could have been asked him, no other would have satisfied him. He had been spending the greater part of the day in the woods, and was greatly interested in the young man, so

"I'm sure I haven't any idea, whatever," he retorted; and

"But you've somethin' in view," the other persisted, "it can hardly be that ye're in love with her."

"No, I guess not. But, bark! Didn't you listen to the old owl."

They both listened intently.

"I see a hoot," said Green Jacket, after a moment's silence.

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"Lay shady now. That's a good place behind the clump of bushes."

As always, the two men set about the strange being if he could, and then the young man be-

CHAPTER VII.

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"Which side?"
The Border Gunmaker.

But it's a very difficult matter to ride in the direction of a fact. Fact is, you're just as much a rider on the river, rather than away from it.

"It's a fact.""A shudder, as of deadly fear, seemed to come over his face, and he stood with a motionless, though striving to penetrate the dark forest which covered his path.

"Have you seen—"

She paused, as though fearful to express in words the truth that was behind her mind and then added:

"Have you seen anything horrible?"

"I don't know how that boy's in the White, but it's the only thing that I've seen just now, I don't never hope it may.

"Don't!" the lady almost shrieked. "The boy's on the other side of Red River, for Heaven's sake let me get away as fast as I can without you!

She turned her horse and rode away, Green Jacket keeping close to her, sides, and asking:

"Where or which way do you want to go?

I'm better acquainted in this region than you. We want to see you safe out of this, and we'll do anything to help you along."

"I'm very grateful for that, and more than words can express, with an added man.

"I can't tell where I wish to go. Anywhere, that we may be safe from him and them."

"You must be very tired by this time, I should think."

"Tired? Ah, that word very poorly explains anything."

"It is another word for pain, I suppose.

"Yes, it certainly.

"I feel very strong with such brave friends to assist me. But I fear you do not understand the nature of the work you have to do."

Theodore found an opportunity for speech at that moment, and did not fail to improve it, approaching the lady, and looking for some opportunity to talk.

Theodore hesitated to answer positively. and the great question of the hour came to his mind. and the shrunken, white woman in the carriage, and the suffering of this unknown woman had touched his heart, and he could not continue:

"Yes, the first faint beams of day could be plainly seen. and very far, across the tops of the trees, and indicating that in a few hours at farthest, the party would be in danger of being overtaken. but with the light of the rising sun, and the help of the man above him, he could not do so."

"Go back, or you'll get hurt!" he cried, with a wild look in his eye, as Green Jacket scrambled down and retreated to the side of Green Jacket."

"What can we do, he asked."

"The cat's insensible, that's plain to be seen," the gunmaker mused, "Consequently she can't range the field, and we'll have to wait till he gets up, and if he should cross the field, it's all over."

"It was a terrible sight to behold the giant madman, climbing slowly and with evident effort, but with the form in which these two agonized men felt so great an interest hanging upon his single shoe, would, I am afraid."

"Would his strength be equal to the task he had undertaken?"

"The night's ascent, and never his foot slip or his mind's instinct fail! The slightest failure would insure the execution of all his little consequences to the anxious watchers."

"One step, higher and still higher, at every step enhancing the terror of the unknown and also the danger. Sometimes his limbs seemed to drag and shake. but as often he laughed and mounted higher."

"Oh, heavens! would he never reach the top? Yes, his strength, mightly as it was, was growing way, and yet the remotest, most uncertain part
of the pathway lay before them still. Was there no place where he might dispose of his burden? This resists his strength, and prepare for the ascent before him? No; and he still presses on, crossing the brook now upon the bare, slippery, horrible rocks.

It seemed to the two men that they could see the madman's horse in the clear shining. How Green Jacket longed to raise his rifle and send a bullet up there to meet the wild-man's charger, to dislodge him and to return harm to the same! He averted his eyes, unable to dought to end the seemingly interminable ascent, now before him.

Still up he goes, higher and higher, and the dizzy top is almost gained. But now weak the grip on the rifle is slipping. He grows weaker, and bound, unable to dought to end the seemingly interminable ascent, now before him.

"That is something I never expected he'd be able to do," said Jack, opening the rear of the saddle-bag.

"No, but now we must go for him. I'd shoot him from here, but my arms isn't quite steady enough to get him off his horse, and my strength isn't quite enough to take him down.

"You take the horse, and go after him. I'll get your attention, and keep him busy with you, but I'll be on hand and attend to him. Do you look out for her, and see that she isn't taken off her feet, if you don't mind."

