### The Spoilers.

CHAPTER XX cended the mountain, sca.,ed its bowlder ridden bed, while behind them the angry ocean spread southward to a blood red horizon. d sun glared sullenly, painting the high piled clouds with the gorgeous has of a stormy sunset. To Helen the wild scene seemed dyed with the colors of flame and blood and steel.

"That rain raised the deuce with the trails," said Struve, as they picked their way past an unsightly "slip" whence a part of the overhanging mountain, loosened by the deluge, had such indigmant protest that she distin-slid into the gulch. "Another storm guished his words. like that would wash out these roads

Even in the daylight it was no easy task to avoid these danger spots, for the horses floundered on the muddy soil. Vaguely the girl wondered how she would find her way back in the darkness, as she had planned. She said little as they approached the roadhouse, for the thoughts within her brain had begun to clamor too wildly, but ruve, more arrogant than ever before, more terrifyingly sure of him-self, was loudly garrulous. As they drew nearer and nearer, the dread that possessed the girl became of para-lyzing intensity. If she should fall-but she vowed she would not, could

They rounded a bend and saw the Sign of the Sled cradled below them where the trail dipped to a stream which tumbled from the comb above into the river twisting like a silver thread through the distant valley. A peeled flagpole topped by a spruce bough stood in front of the tavern, while over the door hung a sled suspended from a beam. The house itself was a quaint structure, rambling and us, from whose sod roof sprang blooming flowers and whose high banked walls were pierced here there with sleepy windows. It had been built by a homesick foreigner of unknown nationality whom the army of "mushers" who paid for his clean and orderly hospitality had dub-bed duly and as a matter of course a "Swede." When travel had changed to the river trall, leaving the house lone some and high as though left by a receding wave. Struve had taken it over on a debt and now ran it for the con venience of a stender traffic, mainly stampeders, who chose the higher route toward the interior. His hireling hungry quartz lead and in doing as sessment work on nearby claims,

Shortz took the horses and answered his employer's questions curtly, flash ing a curious look at Helen. Under other conditions the girl would have been delighted with the place, for this in the north country. The main room held bar and gold scales, a rude table and a huge iron heater, while its white cloth so cunningly stitched and tacked that it seemed a cavern hol lowed from chalk. It was filled with trophies of the hills stuffed birds and animals, skins and antiers-from which depended in careless confusion dog of clothing. A door to the left led into the bunk room, where travelers had To the rear was a kitchen and cache to the right a compartment which free reign had been allowed the origi nal owner's artistic fancies, and he had covered the place with pictures elipped from gazettes of questionabl repute till it was a bewildering arrangement of pink ladies in tights, pu ellists in scanty trunks, prize buildogs and other less moral characters of the sporting world. "This is probably the worst compa

ny you were ever in," Struve observed

'Are there no guests here?" she askd him, her anxiety very near the su

"Travel-ts light at this time of the

year. They'll come in later perhaps." A fire was burning in this pink room

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of same, in can't afford to accept as a substi-for this remedy of known composition are nostrum of sunknown composi-tion't do it.

unable to sit still. Looking down the narrow gulch, she saw that the mountains beyond were indistinct, for it and swept by the tempest of the previous night, they heard, below, the swellen torrent brawl-in its bowlder ridden bed, while A raindrop struck the glass before her eyes, then another and another, and southward to a blood red horizon.

Ahead, the bleak mountains brooded over forbidding valleys; to the west a

ened to a hum by the sod walls till that of the stranger raised itself in

"Oh, I've got money to pay my way I'm no deadhead."
Shortz mumbled something back.

"I don't care if you are closed. I'm tired, and there's a storm coming." This time she heard the landlord's refusal and the miner's angry profaulty. A moment later she saw the traveler plodding up the trall toward town.

