

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

[Continued from last week.]

Upon leaving the rendezvous Glenister and his two friends slunk through the night, avoiding the life and lights of the town, while the wind surged out of the voids to seaward, driving its wet burden through their flapping slickers, pelting their faces as though enraged at its failure to wash away the purposes written there. Their course brought them to a cabin at the western outskirts of the city, where they paused long enough to adjust something beneath the brims of their hats.

Past them ran the iron rails of the narrow gauged road which led out



"I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind."

across the quaking tundra to the mountains and the mines. Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, ungainly teapot of an engine which daily creaked and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and walling its complaint of the two high loaded flatcars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid roadbed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short waisted locomotive yawed and reeled and squealed like a drunken fishwife. At night it panted wearily into the board station and there sighed and coughed and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its lungs.

Early to bed and early to rise was the motto of its grimy crew, who lived near by. Tonight they were just retiring when stayed by a summons at their door. The engineer opened it to admit what appeared to his astonished eyes to be a Krupp cannon propelled by a man in yellow oiled clothes and white cotton mask. This weapon assumed the proportions of a great one-eyed monster, which stared with baleful fixity at his vitals, giving him a cold and empty feeling. Away back beyond this Cyclops of the Sightless Orb were two other strangers likewise equipped.

The fireman arose from his chair, dropping an empty shoe with a thump; but, being of the west, without cavil or waste of wind he stretched his hands above his head, balancing on one foot to keep his unshod member from the damp floor. He had unbuckled his belt, and now, loosened by the movement, his overalls seemed bent on sinking floorward in an ecstasy of abasement at the intrusion, whereupon with convulsive grip he hugged them to their duty, one hand and foot still elevated as though in the grand halting sign of some secret order. The other man was new to the ways of the north, so backed to the limit of his quarters, laid both hands protectively upon his middle and doubled up, remarking fervidly:

"Don't point that damned thing at my stomach."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fireman, with unnatural loudness. "Have your joke, boys."

"This ain't no joke," said the foremost figure, its breath bellying out the mask at its mouth.

"Sure it is," insisted the shoeless one. "Must be. We ain't got anything worth stealing."

"Get into your clothes and come along. We won't hurt you." The two obeyed and were taken to the sleeping engine and there instructed to produce a full head of steam in thirty minutes or suffer a premature taking off and a prompt elision from the realms of applied mechanics. As stimulants to their efforts two of the men stood over them till the engine began to sob and sigh reluctantly. Through the gloom that curtained the cab they saw other dim forms materializing and climbing silently on to the cars behind. Then, as the steam gauge touched the mark, the word was given, and the train rumbled out from its shelter, its shrill whistle at curb and crossing whipped

away and drowned in the storm.

Stapjack remained in the cab, gun in lap, while Dextery climbed back to the engine. He found the young man in good spirits, despite the discomfort of his exposed position, and striving to light his pipe behind the shelter of his coat.

"Is the dynamite aboard?" the old man questioned.

"Sure. Enough to ballast a battleship."

As the train crept out of the camp and across the river bridge, its only light or glimmer the sparks that were snatched and hurried by the blast, the partners seated themselves on the powder cases and conversed guardedly,

while about them sounded the low murmur of the men who risked their all upon this cry of duty, who staked their lives and futures upon this hazard of the hills, because they thought it right.

"We've made a good fight, whether we win or lose tonight," said Dextery.

Roy replied, "My fight is made and won."

"What does that mean?"

"My hardest battle had nothing to do with the Midas or the mines of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself."

"Awful wet night for philosophy," the first remarked. "It's apt to sour on you like milk in a thunderstorm. S'pose you put overalls an' gum boots on some of them Boston ideas an' lead 'em out where I can look 'em over an' find out what they're up to."

"I mean that I was a savage till I met Helen Chester and she made a man of me. It took sixty days, but I think she did a good job. I love the wild things just as much as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself and to other people, if he'll only stop and think them out. I've found out, too, that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh, I've improved a lot."

"Gee, but you're popular with yourself. I don't see as it helps your looks any. You're as homely as ever—an' what good does it do you, after all? She'll marry that big guy."

"I know. That's what ruffles, for he's no more worthy of her than I am. She'll do what's right, however, you may depend upon that, and perhaps she'll change him the way she did me. Why, she worked a miracle in my attitude toward life—my manner—"

"Oh, your manners are good enough as they lay," interrupted the other. "You never did eat with your knife."

"I don't believe in harakiri," Glenister laughed.

"No, when it comes to intimacies with decorum, you're right on the job along with any of them easterners. I watched you close at them 'Frisco hotels last winter, and, say, you know as much as a horse. Why, you was wise to them fablewares and pickle forks equal to a head waiter, and it give me confidence just to be with you. I remember putting milk and sugar in my consommé the first time. It was pale and in a cup and looked like tea, but not you. No, sir! You savvied plenty and squeezed a lemon into yours, to clean your fingers, I reckon."

