Wild dodged the blow aimed at his head with the tomahawk, and leaped upon the chief, and, as quick as a flash, flung him to the ground. At that moment Arietta and the cavalrymen rode up.
CHAPTER I.

YOUNG WILD WEST PROMISES TO CAPTURE A CHIEF.

A few years ago when Fort Defiance, situated in the north part of Arizona, close to the line of New Mexico, was a fort, in the true sense of the word, an Indian of the Apache tribe, named Dog Foot, created quite a stir and incidentally became a "thorn in the side" of Beardsley, who was then in command at the fort. He had never been credited as being a very bad redskin, though he had assisted Geronimo greatly in committing deprivations. It is Indian nature to be crafty, treacherous, and thorough, and Dog Foot surely possessed these.

He had learned much more through his dealings with the white man, and he had taken a notion to get rich. He was a mining man, and he had a mine. He was supplying mining camps with counterfeit money, and when several investi-
gators had been and gone and had been returned with but little or no information, he was no longer regarded as a chief.

The colonel asked the question: "Have you heard of a redskin being a counterfeiter?"

The colonel leaped to his feet so suddenly that the orderly started back in amazement.

"Has he told you what he said, colonel," he managed to retort.

"He told me that Dog Foot was the leader of a band of counterfeiters and that he was going to capture him.

Meanwhile, a party of riders had just ridden up and had dismounted near the south entrance to the stockade.

In their fancy hunting and riding costumes of buckskin and gay-colored silk and cloth, they certainly looked picturesque indeed.

But it is not necessary to give a full description of them, for these characters are so well known to the readers of fiction throughout the length and breadth of our great country that when we simply state that the party consisted of Young Wild West and the friends who traveled with him in search of excitement and adventure throughout the wildest parts of the region known as the Wild West, it will be sufficient.

Young Wild West, the boy who had made himself famous through his daring exploits and stout determination to do the right thing, no matter what the cost, and who held the title of Champion Deadshot of the West, stood near his sorrel stallion, Spirit, talking with Captain Jackson of the Thirteenth Cavalry, when the orderly came back.

"Captain," the latter said, "the colonel wishes to see Young Wild West immediately.

"I told you so, captain," the young deadshot said, laughingly, "I have never met Colonel Beardsley, but I know he has heard of me. The document I just showed should convince you that I am pretty well known among the army folks.

When I heard a little while ago that an Apache chief was wanted by the government for forging you all so much and that there was a reward of a thousand dollars offered for his capture, I made up my mind right away that we would find something to do here. The fact is, I am very glad we decided to ride up this way instead..."
of crossing on through New Mexico. I'll go and see the colonel and have a little talk with him.

"Please," answered the colonel, "I'll try and arrange suitable accommodations for your friends.

"Don't bother yourself about that. We are all in the habit of sleeping in the open. We always carry a pretty good outfit, and it is seldom, indeed, that we haven't a full supply of something to eat." Young Wild West was retained, and then he followed the orderly around the stockade, and with that air of importance before his residence, apparently much agitated.

Our hero had been a great deal among the troopers stationed in various parts of the Wild West, and he had many times acted as a scout, always being successful in anything he undertook.

While he had been at Fort Defiance several times before, it happened that Colonel Beardsley was a new commandant there, and he had never had the pleasure of meeting him.

"How are you, colonel?" he called out, in the cool and easy way that helped make him famous, at the same time giving the military salute. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You are Young Wild West, I believe?" came the reply, without an answer to the salute.

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"You have some sort of connection with the regular army, haven't you?"

"Nothing more than that I hold a paper which was given to me by the major-general two or three years ago. I suppose he took a fancy to me, since it gives me the privilege of passing through the lines anywhere, and also of offering advice to those in command."

"Yes, I know. I have heard something about that. You are just the one I want to see. But I am a little surprised to find that you are not a much older person. From the little I have heard of you it would seem that you should be older, for your accomplishments are nothing less than prodigious, and all to the good of the army and for your country."

"That is all right, colonel. I started when I was quite a little kid, you know. I'll admit that I am nothing but a boy yet, but I'll do you day, I'll be a man, and then perhaps it will be different."

"I rather think you're man enough now. But come into the house. I want to talk to you in private."

A wave of the hand dismissed the orderly, and Young Wild West, not the least bit timid about consulting with such a high officer as a colonel, walked coolly into the house and sat down without being invited to do so.

The colonel drew up a chair before him and, taking a seat, locked the boy squarely in the eyes.

"You have heard about the counterfeit money that's been floating about through these parts, I presume?" he began.

"Not until a few minutes ago."

"That's odd? You have not been long in this vicinity, then?"

"No, we came straight through from New Mexico, and we haven't stopped at a camp or town in three days.

"Good, then. You didn't come across any one who wanted to buy or steal anything?"

"Not a soul in that time."

"Who told you about the counterfeit money?"

"Well, we met a cavalryman just as we had reached about here. He happened to know us, and, of course he wanted to give us all the news he could, I suppose, so he told us about the counterfeiter. He said an Indian chief was supposed to be the fellow who was making the bad money. That sounds rather strange, colonel."

"Yes, it does sound strange. I'll admit. But I have reason to believe that such is the case. If it isn't the chief who is actually doing it he is the brains of the organization engaged in the work."

"And the chief is named Dog Foot?"

"Yes, that correct."

"Can't say I ever heard of him."

"No, he has never been much known, though he has taken part in some of the raids Genito spoke of. But he's a wily fellow, a veritable fox, you might say. He can wriggle out of any scrape he gets into. I am confident he has the man we should get in order to break up this counterfeiting business. Ways and means, if it is an end that we have such as thirty thousand dollars in spurious coin has been disposed of inside a period of less than six months."

"Quite a sum of money to be having around, colonel," and the young desperado shook his head.

"Yes, indeed. It is all made of lead, too, though there is some other metal, or perhaps melted glass, in it that can shine and give a ring."

"Only silver you are counterfeit, then, is that?"

"Yes, only silver dollars, halves and quarters."

"If the redskin is responsible for all this, then they will pretty shrewdly have him."

"He is responsible for it, I'm sure."

"Well, colonel, and the boy looked at him curiously. Suppose we want to try and catch Dog Foot."

"That is in my charge, and if I succeed in this, you will be transferred to some other post, or perhaps be relegated to a lower station."

"I shouldn't judge anything like that, I am sure."

"Colonel Beardsley, for I have sized you up pretty well as seemed to me that you are a bright man and are helpful to people and that you are fully capable of. Since you have been able to capture the head of the gang of counterfeits should not be the cause of your humiliation in any way."

"But those higher up won't look at it in that way, and the Wild West, and the colonel shook his head sadly."

"I suppose not. All right, colonel. I promise you that my level best to get the chief who you think is responsible for the counterfeit money. There is no need of anyone going for you any information, for if you knew anything important would be the means of finding where he was voting to be at large now."

"That sounds logical," and the colonel actually smiled.

"All right, then. I reckon I'll stay around the fort and to-morrow morning. In that time I may pick up some new leads by talking to the cavalrymen and some of the settlers."

"A good idea, I think. But do you believe that you will be able to catch Dog Foot?"

"I certainly do believe it, colonel. The fact is, the boy grew very earnest, "that I never undertook anything like this line that I didn't accomplish."

Just think I am going to make this talk to the colonel, but it is a plain, unvarnished plan of what I say it."

"I have heard enough of you to feel that you will be successful. However, there is a thousand dollars reward for you if you succeed."

"Colonel Beardsley, I don't care anything about the thousand dollars that is offered for a reward. Probably you might pay me the same that is offered for the same years of age, and that since that time money has been as in from different sources. That is why I enjoy us by taking the horseback rides all over the part or area that I can always find something in the way of evidence, and at the same time do a little good now and then."

My two partners, Cheyenne Charlie, who was a scout for a long time in the army of Jim Dart, a boy born and in Wyoming, who is now my own age, are like me in every respect. They are willing to go wherever I lead, and I never yet found them lacking when the greatest of us threatened me."

"Your partners are with you, I suppose? the colonel now looking at the boy with undisguised admiration."

"Yes, and so are the girls."

"Girls, eh? You don't mean to say you have any girls with you?"

"Oh, yes, Cheyenne Charlie got married two or three years ago, and his wife told him that if he insisted on going on the trips with me she would go along. She was prevailed upon to do this, and at the same time the two girls who are once companions also sort out with us. They are as Murdock and Eloise Gardner. Probably you may have known them all."

"Yes, I have heard of them. So it worked all right as they traveled with you, is that it?"

"Yes, it seems to me and I agree with the same thing, and even though they were in peril a big part of time, they were not dismayed, and they have kept it up since."

"I suppose I might find accommodation for the ladies in town, and the colonel looked around at the front of a rather small house, and Arletta is a girl not like the general run of them, as she is often she has proved to be of the greatest assistance us and they. They are a wonder women, and the colonel, and it seems to me that your companions just like you. But I wish you would report me a
CHAPTER II.

WILD GETS A LITTLE INFORMATION.

Here was a very large force of men stationed at the post, but those who had the chance to do so were using Young Wild West and his friends in a way that pleased great interest.

Jack Jackson walked over to the group and again inquired to take up their quarters in one of the buildings for their stay there.

He young deadshot shook his head and smiled.

"I pitch our camp over there by the brook," he said. "We'll be pretty close to a house, and I suppose we won't object to us being neighbors for we like. I can't say just how long we'll stay here. It all depends on the changes of the weather, or on the order of the superintendent."

"As you promise," Young Wild West, the captain answered, and politely. "So you have made up your mind to try to capture the chief, then?"

"Certainly have, captain. Good! If you can't do it no one else can. But it will be a task, for all that."

I'm think so, eh?"

"I do. While I honestly believe that the counterfeiters are hiding somewhere within a few miles of the post, I have no idea of just where it is. The surrounding country is full of places that could be used to hide in, you know."

"That's right, captain. But it seems to me that there should be a way to get on the trail of Dog Foot."

"True, it's the work of the watch, and if I work it over the same route that we have been using, I should have some bad money taken in at this time."

"I don't expect I'll go over there and have a talk with the chief. Probably he has some of the money."

"No, no, there's plenty of other men who have."

I always think of a way to get on the trail of Dog Foot."

"Yes, but the chief has his seat at the post, and he has been working on the same route that we have been using."

"I know, and I'm going to try to get on the trail of the counterfeiters."

"Young Wild West is my name."

"Then, you two beaters can fix up the camp. We'll right over there by the brook. Come on." "On the way to the post, Hop Wah and Wing Wah, the Chinamen, went right at work.

They cut the trees, hacked them down, and tied them in place where they could get the best of the water and drink from the brook when they were so disposed.

And they had done this they assisted Hop and Wing to the two tents close to a steep bank.

"I don't think it will take long to do this job, for the Chinamen had been here, and so many times they had put up and taken down the tents that it was easy for them.

"Come on, ET," our hero said, nodding to his sweetheart, "I reckon we'll take a walk around and talk to some of the men to find out more about this counterfeiting business. It's a very interesting subject to me just now." "I suppose it is, wild," Arietta answered, laughing. "Anyhow, that has a touch of mystery about it or shows a possible chance for you to get into danger always interests you."

"Never mind about that. If I was born that way I can't help it."

The girl joined him, and the two walked leisurely toward the small collection of log houses and shanties that made up the village at the fort.

The store was about the largest building there, and was just like those to be found anywhere in that section of the country, for about all that was needed by the settlers could be bought there.

Trading was done, too.

Hunters and trappers came there with their pelts and got goods in exchange, and sometimes money.

Wild and Arietta did not meet any one on the way, and they entered the store to find no one there but the man who was evidently the proprietor.

"Are you the boss?" Wild asked, in his cool and easy way, as the man stepped behind the counter, ready to wait on them.

"Yes, I'm Jed Thomas, and I own this store."

"Got any bad money on hand?"

"What do you want to know for?" and the storekeeper looked up the boy curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. I just had a talk with Colonel Beardsley about the bad money that's in circulation in these parts. I just wanted to ask you about it."

"Yes, I got fooled two or three times by it. So you had a talk with the colonel, eh?"

"Yes, and I mean to help him catch the counterfeiters."

"Who are you, young fellow?"

"Young Wild West is my name."

"Oh! Seems to me I've heard of you."

"Only, sir. You were not here the last time we were at the fort. There was another fellow keeping the store."

"Yes, I know that. I bought him out putty nigh a year ago. I've been here ever since then, too, an' I can't say that I'm gettin' rich very fast."

Then he turned to a drawer behind him and took from it about a dozen coins.

Most of them were quarters, and as he let one of the latter fall upon the counter it gave a ring that seemed to be nearly the real thing.

"Putty good counterfeit money," he declared.

"That's right." "Wild made a guess of about one of the quarters in his hand. "But pretty light, though. I should think if one of the one was given have he ought to tell the difference right away."

"I doubt if I can't say that, that I can't know, especially when some of your regular customers pass the money on you."

"Oh, some of this was passed by your regular customers, eh?"

"All of it. But they got hold of it 'cause it gits goin' round, I s'pose."

"Quite likely. Can you remember which of your customers has passed the most of this money to you?"

"Let me see," and the storekeeper thought for a moment.

"Catamount Dick, the hunter, give me the most of it. Last night he was here, an' the boy I've got workin' for me took three dollars an' a half along with about a dollar an' a half of good money. You see, Catamount Dick bought five dollars' worth of stuff here, an' he paid for it in silver. The boy didn't think, an' I don't know as I oughter blame him too much. Catamount Dick will make good when he comes around again, of course."

"He's an honest man, then?"

"I always found him to be."

"Where does Catamount Dick live?"

"He's got a log shanty out along the trail about three miles from here. It's right close to the pass that runs sometim'm like a half a mile between the cliffs. Maybe you come that way."

"No, we didn't come that way," and the boy shook his head. "Catamount Dick is a hunter, you say?"

"Yes, he's been livin' in those here parts for a number of years, so I've heard tell. He's always brought in more pelts than any other man in the business, until the past few months. He ain't been doin' much in that line in that time,
though now an' then he brings in half a dozen good skins, an' I either pay him cash for 'em or else let him have what he wants in goods. But that's another story.

"It's too bad you been fooled by this worthless coin- boss. If I were you I would keep my eyes open every time you attempt to pay you in silver. I'd never have my eyes open all the time, then. There ain't nothin' much but silver around here, but, of course, once in a while a gold-piece shows up. But outside of the odd squatter there ain't many as has any of it. A trainin' store don't take in a big pile of money, anyhow. I make most from shippin' the pelts I git from the hunters an' trappers.

Wild bought a couple of dollars' worth of coffee and sugar, for he knew the supply was getting somewhat low. He gave the storekeeper a five-dollar gold-piece to make change for him, and saw to it that what he get in the way of change was good money.

As he turned to go out with Arietta it struck him that he had better buy one of the spurious coins from the man, so he nodded to him and said:

"I suppose you would give me one of those half-dollars for a good one, wouldn't you?"