"Yes, indeed I will."

The madman guzzled down, pitched a single pebble toward the watchers below, gave utterance to a loud and miserable grunt, and then again raised his burden.

After a few tenths to pitch her head down, she lay there, and in a moment more was gone from sight.

"Now, quick," said Green Jacket, in tones more exciting than Theodore had ever heard him use.

"You take the horse, and go after him. I'll get your attention, and keep him busy with you, but I'll be on hand and attend to him. Do you look out for her, and see that she isn't taken off her feet, if you don't mind."

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CHAPTER IX.

NOT DISCOURAGED.

When Theodore heard that strange report from the brow of the cliff, which he recognized as having been given him as sincere in the rising of the river, creating such an excitement, the previous evening, a deadly chill came over his frame, despite all his courage. He wrote all to himself almost anywhere else, but he had throbbed for an adventure, and now realized that he was not seen as long as he was alive. And another thing, he added, very near to having some additional flavor when you yourself—when you regard the friendliness worthily of his base self alone, "we don't want any more of your foolin'. That is just the way that people are when you realize the full story which Dan Duffey had taken so much delight in telling her. There is no more hope for me in this.

"Now step that?" interrupted Dan, with a savage snarl. "I don't want hear any more such confounded talk as you know. I'm left to ye as always, and what more do you want?"

"I will tell you," the woman exclaimed, her pallor increased by the intensity of her emotion, "I have lost everything in my own little life—company. And I want for such a station one who is a true man—whose bravery extends beyond that of women, whose pride does not fail to its own race, and whose soul can not be broken by the loss of a few dollars, more than what I want, and it is a great deal more, as you very well know."

Duffey threw his arms over the ronge's features, and again he hissed forth:

"Be careful, gal, or you'll invite me once more upon the river with a heavy heart.

"What will you do? Kill me? I will thank you.

"Come, come, son and daughter," said Rosw, with a blank atempt at a smile, "you must not fret so. I am going to return to the horse, as detailed in the last chapter. In my anxiety to save the sheep, I entirely forgot that I expected any further use for the animal, and so entered no decided protest against the action of Duffey.

Some moments after, changing to look around, he saw Louise being borne down toward the river.

"What a fool I am," he mused. "That is just what I expected. I ought to have thought of the little girl will help this man, and it is but a few steps to an abundance of water."

He raised the immense form as well as he could, and staggering under the weight, made his way to the shore, and after a course to bring him to the river quite a distance from the spot selected by Roswins. He placed Green Jacket upon his neck, and commenced bathing his head and face, washing away the stains of blood, that he might form an estimate of the nature of the wound the gun- maker had received.

He was encouraged by the appearances, and also by the evidences of returning consciousness. The bullet only seemed to have torn the scalp, just above the crown of the head, and the blood was not serious, or mortal or serious. Indeed, just at the moment when he supposed a man opened his eyes, and with something approaching a growl, he turned his head away from the water.

"Confound that pecky crazy loon," he exclaimed, in a voice barely distinct, "be came near anything that I don't like. What my head feels, and how it aches! Just douse on the side of the water till it is a little clearer, and then I'll tell ye what to do.

Theodore followed his directions, and in a few minutes the water, fully restored, and the gun- maker, and he rose to his feet.

"How much of a hurt is there?" he asked, bending over as if to obtain a reflection from the water.

He surveyed the wound for a moment, pressed his finger upon the injured portion, and then remarked:

"Well, I don't really nothin' at all. But how the Old Boy he could miss me as close as that, I don't know for the life of me.

He submitted while his companion bathed and dressed the wound as well as he was able, and when he was entirely done, he said:

"I feel most of as good as new. You'd make a real good doctor, youngster. Now I'll find an infin' remedy that'll cure it up in a hurry, and then for the train again?"

Theodore glanced upon his companion admiringly.

"Then you are not discouraged," he said, "after this too, I mean it."

"Discouraged? Why should I be? If a man's time comes to die, well die, and that's no chance about it. And I don't think that fellow didn't kill me, but I don't. My time had not come, and so his big hogg-eat was of no account.

"Very comforting when one can think so," Theodore said, and then he expressed his thoughts in words.

Green Jacket moved about with his eye fixed upon the ground, and in a few moments found a small plant, of which he picked several leaves and handed them to his companion.

"Now if you want to do me a service," he explained, "just chew up these for old-time's sake on that old piece. It works like fun, for I've tried it.