Roy slapped his partner's wet back, for he was buoyant and elated. The sense of nearing danger pulsed through him like wine.

"That wasn't just what I meant, but it goes. Say, if we win back our mine, we'll hit for New York next, eh?"

"No, I don't aim to mingle with no higher civilization than I got in 'Frisco. I use that word 'higher' like it was applied to meat. Not that I wouldn't seem apropos, I'm stylish enough for Fifth avenue or anywhere, but I like the west. Speakin' of nodes an' styles, when I get all lit up in that gray woosted suit of mine, I guess I make the jaded sightseers set up an' take notice, eh? Somethin' doin' every minute in the cranin' of necks, what? Nothin' gaudy, but the acme of neatness an' form, as the feller said who sold it to me."

Their common peril brought the friends together again, into that close bond which had been theirs without interruption until this recent change in the younger had led him to choose paths at variance with the old man's ideas; and now they spoke, heart to heart, in the half serious, half jesting ways of old, while beneath each whimsical irony was that mutual love and understanding which had consecrated their partnership.

Arriving at the end of the road, the vigilantes debouched and went into the darkness of the canyon behind their leader, to whom the trails were familiar. He bade them pause finally and gave his last instructions.

"They are on the alert, so you want to be careful. Divide into two parties and close in from both sides, creeping as near to the pickets as possible with-

out discovery. Remember to wait for the last blast. When it comes, cut loose and charge like Sioux. Don't shoot to kill at first, for they're only soldiers and under orders, but if they stand—well, every man must do his work."

Dextery appealed to the dim figures forming the circle.

"I leave it to you, gents, if it ain't better for me to go inside than for the boy. I've had more experience with giant powder, an' I'm so blamed used up an' near gone it wouldn't hurt if they did get me, while he's right in his prime."

Glenister stopped him. "I won't yield the privilege. Come now—to your places, men."

They melted away, to each side while the old prospector paused to wring his partner's hand.

"I'd rather it was me, lad, but if they get you—God help 'em!" He stumbled after the departing shadows, leaving Roy alone. With his naked fingers, Glenister ripped open the powder cases and secreted the contents upon his person. Each cartridge held dynamite enough to devastate a village, and he loaded them inside his pockets, inside his shirt and everywhere that he had room, till he was burdened and eased in an armor one-hundredth part of which could have blown him from the face of the earth so utterly as to leave no trace except, perhaps, a pit ripped out of the mountain side. He looked to his fuses and saw that they were wrapped in oil paper, then placed them in his hat. Having finished, he set out, walking with difficulty under the weight he carried.

That his choice of location had been well made was evidenced by the fact that the ground beneath his feet sloped away to a basin out of which bubbled a spring. It furnished the drink-

ing supply of the Midas, and he knew every inch of the crevice it had worn down the mountain, so felt his way cautiously along. At the bottom of the hill where it ran out upon the level it had worn a considerable ditch through the soil, and into this he crawled on hands and knees. His bulging clothes handicapped him so that his gait was slow and awkward, while the rain had

swelled the streamlet till it trickled over his calves and up to his wrists, chilling him so that his muscles cramped and his very bones cried out with it. The sharp schist cut into his palms till they were shredded and bleeding, while his knees found every jagged bit of bedrock over which he dragged himself. He could not see an arm's length ahead without rising, and, having removed his slicker for greater freedom of movement, the rain beat upon his back till he was soaked and sodden and felt streamlets cleaving downward between his ribs. Now and again he squatted upon his haunches, straining his eyes to either side. The banks were barely high enough to shield him. At last he came to a bridge of planks spanning the ditch and was about to rear himself for another look when he suddenly flattened into the stream bed, half damming the waters with his body. It was for this he had so carefully wrapped his fuses. A man passed over him so close above that he might have touched him. The sentry paused a few paces beyond and accosted another, then retraced his steps over the bridge. Evidently this was the picket line, so Roy wormed his way forward till he saw the blacker blackness of the mine buildings, then drew himself, dripping, out from the bank. He had run the gauntlet safely.

Since evicting the owners, the receiver had erected substantial houses in place of the tents he had found on the mine. They were of frame and corrugated iron, sheathed within and suited to withstand a moderate exposure. The partners had witnessed the operation from a distance, but knew nothing about the buildings from close examination.

A thrill of affection for this place warmed the young man. He loved this old mine. It had realized the dream of his boyhood and had answered the hope he had clung to during his long fight against the northland. It had come to him when he was disheartened, bringing cheer and happiness, and had yielded itself like a bride. Now it seemed a crime to ravage it.

He crept toward the nearest wall and listened. Within was the sound of voices, though the windows were dark, showing that the inhabitants

were on the alert. Beneath the foundations he made mysterious preparations, then sought out the office building and cook house, doing likewise. He found that back of the seeming repose of the Midas there was a strained expectancy.