"I scarcely would. I'll give 'em all to you if you want 'em."

"No, one is enough."

"All right, then," and the exchange was soon made.

"Well, E," the young desperado said, as they were walking from the store, "it seems to me that it hadn't ought to be very hard to find out something about this gang of counterfeiter's. I'm all that the man said in the store.

"Yes, Wild, I took note of everything he said."

"Did you form any conclusion?"

"I sure did.

"Well, what is it?"

"I think the hunter who is called Catamount Dick should be looked after.

"Right you are, little girl. The storekeeper said Catamount Dick had not been doing much in the way of hunting for the past few months. Probably he has found an occupation that pays him a great deal better."

"That's just what I think, Wild."

"All right, then. I am going to find Catamount Dick this afternoon.

They went around through the little village, only meeting two or three men and not bothering to talk much with them, and finally went back to the camp.

Wing Wah, the cook, had already kindled a fire and was making preparations for the noonday meal. Hop Wah, his brother, was missing, and when Wild noticed this he looked at the abbot and said:

"Where's Hop, Charlie?"

"The bigfoot heathen sneaked away when nobody was lookin'," was the reply. "He went right after you did. Goin' to look for a place where the bigfoot could get us, I s'pose.

"Well, he's not apt to find any around here, that's certain. It's against the rules to have liquor for sale at the Government fort."

"It's agin' the rules, all right, Wild, but it kin generally be had if you know where to git it."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Hop will find it, too, if any one kin."

"Undoubtedly, Charlie, for Hop certainly is a clever Chinese."

When the boy said this he certainly spoke the truth, for Hop Wah was far above the average of his race in many ways. He was a slight-of-hand performer of no mean ability, and though he was steadfast and true in looking after the interests of his employers, he was bound to play a practical joke every time the chance presented.

He also had two failings.

One was that he was a little too fond of whisky, which he brought back from Canada, and the other that he had a mania for gambling and could cheat even an expert card sharp without his knowing it.

It was easy to guess that he had either gone to try and find whisky, or get into a game of draw poker.

But Hop was lucky, and if he happened to get into trouble while thus engaged he was pretty sure to get out of it all right.

This our friends know pretty well, so they did not worry about him in the least.

They did go and talked while the cook went ahead with the dinner, and presently a couple of cavalrmen came strolling along.

Wild invited them to come over and sit down, and had begun questioning them about the counterfeit money. But, as little as that could get from.

Between the colonel and the captain about all that known about the matter had been told to him.

However, he considered the information he had made at the store was worth far more than anything else he had heard so far.

"A rather lonesome place around here," he said to the man, as he shot a glance at the mean-looking fellow close to the stockade.

"Yes, it's mighty tiresome, that's a fact," the cavalrman answered, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"But what does your fellow do? We are in the service, and we've got to the lonesome part with the lively part of it. Sometimes, lively enough."

"Isn't much of a place for cowboys to ride in and big time, though. There are no places where liquor is.

"That's right. We don't see cowboys very often. But times there are as many as half a dozen hunters and traders around here. They come in with their pelts and get rid of 'em at the store, you know. They generally fetch along white men with them, and some of the boys pay a good price to get some of those things."

"Is that so? There's a hunter living somewhere about who is called Catamount Dick, I believe."

"Yes, I know him. He's a tall fellow with little black eyes. They say he's a deadshot, and that he always runs the game he shoots at."

"He lives by it, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he don't hunt up on the narrow path the trail goes through."

Wild looked in the direction the soldier pointed out, and could see the cliffs easily.

He kept on talking in an off-handed way, but had put out all he cared to.

Of course, he did not want to let the storekeeper know he was at all interested in Catamount Dick.

It was the same with the cavalrman, for if either of them was anxious to meet the man they might appear to know about the counterfeiter.

The fact was, our hero had made up his mind to catch the man without the assistance of any one but his companions. Whether he would be able to do this or not remained to be seen.

As noon approached the cavalrman went away, naturally when twelve o'clock came and dinner was ready, Wild again spoke of the missing Hop.

"We'll look him up after dinner, Charlie," Wild said in a cool and easy way.

"Come on, we may as well eat, for everything is ready for us.

They took their time about it, and when they had finished the very good meal the Chinese cook had provided for them, the young desperado noticed that Hop had been very quiet.

"Well, boys, we'll go and see if we can find Hop, and see if we do I am going to take a ride over that way and are around a little."

"I am going with you, Wild," Arietta spoke up.

"All right, little girl," was the reply. "You and I will ride out to the cliffs to have a look at the pass that runs through.""

"I can go right away, then, Wild," the girl said.

"That just as you say, Ed. I reckon that would be a good idea. But maybe we had better give our dinner a chance settle."

The girl laughed lightly at this, but went straight where her horse was tied and was quickly at work pushing the saddle and bridle with her own hands.

This meant that she was ready to go, so her dancing lover was not long in making his own horse ready.

Meanwhile, the scout and Jim Dart had gone on a search of the missing Chinaman.

A few minutes later Young Wild West and his瑞士 were riding briskly over the sandy trail in the direction the cliffs that loomed up a couple of miles away.

CHAPTER III.

HOP VISITS THE BARRACKS.

It will be in order to find out what became of Hop Wah, Young Wild West's clever Chinese, as he was very admired by those who knew him best.
He had watched his chance to slip away immediately after the bandits. Aristide started to take a walk through the little street.

He knew that the men in the employ of Uncle Sam as a great advantage for gambling, and that they liked to drink.

He happened to be out of his supply of liquor, and he bought some.

He felt that he needed a little practice at card-playing to keep him in condition.

He slipped away he kept along behind some rocks. He entered the narrow door of the stockade, for he did not want to make any noise, and the sound of his footsteps would have given him away. He was not too careful about his movements. He made no noise as the sentinel's back was turned.

He turned the long, low structure that quartered the cavalry of the post the clever Chinaman crept until he came to a spot where it was divided.

He stepped into the under the roof and listened.

He had been led there through a scent. He heard the cries of men and the clinking of glasses.

"Valley stange," the Chinaman mused, a grin showing on his yellow face. "Alas! I cannot get something to drink. Maybe um colonel no like his if he knows." He had no intention of telling the colonel about it, he thought, should discover that there was whisky in the barrel, he would not have any more trouble.

He looked around for a means of getting inside, and in every direction he found that he must go through the open doors and windows. But nothing daunted, he walked on around, and finding a hole in a few feet of him he stepped to it, tried it, and it was not fastened.

Reaching into the hole, he stepped inside. It was a small, square apartment he had entered, but there was no door leading from it to the right.

So placed his car to this and then he could hear the pictures.

He was inside, and he judged right away that there were having a good time.

He was not aware just enough for him to peer through the door, so he moved along to the partition adjoining it.

He found a small knot-hole, and applying his eye to it he took in the interior of the apartment.

A large room was a good-sized room, with a table in the center, and all the doors and windows were open on the front and rear which might have been called windows, though there was nothing in the door of glass to them.

He saw the table was three men in uniform, all of them wearing the stripes and other insignia of officers.

He recognized one of them as Captain Jackson, whom he had met a time or two of while he was talking to Young Wild West on their arrival at the fort.

He gave a smile flinty of the face of the clever Chinaman.

"No, no. That wouldn't do. Didn't you hear him say that he was a Young Wild West Chinaman?"

"Young Wild West's clever Chinaman," Hop corrected. "Me namee Hop Wah; come from China. Gotten velly smartee China, and me alone sakee likee my uncle. Me showee you ncee illee thikly pretty soonee."

The other two men quickly gave in and smiled in spite of themselves.

The captain reached for the bottle, and placing it upon the table before the Chinaman said:

"Help yourself, heathen. But I hope you won't say anything about this, not even to Young Wild West."

"Se no tell somebody," declared Hop.

"Very well. I hope you don't, for it would make it bad for us if you do. We are violating the rules, as you know. But what is a man going to do? Here we are stationed here in idleness, and we have to have a little amusement."

"Lat light," Hop admitted, and then he took one of the glasses and poured some liquor in it, which he held up before he drank it, and said:

"Velly goodee luckee."

The three nodded, and he drained the glass, whereupon the captain took the bottle and again hid it from view.

"It's time for you to go now," one of the others said, motioning to the door.

"Lat allée light," Hop answered, with a shake of the head.

"Me wantee showee you niece illee tleek, so be. You gottsee um packee cards?"

"Nott seen," declared the captain, quickly. "You had better go now."

"Lat allée light. Me gottsee cards, so be. Me velly smartee Chinaman."

Then he was not long in laying a brand-new poker deck on the table.

"Shuffle um cards," he said, nodding to the captain.

"Suppose we may as well humor him, boys," the captain said, as he picked up the cards and proceeded to do as directed. "He won't stay very long."

When he had shuffled the pack thoroughly he put it on the table and looked meaningly at the heathen.

"Now, len," said Hop, touching the top card with his forefinger, "you takee um card from um packe. Me tellee you wat um card is."

"That's an old trick, captain," one of the others spoke up, in disgust. "We don't want anything like that."

"We'll humor him," was the retort, so Captain Jackson drew a card from somewhere about the center of the pack and looked at it.

It was the nine of diamonds, and he showed it to his companions.

"Suppose you want me to put it back, don't you?" Jackson said, smiling at the Chinaman.

"No, you keepee," was the reply. "You wantee me tellye you, whatte um card is?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Me tellee you. You five dolee dolee me tellye you."

"You might, if you look over the pack and find which one is missing."

"Me nott seee um packee."

"And you'll bet me five dollars you can tell me what this card is, eh?" and the captain held it up, back to the Chinaman.

"Lat light. Me velly smartee Chinaman."

"Well, my heathen friend, I'll bet you five dollars that you can't. Put up your money, if you have it."

"Me gottee plenty money."

Hop soon showed them what he had.

He drew a big roll of money from one pocket and a well-filled buckskin bag from another.

The latter contained gold and silver coins to probably the amount of three or four hundred dollars, while the roll must have contained somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars.

The three officers opened wide their eyes, for they had not expected a common Chinaman, such as Hop appeared to be, would possess such a big sum of money.

The heathen selected a five-dollar gold-piece from the buckskin bag and placed it on the table.

"I have made the wager, boys," the captain said, "so I'll stick to my word."

Then he counted out five dollars and placed it beside the gold-piece, all the while keeping the card concealed in his hand.

"There you are," he said, looking sharply at Hop. "Now, then, tell me what the card is I am holding in my hand."
"Um nine of diamonds."

"The captain's face fell."
He shrugged his shoulders and looked at his two companions in mute surprise.
-- "He was the captain," one of them said, after a pause.

"Yes, he certainly does," and throwing the card upon the table in disgust, Jackson folded his arms and looked the Chinaman in the face head to foot.

"You said you were a clever Chinaman," he added. "Well, I am inclined to think that you told the truth. You also remarked that you were going to show us a nice little trick."

"Very clever!" exclaimed Captain Jackson, with a crack of the head.

"Me very smartie Chinaman," Hop declared, as he raised the money.

Then he picked up the card and placed it back in the pack.

There was nothing that was at all simple about the trick, the three men thought, though at first they had expected it was.

The cards had been shuffled by the captain himself, and then without even touching his fingers to them the Chinaman had told him to draw one of the cards.

He had done so and looked at it, and had been told that the card would not be repeated.

This, too, was done, and he had lost five dollars by it."

"Me likee have new one more little trick, so be," Hop said, and remarked it, as he settled back in his chair and held the pack of cards in his hands. "Me no tellie somebody. Me say first before, and me never tellie it."

"Me likee samee George Washington."

The three officers smiled at this.

It was quite evident that the cleverness and wit shown by the Chinaman was winning them over.

"Boy," the captain said, mooting to the others, "this fellow is no common heathen, that's sure. Why, he just did something that is so puzzling to me that I can't think of how he could possibly have done it. Think of it! I took the cards from the pack myself, and he never once had his hands upon it. He wagered that he could tell what the card was, and he won. Neither of you ever saw anything like that done before, am I sure?

"I never did," one of them answered, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Neither did I," the other declared. "But maybe it was only luck, captain."

"Perhaps so," and Jackson's face brightened up at once.

He went and got the bottle, however, and not only gave Hop another drink, but took one himself and permitted the others to do the same.

"Let me have the cards," he said, as he sat down opposite the Chinaman.

Instead of complying with the request, Hop began shuffling the pack.

Then he suddenly laid it upon the table and, looking at the captain, nodded his head and said:

"Me likee me thinkie me have very muchie luckie, so be, when me tellie you whatte um card was."

"It looks that way," was the retort.

"Allee right. You shuffle um cards and lem me bettee you free dollee me take um same card fom um pack."

"You will, eh? We'll see about that. Are you sure it is there?"

"Yes, me relly muchie sure. Me showee you."

Then Hop quickly drew a card from near the center of the pack and turned it over.

"Lat um card," he said, and, sure enough, it was.

"It's the nine of diamonds, all right, captain," one of the officers said. "I think he knows exactly where the card is. It must be a marked card.

"If it's marked it must be somewhere on the edge, then," the other observed.

That couldn't be. We'll see about it. I'll take the bet, anyhow.

Then the captain slipped the card back into the pack and gave it a good shuffle.

Having done this he laid the cards back upon the table, and asked the Chinaman to pick the cards.

"Understand," he said, "if you fail to pick out the nine of diamonds the first time you try you lose.

"Latight. We bettee puttee uppe um money."

"If you like, I suppose that will be the better way."

"Allee right," and Hop deposited five dollars upon the table.

When it had been covered by the captain he reached over and picked the top card.

Before turning it over he turned to the other two men and said:

"Now, len, whattte you bettee his card no nine of diamonds?"

"I won't bet," one of them said.

"I will," the other exclaimed. "I'll go five dollars or say anything of the sort."

When it had been matched by the officer he turned the card over and, without looking at it, pulled in the money and laid it upon the table.

"You done me the nine of diamonds, just the same, the Chinaman."

"Very clever!" exclaimed Captain Jackson, with a crack of the head.

"Me showee you some more little trick, so be," Hop said, blandly, and picking up the cards he quietly slid them under his blouse.

But, as if he had just thought of it, he reached back with his hand and brought out what seemed to be a sack of cards.

But it was not.

What he had was in his hand was a regular pack of cards.

The other was not.

It was a pack that Hop had made up himself, and a card in it was a nine of diamonds.

This was an old trick of his, however, so any further explanation would be unnecessary to the reader.

"Maybe you wantee play draw poker," the clever Chinaman suggested, as he smiled at the three men.

"Not with you," Captain Jackson exclaimed, quickly.

"Whatter matter? Hop look at him bin his sop's way.

"Why, any one who can pick out or cause to be picked out any card he wants to would be a dangerous man to play with."

"Lat alleight. Me no chenteer."