"What does that mean?" she inquired as the lawyer re-entered. "Oh, that fellow is a tough, and Shortz wouldn't let blin in. He's care ful whom he entertains, there are so many bad men roaming the bills,"

The German came in shortly to light the lamp, and, although she asked no further questions, Helen's unensiness-increased. She half listened to the sto ries with which Struve tried to enter tain her and ate little of the excellent meal that was shortly served to them. Struve meanwhile ate and drank al-most greedily, and the shadowy, sinis ter evening crept along. A strange cowardice had suddenly overtaken the girl, and if at this late hour she could have withdrawn she would have done so gladly and gene forth to meet the violence of the tempest. But she had gone too far for retreat, and, realizing that for the present apparent compil ance was her wisest resource, she sat quiet, answering the man with cool words while his eyes grew brighter. his skin more flushed, his speech more rapid. He talked incessantly and with feverish gayety, smoking numberless cigarettes and apparently unconscious of the flight of time. At last he broke off suddenly and consulted his watch. while Helen remembered that she had not heard Shortz in the kitchen for a long time. Suddenly Strave smiled on ber peculiarly, with confident cunning As he leered at her over the disorder between them he took from his pocket a flat bundle, which he tossed to her. "Now for the bargain, eh?"

"Ask the man to remove these dishes," she said as she undid the parcel with clumsy fingers.

said Strave, arising as if to come to her. She shrank back, but he only corners of the tablecloth and, twisting them together, carried the whole thing out the dishes crashing and jan gling as he threw his burden reckless walls and criting were sheeted with ty into the kitchen. Ther he returned and stood with his back to the stove more voluminous than she had sup-

> For a long time the girl pored over papers was only too obvious, and as she read the proof of her uncle's guilt stood out clear and damning. There was no possibility of mistake. The whole wretched plot stood out plain.

its darkest infamles revealed. In spite of the cruelty of her disillusionment Helen was nevertheless exalted with the fierce ecstasy of power with the knowledge that fustice would triumph and her explation that she, who had been the unwitting tool of this miserable clique, would be the one She arose with her eyes gleaming and

"Of course it is. Enough to convict us all. It means the penitentiary for your precious uncle and your lover."
He stretched his chin upward at the mention as though to free his throat from an invisible clutch. "Yes, your lover particularly, for he's the real one. That's why I brought you here. He'll marry you, but I'll be the best man." The timbre of his voice was

"Come, let us go," she said.
"Go," he chuckled mirthlessly.

"That's a fine example of unconscio

"What do you mean?" "Well, first, no human being could find his way down to the coast in this tempest; second-but, by the way, let me explain something in those paper, while I think of it." He spoke casual ly and stepped forward, reaching for the package, which she was about to give up, when something prompted her to snatch it behind her back, and it was well she did, for his hand was but a few inches away. He was no match for her quickness, however, and she glided around the table, thrusting the papers into the front of her dress. The sudden contact with Cherry's revolver gave her a certain comfort. She spoke

now with determination. "I intend to leave here at once, Will you bring my horse? Very well, 1

shall do it myself." She turned, but his indolence vanished like a flash, and, springing in front of the door, he barred her way,
"Hold on, lady. You ought to under-

stand without my saying any more.
Why did I bring you here? Why did I plan this little party? Why did I send that man away? Just to give you the proof of my complicity in a crime, I suppose. Well, hardly. You won't leave here tonight. And when you do you won't carry those papers. My own ish, so don't get me started. Listen!" They caught the wall of the night crying as though hungry for sacrifice. "No, you'll stay here and"—

He broke off abruptly, for Heles

where the landlord had begun spreading the table for two, and its warmth was grateful to the girt. Her companion, thoroughly at his case, stretched himself on a fur covered couch and smoked.

"Let me see the papers now, Mr. Struve," she began, but he put her off.
"No, not now. Business must wait and his neck and this teck and his neck and thou showed swoid answered in every fiber, so that she wrestled with almost a man's strength and babble in giaring with unquench like a gorilla till she grew faint and utter blackness. Struve holding her like a gorilla till she grew faint and her head began to whiri, while darting lights drove past her eyes, and there was the roar of a cataract in her ears. She was a strong girl, and ler ripe young body, untried until this mounent.

