

# The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1906, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued from Page Three.)

"Settle down, H'Anglish," says I. "We ain't got no double chins. How many shells left in your gun?"

"When he looks he finds there's only one more, for he hadn't stopped to fill the magazine, so I cautions him.

"You're shootin' too low. Raise yer."

"He raised her all right and caught Mr. Bruin in the snout. What followed thereafter was most too quick to notice, for the poor bear let out a howl, dropped off his limb into the midst of them ragin', tur'ble seventy gun bounds an' hugged 'em to death, one after another, like he was doin' a system of health exercises. He took 'em to his bosom as if he'd just got back off a long trip, then, droppin' the last one, he made at that younger son an' put a gold filling in his leg. Yes sir; most chewed it off. H'Anglish let out a Siberian wolf holler himself, an' I had to step in with the hatchet and kill the brute, though I was most dead from laughin'."

"That's how it is with me an' Glenster," the old man concluded. "When he gets tired experimentin' with this new law game of his, I'll step in an' do business on a common sense basis."

"You talk as if you wouldn't get fair play," said Helen.

"We won't," said he, with conviction.

"I look on all lawyers with suspicion, even to old baldface—your uncle, askin' your pardon an' gettin' it, belin' as I'm a friend an' he ain't no real relation of yours, anyhow. No, sir. They're all crooked."

Dextry held the western distrust of the legal profession—comprehensive reasoning, deep.

"Is the old man all the kin you've got?" he questioned, when she refused to discuss the matter.

"He is—in a way. I have a brother, or I hope I have, somewhere. He ran away when we were both little tads, an' I haven't seen him since. I heard about him, indirectly, at Skagway—three years ago—during the big rush to the Klondike, but he has never been home. When father died, I went to live with Uncle Arthur—some day, perhaps, I'll find my brother. He's cruel to hide from me this way, for there are only we two left, an' I've loved him always."

She spoke sadly and her mood blended well with the gloom of her companion, so they stared silently out over the heaving green waters.

"It's a good thing me an' the kid had a little piece of money ahead," Dextry resumed later, reverting to the thought that lay uppermost in his mind. "Cause we'd be up against it right if we hadn't. The boy couldn't have amused himself none with these court proceedings, because they come high. I call 'em injuries, like brandied peaches an' wif undershirts."

"I don't trust these Jim Crow banks no more than I do lawyers, neither. No, sirree! I bought a iron safe an' stashed it out to the mine. She weighs 1,500, and we keep our money locked up there. We've got a feller named Johnson watchin' it now. Steal it? Well, hardly. They can't bust her open without a stick of 'giant' which would rouse everybody in five miles, an' they can't lug her off bodily—she's too heavy. No. It's safer there than any place I know of. There ain't no abscondin' cashiers an' all that. Tomorrow I'm goin' back to live on the claim an' watch this receiver man till the thing's settled."

When the girl arose to go, he accompanied her up through the deep sand of the innelie street to the main muddy thoroughfare of the camp. As yet the planked and graveled pavements which later threaded the town were unknown, and the incessant traffic had worn the road into a quagmire of chocolate colored slush, almost axle deep, with which the store fronts, show windows and awnings were plentifully shot and splattered from passing teams. Whenever a wagon approached pedestrians fled to the shelter of neighboring doorways, watching a chance to dodge out again. When vehicles passed from the comparative solidity of the main street out into the morasses that constituted the rest of the town, they adventured gingerly, their horses plunging, snorting, terrified, amid an atmosphere of profanity. Discouraged animals were down constantly, and no foot passenger, even with rubber boots, ventured off the planks that led from house to house.

To avoid galled his c

the entrance to the Northern saloon, standing before her protectively.

Although it was late in the afternoon, the Bronco Kid had just arisen and was now loading preparatory to the active duties of his profession. He was speaking with the proprietor when

Dextry and the girl sought shelter just without the open door, so he caught a fair though fleeting glimpse of her as she flashed a curious look inside. She had never been so close to a gambling hall before and would have liked to peer in more carefully had she dared, but her companion moved forward. At the first look the Bronco Kid had broken off in his speech and stared at her as though at an apparition. When she had vanished, he spoke to Reilly:

"Who's that?"