"I wouldn't trust you, heathen. I admire Young Wild West and me have the greatest respect for any one belonging to his set. You say you are his clever Chinaman. But that doesn't say that I am going to play draw poker with you. You're taking ten dollars from me, and you are perfectly free to lose any part of that sum.

But you won't get another cent. I'll tell you why. I am going to do, heathen. I'll let you have one more card from this bottle and then I want you to get out of here."

"Allee right," Hop said, as though he was perfectly safe.

He was sure he was. He was safe in the arrangement, and the pack of cards in his pocket he knew was there when he had taken them from the table and waited.

"I'll bet you have them all," the captain said, rising from his chair and walking over to the three men good morning and went out of the barracks.

No doubt he left them in a somewhat uneasy state, but certainly Hop had no intention of letting any one know he had been beaten.

He was not done with the barracks yet, however, for he knew quite well that there were quite a few cowboys around somewhere who had nothing to do but to be seen and take things easy.

He moved along a few feet and then, hearing voices, made a stop and listened.

He knew right away that something was going on here, though the voices were somewhat subdued and appeared to be excited somewhat.

Looking sharply along the boards, he found a crack large enough for him to peer through, and his eyes promptly glued to it.

What he saw was very pleasing to him.

Four privates were sitting on the ground inside the rec room playing cards upon a blanket which lay between them.

Hop looked around for a way to get to them.

He soon found it, and pulling a barrel aside, he slipped through and gave the gamblers a surprise.

They all leaped to their feet and one of them threw a card over the cards to hide the money that was lying there.

"No be afraid, gentlemen," the Chinaman said, calmly.


He showed a handful of coins and a few bills and insured the four cavaliersmen became a little more at ease.

It happened that one of them had seen our friends before and he had heard quite a little of them, including a clever Chinaman.

"Say, Hop," he said, for he knew the Chinaman's name, "you don't want to say anything about me having got a right to gamble if we want to, it wouldn't be.
CHAPTER IV.

WILD AND ARRIETA ARE IN GREAT LUCK.

Young Wild West and Arrieta rode along at a smart clip, only covering the distance between the fort and the cliffs by going directly.

They reached the pass that was so close to the fort in a short time, and then bringing their horses to a slower pace they kept on, all the while looking for the log shanty that was known as "Catamount Dick," the hunter. But about three miles from their starting point they came in sight of it.

It was built on the side of a steep slope, and was sur- rounded by rocks, while a couple of trees that looked as though they had a hard time to draw sufficient nourishment as the root to keep them alive stood at one side.

Just as they came in sight of it Wild brought his horse to a halt.

"Arrieta followed his example quickly and then both dis- mounted.

Now then, little girl," the young deadshot said, "I reckon we'll be just as well if we go ahead on foot and not make a noise. By the looks of things no one is in the shanty, or you can never tell by appearances. One thing about it we didn't come close enough to be heard if there is any one there. That means that we ought to be able to get up here without it being known. We'll leave the horses here and go around a little to the left on a tour of inspection."

"All right, Wild," the girl answered. "You know what you're better than I am."

"That's right, Es. But probably you would do the same if you were alone and wanted to find out if there was any use in that shanty or not."

"All right, Wild."

"Well, then, I am not the only one who knows what to do."

Then the two started around, keeping the rocks between them and the shanty, and in this way they finally got to the back of it.

Arrieta did not need to be told to step softly.

She had been too long with Young Wild West and his horses for that.

This was fifty feet of the shanty, the top of which was covered by the rocks. An old man had come to see if he could hire a horse, and after looking at it, he decided that the rocks would make a better place for a horse and the old man took his horse and left.

There were so many other things that they had a choice in the matter.

But, after all, it was not more than a few seconds before they were looking down into the shanty. The old man had left his horse when he decided to be a hunter. He was to be found working at the mining camps and settlements at the time of which we write.

"You've afraid to move, eh?" the white man was saying.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, and, after a pause, repeated:

"Pale-faced at the fort I'm afraid. Me tell, heap much he and they let me go. If they catch me again maybe they let me go."

"Can't you tell us? Why you know you've got pines of the stuff on hand, an' we've got to get rid of it."

"Dog Foot say to go some other place. Dog Foot heap much wise."

"Never mind about Dog Foot. He thinks it's wise, that's all. I've helped him out in this thing, an' I reckon I've got something to say about it."

It is needless to say that Young Wild West and his sweetheart were not only surprised but much pleased at what they heard.

They had caught at least two of the gang belonging to the counterfeiters, and had them tied to rights.

But it was not our hero's intention to make a capture just then.

The Indian chief was the man wanted the most, and in order to find him the two rascals in the shanty must be permitted to remain free.

"You see, redskin," said the hunter, for it was no doubt Catamount Dick who was speaking, "you take fifty dollars worth of this stuff an' go down to the settlement. You don't want to spend your money at the store. It was pay-day yester- day at the fort, an' the soldiers will be wanting fire-water. You kin git five dollars a pint for it. Just you go an' git your rag an' talk down about fifty pints. Some of 'em will have big money, an' you kin use this stuff to make change. They won't think of it bein' counterfeit, especially when they're buyin' whisky. If they do find out it is after you have gone you won't dare to say anything about it. Now, do as I say."

"All right, Dick," the Indian answered, slowly. "Maybe you'll tell me it is all right."

"He didn't tell me what to do, but he would say it was all right. You go ahead an' fix it so you git there about dark to-night. That's a good time. They'll be lookin' for some one to come around with whisky, anyhow. I suppose they was on the watch last night."

The Indian seemed to be satisfied that it was all right, so he went on out of the shanty.

When he had gone Wild went to his feet and, nodding to his sweetheart, said in a low tone of voice:

"Well, Et, I reckon we may as well go back to our horses. We'll get them and then ride on up and make out we have struck the shanty accidentally. I'd like to have a talk with Catamount Dick. I'm sure he is the fellow inside."

"He certainly must be, Wild. The redskin called him Dick, you see."

"Yes, but I would be satisfied of it if I had not heard him called Dick."

"So would I."

They went on carefully in the direction they had taken, and when they were about half-way to the spot where they had left the horses they came very near coming in contact with the Indian, who was ascending a path on foot. But luckily for them they managed to keep out of his sight, and after waiting a reasonable length of time they proceeded on down to the mouth of the narrow pass.

Finding their horses, they mounted and then rode leisurely to the rocky ascent, passing within a few yards of the front of the shanty.

The hunter came out almost immediately, and after look- ing at them in a curious sort of way, called out:

"Hello, strangers! Which way are you heading?"

"How far is the fort from here?" Wild asked, as he rode up a little closer, followed by his sweetheart.

"Jest about three miles, I reckon. All you have got to do is keep right on the trail that way, and he pointed out the right direction.

"Oh, thank you! Do you live here?"

"Yes, here is my home. I've been livin' here for a mighty long time now."

"A rather out-of-the-way place, I should think," spoke up Arrieta, as she viewed the lonesome surroundings.

"Oh, it's good enough for me, miss. I'm a hunter, you know. I make my livin' by shootin' an' trappin', I man-
aged to git quite a few skins in a year's time, an' that's about the only way I've got of mak'in a livin'.

"Where do you take the skins to sell them, sir?" our hero asked.

"Over to the fort an' sometimes to a place about fifty miles below here. Ain't been doin' much business at the fort lately, 'cause the stockkeeper over there don't pay the price. An' it ain't a lot to trade out too much of it. I don't want any more grub than I kin eat. It's cash money I want, 'cause I'm gittin' a little old now, an' the time will come when I won't be able to hunt an' trap any more. Then I want to be havin' a little to help me out in my old age."

Beyond the fact that the man had a very shifty pair of eyes, and that they were small and deep-set, there was nothing about him which indicated that he was anything more than crafty and grasping.

However, the keen perception of Young Wild West satisfied the boy that he was talking to a very clever fellow, and that he would surely be a dangerous customer if put to the test.

However, he was not inclined to put him to the test just then.

He had simply wanted to talk with him and have a close look at him. That had been accomplished, so he was ready to go.

"Well," he said, turning to his sweetheart, "suppose we go on. Quite likely the rest have got there before this. We tuckered a little too long, I think, and that is why they went on and left us. Probably they thought we went on ahead, though."

"I'm sure they did," Arietta answered.

"There was others with yer, eh?" the hunter asked, looking at the two sharply.

"Yes, a couple of fellows and two ladies."

"You ain't goin' to stop around the fort, are you?"

"Not very long, I hope. It isn't much of a place, is it?"

"Nothin' much, I should say," and the hunter shrugged his shoulders. "But what are you doin' around here, anyhow? And he suddenly became very curiously by his manner.

"Nothing in particular. Just riding around looking up excitement and adventure, that's all."

"Excitement and adventure, eh? What did you expect to find in that way around the fort?"

"Oh, we don't know. We simply found that we were pretty close to it and we decided to stop there until to-morrow."

"Well, you won't find much excitement around there."

"They won't stay there very long."

"That's a fine horse you have got, young feller," and the man looked at the sorrel stallion admiringly.

"Yes, he certainly is."

"An' it's a pitty fine one the gal's got, too. Don't spose you would like to sell either one of 'em, would ye?"

"Not for sale."

"Seems to me I've heard somethin' about a young feller who rides a sorrel like that one."

"The hunter said, sudden-like, and then he cast a searchin' look at the boy.

"Have you heard of a girl who rides a horse like this one?"

"Wild answered, as he reached over and touched Arietta's horse on the mane.

"Maybe I have. I'll bet you who you are. Thunder! It's a wonder I didn't think of it afore."

"Well, who am I?"

"And the young deadshot looked at him звяча звяча.

"Ain't you Young Wild West?"

"You have guessed it right, stranger. Who are you?"

"My name is Catamount Dick; lastways, that's the name I go by. So you have just come here lookin' up excitement at the fort, Young Wild West?"

"You have got that exactly right, Catamount Dick."

"Well, I don't think you'll find it, so you may as well go right on to some other parts."

"I certainly will if something doesn't turn up between now and to-morrow morning. We can't afford to remain idle, you know. It's altogether too tiresome."

"I don't know what could possibly turn up between now an' to-morrow mornin'," and Catamount Dick shook his head as though he was trying to think of something that might.

"You can't never tell," Wild declared, as he turned his horse to ride down the hill. "There may be a very lively time between now and to-morrow morning. There must certainly be having a hunt around here, and they very often make trouble, so the soldiers at the fort are kept busy for a while."

"There ain't nothin' like that around here. Young Wild West."

CHAPTER V.

THE DEN OF COUNTERFEITERS.

Catamount Dick watched Young Wild West and Arietta until they had disappeared from his view behind some rocks. Then his eyes flashed and he gave a nod, muttered "Well."

"Well, I reckon somethin' has got to be done. You can fool me, Young Wild West. I've heard enough about ye to know that you're here for no good to me an' some other. The best thing to do is to git after you afore you git me."

"I reckon that by to-morrow this time I'll have that chief the reward is offered for. I am pretty cool from the conversation we heard in the shanty that he can't be very far away."

"I feel sure that he isn't, Wild. Oh, yes, you'll catch him all right. But it seems impossible almost that there can be much of a crowd of counterfeiters located in this wild part of the country."

"We know that such is the case, however."

"Yes, we know it all right. Still it don't seem reasonable."

"But it is, little girl, so there's no use in talking that way. I have a counterfeit half-dollar in my pocket now, and a lot more if while looking through the cracks in the rest of that shanty. The rodekine has a quantificity of it, and when you come around to-night I mean to get hold of a few of the coins."

"Do you mean to catch him and hold him a present of Wild?"

"Certainly not. That would be spoiling it. We want to find out where Dog Foot and his gang are located. We'll get the whole bunch of them."

As they rode back to the camp, Captain Jackson stood waitin' to greet them.

"Took a ride, eh?" he said, after he had saluted in military fashion.

"Yes, we thought we would take a ride around and see how the country looked.

"You didn't like it very much, I suppose?"

"No, not a great deal. But you can't expect much in the section of the country."

"When are you going to look for Dog Foot?"

"I think we'll get him about to-morrow some time."

"Is that so?" and the captain looked at him in surprise."

"I am confident of it," Wild declared. "Can't understand why you people have been unable to locate the gang of counterfeiters. Why, it seems to me that they ought to be cut out in a hurry."

"But you talk as though you have discovered something."

"Do I? Well, I don't know. How could I discover anything in the short time that we have been here?"

"That's so. But why don't you seem so confident?"

"Because it looks easy to me."

"Maybe certain things are easier to you than any one else, Young Wild West."

"If they are they shouldn't be. I understand that no both white and red have been arrested for passing spurious money. It would seem to me that something in the way of information could be gained by such a proceeding."

"But there hasn't been, though. The colonel has sworn to run things, and I think if there is anything to be heard he would be the one to find it out. He's a pretty sharp man, you know."

"I know he is. At least I think he is. But never mind, captain. I hope to capture Dog Foot before sunset to-morrow night. We'll see how near I come to doing it."
as I'm mighty sorry I sent that injun away now. He'll git just as sure as anything. It's too bad, but I reckon we can't stop for things.

This is the log shanty he went, and after filling a whiskey jug from a demijohn he had standing in a corner, he picked up his pipe and smoked awhile.

He closed the door, but made no attempt to fasten it. He thought he was safe, but his head was just around the corner of the shanty, and he could see the boy and girl who had been talking to him a short time before riding on, and again the ugly gleam shone in his eyes.

"Sayin', that's what you're doin', Young Wild West. I saw it jest as much as if I had been told all about it. All right. Wait till I see Dog Foot. I reckon he kin git enough arms to fix you up all right. We'll wait an' see."

Then he went out and soon struck a path which wound its way in zigzag fashion along the side of the mountain.
The old hunter walked rapidly, and it did not take him long over the distance of a mile.

When that was done he found himself going down hill again, and he reached a deep ravine, which through a stream of water was shaded. Shading that he know the way very well, he hardly stopped a moment, but kept on down the rocky path until he reached the descent. There was not much in the way of vegetation growing at the sides of the ravine, but at the bottom where the ground was more level and there was plenty of it.

Catamount Dick avoided this as much as possible, and when once he was no other way of passing without disturbing the trees and grass he stepped into the brook and went along until he found a good opening. He must have proceeded in this way for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile.

He went across the brook, and was soon standing upon a large slab of rock that extended straight to the face of the rocky cliff.

He passed long enough to look up and down the ravine, and then after glancing upward, he gave a satisfied shake of his head and stepped into the niche.

It appeared to be a niche, we might say, but was really the entrance to a passage that ran underground.
The hunter turned sharply to the left, and then quickly and himself in darkness.

But he knew just what to do, and feeling along upon a rocky shelf that was at his left, he found a lantern, which was not long in lighting.

Then, as coolly as if he was simply going on a common trail, he went on through the passage and soon came to a place that seemed to fill the space under the rocky cliffs for a great distance.

But it was not far the man proceeded now before he came to a place well lighted by a wide opening high in the natural roof of rock.

There was no one there, but this did not seem to bother him in the least.