"No, not now. Business must wait len, throbbing veins. He stood still." He moaned till the Bronco Kid hobbled in, giaring with unquench let harked begran to whiri, while darting lights drove past her eyes, and there was the roar of a cataract in her ears. She was a strong girl, and ler ripe young body, untried until this mounent.

Helen forced her brother back to his couch, and returned to help the wound-and his neck and his neck and throat showed swoid answered in every fiber, so that she wrestled with almost a man's strength. there's time enough and to however, and his lips cracked into his ever present, cautious smile.

"Now, don't let's fight about this. It's no use, for I've played to win. You have your proof-now I'll have my price or else I'll take it. Think over which it will be while I lock up." Far down the mountain side a man

was urging a broken pony recklessly

along the trail. The beast was blown and spent, its knees weak and bending, yet the rider forced it as though behind him yelled a thousand devils, spurring headlong through gully and door. At his knock Struve, who had been watching Helen through half shut been watching Helen through half shut been watching Helen through half shut be ravines. Sometimes the animal stumbled and fell with its master, sometimes they arose together, but the man was heedless of all except his the man was heedless of all except his haste, insensible to the rain, which smote him blindingly, and to the wind, which selzed him savagely upon the ridges or gasped at him in the gullies with exhausted malice. At last he gained the plateau and saw the road house light beneath, so drove his heels into the finnks of the wind broken creature, which investigated. creature, which lunged forward game ly. He felt the pony rear and drop away beneath him, pawing and scrambling, and instinctively kicked his feet free from the stirrups, striving to throw himself out of the saddle and clear of the thrashing boofs. It seem ed that he turned over in the air be fore something smote him, and he lay still, his gaunt, dark face upturned to

> screamed exultantly. The moment Struve disappeared in the outer room Helen darted to the window. It was merely a single sash. natled fast and immovable, but seizing one of the little stools beside the store she thrust it through the glass, letting in a smother of wind and water. Be-fore she could escape Struve bounded ger, his voice hourse and furious.

the rain, while about him the storm

But as he began to denounce her be paused in amazement, for the girl had drawn Cherry's weapon and leveled it at him. She was very pale, and her breast heaved as from a swift run. while her wondrous gray eyes were lit with a light no man had ever seen there before, glowing like two jewels whose bearts contained the pent up passion of centuries. She had altered as though under the deft hand of a master sculptor, her nostrils growing thin and arched, her lips tight pressed and pitiless, her head poised proudly. The rain drove in through the shattered window, over and past her, while the cheap red curtain lashed and whipped her as though in gleeful applause. Her bitter abhorrence of the man made her voice sound strangely unnatural as she commanded:

"Don't dare to stop me!" She moved toward the door, motioning him to retreat before her, and he obeyed, recognizing the danger of her coolness. She did not note the calculating "I sent him away two hours ago." treachery of his glanca, however, nor fathom the purposes he had in mind.

Out on the rain swept mountain the fill now. No artifice nor faisity was afraid." prostrate rider had regained his senses there, nothing but the crudest, intendragged himself, reptile-like, close to the ground. But as he came closer the man heard a cry which the wind seem had been stripped to its purely savage staring at her while she perused the ed guarding from his ear, and, hearing contents of the papers, which were it he rose and rushed blindly forward, staggering like a wounded beast,

Helen watched her captive closely as he backed through the door before her, for she dared not lose sight of him until free. The middle room was lighted by a glass lamp on the bar, and its secured by a large iron bolt. She thanked heaven there was no lock and