Although suspense had lengthened the time out of all calculation, he judged he had been gone from his companions at least an hour and that they must be in place by now. If they were not—if anything failed at this eleventh hour—well, those were the fortunes of war. In every enterprise, however carefully planned, there comes a time when chance must take its turn.

He made his way inside the blacksmith shop and fumbled for a match. Just as he was about to strike it he heard the swish of oiled clothes passing and waited for some time. Then, igniting his punk and hiding it under his coat, he opened the door to listen. The wind had died down now, and the rain sang musically upon the metal roofs.

He ran swiftly from house to house and, when he had done, at the apex of the triangle he had traced three glowing coals were sputtering.

The final bolt was launched at last. He stepped down into the ditch and drew his .45, while to his taunted senses it seemed that the very hills leaned forth in breathless pause, that the rain had ceased and the whole

[Continued on page 6.]

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 news dealers.

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

Four Years Ahead of the Pure Drug Law!

There is *one* line of medicines in which *no change in formulas is necessary* in order to conform with Uncle Sam's new Pure Food and Drug Law. Rexall Remedies were made to conform with this law in every particular *four years ago*—long before this law was thought of!

At that time one thousand leading druggists of the country, owing to the unsatisfactory way in which they had to sell patent medicines, decided to form a co-operative company and manufacture a line of remedies for which they could stand *absolutely responsible* from their knowledge and control of ingredients in these cures.

The plan of Rexall Remedies was the result. *Could these thousand druggists then have foreseen the new Pure Food Law, and known every clause of it, they could not have made the Rexall plan conform to it more closely.*

There is nothing secret about Rexall Remedies, and there *never was!*

For years Rexall ads. have told the public that each Rexall druggist had the formula of every Rexall Remedy on file, and would willingly give any formula to whoever asked for it.

Moreover, Rexall Remedies protect you *more* than the Pure Food Law does. You now only know the dangerous drugs in patent medicines—we know and have always known *everything* in Rexall Remedies—and have always been glad to show you the printed *complete formulas*.

No Rexall Remedy is a "cure-all." Each of the 300 remedies has a formula which years of experience have shown to be the most reliable cure for a certain human ill.

The proof of our confidence in Rexall Remedies is the Rexall *guarantee*. Every Rexall sale we make is with the understanding that if the purchaser is dissatisfied he or she can get back the money paid, by simply returning the empty package or bottle. For four years the *sincerity* of this offer has never been challenged.

A few of the 300 famous REXALL Remedies, one for each human ill, are:

FOR CATARRH—MUCU-TONE

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Catechu, Cascara, Sagrada, Glycine and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It combines the tonic powers of all known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to any.

Catechu has long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefit almost invariably.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its unapproachable laxative properties. The combination of these with Gentian and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point and gradually restores the diseased tissues. Bottle, 50c.

FOR NERVES—AMERICANITIS ELIXIR

The Rexall Americanitis Elixir is a tonic nerve food composed chiefly of true Phosphoric, Glycophosphates, Iron Phosphate and Calcium.

The wonderful results of this remedy are due to the fact that it supplies Phosphoric to the nerve cells in a condition in which it can be immediately and easily taken up by them.

The Glycophosphates, actual nerve tissue builders, are one of the most recent and valuable additions to this branch of medicine and unquestionably a most efficient remedy than the well known Hypophosphites.

The Iron Phosphates are the most easily assimilated form of iron which give tone and color, and the combined alkaloids of Calcium Bark have a tonic effect on almost all the functions of the body. See our Circular.

REXALL "83" HAIR TONIC

The famous Rexall "83" Hair Tonic is composed in chief of Resorcin, Beta Naphthol and Pilocarpin.

Resorcin is one of the latest and most effective germ killers discovered by science, and in connection with Beta Naphthol, which is both germicidal and astringent, a combination is formed which not only destroys the germs which rob the hair of its nutriment, but creates a clean and healthy condition of the scalp, which prevents the development of new germs.

Pilocarpin is a well known agent for restoring the hair to its natural color, when the loss of color has been due to a disease of the scalp. It is not a coloring matter or dye.

This combination of curatives mixed with alcohol as a stimulant, perfects the most effective remedy for hair and scalp troubles known today. For bottle, 50c.

"REXALL" ORDERLIES

The New Laxative

If you suffer from constipation or a sluggish liver, we want you to try this newest member of the Rexall family. It has never failed.

"Rexall" Orderlies have all the virtues and none of the defects of those laxatives and cathartics already known. They are harmless and flavored tablets that effect a re-adjustment of Nature's functions—no griping, no nausea, no purging. Pleasant to the taste—they give immediate relief.

A trial will prove to you that they are the best laxative and cathartic ever prescribed. 20c a box of twelve; 50c a box of 30.

The H. E. Grice Drug Co.,

The Rexall Store