He extinguished the lantern, and placing it on the ground went on through an opening and then sounded to his ears that were evidently familiar.

Packing was going on, and occasionally a voice could be heard.

Catamount Dick gave a nod of approval, and passed on towards the second chamber, only to enter one that was used up as a sort of workshop.

There was a long wooden bench running across one end of the chamber, which was nearly square, and upon this several pieces of machinery made of iron and steel could be seen.

Two men, their sleeves rolled above the elbows, were working at the bench, while sitting lastly upon a chair watching them was a full-blooded Indian, a long-stemmed pipe in his hand.

Catamount Dick walked so softly that none of them saw him until he attempted to cross the level floor of rock.

The Indian was the first to hear him, and he turned with surprise.

"What's the matter, Dog?" he exclaimed.

"Catamount Dick walks very easy, what the matter, Dog?" was the question.

"What's the matter, the man's face showed the redskin was well he meant it.

The men on the bench ceased their work, and after adding to the newcomer, waited to hear what he might say. "Dog Foot," called Catamount Dick, as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "you have heard tell of Young Wild West, haven't you?"

"Yes, Young Wild West paleface boy who shoots heap much straight.""Yeah, that's the one I mean. He's after us, Dog Foot. I reckon those Government men has got him to come here to run us down."

"The paleface boy want the thousand dollars. He try to find Dog Foot."

"You kin bet your life that you're right in sayin' that, chief. I jest seen Young Wild West a little while ago. He come along by my shanty, an' he had a gal with him. A mighty good-lookin' gal, too."

"The paleface squaw who can shoot very straight, too, noosed Dog Foot. "She make fine squaw for me."

"She would make a fine squaw for any one, as far as that goes," declared the hunter. "But I don't know as any of us is lookin' for squaw just now. We're hurryin' up to git all the stuff worked up we've got here so we kin git it away to some place where we kin git rid of it. If it wasn't that you're so confounded savin', I wouldn't have sent that redskin you call Slow Heel over to the fort to git rid of some of it."

"You send Slow Heel to the fort?" asked the chief, lookin' keenly at the white man.

"Yes. You have been so mean in dividin' up the good stuff, we've been talkin' what reckoned I needed a little cash, so I sent him out to git some."

"You send Slow Heel to the fort. Then Young Wild West come."

"That's it, chief."

"If Young Wild West come to look for the bad money-makers he will ketch Slow Heel."

"That's jest as sure as anything."

"But Slow Heel no tell where he get the money," declared the chief, as though he was positive of it.

"You can't tell nothing about that. He's been caught once afore, an' he managed to lie out of it. But this time he's got different ones to deal with. Young Wild West is here with his partners an' that gal what I seen with him. I've heard so much about 'em all that I'm inclined to think that we're goin' to have a lively time of it for a while. If we don't git Young Wild West he'll mighty sure git us. What you have got to do, Dog Foot, is to git a gang of redskins together an' wait for him when he comes sneakin' around this way. He's got to be put out of the way, an' that's all there is to it. He'll have a lot of Indian braves over his side of the fort, from the coloration, an' we kin stay here till we git all our stuff worked up, an' maybe git rid of a lot more afore we strike out for some other place. But jest let Young Wild West have a chance to git his shot. About it an' you an' me know how soon we're all whacked."

I did think that runnin' a counterfeiter's game in this wild an' lonesome spot was all right, an' that nobody would ever know. But all things come to an end, an' I've heard say, an' I spose this ain't goin' to be nothin' different from other things."

"Me fix Young Wild West," declared the old chief, his dark eyes flashing murderously.

"Well, you want to git right at it, then. You know where you kin find as many as twenty Apaches who will stick to you an' do jest as you say."

"You think Young Wild West will come to-day?"

"I don't know. He may come to-day, or he may wait til to-morrow. Then, agin, he may wait till to-morrow. But he'll come, an' that's sairin'."

"But he no find."

"Don't you believe anything like that. He's only a kid, but he's been followin' trails ever since he's been big enough to know the difference between the print of a crocassin' an' a miner's boot. Young Wild West can't be fooled, chief."

"Ugh! If the palefaces ketch Dog Foot they will hang him. Dog Foot an' his braves must kill the palefaces when they try to ketch him."

That was about all Catamount Dick wanted to hear, so he turned his attention to the two men on the bench and began talking to them as to the length of time it would require to finish up melting the stock of metal they had on hand.

One of them was not long in estimating that it would require at least thirty days and that at the same time they would have something like a hundred thousand dollars worth of spurious coins to be disposed of.
"That will be a lot of stuff to git away," Dick said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But we kin git plenty of horses, so when we make up our minds to move on down to the south we'll go all right. My idea is to go right over into Montana and git the squaws with the money a whole lot easier than we kin the whites.

"Foot plenty of palefaces," spoke up the chief, a grin showing between his yellow-rusted teeth. "Jed Thomas, the storekeeper, is easy to fool, for one.

"The two returned to their work at the beach, and Catamount Dick sat down and puffed at his pipe placidly. He looked about the rocky apartment, and after a rather lengthy silence, nodded to the chief and said:

"When you come to think of it, it's a great thing that we've done."

"Me do it all," declared the chief, proudly. "He's pointing to one of the men at work, "tell me how he made bad money."

"Sure, chief, and Joe Driver thank him heap much. Then he tell how he made bad money and have to come many miles so he can't go to prison."

"Yes, I know that part of it. You was shrewd enough to figure out how you could start a counterfeiting place here an make heaps of money. You done well, too, chief, an' there ain't no place in the world where this idea would work an' it was you what caused it to be fitted up in proper shape. It's a mighty good holdin-place, an' since we've been in this business hearse of dollars, half-dollars an' quarters turned out. We found the whole brickhouse, an' at that, of course, but Joe Driver is responsible for the work."

"I was responsible for havin' the dies to make the coins with," the man spoken of retorted, as he grinned at the hunter. "With them almost anybody could turn out money that looked like the real thing. All they have to do is to find some kind of metal that could be melted easy an' harden up half decent. The chief figured that part of it out. Lead an' zinc an' a little ground glass all melted together an' strained, an' then run into the moulds, doez the trick."

"Yes, I know, Joe. We ain't had much trouble in gittin' the metals we wanted, an' up till about a month ago we didn't have trouble in gittin' rid of about all the money we could turn out. But it's different now. They're on the watch all over this part of the country, an' a reward has been offered for the chief."

"A thousand dollars," Dog Foot observed, with a chuckle.

"They no bet me. When me go to the south me have my hair cut and wear clothes like the palefaces."

"Yes, that will be all right. But it will sort your loco-lookin' look a little, the way they feather your hair so good on you seriously are about the best-lookin' Injun I've ever seen. You kin knock spots out of Geronimo, or any of the rest of 'em, when it come to lookin' well pleased to the redskin, for he aroses from his chair and, drawing himself up to his full height, threw out his chest and pounded it with his fist.

"This was his way of boasting about his physique, and looks, too, probably.

"Most likely you'll feel like puttin' on some of your war-paint, chief," went on Catamount Dick, looking rather sour.

"Everything is quiet among the redskins in these here parts jest now, ans' if you should happen to git about twenty but ones together an' clean out Young Wild West an' his parde, things would be wanted up in a hurry. Cavalrymen would be swearin' as thick as bees, an' there wouldn't be a day pass when there wouldn't be bullets hummin' through the air an' flattenin' against the wall."

"Dog Foot no want to make war on the palefaces. He want to make money and get rich. But if the palefaces come to ketch Dog Foot he will fight."

"But as I said a little while ago, you had better git ready for business right away. There ain't no tellin' how soon Young Wild West will be sneakin' around here. He is able to find the hide place hole he kin do it. Mind you now, he didn't say that he had come here to hunt down the counterfeiters, but I know that's what he's here for. I ain't no fool, either, an' I smelt a man pretty well when I was a kid. I kin read a boy, too, an' that's what I done to-day when Young Wild West stopped in front of my shanty with the vallet-hairin' gal.

"The yellow-haired maiden may be Dog Foot's squaw."

"There you go ag'in. Thinkin' about gittin' married when you must have as many as half a dozen squaws livin' now."
I understand, Mister Wild. But me Hike go and steal.

I knew very well that Hop was capable of proceeding in the utmost caution, for he had been with the party long enough to learn much in the way of woodcraft and was about as much with the woods as an old-timer.

"If I make up my mind to let you go, Hop," the young scout said, after a pause, "you must understand perfectly there is going to be no chance for you to have any fun.

I always look for an opportunity to surprise a lot of rascals whether they are whites or reds, by setting off big crackers and other fireworks. But no such thing today, Hop. We are simply going on a scouting expedition, as you might call it."

"Maybe me helpes you, Mister Wild."

"Perhaps, if we get into a bad fix. But we don't intend to get into a bad fix.

"No ne knowes, Mister Wild. Maybe um counterfeeters or maybe smartalecs.

I haven't the least doubt but that there are one or two smart ones among them. A redskin chief is at the head of the gang, so it is said, and I heard enough this afternoon to satisfy myself that this is the case.

But there are reds who are quite as clever as any one else, so there really isn't anything so strange about it, after all. I'll think it over, and when we get ready to start I'll let you know whether or not we will take you.


"The Chinese are like that, as if he was well satisfied that he was one of the party.

We proceeded to roaffe some of more of his lingo, but Wild didn't understand any, and then, with a bland smile, the Chinaman set back to the camp.

"Have you been talkin' to Wild about it?" the scout asked, looking at him sharply.

"Want to go with us to get some fun."

"Light, Mister Charlie. Me go, too, so be. Me helpes some um counterfeeters."

"Yes, me too. I got nothing to say about it."

"Light alle light, you got nootte sometin' to say boute me."

"He scout knew this was the truth, so he changed the subject.

"There was you at dinner-time?" he asked.

"Me velly good time. Play draw pokus; win my money, so be."

"I thought so. Who was you playin' with?"

"Me no tell, Mister Wild. Me promissed them. Me have um talk."

"Where did you get the tanglefoot?"

"The Chinaman shook his head and grinned.

"I'm going to tell you lat maybe you tell um colonel or Capt. Jackson. Len somebody glette in trouble."

"What was he telling you, Charlie?" Jim observed, a trifle.

"If he has been gambling and has obtained some of some of the cavalrymen, no doubt he has promised them money away. You can't blame him for it."

"No, I kin blame him too. He ain't got no right to go around gittin' whisky when there ain't sposed to be none of it."

"You talk as though you would like to have a little yours, Charlie."

"I ain't in the habit of drinkin' much, am I?"

"Yes, and it's a very good thing that you are not."

"I used to drink enough, though, afore we got married, Charlie."

"I've heard. But I am happy to say that you didn't lay it up."

"Well, gal, and the scout's face softened. "I told yer the we've got hitched up that I wasn't never goin' to git drunk again, and I'm glad I'm able to say it."

"This was when I didn't think no more of gittin' full of tanglefoot in shootin' up a camp than I did of takin' my break fast the next day. You can't blame him for it."

"I was weight up that way. I was born in old Cheyenne in the mes when there was more tents than there was shanties.

"It was a case of every one for himself, an' whisky a gentleman's only things to be found in the way of amusement. But I've learned a whole lot since that, gal, an' you may say that I give up gittin' on space an' raisin' eyes tells you the truth. But you know, too, that once in a while I feel as though I need a little drop of liquor, an' I take it. But I know how to handle it, gal."

"Maybe it would be better if you didn't touch it at all. There are Wild and Jim. They never have tasted liquor in their lives. I've heard them say so many times."

"They are tellin' the truth about that, too, I reckon. But that makes it mighty easy to see who has got the better of it. It's the taste what does the business, gal," and the scout chuckled as though he thought he had scored a great point.

"Mister Charlie Hike tanglefoot allees light; Hop observed, keeping a watch upon the scout so he would not be able to escape from him if he took the notion."

"If I like it half as much as you do I'd be bullin' drink all the time, heathen," was the retort.

"Me no gitte drunk, Mister Charlie. Me drink plenty, but no gitte drunk. Me velly amricce Chinese. When me gitten volly diy and no gotte tanglefoot me make some. Maybe you like havce lilce bit now. You gitten um bottle of water and me make me um water turn to tanglefoot."

"I'll bet you a dollar you can't do it." As the scout said this he gave a sly wink at Jim and the girls.

Wild came along just then and he smiled when he saw that something in the way of a controversy was going on.

"What's the trouble now, Charlie?" he asked.

"Why we have just been talkin' about drinkin', Wild. I was remannin' that I never got drunk since I've been married. I promised Anna I wouldn't, an' I've kept my word. Then Hop says in his mose we've got a bet on. He's goin' to do a singe trick which is as dazling as us are concerned. I'm bettin' him a dollar he can't make a bottle of water turn into a bottle of whisky. I do feel as though I'd like to have a drink, an' I sposes maybe it's worth a dollar to git it."

He winked again, Hop falling to catch him at it.

"Hop," said Wild, looking at the believer Chinese with a smile, "you know very well that we understand perfectly how you turn water into whisky. What is the use of tryin it now?"

"Mister Charlie bettie me um dollye me no do it, Mister Wild," was the reply.

"And you want to win the dollar, is that it?"

"Light, Mister Wild."

"He's been winnin' a whole lot of dollars from some of the soldiers by playin' poker, Wild," the scout spoke up, as he paused to remember what Hop had been talking about previously.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, but he won't tell who they was. He says he promised 'em not to tell."

"Well, it's hardly likely that he won a great deal, for I have never seen many privates who had a great deal of common sense. But I'll understand about it. And if I find out who the losers were I'll see to it that he returns the money to them. I'll ask Captain Jackson pretty soon."

"Light, Mister Wild. You ask Captain Jackson. He tell me alle 'bout, boute, sakes, Charlie," the Chinaman said, a twinkle in his almond-shaped eyes.

The young deadshot caught on instantly.

"I'll speak to him about it, Hop," he said, looking keenly at him.

The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and turned away, evidently not caring to say any more about it.

Later in the afternoon Wild met the officer.

"Captain," he said, as though he had just thought of something, "we have a Chinaman who is always getting mixed up in a sort of an affair. I have reason to believe that he has been gambling with some of the men connected with the fort. I also am pretty certain that he got whisky from some source. Have you any idea about this?"

Jackson's face turned red.

"Why, no, I haven't, Young Wild West," he answered, after hesitating a moment. "Have you questioned him about it?"

"Yes. He admits that he won some money playing draw poker, and also that he got whisky somewhere. But he will not tell who the parties were he obtained it from."

"Pretty cute Chinaman, that."

"Very much so, Captain Jackson. I suppose you play poker now and then?"

"Not with a Chinaman," and the captain forced a laugh.

"Then there is nothing to prevent the men from gambling, anyway."

"No, of course not. If they feel disposed to risk their money and lose it, so long as they don't do it openly, it's all
right, I presume. But say, Young Wild West, what do you intend to do about the counterfeiters?"