Struve had retreated until his back was to the counter, offering no word. naking no move, but the darting brightness of his even showed that he was alert and planning. But when the door behind Helen, urged by the wind through the broken casement, banged sign. He dashed the lamp to the floor, where it burst like an eggshell, and darkness leaped into the room as an animal pounces. Had she been calmer or had time for an instant's thought the light, but she was midway to her feeling his own side. He was wenk liberty and actuated by the sole desire and pale, and the girl led him into the plunged forward. Without warning she was hurled from her feet by a sustained him thus far, and now the upon her. She fired the little gun, but to prevent Helen's collapse. Strave's arms closed about her, the weapon was wrenched from her hand, ing for help till the storm abated o and she found herself fighting against daylight came, insisting that the trails him, breast to breast, with the fury of were too trencherous and that no time desperation. His wine burdened breath | could be saved by doing so. Thus the beat into her face, and she felt herself | waited for the dawn. At last they bound to him as though by hoops, heard the wounded man faintly callwhile the touch of his cheek against ing. He spoke to Helen hoarsely bers turned her into a terrified, insen- There was no malice, only fear, in his ounce of its strength and every nerve "I said this was my madness—and I of its body. She screamed once, but it got what I deserved, but I'm going to

so violent an encounter could not last. Helen felt herself drifting free from the earth and losing grip of all things the earth and losing grip of all things tangible, when at last they tripped and fell against the luner door. This gave way, and at the same moment the man's strength departed as though it were a thing of darkness and dared not face the light that streamed over

firm. "I'll never leave you again, and, moreover. I know the lower trail "I'll show you who's master here!" Then he ceased abruptly, cringingly,

as if to ward off a blow. Framed in

ber again, gasping

fall, she did not realize the meaning of lay, breathing heavily, his lids half it till a drift of powder smoke assailed closed over his staring eyes. Roy the contrary, a savage joy at the spec-tacle seized her and she stood still, leaning slightly forward, staring at it almost gloatingly, stood so till she heard her name called, "Helen, little sister!" and turning, saw her brother

locked close with a hateful death and from whom all but the most elemental at feeling, which many people live ward the roadhouse. Seen through the and die without knowing. There are dark he would have resembled some few who come to know the great misshapen, creeping monster, for he primitive, passionate longings. But in this black night, fighting in defense of elements. As Glenister had predicted Helen at last had felt and yielded to irresistibly powerful impulse.

backward at the creature sprawled by the door, Helen went to her brother, put her arms about his neck, and kissed him "He's dead?" the Kid asked her.

began to shiver and sob instead. "Unlock the door," he begged her When the Kid had hobbled into the

room she pressed him to her and strok muddy, soaking garments. "I must look at him. He may not be badly hort." said the Kid. "Don't touch him!" She followed

nevertheless, and stood near by while

ber brother examined his Struve was breathing, and, discover ing this, the others lifted him with dif ficulty to the couch. "Something cracked in here-ribs. Helen would have hastened back to guess," the Kid remarked, gasping and

bunkroom where he could lie down

Only his wonderful determination had

knowledge of his belplessness serve The Kid would not hear of her go

was not like the cry of a woman. Then die, O God-I'm going to die, and I'm

Statistics show that in New York City

And most of these consumptives might

You know how quickly Scott's

Emulsion enables you to throw off a

be living now if they had not neglected the

alone over 200 people die every week from

Don't neglect your cough.

consumption.

warning cough.

villalay and of the proof she held, with

were a thing of darkness and dared not face the light that streamed over them. She tore berself from his clutch and staggered into the supper room, her loosened hair falling in a gleaming torrent about her shoulders, while he arose from his knees and came toward her small granting.

"We'll have to risk it," said he. "The wind is almost gone and it's not long till daylight."

She pleaded to go alone, but he was a man and a small granting and a stage of the door, casting the bearing or her story, crept to the door, casting the wind like a hound.