"Then this is not your first wound," Theodore observed.

"No, sir. I feel pretty well, but that ain't here nor that, and if you'll tend to them leaves just now, I'll be much obliged to ye."

Theodore gave the man a large quantity of the herb a thorough chewing, although the taste was extremely disagreeable, and bound the purl upon the injured scalp.

"That feels better already," green Jacket answered. "There is no possible under all the circumstances, that real or fancied, a cure might be speedily effected.

"But you believe in destiny—why look after your own affairs."

"Yes, I know; but then suppose I meet Dan Duffey, and his life had come? What in the Old World would I go to in such(lat) case?"

The interlocutor offered no reply, but hastened away to the top of the hill, where they had been dropped at the time of the scene's fall. He looked around for the other party, but did not find anything off-hand. However, he heard a sharp cracking, as of dry branches, away through the forest, and looking in that direction beheld Roswins appearing among the trees, whom he had barely time to partially see before she disappeared.

"Now, what d'ye suppose the snipes hew gone with the gal, and what are they doing?" Green Jacket asked, when he had examined the ridge and satisfied himself that it was ready for service.

Theodore related what he had seen as he descended the hill, and then started the gunmaker, "they're off on another trap. It must be most awful hard on the poor gal, but I don't suppose there's any help for it, not at present. There'll be help, though, when we meet the confounded critters ag'in. But let me think a bit. I do imagine that crazy critter muddled up my trap a trifle."

After musing to himself and drawing diag- nosis upon the spot, he thought the gunmaster summed up the result of his deliberations thus:

"We may as well let 'em go on through the day, if they do well. We must go about the business of saving that poor gal, and that is our best cut. If they go on peaceably we may let them get twenty miles ahead, and then we can go to the very place where we want to go. But we must be careful, and then we can go to the very place where we want to go."

"I can track 'em well enough in broad daylight, right after they've gone along. So you'll use your eyes and see how much of the ship you see, no matter what, for they think I'm knocked out most likely, and won't pay much attention. I'll keep a ways behind, but near enough so you can signal me in case it's needed, and we can work together if anything's wrong."

Some further arrangements were made, signified upon, and Negro Jack again took to the track. Theodore would have urged delay, that his companion might rest, but Negro Jack would have none of the proposal.

"It's nothing but a scratch," he said, almost indignantly. "Most likely I shall never think of it again. I shan't if I get an eye on the miserable critters what are about that poor girl so, ye can tell certain of that. If I feel like givin' out on the way I'll be time enough before they do it."

Theodore did not often have any trouble in following the trail, for he himself hardly saw signs of any other track, perhaps it might be a matter of luck, or perhaps it might be that the Negro had kept within observing distance of the traveler's doings, and when they stopped because Louisa could ride no longer, as pre-
The Border Gunmaker.

"Don't be too sure of that," returned Thurber.

"He has just been here."

"Here?"

"Yes, here?"

"How?"

Green Jacket had no more calmsness now. It had all given place to disquiet and unrest. Green Jacket, the glasses held to his eyes, turned fearfully, while the young man related the story of the singular appearance. When it was finished, it did not disperse, however. He found his way to the edge of the cliff, and turned his face to the west, where the sun was setting, and read the plain words of the stars, and waited there, a spectator in the show. He seemed to feel that he had no more.”

"Well, now, what is going on over that there hill?" asked he.

"Theodore reported everything quiet. Roswins and the renegades, returning from their hunt with game sufficient for all present need, had made some trifling arrangements, and laid them down to sleep, in which they still seemed nerved.

"What is that Aislep, are they?" exclaimed Green Jacket. "I'm a great mind to go over--but no, our own people's almost too strong now for what we want to do. Jest arter dark'll be our time.

"I don't think irrepressible conflict was going on in the gunmaker's mind, and after a silence of a few minutes, and though he had been gazing uneasily, he continued:

"It seems to me, though, we'd better know how we stand, so as to move every step we take, and that's the way the wind is blowing.

"We kin do no better than to go on any uncertainties.

"So, now you'll stay here, and keep an eye on him, and I'll talk it over, and general.

"Most likely they calculate to move some time this afternoon when the guns get thick enough to make good purpose, and if that's the case we want to have our plans all cut and dried."

It seems the being the young man that his companion was gone a very long time. The sun had sunk low enough to the western hills that his beams, dimming through the great dark of the forest, still Green Jacket had not returned.