"I haven’t anything further to say other than what I have said already, you must do a little scrounging tonight."

"You still feel that you are going to capture the chief before to-morrow night, I suppose?"

"I can’t do anything," I answered."

"I wish you luck. If you succeed you will have done something that no one around here has been able to accomplish. I’ll admit that I have my doubts about it."

"I don’t think you for that," and the young deadshot laughingly walked away.

Along toward the close of the afternoon some of the cavalrymen got upon an open stretch and began to do some athletic stunts.

Quite a few of them were experts, and our friends enjoyed it not a little.

One young fellow was quite a jumper.

He declared that he could jump over any team of horses there was to be found, with a running start of fifty feet.

But this was no great feat, after all, though there was not another man present who could do it.

Some of the men seemed to think that Wild West ought to show what he could do in athletics.

But the boy declined, saying:

"I don’t think I could be pretty good at that sort of thing. I don’t practice enough to be an expert. I do keep my hand in at shooting, however, and I always do my best to remain cool, no matter what happens. I’m succeeding pretty well in both, and I mean to continue persevering."

This did not satisfy one of the cavalrymen, who seconded the contest of jumping.

"You don’t think you could jump over the team of horses, then?" he asked, after a short silence.

"Oh, yes, I do, but I’m not going to try it just now. The fact is I am not in that sort of humor."

"Well, you may do it later, with the fort who could do it.

"Not light. You wantet?"

"Yes, I’ll bet you, if you have got five dollars to put up."

"I won’t take any."

"Get thee plenty money. Me make liitle money to-day whether me play draw poker, so be."

It happened that two of the Chinaman’s victims were present, and they both turned red.

But the cavalryman wanted to win the five dollars.

However, before he put it up he had understood that he was to have a run to give him a good start when the jump was made.

Hop was quite willing to this, more than willing; it seemed.

Cheyenne Charlie offered to hold the stakes, and the cavalryman proceeded to mark off a line to jump from.

But Hop stepped up and stopped him.

"Me no say where you jump," he protested. "Me fixe lat."

"Well, any place will suit me. I’ll show you if I can’t jump ten feet with a running start. Why, I can go fifteen without half trying."

"Alice light. Me bette you no jumpee ten feet, so be."

You come on me."

The cavalryman evinced a certain degree of uneasiness, but followed Hop to the edge of the brook.

The Chinaman, always on the alert to play a practical joke and cause others to laugh while he enjoyed it himself at the same time, had thought quickly, and he was going to make the cavalryman leap into the brook in order to win the five dollars.

He selected a spot where the water was at least waist-deep, a good-sized pool being there.

With his heel he drew a line within a foot of the edge of the water, and then, turning to the man, said:

"You jump from here."

A laugh went up from all hands, for every one but the cavalryman took it as a good joke.

"He got very easy."

"See here," he said, "you’re tryin’ to make a fool of me, heathen."

"Late alice light. You jumpee ten feet or me win um five dollars."

"You do, eh?" and turning to the scout he demanded the money he had put up.

"Not much," Charlie said, coolly. "A bet is a bet, you have either got to jump over or you lose the money. That wasn’t nothin’ said about where you was to jump from."

"Now be a man or a monkey."

The fact was, Charlie did not have much of an opinion of the fellow, anyway, for he had listened to his boasting of talking until he had tired of it.

"Tryin’ to skyn me out of my money, I guess. It seems to me though you put up a job on purpose to do it."

"Don’t you say that I’m tryin’ to skyn yer, or I’ll wipe the ground with yer, even if you are wearin’ the uniform of a soldier;" the scout persisted, leaving his head right up at start, as he usually did.

"Easy, Charlie," cautioned Young Wild West. "We want him out of trouble here. This fellow is a little bit headed, that’s all. I reckon he’ll make the jump rather lose the five dollars."

"Go on and jump," one of the cavalrymen called out, impatiently. "You ain’t afraid of a little water, are you?"

"I’m not afraid of anything," was the hot retort, while the eyes of the man flashed.

"Jump then," spoke up Wild. "What are you waiting for?"

"You don’t think I’m afraid to jump in the water, do you?

"No, no. But I think you’ll be a fool if you do."

"What you think is one thing, and what I think is another. I haven’t as much money as you have. That five dollars is as good to me as it is to the Chinaman. I’ll jump, any way."

"He made a decisive laugh at the decision, and the cavalryman was ready to fight any one just then.

But it seemed that no one was willing to accommodate him, even though there were perhaps several there who easily could have given him more than he wanted.

He talked angrily for about five minutes, and then, stripping off his coat he declared that he was going to take the jump.

No one objected to this, so, taking a short run, he ran to the leap, landing easily ten feet from the bank into the water.

But there was a loud splash and he was wet to the skin, as then there was more laughing, of course.

Hop’s victim came out of the water, and when Charley handed him the stake money he picked up his coat and made a beeline for the barrack.

"Late too bad," said Hop, shaking his head, sadly, "um alice samee lose um five dollars."

But I reckon you won more than that from some of the rest of em?" Cheyenne Charlie answered, with a grin.

"Late light, Misler Charlie. Me velly muchee satisfy, me.
Young Wild West CAPTURING A CHIEF

Arietta was proud of the fact that she had something to

"Now, then," she said, smiling at Anna and Eloise. "I am
to be a spy with a will. I think I'll start right out
to try to locate the Indian who intends to sell the
stockade to-night."

Neither Anna nor Eloise would have cared to do a thing
at that, but they knew pretty well the ways of Young Wild
West and they merely nodded to show that they
accepted it was all right for her to go ahead.

The girl knew the direction the Indian would come from,
less than an hour later she stole away. She was on
her way around the trail, and finding a convenient
place to hide herself from any one who might come along, she
sat down on a rock to wait.

It seemed that she had not got there a minute too soon,
for she had hardly got herself in a comfortable position when
she heard the sounds made by an approaching horse.

Fearing from behind a rock she soon was able to discern
the outlines of a horse and rider.

The horse was at a walk,

but it did not take her long to recognize the rider as an

"She carried quite a burden with him, and it happened that
she stopped within a dozen feet of her.

He saw him tie the horse to a tree, and then proceed to

"It is something from its back."

The girl was not long in making out that what he had

The next moment the redskin was to selling

The view was all the more exciting to the

"It was very hard for him, the girl thought, as a
rainy day hung over her face. "If he were here now I'm sure
I would think of a way to play a joke on the Indian."

She was right in thinking this way, for when he had un-

"The next man had the right amount, so the

The girl decided to wait there, for there was really no

After a wait of perhaps ten minutes she heard footsteps,

Dashing the spot where the horse and jugs were, the

first man to buy gave him a ten-dollar gold-piece and

"He intended to give out as change in case he had to

"Great Scott!" Colonel Beardsley exclaimed, looking

"So Young Wild West knew the redskin was coming

"That is what the colonel wishes to see him about, I am

"Suppose I go with you to the colonel?"

"I would have to find out if he wishes to receive you."

"Please do so, then."

The orderly saluted, and quickly retired.

In a few minutes he came back, followed by the colonel

"Since the redskin had been caught, Arietta had quickly
decided to let the colonel know more than he could other-
wise have learned.

"So Young Wild West knew the redskin was coming

to-night, eh? How did he find that out?"

"That is something I am not at liberty to tell you, colonel.

"Yes, of course. Excuse me for asking the question. This

So Young Wild West made the discovery that the

"probably he now thinks that he is not quite as clever as he

But she evaded all the hints and questions, and finally the
colonel left the camp and went back to consult with the
officers under him.

"Arietta said, laughing, "I think I have off him

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told him

I just wanted to show the colonel how

"Probably he now thinks that he is not quite as clever as he

Certainly
he didn't know for sure that he was coming, but when you told him, you knew he was coming and that you were appointed to watch him he did not know what to say.

There was nothing for them to do but to remain in the camp, so Arletta settled down, satisfied to do so. Meanwhile the ardent party appeared again to learn whether or not the young deadshot and his partners had returned.

"The colonel seems to be anxious," he said, as though he was admitting something he should not. "He wants to see Young Wild West badly."

"He will have to wait until he returns, that's all I can say," Arletta retorted.

Again the orderly went away.

From that time on the minutes dragged slowly, and at length another hour had passed.

The girls were beginning to think it about time Wild and his partners should return.

But they were not at all worried about it, for it might be that they were compelled to wait in order to carry out their plans.

But when still another hour had elapsed and there were no signs of them, they began to grow uneasy.

Finally it went along until midnight, and then, really alarmed at their protracted absence, Arletta declared that a search should be made for them.

But Anna and Eloise managed to persuade her to give up such an idea, and in case they did not return by morning, then the search should be made.

They retired about two o'clock, but it was little sleep that any of them got.

At daylight they were all up and stirring, and when the sun shone down the jagged mountain line to the east, Arletta declared that she was going to have an audience with the colonel right away.

"There's only this certain girls," she declared, shaking her head slowly, "they have run into danger, and perhaps they may have been killed, for all we know. They have a desperate lot to deal with, I'm sure. I must find them.

"We have all four of them should be caught by the villains," Anna answered, as if she doubted the possibility of such a thing. "But you had better see the colonel, and get him in search of them."

"I'll do so at once," the girl retorted, and after she had visited the brook and treated her face and hair in the usual fashion she did every morning, she left Wild, the cook, preparing the breakfast and hurried straight for the colonel's quarters.

She knocked loudly upon the door, and after some little time it was opened by an orderly.

"I wish to see Colonel Beardsley at once," Arletta said, in a very business-like way.

"It's too early, miss," was the reply.

"No, it ain't. I must see him," the girl answered.

"Well, I—er—don't know," stammered the man.

"Who is it?" a voice called out from an adjoining room.

The young lady made no reply, and at Young Wild West's camp last night, colonel," was the quick reply, while the face of the orderly lighted up as if by magic.

"Very well. Tell her to have the kindness to wait. I'll be out as soon as possible."

It was not a very long wait before the colonel appeared.

"Haven't returned yet!" he exclaimed, when she told him

how Wild and his two partners had failed to come back to the camp. "Why, something must be done right away. Per
did they have met the counterforlers and got into trouble?

"That's what I think, colonel," the girl answered, coolly.

"What I'd like to have you do is to send a detachment of cavalry right away. I'll go with them and act as a scout."

"You'll go and the colonel looked at her in amazement.

The next thing I have ever got in that capacity. I'll find Wild and his partners, and the Chinaman, too. We must not forget him, you know, for he is human, like the rest of us."

But no one of the Chinamen went with him, eh? I suppose

Young Wild West knows his own business, though," he added, with a shake of the head. "But I really hope that nothing has happened.

"So do I, colonel. But we can tell what has happened.

"In five minutes, miss. But have you had your breakfast?"

"No.

"Get it, then. A few minutes more will certainly make no difference."

The girl thought this to be good advice, so she decided that she would wait in half an hour, and he promised to have a detachment of twenty men ready to accompany in search of Young Wild West.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILD IS TRAPPED.

Young Wild West did not strike the trail leading to the\shanty that was occupied by Catamount Dick until a tangle of a mile and a half had been covered.

If he had struck it a little earlier he would surely have the redskin with his jugs of whiskey.

But the young deadshot wanted to avoid such a mess anywhere, and he kept a watch as he rode along with his partners and the Chinaman not far behind, so he might have time to prevent such a meeting if the Indian happened to come along.

The four rode on, and it was not very long before they came to the glimmer of a light on the side of the hill close up in the mouth of the pass.

Wild knew it must surely come from the shanty, for he had located the place well in his mind before leaving it with his sweetheart that afternoon.

"There it is, boys," he said, as he brought the service horse to a halt and pointed to the right. "I reckon Catamount Dick must be at home."

"That's where the shanty is, eh?" Jim asked, as he tied

lock.

"Yes, there's no mistake about it. That light comes from Catamount Dick's shanty."

"Maybe the redskin ain't started for the fort yet, Wild."

Cheyenne Charlie suggested. "He might be in the shanty."

"That is probable," was the reply. "But I have as little as that he went some time ago, and is now doing business with the soldiers at the fort. But never mind, we are all now, anyhow. We'll find a place a little closer to less horsed."

They let the horses go until they were within a hundred feet of the log structure on the side of the hill.

They could see the light better now, for at first it had been obscured from their view by the branches of a tree grown close to it.

It was not a very bright light, to be sure, but was the

same as might be expected to be found in such a place.

Probably it came from a lantern or a smoky oil lamp.

Anyhow, it lighted the way for our hero and his com-

sions, serving as a sort of beacon, so to speak.

Feeling sure of finding more about the circumstance and possibly locating him, Wild spurred on cautiously up the hill after the horses had been left there was no chance of them being seen should any one come up or down the trail.

Charlie came up first, and he was followed by Jim and Bob, the latter a little in the rear.

Delighted at the prospect of playing a part in the adven-
ture that he was certain was sure to come, the cheerful clerk marched along, treading as carefully as did those who preceded him.

Cautiously they all made their way upward, and in a few short time they paused within a few feet of the shanty.

They all listened, but could not hear a sound.

"Stay right here, boys, and low down," our hero whispered, "I'm going to have a peep inside."

They all nodded, but Wild did not see them, for he was sure as soon as he spoke, and carefully made his way until he reached the window through which the light shone.

The lower part was about on a line with his shoulder, and he could easily look in by standing up right.

But before doing this he placed his ear close to the end of the building and listened.

Presently he heard some one moving about.

Then he took the risk of peeping through the opening which contained no sash, but was partly covered by a piece of blanket in lieu of the same.

The young deadshot got a good view of Catamount Dick who was just sitting on his hat as though he was going to "Ah!" thought the young hero, "I know that he didn't go to town today. Now we all have got to do is to follow the man coyote and see where he goes. It may be that he will get his horse and ride on toward the fort the next day when he returns. But there's a chance of his going to it.
CAMP TERRIFIED.

They were not far from the edge of the river when the men of the gang, in their dollop trucks, passed the head of the ravine. The moment they saw the party from the foreside, they threw out all of them and ran for it.

A man at the head of the group shouted a word of command and the men disappeared, leaving the men in the foreside to fend for themselves.

CAPTURING A CHIEF.

Young Wild West came on down, passing within a very few feet of them.

He went in close to the rocky wall and then strode along as if he was in a hurry, until he came to the mouth of the ravine.

The next instant he disappeared from view.

Wild and his partners were watching with the eyes of a cat just then.

They all knew that he either had gone into some sort of opening, or else had turned an angle in the cliff.

The thing to do was to find out which of the two it was.

Following those with him to the point where they were, Wild crept back to the right, behind some rocks, and then was not long in moving around until he was exactly in front of the place where the man had last been seen.

There was a slight angle there, but as the cliff ran almost evenly for over a hundred feet beyond that point, and nothing could be seen of the hunter, he knew he must have gone in the cave or appeared.

Without letting his partners know what he intended to do, the young deadshot crept softly through the darkness, and the next minute he found the black opening.

