

The Spoilers.

By REX E. DEACH.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOLDIERS seized the young man, who made no effort at resistance, and the room became a noisy riot. Crowds surged up from below, clamoring, questioning, till some one at the head of the stairs shouted down: "They've got Roy Gleister. He's killed McNamara, at which a murmur arose that threatened to become a cheer."

"Offer, hold these people back. I'll attend to this man. The law's in my hands and I'll make him answer." McNamara roared himself, growing from the floor, his right arm swinging from the shoulder strangely loose and distorted, with palm twisted outward, while his battered face was hideous with pain and defeat. He groined broken maledictions at his enemy.

"Ah, there you are!" he said thickly to the gambler and began to wrestle with his captor, having his teeth in a grimace of painful effort, but they held him as easily as though he were a child and drew him forward, his body sagging limply, his face turned back over his shoulder.

"Take him away, I tell you! Take him to jail!" But when he held his place, while the room centered its eyes upon him, securing some unexpected denouement. He saw it, and in concession to a natural vanity and dramatic instinct, he threw back his head and snuffed his hands into his coat pockets, while the crowd waited. He grinned innocently at the judge and the receiver.

"This will be a day of defeats and disappointments to you, my friends. That boy won't go to jail because he will wear the shackles himself. Oh, you played a shrewd game, you two with your senates, your politics and your pulls, but it's our turn now, and we'll make you dance for the miles you gutted and the robberies you've done and the men you've ruined. Thank heaven, there's one honest court."

"We'll make you dance for the miles you gutted." and I happened to find it. He turned to the strangers who had accompanied him from the ship, crying, "Send these warrants, and they stopped forward."

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine is offered you? ... The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

"You ask this for your uncle, but what of the other fellow? You must know that if one goes free so will they both. They can't be separated." "It's almost too much to ask," the kid took up, uncertainly. "But don't you think the work is done? I can't help but admire McNamara, and neither can you—he's been too good an enemy to you for that—and—be loves Helen."

"I know—I know," said Gleister hastily, at the same time stopping an unalloyable protest from the girl. "You've said enough." He straightened his slightly stooping shoulders and looked at the unopened package wearily, then slipped the rubber band from it and, separating the contents, tore them up—one by one—tore them into fine bits without hurry or ostentation and tossed the fragments away, while the woman began to sob softly, the sound of her relief alone disturbing the silence. And so he gave her his enemy, making his offer gamely, according to his code.

"You're right—the work is done. And now I'm very tired." They left him standing there, the glory of the dying day illumining his face, brown features, the vision of a great loneliness in his weary eyes. He did not rouse himself till the day before him was only a curtain of steel, penciled with streaks of soot that lay close down above the darker sea. Then he sighed and said aloud: "So this is the end, and I gave him to her with these hands." He held them out before him curiously, becoming conscious for the first time that the left one was swollen and discolored and fearfully painful. He noted it with impetuous interest, realizing its need of medical attention—so left the cabin and walked down into the city.

"I'm not a doctor, but what does that amount to? There never was a bolder crime consummated nor one more cruelly unjust. They robbed a man and pillaged his people, they defied a court and made justice a wanton, they jailed good men and sent others to ruin; and for this they are to suffer—no? By a pitiful fine or a short imprisonment, perhaps, by an ephemeral disgrace and the loss of their stolen goods. Contempt of court is the accusation, but you set at naught a well convicted murderer for breach of the peace. We've thrown them out, it's true, and they won't trouble us again, but they'll never have to answer for their real infamy. That will go unpunished while their lawyers quibble over technicalities and rules of court. I guess it's true that there isn't any law of God or man north of fifty-three."

"You make it hard for me to say what I want to. I am almost sorry we came, for I am not cunning with words, and I don't know that you'll understand," said the Bronco Kid gravely. "We looked at it and we had had your victory, you have beaten your enemies against odds, you have recovered your mine, and they are disgraced. To men like them that last will outlive and outweigh all the rest; but the judge is our uncle and our blood runs in his veins. He took Helen when she was a baby and raised her as his own child, loving her as best he knew how, and she loves him."