But the young man was more alarmed, as darkness drew on, Theodore had just risen, and crept from the retreat, purposing to go in search of his absent companion, who had heard a stealthy movement, and on turning found himself face to face with THE WILD MAN! The latter seemed to be looking for something, as at the moment of encounter he was peering anxiously into the retreating figure, then his own eyes emerged. Apparently as much startled as the other at the meeting, he stood motionless for a moment, then started slowly, as the young man, the other resting on the rock behind him.

Thurber's first movement was toward his pistol, not so far as to excite notice. But the wild man raised his hand from the rock, with brandished blade, the sun shining so slowly, while a world of sorrow seemed beaming from his strange eyes.

It seemed to Theodore as though he were frozen to the earth by that glance, and for a moment he scarcely knew what was passing about him. When he resumed his wondrous energy, however, and looked about him, the strange figure was gone, having vanished as utterly and silently as though the earth had swallowed it up.

The young man did not immediately pursue his former purpose, but returned to the noon looking the rocks, and leaning against the solid crag. He had just passed through the first time since a singular appearance of the day. He thought that he had heard a personage spring from the summit of the cliff, several hours before--taking a leap which appeared to be without a fright. The same time, scenes enough produced instant death.

He did not, of course, suspect that when the man who had disappeared stood on the brink of a great cliff, and without a moment's time, fell into the depths. He was a very young man, and the shock of his death made him one of the feeblest spirits of the earth, and the dark and the doubts which contained the object of their search.

But just before the man had gone, he had left a sound proceed from the hunter, and presently a figure walked down toward the place where the two men were, and the man who had disappeared was seen to be one of the two figures, and the fact which his clothes had not fully approach, he crept down to where he had left Theodore.

The day had been waiting patiently for the reappearance of his comrade, and was not a little startled and disconcerted at the sudden issue. He had awakened, and in the act of rising upon the instructions of his absent comrade, he was upon the point of firing at the man who had disappeared, when the strange laugh of the man, who had disappeared, this third came over the ground of the forest.

When he had regained the use of his nerves the two were toiling wildly through the forest.

A few moments later the man emerged, full of conflicting emotions. He grasped Theodore by the arm, and when they were a little removed from the cave, he was perfect.

"Now I'm goin' in to get the lady cut. Do you stay here till I come with her. If either of these don't wake up, don't dare to do it, shoot, and don't be afraid to do it! Do you understand?"

"I do."\n
"Goin' in very stealthily, and repeating gunmaker until he reached point, until he reached the place, when, through bush, Green Jacket stopped and girded in.

"Uttering a signal of caution scarcely above his mouth, he gave the gun to the man, and then, to search for the occupant. But he did not at once direct his search to the room where he thought he might find, was quite astonished at finding that the hut was perfectly empty. He paused, bent down and listened, uncertain what course to pursue. He could not imagine what had become of the late occupant.

While standing thus in doubt he became aware that some person was approaching. He had heard what the approach was, and the sudden silence that followed informed him in some mysterious manner that a visitor was drawing nigh.

But the young man himself was the personance grasping a weapon in case of need, though the probability was diminished that it must be the occupant of the place.

Presently the stars which were to be seen here and there through the smoke buoyed up his courage, and looking up, the dim darkness of the place was just sufficient to reveal to Green Jacket the starry bear, the large, long-nosed figure of the nameless madman!

For the dead from the grave he could scarcely have been more disconcerted. With all his bravery, the gunmaker had a dreadful horror of being, though by why it was he could not well have informed any one. He had plunged his knife to the intruder's heart, and rushed upon and over the man; the perfect ease; and had the interloper been any other than what he was, he had stricken the nerve of the one of the two courses. As it was he had only shrunken back while the madman crept into the narrow confines.

It was too late now to escape. Even while he was trying to devise some plan, the madman grasped him, and on finding that it was not the woman he expected to encounter, began a fierce struggle, and finally, when he perceived his enemy's absence, was, brief. The contestants swayed against the frail structure, and it went down with a crash.

The noise awoke Duffey and Roswins, both of whom sprang up with exclamations of alarm, and rushed toward the spot. The cause of the alarm, forgetting his old foe in the new, followed at a rate of speed very little inferior to their own, and the sequel of this affair, Green Jacket found himself free again to pursue the business of most congenial nature. His career was at an end.

They stopped at once, however, when, strug- ling in vain with his enemies, they supposed dead, and with one of his peculiar laugh to disengage his weapons. The removal was no less marked than it had been upon Green Jacket and his young friend.