"Ah!" he muttered, under his breath. "I'm pretty close to the finish now. A cave, eh? Quite a snug place for a gang of counterfeiters to pursue their work, I reckon. But they won't be at it much longer, I'm certain. I reckon I'll venture inside and look for a light.

He listened for a few seconds and, hearing nothing, stepped cautiously into the dark opening.

Then it was that something happened that he had not bargained for.

A pair of hands suddenly seized him, gripping him vilely, and before he could even utter a cry of warning to those outside, another hand was pressed hard over his mouth, while still another gripped him by the throat, almost choking him.

It was not but natural that he should struggle to free himself, but he soon found that he had three strong men to deal with, and when he found himself being borne away through the darkness, he gave it up, realizing that he had been caught napping, and that he had better preserve his strength until a more opportune moment arrived.

His captors chuckled and laughed as they hurried on.

Suddenly one of them gave a low whistle, and then they stopped, holding their prisoner tightly.

Wild heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and then a light suddenly appeared.

"We've got one of them," the fellow who was gripping Wild by the right arm said, in a low tone of voice. "The rest is outside waitin' for their turn.

It was Catamount Dick who said this.

Wild recognized his voice instantly.

He turned on his throat had been relaxed somewhat, so he was able to breathe.

But the hand was still pressed over his mouth.

"Good!" came the reply from the fellow who had appeared with the light. "Which one?"

"Young Wild West," one of the others retorted, taking care to speak in a voice that was very low.

"Better yet. Fetch him on back to the chief. He's anxious to see the inside of the counterfeiter's den, I s'pose."

Wild had never heard the voice of the man who spoke, so he had no idea who it could be.

But that made little or no difference.

"Through into the rocky apartment in which the big bench was located Young Wild West was carried in a helpless condition.

There was a bright light there, for the counterfeiters needed it to play their villainous trade.

"Bind and gag him, boys," said Catamount Dick. "I reckon Old Foul Foot will be mighty glad to see him when he gets back. We'll keep him until he comes, for it wouldn't do to put an end to him afore that time.

This was pleasing to the ears of the boy prisoner, for he knew there would be a good chance of his making an escape if he was given sufficient time.

One of the men did the tying and gagging, and when he declared that it was all right the young deadshot was pushed away.

"Well, Young Wild West," Catamount Dick said, a gleam of triumph in his eyes, "you thought you were mighty smart, didn't you? You figured that even hardened criminals couldn't get around to-night, an' I laid a trap for yer. I was layin' low, watchin' for yer to come, an' when you rode up an' left your horses I waited until I was sure it was you. Then I sneaked back to
CHAPTER IX.

CATAMOUNT DICK'S SCHEME AMOUNTS TO NAUGHT.

Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Hop Wah waited for fully five minutes without saying anything or hearing from Young Wild West.

Then they began to wonder where he was. All three knew his purpose when he crept along among the rocks, and they had even seen him as he stepped up to the opening.

But they did not know the opening was there, of course, and when Wild disappeared they were not sure that he had gone into such a place.

But when he failed to show up they began to grow anxious, and finally the scout gave Dart a nudge and whispered.

"Heck! Wild must have found some sort of hidin'-place, Jim."

"It looks that way," was the reply. "He's gone on it if he has."

"I reckon so."

"Well, why don't he come an' let us know about it, then?"

"Wait a while, Charlie. You're too anxious."

"Yes, I know it, am. I want to get at the sneakin' coyotes. That galoot we was watchin' disappeared right where we seen Wild go, an' we ain't seen any of 'em since. That means that Wild isartin' followin' him somewhere, an' that it's through a passage or in a cave or somethin' of the kind."

Dart made no reply to this, but kept watch.

Hop crouched upon the ground, not opening his mouth.

There was nothing he could think of to suggest, so that was undoubtedly the reason.

Another five minutes slipped by, and then just as Charlie, who could no longer remain inactive, was about to get up and start to investigate, the sounds caused by a stone rolling down among the rocks close at hand came to the ears of the watching trio.

Instantly they were on the alert, their eyes turned in the direction the sound came from.

Shadowy forms suddenly appeared from behind the rocks, and there were so many of them that Charlie and Jim realized instantly that there was real trouble before them now.

Neither of them had brought their rifles with them, not thinking it worth while to do so in the darkness.

But they were armed well enough, for each had a brace of revolvers.

Hop had his big, old-fashioned pistol, too, and no doubt might succeed in putting up quite a scare, even though he did no damage with the weapon.

Closely held, their attention, neither of them looked the other way now, but waited to see what would happen next.

Nearer came the shadowy forms, and in the starlight they quickly made them out to be Indian, most likely, and apparently ready to fight.

One of the figures wore the fancy head-dress of a chief, and the others were Charlie and Jim right away that he might be Dog Foot, for whom the reward of a thousand dollars was offered.

But why was it that such a party should be there at that time?

This was somewhat puzzling to them. It seemed as though the newcomers were aware of the presence of the three, and that they were prepared to meet them, and treat them to a surprise.

When Charlie Dart at last understood this it occurred to him to get away that the hunter had led them into a trap. But he never once thought that Wild was at the spot, until he heard Charlie whisper, "Charley, whisper, those fellows have been watchin' us. I think I understand it now. When that romance hunter went to the top of the cliff he must have got in some way to the redskins. Then he came down into a cave. But Wild will fool them yet, for he has been with him, you can be sure."

"Right yer are, Jim, an' we'll fool them redskins again, if we don't."

Then the Indians who were advancing so cautiously, narrowly disappeared from view behind a pile of rocks, instead of advancing in a straight line, as was less than a hundred feet from them.

But it was but a few seconds before they appeared again, and they were now upon all fours and creeping along in treacherous fashion crouched to their rate.

Hop Wah had drawn his pistol without being asked to do so, and he stood ready to send a shower of colored shots upon the advancing rascals.

If this did nothing else it would light up the scene, it would be sure to momentarily terrorize the redskins.

He knew that as well as anything else,

Charlie and Jim saw him ready to shoot, and both sat on their heads approvingly.

The fact was, as might as well be stated right now, Catamount Dick had told them that he said a trap had been prepared for Young Wild West and his partners.

Not satisfied with what he said to the chief, the rascals had gone back to the scene of rendezvous of the country again shortly before night.

He found Dog Foot there, attired in the finery his job called for, and with his war-paint on.

Assuring the chief that the early Young Wild West would try to stay upon them that night, he got him in the interest of enough to guarantee him a few redskins who were willing to do his bidding on hand after darkness set in.

Then it was quite easy to arrange to lead our brave into the trap, for Catamount Dick was rather clever at such schemes.

The chief listened to him and gave in to everything said, and the result was that Catamount Dick had gone to his cabin to watch for the approach of any one who came from the direction of the fort, and then led them into the trap.

It appeared his plan had succeeded admirably.

Young Wild West had already been lured into the trap, and was a captive, awaiting the return of the chief to the death sentence.

The redskin who had been inside with the three men, with Catamount Dick, constituted the membership of the band, easily found the trail and his brave, and they had once made their way around to the foot of the cliff, in purpose of pursuing the intruders and making them ones.

It was not their attention to shoot them down, for the savage instinct that controlled Dog Foot to a great extent had come upon him with full force, and he wanted to see the palefaces alive and punish them by death in some consistent with the old-time beliefs of his race.

Thinking that they had a sure thing of it, the Indians were long in creeping toward the spot where Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart and Hop Wah were in waiting.

The fact that Young Wild West had been captured enraged Dog Foot not a little, so he did not hesitate to lead himself.

Nearer and nearer they got to the rocks behind with three were crouching.

When they got quite close, Cheyenne Charlie could no longer, for he could see the glint of tomahawks as they weapons in the starlight.

He gave Jim a nudge, and then throwing up his rifle called out: "Halt! Down yer go, redskins."

His revolver spoke three times in quick succession, and Dart promptly joined in the firing.

Bang! bang! bang!

Hop Wah's big pistol belched forth a streak of fire and four of the redskins were seen to turn and run for their lives.

Two alone remained there, so confused that they failed
CHAPTER XI.
THE CAPTURE OF THE CHIEF.

The tables had been turned completely upon the villains, with the exception that the chief who was wanted so badly had got away.

Young Wild West thought quickly, and he was not long in settling upon a plan of action.

"Hop," he said, turning to the clever Chinaman, "you go and get the horses. Charlie, you stay here until he comes with them, and keep guard upon the three prisoners. I am going to find Dog Foot. But before I go," he added, as he turned and looked sharply at the three men who were standing there helpless, "I reckon I had better find out about where to look for them. Catamount Dick, you can probably tell me that."

"I don't know nothin' about it," the hunter answered, shaking his head.
“Yes, you do. Now you tell me where you think he might be right away. If you don’t I may take a notion to put a bullet through you, even if you have got your hands tied behind your back. Within you should have no mercy shown him, anyhow. Now, then, speak out and be quick about it.”

The boy showed his revolver and took a step toward the man he addressed.

“Most likely he’s gone to the Injun village,” was the reply. “Don’t shoot, I ain’t get no need of lyin’ to ye. It’s all up with the young feller enough for that. What I want to have a little mercy shown me. I ain’t done nothin’ so very wrong, anyhow. I didn’t make none of the bad money, I was about that just now. I want to find Dog Foot. He is the chief the reward is offered for, and he is the man I want to take alive. Now, then, where is the village you refer to?”

“Right over that way,” and the villain turned his head to indicate the direction.

“Is it very far?”

“You kid!” the other said. “You think there in about fifteen minutes if you trot along, I reckon.”

“All right. Thank you. I think you are telling me the truth. If I find that you have lied to me it will be all the worse for you, that’s all.”

“I ain’t lied, have I, boys?” and the hunter turned to his two companions in distress.

“Not a bit,” one of them answered. “Ketch old Dog Foot an’ hang him. He’s responsible for the whole business. He led me into this game, an’ I’m mighty sorry I took him up now.”

“No one is apt to get sorry after he finds out he ain’t got no chance,” the scout observed, with a sarcastic laugh.

“Wild,” the gentleman said, though he had not spoken of Dart going with him before. “I reckon we’ll go ahead on foot.”

“All right, Wild,” was the reply, and then Jim Dart followed the young deadshot away through the darkness.

He knew the direction the Indians had come from, so he led the way until they got to some high ground about a hundred yards away where he could get a look ahead.

Then Wild took the lead, and proceeded on in the direction Catamount Dick had told them the redskin village lay.

They found that it was quite a long way off, and fully fifteen minutes was spent in getting over the level ground before they sighted a camp-fire.

Then they became very cautious, and crept up until they were right at the edge of the village of tepees.

There were not many of the latter, which told that the population could not exceed more than fifty.

He shot a look, and soon became satisfied that if the chief was really there the Indians were pretty good actors.

Finally Wild decided to go straight into the village and ask around for him. He had heard that there were no hostile redskins in the vicinity.

Anyhow, it was too close to the fort to find such a state in existence.

He walked boldly among the tepees, and the inhabitants of the village looked in surprise when they saw the young palefaces approaching.

But, of course, Dog Foot had not been living there for some time, or he would have been discovered by the colonel’s men.

However, Wild picked out a couple of them and began asking questions.

They declared their ignorance of the whereabouts of Dog Foot, and said that they had not seen him in months.

Others were called up and questioned, but with the same result.

“I reckon Catamount Dick gave us wrong instructions,” Jim said, until the deadshot said, “We will have to go back and get our horses. Then we’ll try it again.”

One of the Indians wanted to know what the trouble was, but Wild declined to give any information.

They made their way back and were just in time to find Hop returning with the horses.

“Well, Hop,” the young deadshot said, “you were very anxious to come with us tonight, so you can have a job to attend to. I am going to leave you here with these three men, and I want you to guard them until we return.”

“Allee light, Mister Wild,” was the cheerful reply. “Me dey very good.”

Mounting their horses, the young deadshot and his partners started away on what might be called a blind trail.

It was a blind trail, sure enough, and an all-night search revealed nothing as to the whereabouts of the missing Dog Foot. Not until they were within up nearly an hour did they come upon a fresh trail.

Spots of blood showed there and here, and then they pretty well that they were on the track of the Indians, who had made their escape toward the southeast.

They followed the trail for nearly half an hour, and then they found it turned and went back in the direction in which they knew they were pretty sure of catching Dog Foot. But at length, as they were ascending a rise, they came upon the body of a redskin.

An examination showed that he had evidently been killed by a wound he had received.

While they were looking at him the clatter of hooves was heard, and Cheyenne Charlie looked up and caught sight of the horsemen riding furiously away.

“There they go,” he shouted, and up went his revolver.

Crack! crack! It was a blind shot, and even the most accurate of men dropped the horse that was being ridden by Dog Foot.

“Come on, boys! I’ll take care of the chief,” Jim Dart shouted, bounding forward on foot.

The scout and Jim hurriedly mounted and gave chase to the others, while Young Wild West bounded forward as fast as he could.

Having no chance to ride away, the chief raised the hawk threateningly and dashed to meet the young heedless pistoleer.

At that very moment the sound of a bugle was heard behind some rocks close at hand.

Young Wild West heard it and knew what it meant, and he did not check his horse from his intention.

He ran on, but Wild dodged the blow with his head with the hawk, and then he leaped upon the chief, and, as cool as a flash, flung him to the ground.

At that very moment Arletta and the cavalrymen rode up. The assistance the cavalymen were able to give was hardly needed, for Wild had Dog Foot at his mercy.

However, one of the men dismounted and ran to help the chief, and the villain was quickly disarmed.

“What are you doing here, little girl?” the young scout asked, in his cool and easy way, as he turned to her sweet heart as she dismounted.

“Ah, I insist on the colonel ordering a detachment come in search of you,” was the reply. “It was my luck that we came upon you, too, for we knew nothing of your whereabouts until we heard the shots that were just now. I did the accounting for them, Wild, for I was ahead at the time. I suppose if they had not done as we wanted them to we would have gone in another direction. You have got the chief, Wild, and I am glad.”

“Thank you, Miss,” and he embraced the girl right before the spectators present.

Explanations were soon made, and then the start was made. Thus then Charlie and Jim rode in with the other Indians, whom they had captured without delay, after ing them into a blind ravine.

Then a short-cut was taken to the spot where Hop had been left with the other prisoners, and reaching there, they found everything all right and the return was made to the fort in due time.

There is not much more to add to this story.

Suffice it to say that Young Wild West received the reward for the capture of the chief, and that Arletta was named for her ability as a scout for the cavalry.

Through her advice the detachment had found out Young Wild West and his partners, but Dog Foot as well.

Later on our friends heard that the rest of the counterfeiters were tried and convicted and sentenced to terms.

Of course, the outfit of the counterfeiters was destroyed, and the rest of the stuff taken proper care of by the Government officials.