"I don't quite understand you," said Roy. "And then Helen spoke for the first time eagerly, taking a packet from her bosom as she began: "This will tell the whole wretched story. Mr. Gleister, and show the plot in all its viciousness. It's hard for me to betray my uncle, but this proof is yours by right to use as you see fit, and I can't keep it." "Do you mean that this evidence will show all that? And you're going to give it to me because you think it is your duty?" "It belongs to you. I have no choice. But what I came for was to plead and ask a little mercy for my uncle, who is an old, old man, and very weak. This will kill him."

"How did he come to be so weak?" he asked her eyes were swimming, while the little chin cut over ever so slightly and her pale cheeks were flushed. There rose in him the old wild desire to take her in his arms, a yearning to pillow her head on his shoulder and kiss away the tears, to smooth with tender caress the wavy hair and bury his face deep in it till he grew drunk with the madness of her. But he knew at last for whom she really pleaded.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly. His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body. The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion. NOW: To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

"It's part of the game," said he. "I don't know why it's so, but it is. I'll see you sometimes, won't I?" "No, boy; I think not." "I believe I understand," he murmured, "and perhaps it's better so." He took her two soft hands in his one good right and kissed them. "God bless you and keep you, dear, brave little Cherry."

"The sound, wet, packed and hard as a pavement, gave no sound to his careless steps, and thus it was that he came silently upon the one woman as she stood beside the silver safe. Had he seen her first he would have slunk just in the landward shadow, but recognizing his tall form, she called and he came, while it seemed that his lungs grew suddenly constricted, as though bound about with steel hoops. The very pleasure of her slight pained him. He advanced eagerly, and yet with hesitation, standing stiffly aloof while his heart fluttered and his tongue grew dumb. At last she saw his bandages and her manner changed abruptly. Coming closer she touched them with caressing fingers.

"It's nothing—nothing at all," he said while his voice jumped out of all control. "When are you going away?" "I do not know—not for some time." He had supposed she would go to Morrow with her uncle—and the other—to be with them through their travail. With warm impetuosity she began: "It was a noble thing you did to-day. I prefer you to think of me in that way, rather than as the wild beast you saw this morning, for I was mad, perfectly mad with hatred and revenge, and every wild impulse that comes to a defeated man. You see, I had played and lost, played and lost, again and again. All there was nothing left. What mischance brought you there? It was a terribly brutal thing, but you can't understand."

"But I can understand. I do. I know all about it now. I know the wild rage of desperation; I know the exultation of victory; I know what hate and fear are now. You told me once that the wilderness had made you a savage, and I laughed at it just as I did when you said that my contact with big things would teach me the truth, that we're all alike, and that those motives are in us all. I see now that you were right and I was very stupid. I learned a great deal last night."

"I have learned much also," said he. "I wish you might teach me more." "I—I don't think I could teach you any more," she hesitated. He moved as though to speak, but heid back and tore his eyes away from her. "Well? She inquired, gazing at him covertly."

"Once, a long time ago, I read a lover's petition, and ever since knowing you I have made the constant prayer that I might be given the purity to be worthy the good in you and that you might be granted the patience to reach the good in me, but it is no use. But at least I'm glad we have met on common ground, as it were, and that you understand, in a measure. The prayer could not be answered; but through it I have found myself and I have known you. That last is worth more than a king's ransom to me. It is a holy thing which I shall reverence always, and when you go you will leave me lonely except for its remembrance."

"But I am not going," she said. "That is—what?" "Something in her voice swept his gaze back from the shimmering caseway that rippled seaward to the rising moon. It brought the breath into his throat, and he shook as though seized by a great fear. "Unless—what?" "Unless you want to go."

"Don't you see? Won't you see, my papa?" the courage to go to you since you have made it so very hard for me, my papa." With which she came close to him, looking upward into his face, smiling a little, shrinking a little, yielding yet withholding, while the moonlight made of her eyes two bottomless, boundless pools, dark with love, and brimming with the promise of his dream. THE END. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by English Drug Company.

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