"We'll have to risk it," said he. "The wind is almost gone and it's not long till daylight."

quite well. We'll go down the guich and threw up an arm before his face to the valley and reach town that way. It's farther, but it's not so

> "You can't ride," she insisted "I can if you'll tie me into the sad

dle. Come, get the horses,"

It was still pitchy dark and the rain was pouring, but the wind only sighed weakly, as though tired by its vio-lence, when she helped the Bronco into his saddle. The effort wrenched a group from him, but he insisted upon her tying his feet beneath the borse's belly, saying that the trail was rough and he could take no chance of falling again; so, having performed the last services she might for Struve, she mounted her own animal and allowed It to pick its way down the steep descent behind her brother, who swayed and lurched drunkenly in his seat,

They had been gone perhaps a half hour when another horse plunged furiously out of the darkness and halted the window was the pallid visage of a before the roadhouse door. Its rider, man. The air rocked, the lamp flared, mud stained and disheveled, flung and Struve whiried completely around, falling back against the wall. His eyes filled with horror and shifted saw the signs of confusion in the outdown where his hand had clutched at his breast, plucking at one spot as it table wedged against the stove and be tearing a barb from his bosom. He jerked his head toward the door at his elbow in quest of a retreat, a shudder ran over him, his knees buckled and which he found burning and ran to the door at his left. Nothing greated the door at his left. Nothing greated the door at his left. he plunged forward upon his face, his arm still doubled under him. the door at his left. Nothing greeter him but the empty tiers of bunks It had happened like a flash of light, and although Helen felt, rather than heard, the ghot and saw her assailant lighted beside the couch where Struve It till a drift of powder smoke assalled ber nostrils. Even so, she experienced no shock or horror of the sight. On the broken window; then, setting down the contrary, a savage joy at the spechis lamp, he leaned over the man and spoke to him.

When he received no answer he spoke again loudly. Then, in a frenzy, Glenister shook the wounded man cruelly, so that he cried out in terror: That which he witnessed in her face he had seen before in the faces of men locked close with a hatfail and the sick man up and thrust his own face before his eyes.

own face before his eyes.
"This is Glenister. I've come for ffelen—where is she?" A spark of recognition flickered into the dull stare. "You're too late-I'm dying-and I'm

after time, till by very force of his own insistence he compelled realiza-"The Kid took her away. The Kid

shot me." and then his voice rose till it flooded the room with terror. "The Kid shot me, and I'm dying." He coughed blood to his lips, at which Roy laid him back and stood up. So there was no mistake, after all, and he had arrived too late. This was the Kid's revenge. This was how be struck. Lacking courage to face a man's level eyes, he possessed the foul-ness to prey upon a woman. Boy felt a weakening physical sickness sweep over him tili his eye fell upon a sodden garment which Helen had removed from her brother's shoulders and re-

placed with a dry one. He snatched it from the floor and in a sudden fury felt it come apart in his hands like wet tissue paper.
He found himself out in the rain.

scanning the trampled soil by light of his lamp, and discerned tracks which the drizzle had not yet erased. He reasoned mechanically that the two riders could have no great start of him. so strode out beyond the house to see There were no tracks here, therefore they must have doubled back toward they might have left the beaten path and followed down the little creek to where he had found it, he remounted and lashed his horse into a stiff canter up toward the divide that lay between him and the city. The story was growing plainer to him, though as yet he could not piece it all together. Its ssibilities stabbed him with such horror that he cried out aloud and beat hands and feet. To think of those two ruffians fighting over this girl as though she were the spoils of pillage! He must overtake the Kid-he would! The possibility that he might not threw chaos that he was forced to calm bim-Men went mad that way. He could not think of it. That gusping creature in the roadhouse spoke all too well of the Bronco's determination. And yet, who of those who had known the Kid in the past would dream that his vileness was so utter as this?

Away to the right, hidden among the

shadowed hills, his friends rested themselves for the coming battle, wait-ing impatiently his return and timing ley to his left were the two be followed, while he, obsessed and unreason now cursing like a madman, now grim and silent, spurred southward to-ward town and into the ranks of his

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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