Next week’s issue will contain YOUNG WILD WEST AT THE LONE CABIN; OR, THE RAIDERS OF THE OXY.
CURRENT NEWS

The liquid triumph for the liquor forces was the passage of the Post-office bill in the House January 14, without provision for the carrying of liquor by the parcel post or the commission of advertisements of intoxicants through the mails. Murphy, of Kansas, wanted to prohibit the matter advertising intoxicants in prohibition states, but his amendment also was ruled out of order. Under-General Hitchcock in establishing the parcel post made the law that no intoxicants could be shipped by it. This was held to be an unauthorized exercise of legislative power.

In order to insure proper deportment of the midshipmen, the United States Naval Academy dances have just been cancelled, and the naval lads feel that, in some part, the enjoyment of their hopes has been curtailed. Midshipmen have been notified that if dances of recent origin are attempted, left arms are to be held straight at all times; and partners are to be kept at a distance of at least six feet at all times. Supplementary to these rules is a which points out that in no case should midshipman ask the arms of their companions when escorting them to attend the dances or on other occasions.

Five square feet of skin from dogs is being granted by Dr. S. A. Van Hoefen, Jr., on Ralph Kirsch, seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kirsch, of 409 Blase avenue, Baden. The lad was burned playing Indian five weeks ago, and one-fourth of the grafting has been completed. At least twelve dogs will be sacrificed in an effort to save the life of the child, Dr. Van Hoefen says. Two weeks after the lad was burned twenty-five pieces of skin from the under side of a young beagle hound were successfully grafted. Using a dog at each operation, Dr. Van Hoefen grafted sixty-one pieces at an interval of three days.

While on the outskirts of East Canaan, Conn., January 14, on his way to his home in Salisbury, George Ball, nineteen years old, saw the form of a man with upraised arms, he says, approaching him. Believing that he was to be held up, Ball leveled a double-barreled shotgun at the supposed highwayman and discharged one barrel. When Charles Adotie, in front of whose home the shooting took place, and other villagers who had heard the report of the gun reached the scene Ball was standing over the body of John J. Wiles, of Norfolk, a friend of Ball. The young slain went to the home of George Burch, where he remained until the arrival of Deputy Sheriff Rhoades, who locked him up in Canaan. Coroner Herman of Winnet, after an inquest, asserted that no evidence had been adduced showing a motive for murder, but he ordered the prisoner committed to jail pending decision.

The first State Ranger School in the United States has been established by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. Sixteen young men entered at the beginning of the term and are now studying practical forestry in the Adirondacks. The College of Forestry, established by legislative act in 1911, carries on a professional course at Syracuse University, in addition to its ranger school, and also a general educational work among the people throughout the State. A letter has been sent to the principals of all high and preparatory schools of the State, offering to give illustrated lectures and demonstrations before the schools upon the subjects of forest care and tree planting. Arbor Day, which has been so long an institution in our public schools, is simply playing at a great problem on one day of the year. In New York State over one-third of the area is non-agricultural, better suited to the growing of forest trees than anything else. The planting of a piece of such waste land by school children, who could watch the growth and development of the trees, would be one of the best ways to inculcate among the rising generation a respect for forests which would tend to secure their protection from fire and careless wastefulness.
CHAPTER I. (Continued)

But Dick was the hero of the hour that day. His companions, the "swell set," gathered about him, and he had to recount his encounter with Tom Mikel again and again, and yet once more for their edification.

Tom Mikel had not come to school that morning. After the fight he went home, not that he was badly hurt, but because he did not care to meet the jeers and sneers with which the boys usually greet the vanquished. There were but two or three slight scratches on his face, and one eye was slightly discolored, but hardly enough to be noticeable.

Dick Donnelly's act in defending the weak was a manly one. Even boys love gallantry and bravery among their playmates, though they may defeat quarrelsome lads.

Dick was truly a noble, brave lad, for had he not been, he would never have dared attack such a bully as Tom Mikel.

The bell rang and the boys hastened into the schoolhouse. Professor Dobbs, the principal, was a very tall, slender man, with a mild gray eye and bald head.

Dick thought the professor fixed his eye on him rather piercingly at his entrance, and began to ask himself if the professor could possibly know anything of the fight of the morning.

Two or three slight scratches which Dick had received were too slight to be noticed by a casual observer.

When the opening exercises were over the boys were sent away to their recitation rooms. As Dick was going with the others the principal said:

"Richard Donnelly, I want to see you in my office."

"When?" Dick asked, beginning to tremble a little with dread of the meeting.

"You can come in right now; I won't detain you but a few minutes."

Dick bowed, and went to the professor's room. The professor, who had preceded him, sat at his desk looking at a new gold watch which the scholars had given him the day before. Dick was one of the contributors to the fund which purchased the elegant timepiece, and the professor was very proud of his present.

"Sit down," said the professor, kindly, yet there was a sternness in his manner which moved him not a little. "This is a beautiful watch, Richard; yes, a very beautiful watch, and I am proud of it. I shall take it to the jeweler's and have a proper inscription placed upon it. But it wasn't to talk about the watch that I brought you here. Richard, I am sorry that one whom I have always boasted of as the most quiet and best behaved boy in the whole school, should be engaged in a street brawl."

"Professor Dobbs, I could not help it," Dick declared. "Tom was beating a little boy, and the little boy's mother begged him not to do so."

Then with penitent tears he proceeded to recount the whole story of the fight from beginning to end, until he had finished the professor said:

"Well, Richard, you have some mitigating circumstances in your favor, nevertheless you have violated one of the established rules of the school, and according to law you must be punished in some way. But I will delay until some future time, and now you can go to your recitation."

As he spoke the professor laid his watch in the drawer of the desk, and, locking it, placed the key in his pocket.

Dick wondered why he did not put the watch in his pocket, but he saw that the professor wore his coat and had heard him say that he was going to take the key to the jeweler's to have some inscription cut upon the case.

Though Dick Donnelly had been assured he need not be punished for violation of some of the established rules of the school he knew the punishment would not be either severe or greatly humiliating.

As Dick left the hall, which he did ahead of the professor, he saw a slight form in knickerbockers standing before him. It was Benny Grayson, the incorrigible boy of Bessie. He disappeared around the corner before Professor Dobbs came out of his office, so that gentleman did not see the young scamp.

Dick wondered why Benny had been watching and listening at the door of the professor's office. Also, he soon learned Bessie's object to his own sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

DICK IN DISGRACE.

As soon as school was out Dick Donnelly hastened across the open lots to his home and asked his Aunt Sue if she could go with Zack Brigg and the other boys nutting. "No, you can't," declared his aunt, in falscato's of a pitched voice, which indicated that she was in no pleasant mood. As she spoke her brow gathered into a frown of firmness.

"Why not, Aunt Sue?" he asked, in a pleading voice.
rise you can’t, and that’s enough.”

He split all the kindling wood and carried in all he could and there isn’t anything to do, until time to go to pasture for the cows. I will be back long before then.”

“Will you go, and that’s enough.”

He said, “I say you shan’t go, and that’s enough.” I am going to run this house myself, as I own it, and not turn it over to you.”

She turned away, resolved in her own mind to go without the boys.

We obeyed her until I am a good big boy, and she was and worse on me all the time,” he thought. He was absorbed in her work, and then started back toward the schoolhouse to meet the boys.

Mr. Grayson had not come yet, and while waiting for him, I discovered that he had lost his knife. The last place I had seen it was in the office of the professor, at the desk he had given it to the principal to open the case when he had finished with it.

I said, “I did it on the desk, and it may be there yet,” he answered. The professor seldom, if ever, locked his office, I think, that he did the drawers of his desk. Dick ran up to the desk, pushed open the door and started back in confusion. The only box in the drawer was not over twelve or thirteen was just closing and the case of the drawers of the principal’s desk. Dick half closed it and, and, and he to this side, seized him and cried:

“I know you, Ben Grayson. I know what you are about, one of that watch. I promised your sister to keep you from them, if I could, and you shall not take it.”

Dick went to the watch with wonderful determination, to avoid opening the case. Dick wrung it in his hand, and threatened to report him, but the young man with the agility of a cat broke away, darted out of the room and bounded down the stairway and ran off across the hall.

He glanced at the watch and discovered that he had no injury, then turned to the desk to put it back in the drawer, resolved for Bessie’s sake to say nothing about the matter.

But the drawer was closed and locked.

“The young scamp has the key,” said Dick, “and I don’t dare let it lying on the desk, for some one might take it.”

I put it in my pocket and follow him and make him give me the key to return it to the drawer.”

Benny, as fleet as a deer of the plains, was, by the Dick reached the playground, out of sight.

Dick Bragg and his companions who had assembled to him:

“By Dick, come, we are going now.”

I was puzzled what to do. He had the professor’s watch in his trousers pocket; he could not leave it, and I didn’t not to take it with him. But he must decide at what he would do, and so decided to go hunting, and the watch when he came back.

“I will find Benny,” he thought, “and make him give me the key.”

The watch in Dick’s pocket made him feel uneasy. He first thought he would tell his companions all about it, but he could not do so without implicating Bessie’s brother, so he decided to say nothing at all. They need never know what Benny had tried to do, and the lad might yet be redeemed. He cared very little for Ben himself, but he could not endure the thought of bringing the blush of shame to the pretty cheeks of Bessie. Dick was gallant, brave, honest, and yet he was weak in trying to conceal the fault of another; that a boy should never do.

The watch bore so much on his mind that all the pleasure of nutting was lost.

He might break it, or might lose it; then he should feel almost as badly as if he had stolen it. In the exciting chase after a squirrel he forgot all about the watch for the ten minute, and ran on until he stumbled over a log and fell, the watch flying from his pocket upon the ground.

Zack Bragg, who was at his side, saw the bright yellow case as it flew through the air, and alighted on the leaf covered earth.

“Hello, what’s this?” he cried, picking it up.

“Is it broken?” asked Dick, raising and running to him.

“No. Is it yours?”

“No,” answered Dick, snatching it away from him and thrusting it into his pocket.

“Well, what are you doing with it?” asked Zack.

“Oh, nothing; come on.”

“You needn’t be touchy about it. I’ve seen watches before,” growled Zack. Then he muttered to himself so low that Dick could not hear him; “I wonder where he got it. It looks exactly like the one we all saved the schoolmaster. What is Dick doing with it?”

If Dick thought that Zack was his friend he was very much mistaken. Dick’s recent feats, the fact that he had been called a studious boy in school, and his recent popularity, had made Zack and his companions envious of him, and when Envy steps in hate is on his heels.

Dick felt a vague uneasiness all the afternoon, and was glad when the day’s nutting was over and they all went home.

“I will go at once, hunt Ben, get the key and return the watch before I go home,” he thought.

But finding Ben was not an easy matter. No doubt the little rascal supposed that Dick would want to see him, and so kept carefully out of the way. Dick did not suppose that Zack had any evil intentions against him when they separated.

Zack spoke so softly and so friendly, and hoped that he would go with them Saturday to the lake for a swim.

“We will have bushels of fun,” he declared.

“I would like to go, but I don’t know if aunt will let me,” he answered.

“Oh, you must coax her, and coax her, until she is compelled to give her consent.”

“I will try, but doubt if I can, especially as I went without her consent to-day. She will think it her religious duty to punish me for being disobedient.”

“Yes, I know, these old women seem to think it is their religious duty to do a great many things, when they want to flog a boy just because they are mad at him. But the boy must bear the punishment just for the sake of their religious duty.”

(To be Continued)
ITEMS OF INTEREST

WHERE DOGS ARE Eaten.
The use of the flesh of dogs as a food for man is becoming common, even in the capital. From necessity the German workingman has long made horse meat a substantial portion of his daily fare, but while Saxony consumes thousands of dogs annually, the practice of eating this meat has not until recently invaded Prussia. Now the overseers of the Berlin cattle yards have given their approval of a proposal to erect a municipal slaughterhouse for dogs at the yards, and it is expected that the police president will soon issue the required permit.

BRICKS BY PARCEL POST.
When Samuel Gordon, the postmaster, got to his office at South River, N. J., January 11, he was amazed to find a large truck loaded with bricks standing in front of the door. He was told by the driver that the bricks were to be sent by parcel post to the various agents of a local brick and tile company. Each of the bricks weighed five and three-quarter pounds and cost 18 cents to send by parcel post, whereas by express the concern would have had to pay 25 cents for each brick. The clerks labored all day. It is the biggest job the local post-office ever undertook.

BRONZE COINAGE DOOMED.
The bronze coinage of France is doomed, and will soon be replaced by coins made of pure nickel, with a round hole in the center. Visitors to this country have seen for themselves the battered and mutilated condition of the one-sou and two-sou pieces in circulation, due in a great measure to the fact that a great number of them bear the effigy of the late Emperor Napoleon III. Some time ago the mint issued nickel coins of the value of five sous, but they had no hole. These also are to be called in and rendered uniform with the rest. In payments and in giving change the nickel coinage will not be legal tender beyond the sum of five francs.

GERMANY HAS AN AEROPLANE STATION.
Germany has definitely decided on the institution of a large aerial center devoted entirely to naval work. This first center will be situated at Cuxhaven, where for the last few months the German Ministry of Marine has made extensive purchases of land, ostensibly for the purpose of a new artillery range. The site has an area of three and one-half square miles, and it is now known that it will be utilized for a combined aeroplane and airship station, including levelling expenses and necessary preparation the land will have cost $400,000. A large airship hangar, mounted on a rotating platform and capable of housing two Zeppelin dirigibles of the latest and most powerful type, will be erected at a further cost of $435,000. A special aerial section is now in process of formation at the German navy headquarters and will be established at the new center, Cuxhaven.

SECOND-HAND ORANGE SKINS.
Now and then one sees in the English papers advertisements announcing that So-and-so has a large stock of orange skins for sale. As a matter of recommendation to qualify the advertisement concludes with the statement that they are from such and such a music hall.
There is a big business in second-hand orange skins, lemon peel, etc., on the other side of the Atlantic. Most of them are bought by makers of jams and marmalade. This was brought out when there was an investigation of the preserving industry in England not long ago.
In certain portions of the theatres and music halls of London and other large British cities the seats are reserved. Admittance to the pit is generally given to a person who leaves his seat it is immediately passed by some one else. In order to get a good seat one must come early. One grows hungry as the hours go by and the performance ends. The favorite sustenance of the one who sit in these cheap seats is oranges.
They consume them in large quantities and throw the skins on the floor. After each performance the skins are carefully gathered up and sold to dealers.