Reilly shrugged his shoulders; then, without further question, the Kid turned back toward the empty theater and out of the back door.

He moved nonchalantly till he was outside, then with the speed of a colt ran down the narrow plank between the buildings, turned parallel to the front street, leaped from board to board, splashed through puddles of water, till he reached the next alley. Stamping the mud from his shoes and pulling down his sombrero, he sauntered out into the main thoroughfare.

Dextry and his companion had crossed to the other side and were approaching, so the gambler gained a fair view of them. He searched every inch of the girl's face and figure, then, as she made to turn her eyes in his direction, he slouched away. He followed, however, at a distance, till he saw the man leave her, then on up to the big hotel he shadowed her. A half hour later he was drinking in the Golden Gate barroom with an acquaintance who ministered to the mechanical details behind the hotel counter.

"Who's the girl I saw come in just now?" he inquired.

"I guess you mean the Judge's niece."

Both men spoke in the dead, restrained tones that go with their callings.

"What's her name?"

"Chester, I think. Why? Look good to you, Kid?"

Although the other neither spoke nor made sign, the bartender construed his silence as acquiescence and continued, with a conscious glance at his own reflection while he adjusted his diamond scarfpin: "Well, she can have me! I've got it fixed to meet her."

"Bah! I guess not," said the Kid suddenly, with an inflection that startled the other from his preening. Then, as he went out, the man mused:

"Gee! Bronco's got the worst eye in the camp! Makes me creep when he throws it on me with that muddy look. He acted like he was jealous."

At noon the next day, as he prepared to go to the claim, Dextry's partner burst in upon him. Glenster was disheveled, and his eyes shone with intense excitement.

"What'd you think they've done now?" he cried as greeting.

"I dunno. What is it?"

"They've broken open the safe and taken our money."

"What!"

The old man in turn was on his feet, the grudge which he had felt against

Glenster in the past few days forgotten in this common misfortune.

"Yes, by heaven, they've swiped our money, our tents, tools, teams, books, hose and all of our personal property—everything! They threw Johnson off and took the whole works. I never heard of such a thing. I went out to the claim, and they wouldn't let me go near the workings. They've got every mine on Anvil creek guarded the same way, and they aren't going to let us come around even when they clean up. They told me so this morning."

"But, look here," demanded Dextry sharply. "the money in that safe belongs to us. That's money we brought in from the States. The court ain't got no right to it. What kind of a damn law is that?"

"Oh, as to law, they don't pay any attention to it any more," said Glenster bitterly. "I made a mistake in not killing the first man that set foot on the claim. I was a sucker, and now we're up against a stiff game. The Swedes are in the same fix, too. This last order has left them groggy."

"I don't understand it yet," said Dextry.

"Why, it's this way: The Judge has issued what he calls an order enlarging the powers of the receiver, and it



authorizes McNamara to take possession of everything on the claims—tents, tools, stores and personal property of all kinds. It was issued last night without notice to our side, so Wheaton says, and they served it this morning early. I went out to see McNamara, and when I got there I found him in our private tent with the safe broken open."

"What does this mean?" I said. And then he showed me the new order.

"I'm responsible to the court for every penny of this money," said he, "and for every tool on the claim. In view of that I can't allow you to go near the workings."

"Not go near the workings?" said I. "Do you mean you won't let us see the cleannups from our own mine? How do we know we're getting a square deal if we don't see the gold weighed?"

"I'm an officer of the court and under bond," said he, and the smiling triumph in his eyes made me crazy.

"You're a lying thief," I said, looking at him square. "And you're going too far. You played me for a fool once and made it stick, but it won't work twice."

"He looked injured and aggrieved and called in Voorhees, the marshal. I can't grasp the thing at all. Everybody seems to be against us—the Judge, the marshal, the prosecuting attorney, everybody. Yet they've done it all according to law, they claim, and have the soldiers to back them up."

"It's just as Mexico Mullins said," Dextry stormed. "There's a deal on of some kind. I'm goin' up to the hotel an' call on the judge myself. I ain't never seen him nor this McNamara either. I allus want to look a man straight in the eyes once, then I know what course to follow in my dealin's."

"You'll find them both," said Glenster. "for McNamara rode into town behind me."