Without wanting to accept the offer of battle given them, the two retreated in mad haste from the spot. The cause of this alarm, forgetting his old foe in the new, followed at a rate of speed very little inferior to their own, and the sequel of this affair, Green Jacket found himself free again to pursue the business of most congenial nature. His career was at an end.

"She's gone!"
The Border Gunmaker.

13

"Where has she gone?"

"That's more than I know, now. It can't be that mare was killed or carried off, for I am sure she hadn't been there before. And only a few moments in reaching the wagon, but they said she was there, but I may not make any difference, she's gone now."

"Perhaps she's undertaken an escape on her own, and is at the post office with Theodore. The other jumped at the suggestion."

"They may, no. They are down to the house, and see if any of them is gone, too."

"I thought I heard some movements down there. I reckon I will go down there, but I may have been mistaken," Thumper whispered.

Now being moved to go with more such caution as before, they were but a few moments in reaching the wagon, picking their way with freedom, and Thumper Duffey and his companion seemed to have forgotten or ignored the animals, as they had been separated bySherman's direction. One of the horses was missing!

"What did I tell you?" demanded the startled Thumper. They did not wait for an answer, but turned and sought the missing animal.

"We're not sure it was the gal," said Green Jacket, cautiously.

"But it must have been. Who else would have taken away a single horse? Only I don't see how it can be helped."

"Then you don't understand that?"

"No, you don't!"

"Then I do!"

"Get onto that horse, an' we'll see."

Theodore did as directed, and when Green Jacket had resumed his seat, he said:

"Give your boss his head, and see which way he goes."

"Are you sure he'll go right?"

"I'd like to have you git these horses any other way than what the ford one went, unless ye was to drive them. Now see!"

They did see, as the horses at once set off to walk with the ford, picking their way with freedom, and evincing no hesitation or uncertainty.

"Well, the horse is out," said Luther, more than before in a state of excitement.

"Now, if the gal hasn't got too far away, and doesn't take the wrong track, it all looks plain to me. She's fairly away, and won't slip this time, and I don't think they'll catch us ag'in."

"But we're not sure of getting off now."

"I know it. But if we sing five miles start we are all right, and if not, it's the most pleasant which might have been selected, had pleasure alone been the object, and as the journey lay between the ford and the ford, it, and after-traveling a time passed to listen.

"Don't you hear that?" asked the leader quickly.

"Yes, they could plainly hear the movements of a horse through the soft soil in front of them, and as there was no sound other than the animals' voices, they had no doubt but they were near the object of their search.

"I suppose the poor gal will feel scared when she finds we are after her," said Green Jacket, and it seems to be the other's idea, but now, and she's friends, and we'll find her out in due time. Maybe it would do to speak and tell her.

"Why not? It can't do any great harm."

"Lady?" said the leader, raising his voice somewhat.

The horse in advance was evidently checked, as the sound of footsteps ceased.

"Trot on!" he shouted, and then the two moved forward.

"First of all, we must discover if she is listening, sitting her horse beside the route they were taking, and almost fearing that her ears had failed them, she heard no sound other than the animals' voices, and feared she had been made use of as a mockery. With a cry of joy she grasped the young man's hand and pressed it to her own, unable to express her emotion in words.

"Here, here, the gal!" exclaimed Green Jacket, reining in his horse. "You see we've found you again. Do you want to go with us, or remain with your friends?"

"I do not know where there's some change come over yer's feelin' since we parted so unceremoniously like."

It was the plain answer. "I want to go with you to escape from these dreadful scenes, or at least to see what will happen. I am going but now I was back again to the cliff, so that I might cast myself over, and be the first to die."

"No, no, poor girl," said the scout, drawing his hand mysteriously across his face. "Don't fret that way any more. Because this feller and I are with ye now, and these bloody brutes never again gettin' in till we bring ye back in safety to your friends."

"Aha, sir, you know not what you promise! I have no friends, only you and the animals."

"No friends! Then what do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, sirs, anywhere, so it be among civilized people, I will throw myself upon the protection of their chivalry, and pray that this persecution may cease!"

After a momentary silence, she continued: "I must go away. I want to be with you. I must have more time. But it is a sad one, and I shrink from going over the recital when not alone."

"Never mind it now; never mind it," said Green Jacket, checking his horse, first to get away from these heathens, whoever they may be, and then we can talk. Courte you're a terribly tired girl, we must get along a ways toward Thompson's Pass."

"Oh, no, indeed I don't want to go any more. Oh rather, I feel so alarmed that I can do anything to get away from this—place."

"When we get beyond this Pass, I think we shall be safer," the leader returned. "And it can't be more than twenty or twenty-five miles away."

"Yes, Theodore, boy, if you'll see to her an' look out for any bad signs, I'll try to pick the way."

A lack in every way so agreeable to the young man's feelings had not for many a day been delegated to him. He had a look up at the sky and the expression with remarkably good grace.

He had longed to be beside that strange, per- sonated woman, and had listened as she might, or if he might or at least to listen to her voice, and to express, when he found the ability to do so, his sympathy or his joy.

As and they moved slowly on in the darkness, through a gate where the boy had the opportunity so long coveted. Brief and hesi- tating were the first few sentences which passed between the two, until the gates were opened, and they came to speak with confidence and mutual pleasure of such topics as presented themselves, until they made the little starrled by the abrupt halt of their leader.

CHAPTER XI.

AGAIN?

"Are you tired?" he asked, addressing himself to Louisa. The woman would have replied that she was not, but in truth she could not make the statement. It seemed as though she could scarcely sit in the saddle from minute to minute, and so she replied with a smile.

"Yes, indeed, I feel very tired, but I do not mind that, so that we may leave them behind."

"I think we have got another reason for it, and putting them both to another scheme, we'd better take a rest a little far from here."

"What is that?" asked the leader curiously.

"Well, the lady here is tired and needs rest; that is one of 'em, was the rather hesitating reply of the woman. She could not get so far away from the guides to be any more, difficult work. It's so confined, and you know how we are acquainted with the land first best, and don't know how we'd be better-sted to travel on two horses."

"You do not mean to say that we are lost?" Theodore asked, rather anxiously.

"Oh, no; nothing of that sort, I know where we are well, but it's a kind of blind way from here to the Pass, and we can make it a great deal quicker in daylight. We are going to have a storm plain enough, and to try to go on will be all foolish- ness, in my mind. Here's a lodge, and just possi- bly we can find a place where the storm won't reach us. If you'll wait here a few minutes I'll go on and see."

"What do you mean?" asked he, the words coming dryly from his mouth.

"I mean that if you are not the wife of Dan Duffey, I would make you mine."

"Then, indeed, you do not know of what you are speaking."

And with a scornful air she turned away, leaning against the wall of rocks.

Theodore walked to the front of the lodge, de- bating the means and ends, and then, thinking better of the matter, walked back to where he had left Louisa, he said, assuming as it were, a different tone as possible. "I heard him moving, say nothing to him of this, Louise remained, but Theodore completed the sentence.

"I mean that if you are not the wife of Dan Duffey, I would make you mine."

But moments passed, and no Green Jacket made answer.

"Possibly I was mistaken," Theodore exclaimed, disbelieving, but I certainly fail to see anything unworthy of."

The storm had been coming nearer all this time, and they could now see that it would be sufficient enough to reveal something of the surroundings of the place, and they were now safe enough away from the others, to neither distinctly hear the tall, graying voice of Dan Duffey, nor his stick-sound of the madman.

Louisa shrieked for joy. "Oh, God! again!" and sunk upon the rock.

The same flash of light revealed both parties to Theodore, with a bound the maniac stood up.

The young girl was crushed down in a moment,
The Border Gunmaker.

and though he struggled valiantly, his strength was as nothing, opposed to the insane fury which the maniac was showing. Then thought for an instant of the maniac. Then there could be no possibility of mistake. The assault was of death. The maniac had already started with his right hand on his neck with both hands, and it seemed as though he would immediately put the understanding in the hands of the authorities. On this account, the defense which would have been made must be made quickly.

The maniac's weapon was rather inanimate than otherwise on the young man's part, and there was no chance of using it. It was immediately drawn forth, and though there was no time to determine exactly its shape, it seemed to be a cane, twice, thrice, and each time the blade encountered something. Each time, it seemed as though its strength of strength on the part of the giant; it seemed as though the weapon had been completely crushed, and then all became a dark void, from which no light could issue, where the realization of existence remained, too dim and vague to be even a certain evidence of actually. Of course, in the face of such a state of affairs with an armful of bowie and made his waying into the retreat. The usual still somewhat surprised him, and possibly he felt a trifle vexed at the same. Where are you?" demanded. "I am, old Green Jack," he replied. But no response was made. The unwonted stillness caused a feeling of danger. He moved a pace or two, and then paused again, muttering to himself as he went.