The old prospector proceeded to the Golden Gate hotel and inquired for Judge Stillman's room. A boy attempted to take his name, but he seized him by the scruff of the neck and sat him in his seat, proceeding unannounced to the suit to which he had been directed. Hearing voices, he was knocked and then, without awaiting a summons, walked in.

The room was fitted like an office, with desk, table, typewriter and law books. Other rooms opened from it on both sides. Two men were talking earnestly—one gray haired, smooth shaven and clerical, the other tall, picturesque and masterful. With his first glance the miner knew that before him were the two he had come to see and that in reality he had to deal with but one, the big man who shot at him the level glances.

"We are engaged," said the judge; "very busily engaged, sir. Will you call again in half an hour?"

Dextry looked him over carefully from head to foot, then turned his back on him and regarded the other. Neither he nor McNamara spoke, but their eyes were busy, and each instinctively knew that here was a foe.

"What do you want?" McNamara inquired finally.

"I just dropped in to get acquainted. My name is Dextry—Joe Dextry—from everywhere west of the Missouri. An' your name is McNamara, ain't it? This here, I reckon, is your little French poodle—eh?" indicating Stillman.

"What do you mean?" said McNamara, while the judge murmured indignantly.

"Just what I say. However, that ain't what I want to talk about. I don't take no stock in such truck as Judges an' lawyers an' orders of court. They ain't intended to be took serious. They're all right for children an' east-erners an' non compos mentis people, I s'pose, but I've always been my own judge, jury an' hangman, an' I aim to continue workin' my legislatif, executif an' judicial duties to the end of the string. You look out! My partner is young an' seems to like the idee of lettin' somebody else run his business, so I'm goin' to give him rein and let him amuse himself for awhile with your dinky little writs an' receiver-ships. But don't go too far. You can rob the Swedes, 'cause Swedes ain't entitled to have no money, an' some other crook would get it if you didn't, but don't play me an' Glenster for Scandinavians. It's a mistake. We're white men, an' I'm apt to come romanchin' up here with one of these an' bust you so you won't hold together durin' the ceremonies."

With his last words he made the slightest shifting movement, only a lifting shrug of the shoulder, yet in his palm lay a six shooter. He had slipped it from his trousers band with the ease of long practice and absolute surety. Judge Stillman gasped and backed against the desk, but McNamara idly swung his leg as he sat side-ward on the table. His only sign of interest was a quickening of the eyes, a fact of which Dextry made mental note.

"Yes," said the miner, disregarding the alarm of the lawyer. "you can wear this court in your vest pocket like a Waterbury, if you want to, but if you don't let me alone, I'll uncivil his main-

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience Against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 97 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

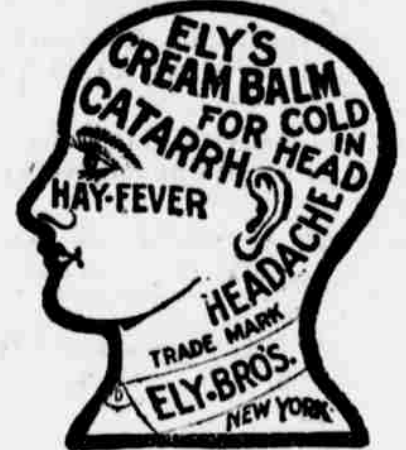
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

# CATARRH



## ELY'S CREAM BALM

Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers, 75 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

# Backache

gives woman some of her most miserable and wretched hours. Along with the backache, generally come headache, waist pain, falling feelings, irritability, nervousness and the blues. Have you these periodical troubles? If so, you may know that they are due to disease of some of the most important organs of your body, organs that should get help or, in time, through weakness, will wreck your health and life. Help them to health with

# WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

Says Mrs. Blanche E. Stephanou, of 1228 S. 42nd Ave., Chicago: "I suffered miserably for five (5) years with a constant pain in my back and right side and although my husband employed several of the best doctors in this great city, not one could give me relief. At last I took Wine of Cardui, which relieved my pain, prevented an operation and restored me to health." It is a wonderful curative medicine for all women's ills. Try it.

At all Druggists \$1.00

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY. Dr. DeChamps' Relief for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by H. E. Garck, druggist, Red Cloud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"We're in terrible shape, miss."