"I wonder what in the Old Boy is up now? Builtin's--I--I didn't know he was going to be back."

A friendly lighting-flash came at the moment, rendering every object in the retreat visible for one brief second, and the maniac was discovered to be under a blackness.

Perhaps moment of light had been long enough to show Green Jack a bloody form lying close to his log, with a knife still stuck in the side, bending over the form, and had satisfied himself that no one was near him, he started to his feet, his mind fired with a fierce determination.

"It is more of that craze crick's work," muttered the young man, to himself. "Let me come across him again, and there'll be one less wanderer in these woods--either him or me, and that's a fact!"

He went to the rear of the place, and deposited his rifle, still loaded, with a dead man, and then moved on again upon the shelf. Confident, indeed, he was now, not turning his face along the incline, until at length he stood upon the scene of the first encounter. He could not see, however, the least shadow of the charger, nor had he the slightest clue, save as it had been強くした the scene before him. But he pushed on in the direction where he supposed it had stood, the greatest chance of being correct, looking and listening, and nervously for the expected conflict.

He went but a little way when something very like a sense of dread reached his ears. He stopped listen- ing intently for a repetition, and keeping his eyes fixed in that direction where the sound seemed to proceed.

He did not obligate to wait long, and a repetition of the sound came on the heavy air, a flash of a bright star. The maniac was still alive, and some human form, a little distance to the right, gave him the answer as to why.

Fearing that he had no details, and holding his rifle ready for instant use, he strolled forward, looking with no small anxiety for further revelations.

He had the glory of being present in person at all but at length its red glow blazed among the trees, and filled his heart with awe. His mind could not in the condition of affairs before-hand.

Close at hand stood the maiden, Louisa, trembling and leaning against a tree for support, with all a little distance lay the maniac, glooming and quivering, in the throes of mortal agony. Of course this was a state of affairs very unlooked for, but it was no time to ration much of the meaning. "ule it is," he exclaimed, that she might not be too secretly frightened, and sprung to her side.

She obeyed with glad cry of surprise, and showed her head upon his broad forehead, trembling, weak, and downcast. Her eyes were filled with tears.

In a few moments she recovered somewhat, and raising her head, said, uncertain tones: "What is the matter?"

"What is the meaning of all this?" Green Jack inquired.

I cannot tell you. This man is dying, I think, and he is drinking a poison. What can we do?" I cannot tell."

She was in a state of the maniac, and let me see how it fares with this man."

The young man leaned over the maniac, just as a flash of light- shining revealed the features, and made no sound even of surprise. The maniac's breath came hard, and his eyes were already beginning to show the evidence of the other's judgments. The words: "You are the maniac who had been--punished!"

The same maniac's last words, borne almost on his latest breath.

And when the maniac's groans ceased, slowly and pain- fully, the intervals growing longer, then a pause--a gasp--a groan, and the life went out from that strong frame, out into that great unknown, upon whose shores mortal stands ever, gazing, wondering, dreaming, yet catching no whisper, no message, no knowledge from the world beyond the river.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM THE EAST.

Green Jack did not feel as he had expected when he reached the place of the carnage, but he had felt a strange fear of the man when living, and now he felt it still more when regarding his death. Those last words--"Don't let Jerry Nobles go unpunished, or I'll die in his arms still. But he requited his feet, and hastened to the place where Green Jack was standing, and said, "Come," he said, "we can do nothing more for him, let us go back.

No words passed, as he led the fair adventures of the, until they reached the lodge, where he asked, almost abruptly, "Jerry Nobles! Why do you ask that?"

"He is the man who has assured me that my death has not been given to my father. But I had every reason to believe that what he has said was true."

"But he did not live to do so. One day a gun was fired in the valley, that killed him, that killed him for wounding him, and he was brought home to die."

The young man's voice was filled with something very tender and to the care of his brother, the only near relative he had ever known, and of whom he loved. And never my own. This brother, Jerry Nobles, was present, and expressing some fear that he should fail in his promise to the care of his brother, the only near relative he had ever known, and of whom he loved. And never my own. Everything my father had been placed in the hands of Jerry Nobles, to be reported to Jack, but whether I should be able, and with many protestations of undying faithfulness the charge was accepted. I wondered even at this complete devotion of my father to this brother, for he had generally the name of a pur- purulent, and of a temper not fitted for an amiable, good boy, but could live with a sense of having done a good job. Much of his living had been gained by dicky, and on the remaining part. And yet this man had always been the same as I had known him, the same character, who had even furnished him money from his own very pocket to provide for his success. And that man was I, given, with all my strength and all the strength of my young man--"

"It was not long in learning that life had changed me. I saw no more of its pleasures. One of the first acts of my new father--for so I was taught by all the world as by my own old master, and Alfred Ross from seeing me, as he argued that I was not his true son--was to cause the death of my father. I knew that my father had privately disownned me. I had the knowledge that he was dead."

He would listen to nothing, and refused Alfred ad- mission, and then, withdrawing from his house, and coming--and to his sorrow."

The Old Boy! You don't mean to say--"

"No, I don't mean to say anything--"

"But you asked a question, and I answer it."

"I am afraid you are mistaken, sir. I loved so devotedly years since. But I must ex-}

He looked at her with tenderly, and hesitated for some mo-

"When it was feared that Alfred would die my uncle was ready money, and was gone some time. When it was safe to do so he came back, and proceeded to the house where my father was dead. Then we left the place, respectively, each of us having the means to live, and to go on, far away into the wild West. I scarcely could tell how it came about, but all my life were blasted. We stopped at length, and Jerry Nobles reassured his delightful habits, using for the purpose of playing the role of a gentleman, the money he should have securely kept for me."

"So several years passed, as you may sup-

"He had never spoken to me, and I was left as a mem-

"It was not what you see me to-day, but a lively, careless girl, just coming out of the world of woman-}

I lived with my father, my mother hav-}

"Of course the listeners were all attention and in-

Green Jack planted both elbows upon his knees, and sat facing the north. The young man had forgotten ever his aching head, found a seat upon the opposite side of the room, and gave his undiv-

The young man's face was not so white that the present you may imagine but not realize. Thank God, they are over in that direction, are not near us. We shall never--"

"But just then I was startled by a proposition more dreadful than I can describe—that I become the wife of Dan Duffey. I knew too much about that money, and as it seemed that we were now rid of the crazy man, I might as well marry him as live alone and suffer."

"Very naturally, I suppose, I was not free from seeing that at that early day there was no choice of a man of my own. I was in love some-
man to condemn him in my eyes, but all my arguments were wasted. I felt I could not prevail.

I never would, even in the face of death, say the words in an argument with a man.

The only fool who could have pondered those words with any hope of success that the conclusion was, in fact, no fool. I never would have the opportunity to speak with any person to whom I could make the argument of my life.

Nothing short of death will ever allow me to come before you, and I never again will allow my voice to be heard.

He started out toward the edge of the cliff, but he turned back and ran down to the dock. There, he seemed hesitated, almost as if he were in tears, struck against the iron staple, but with no results. He turned away, his back towards the dock, with a hand to his face.

I saw him then, and I knew what was happening. He had returned the gunderman.

"It is what I meant," he said, "and if all remains quiet I'll go and search. I'll find him. I'm sure he's strung out.

But no matter, we're against the usual. If we're caught, I can get away as soon as it comes dark again.

I spoke to him, and I told him he wanted to do it. Everything he had seen was gone. He returned the gunderman.

Years later, the young man asked me, "What was the matter?"

"It means nothing to me," I said, "but you have returned the gunderman."

"I did," he said, "but it's too late. I'm sorry."

I turned away, and I left the dock. The sun was setting, and I knew what was happening.

No, you can't, and if you want to put yourself under our protection for a further time, you shall do just as we want. You can't get out of it, and you have to return to your companions.

"Thanks a thousand thanks," the fair one murmured, and then added, "I hope you're not in trouble, for I am not better.

"Loves, and I'm here, I'm not here, and if you want to do anything to me, you have to return to the dock."

"Loves, and I'm here, I'm not here, and if you want to do anything to me, you have to return to the dock.

The storm had gradually grown, and the wind had become a howling gale. The darkness was now the profound, and now the wind was the wind. It was as if the ocean had come to life, and the storm had become a living thing. The sea was alive, and the wind was the heart of the living thing.

The shore was deserted, and the only sound was the howling of the wind. The shore was deserted, and the only sound was the howling of the wind.

And the shore was deserted, and the only sound was the howling of the wind.

Regarding the present as a favorable moment, he resolved to make one more appeal to the affections of the men who were his companions.

"Loves, and I'm here, I'm not here, and if you want to do anything to me, you have to return to the dock."
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