HANS WAGNER SETS RECORD WITH BATS.
When Hans Wagner, the great shortstop of the Pittsburgh Pirates, turned in a batting average of .324 at the close of last season, he set a record which has never been equalled in the history of the game. Although there were some mighty hitters in the old days, none of them succeeded in batting over .300 for sixteen consecutive seasons, such as the mark established by the lumbering Honus.
To be sure, old "Pop" Anson, Wagner's greatest rival, topped over .300 in twenty different campaigns. He put together a string of fifteen select averages before he dropped behind for a couple of years. Then he came back and held the place for five seasons, barely squeaking through with a .302 his last year, in 1897.
Wagner never reached the top notch of exclusiveness in batting more than .400, as Anson did in two years, but his steady work over a period of sixteen years gives the basis for the statement made last summer by Johnny Graw that Honus is the greatest of all living players. Wagner's highest average was compiled in 1900, when he put up a .380, his lowest coming in 1898 at .305.
Wagner's complete record with Louisville and Pittsburgh is as follows: 1897, .344; 1898, .305; 1899, .339; .380; 1901, .352; 1902, .329; 1903, .355; 1904, .349; .363; 1906, .339; 1907, .350; 1908, .354; 1909, .335; .320; 1911, .330; 1912, .324.
Wagner was placed eleventh among the hitters in the National League last season, some of the younger ones like Zimmerman, Doyle, Mears and Sweeney, making it out. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether some of his parent superiors would not be given up in a trade for the mighty Dutchman by almost any manager.
CHAPTER XXIII (Continued).

"Now, listen," he muttered, "the thing is finished. That horrid old hag will have no more to say about it. She is dead, and can't complain now."

"Now, listen," he whispered, "the thing is finished. That horrid old hag will have no more to say about it. She is dead, and can't complain now.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

He never fired the shots in Magged's saloon.

He never even got the chance to draw his revolver. The attack was simply a plot to capture Jack and hold him until after the auction was over, just as Col. Wilfer had said.

Left Jack was most effectually captured.

He was instantly pounced upon and dragged through the alley by Magged himself and two other.

As Magged, drawing his revolver, fired several shots into the building, the King of Cripple Creek was hustled across the alley and taken into the rear building where the Swan Hotel was located.

The door was raised in the floor of the hall and Jack forced to descend a flight of rickety stairs into the cellar, where he was locked in a brick wine vault in which the club kept their bottled beer, claret and champagne.

It was very humiliating to Jack, but he had been taken entirely by surprise and really there was no help for what had happened.

He was simply pushed through the door without being tied in any way and left to his own reflections, which would have been anything but pleasant if he had not discovered a way to escape.

Jack struck a match and looked around. He could not help laughing but loud when he discovered that the lock which secured the door was on the inside.

Of course there was nothing to do but to unscrew it and walk out, as any boy with a stout jackknife in his pocket could readily do—all that was needed was a little time.

Jack was still working away at it and succeeding all right when suddenly heavy footsteps were heard in the hall overhead.

This was just as the lock came off in his hands.

There was a scuffle and the sound of a fall. Jack threw the door open and crept up the stairs, listening at the top.

You will sign or die!" he heard a voice exclaim.

"They are having a row there," he thought; but it's none of my business. I'm not in it. I've got all I can do to attend to my own affairs."

He crept downstairs again, hurried over to one of the cellar windows, and opened the swinging sash. To climb up on the stone wall of the cellar, squeeze through the window and gain the back street, was all the work of a moment.

He had scarcely departed when the door at the head of the stairs flew open and Terry Tolliver, One-eyed Ike and Col. Wilfer came rushing down.

"You'll find him in the wine vault," cried Ike. "I know just where they have taken him, and unless they have changed the lock I've got a key that will fit. By thunder! He's not here! Ha, ha, ha! I might have known! He's unscrewed the lock and skipped."
but for once the "King of Cripple Creek," usually talkative enough, had but little to say.

Twelve o'clock struck.

The auctioneer's hammer sounded at the same instant. There was to be a sale. Just at that moment Col. Wilfer and Terry Tolliver walked upon the floor. Both threw up their hands at sight of Jack and hurried to where he stood.

"Why, where in the world have you been?" exclaimed the colonel. "Terry and I have hunted for you all over town."

"I've been right here," replied Jack. "I've got to look after this sale. It's no use, colonel. We shall have to buy the claim in. One-eyed Ike had a plan to save it, but it has failed, and——"

"Failed nothing!" cried the colonel. "You were to meet Ike at the Spread Eagle——"

"Silence!" cried the auctioneer. "Gentlemen, I am about to offer for sale under the order of the court the well-known claim on Deer Creek, Kissing Canyon, known as Claim 11, Range 5, at present being worked by the firm of Hudson & Tolliver. That they hold this claim illegally has been decided by the Honorable Judge Dillon, and——"

"I protest!" broke in Jack, striding forward. "The sale stops right here. Mr. Merriman, you will please read that!"

Consternation came into the faces of a little clique of mining sharpers who were acting for the swindler Appleyard, who, not being a member of the Exchange, was not present.

"An injunction signed by Judge Dillon himself!" called out the auctioneer. "The sale cannot proceed, and I for one am glad of it, for I believe it to be a swindle. Jack Hudson, I congratulate you. Gentlemen, I call for three cheers for the King of Cripple Creek!"

It was a simple ending to what appeared at one time likely to turn out a very serious matter, and it was an ending to all Jack Hudson's troubles as well.

One-eyed Ike's scheme had succeeded famously, for Judge Dillon and John Partridge, Appleyard's representative on the floor of the Exchange, had discussed their villainous game a little too openly in the poker room of the Swan Club, and Col. Wilfer was able to name the exact amount of bribe money which Appleyard had paid to the judge for doing his dirty work.

Caught in the passageway by the masked men, Judge Dillon was forced to sign the order putting an injunction on the sale of the mine.

Exposed by Col. Wilfer afterward in the public press, he found it convenient to disappear from Cripple Creek between two days, and after he was gone it was discovered that he had robbed his clients of large sums.

Before this the man Appleyard also made himself scarce, and the whole affair fell flat; but Jack to secure himself applied to the government for a new mining grant of Claim 11, Range 5, and got it. To-day the mine is still being worked, and is down thousands of feet. It is one of the richest and best known at Cripple Creek.

Now, of course, we have not given the real names of our heroes in this tale.

It would not do. Jack and Terry still live at Cripple Creek, and are known far and wide. They are many times millionaires, and highly respected. They control many mines and Jack is a member of the legislature of Colorado to-day. To some this will merely give a clue to our hero's real name.

Jack married Ethel, and after Col. Wilfer's death he took hold of the smelting works.

He and Terry now live in the big house on the claim which they first entered two poor, ragged boys.

One-eyed Ike is Jack's managing man, and it is very hard to get a better one, for Ike is not only of energy, honest as the sun, and as sharp as a razor, he is thoroughly devoted to the interests of the King of Cripple Creek.

THE END.

OUT NEXT WEEK
Read the New Serial
FIGHTING WITH GOMEZ
OR
TEXAS COWBOYS IN CUBA
By "PAWNEE JACK"
Do Not Miss It
OUT NEXT WEEK

PROFITABLE MAINE TRAPPING.

It is estimated that 5,000 foxes have been shot and trapped for their hides in Somerset County this season, according to a Skowhegan correspondent. The fox skins have brought more money per pair in several years back. It is estimated that these have realized from fox skins alone in the county $15,000.

One of the most unusual things in connection with this industry, one man alone in the county caught in one time a black fox and a gray one that brought him for $2,500 in a week's time this man trapped six foxes.

This is getting to be one of the greatest industries, many farmers are making as much money hunting foxes on the farm during the rest of the season as they have earned enough money from catching foxes to pay the mortgages on their farms. A fox skin average this year brings $5.

One farmer this winter let his dog out of doors one morning and it immediately left for the woods, in the middle of the forenoon the man, while sitting in the house, heard a noise in the entry and opened the door and a red fox, closely followed by the dog, rushed in.

The kitchen window was open and before the man could stop it the fox had made a leap for it, but wiser he knocked the stick out that held the window open and was caught by the window as it fell and was killed.
TIMELY TOPICS

Among the queer trades of London, to be discovered in the new issue of Kelly's London Directory, is one which has a deep personal interest for the youth of all nations. The birch rod maker has advertised his abode. In a large building in Red Lion Square, Holborn, which has the appearance of a private dwelling rather than the front of juvenile chastisement, orders are executed for hundreds of thousands of birch rods guaranteed to give entire satisfaction to the schoolmaster. During the year birch rods are dispatched to all corners of the earth, and their stinging qualities are felt in all countries. Though the industry thrives ominously, there is some consolation for the schoolboy in the fact that there is no sign of a birch rod "boon." The manufacturers have observed a conservative policy, and the old style of a thin handle and a set number of birch twigs bunched at the end has survived.

A route has been suggested by the members of the Long Island Planning Committee for the proposed boulevard from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, N. Y. The proposition is declared to be an important one for all Long Island; in fact, the greatest benefit it has ever had. The route in Nassau, Queens and Kings counties was planned some time ago. From Farmingdale the road is to run north of the railroad track as far as Ronkonkoma, and at some point between Ronkonkoma and Yaphank it crosses the railroad and runs eastward a short distance south of the track of the railroad to within a quarter mile south of Riverhead, where it branches off toward Southampton, following the north course through the town over the Shinnecock Hills, taking the Peconic Bay side to Bridgehampton, where it is to connect with the road which the East Hampton people have adopted, which goes north of the villages of East Hampton and Amagansett and on to Montauk.

Two murderers and a burglar whose sentences run from ten years to life imprisonment drove quietly out of the State penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., the other afternoon in a stolen automobile while a watchful guard obligingly opened the great barred gates for them. Outside they threw on the high speed gear and whirled to freedom, south and east of the penitentiary, while the guard was trying to explain to his superiors how he came to let them go and why he did not guard more closely the automobile, the fast machine belonging to A. C. Loomis, general accountant of the prison. The three escaped convicts, all from Cook County, are Sigmund Rocha, murderer; Stephen Ayres, murderer, and Edward Shekton, burglar. Chief of Police McWeeny sent out automobiles after automobile loaded with policemen armed with rifles and pistols from the south and southwest Chicago stations, warned every Chicago policeman to be on the watch for the man, and finally sent out Captain Haipin's "Own Rifles," which have scoured the city in vain with rifles for auto bandits.
On December 14th Antony Jannus finally reached Orleans in his Benoist tractor hydro-aeroplane, fitted with a Roberts 75 horse-power two-cycle motor. Jannus in nearly two months making the trip, which was accomplished above the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. A part of the distance, which totals over 1,500 miles, carried a passenger. At the start of his flight Mr. Benoist attempted to keep up with him in an automobile, but was unable to do so. Jannus made exhibition flights at various places and demonstrated the possibility of touring hydro-aeroplane, even under unfavorable weather conditions. Almost every flight he made was either started or finished in the rain. Nevertheless, Jannus persevered, and finally reached his goal without having experienced severe accident. The Benoist biplane is fitted with an enclosed plane body, and has a novel feature in the form of a number of aneroid balancing planes located between the main pairs of each end of the machine.

**GRINS AND CHUCKLES**

Blinks—This room is very close. Can't I have a fresh air? Walter—Cert'ly, sir. (Yells.) Ouch! Fresh!

"Forty years ago that fellow arrived in our town on a cent." "I suppose he owns half the city now?" "No, he's still broke."

Mrs. Goodheart—So you won't chop the wood? Hobo—No, lady. I'm a kleptomaniac. I might steal some of it.

Baron (to pastor who is a mediocre minister)—'Is your Sunday preaching the best. Pastor—but, have you never preach on Mondays? Baron—That is the reason.

"Look at the beautiful engagement ring George gave me!" "Why don't you do as Belle did?" "What do you mean?" "She made him have the stones reset when he gave it to her."

First Farmer—Ere, you remember telling me your 'oss terpine when 'e 'ad colic. Second Farmer—Ay! First Farmer—Well, I gave my 'oss terpine. 'e died. Second Farmer—Well, mine died, too!

In a recent examination in one of the schools of both boys and a teacher asked this question: "Name three classes of people." One of the answers was, "Men, women and babies." In answer to "Name one animal which provides you with both food and clothing," one boy said, "mother."

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast. "You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always solicitous that they were "tender men." "I never doubted that they were tender men," ventured the weep man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time. And be just cleared the porch two yards ahead of the rolling-pin.
FOUND DROWNED.

By John Sherman.

It is more years now since I was attached to the Thames police of the Metropolitan Police, and during the short time I was with them I had some of the most curious and startling experiences that ever fell to the lot of any man to relate. Certainly I did not do much actual work in the river, and on the river, but my investigations were concerned in matters relating to the business carried on upon the Thames.

It was a dark, foggy and cheerless night one of the boats was in a body of a stout, though well built, middleman. At first we thought it a case of suicide, for his hat and chain were still upon him. The watch had passed at five minutes past eleven, and as he was picked up next day, he had evidently not been long in the water. There was no money on the body beyond a few papers in the pocket, not a scrap of paper of any sort to lend the slightest clue to identification.

To solve the inquest came to be held the evidence of the men who had made a post-mortem examination threw out more complexion on the affair than we had at first thought possible. There was a bruise on the temple, and at this spot he found the skull fractured, which evidently was a blow from some blunt instrument, and the thick end of a loaded cane. That blow he certainly had received in life, and before the deceased had got in the water. The presence of a weapon—saber one—and the chain was, however, a stumbling block in the way of the robbery theory, and after considerable discussion a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded, which is always unsatisfactory, to my way of thinking, as it is really no verdict at all. The authorities, however, thought the affair of sufficient importance to warrant a substantial reward for the arrest and conviction of the guilty one.

The examining the corpse I found that he had worn solitaire to fasten his wristbands. These were made in the form of cherub's heads, and from the appearance of the metal were certainly of ancient make. I had them in the plural, but in fact there was only one, in the left wristband. The solitaire which should have been on the right wristband was missing, and not a vestige, but the shirt cuff was torn at the buttonhole. This stud or solitaire had evidently been torn from his left arm, and in all probability had fallen through the water unperceived, and would mark the spot where the encounter had taken place.

A few weeks after I was making my way toward High Holborn, when on passing through a dirty, dirty lane on the river my attention was caught by a flash in the window of what is technically known as a "sawyer shop," an unclean pawnbroker's, in fact. It was a circus, a wild beast show, or something of the sort, in stopping to look at that, my eye rested upon a pass-covered case containing a few articles of jewelry—brooch, a pair of earrings and—yes, on my word—my missing solitaire! I was in the shop in nothing.

"Will you let me look at that solitaire in the window?" I asked of the fat, greasy looking Jewess who came out of an inner room in answer to my knock on the counter.

She eyed me very suspiciously, and I saw in an instant that she knew me.

She knew it would have been worse than useless objecting, so she lifted the little case from the window, and with an evident bad grace.

"Yes, I thought I knew it," I said, as I took the little ornament in my hand. There, sure enough, was a monogram, "W. H.," engraved—the face simile of that on the solitaire already in my possession.

Mrs. Rachael fenced my questions as to how she became possessed of this little trinket, but at last she confessed that she had given Tim Reilly sixpence for the thing, and more than it was worth.

I knew "Tim"—a longshore laborer—and his haunts pretty well, and I interviewed that gentleman at his favorite resort, "The Jolly Pilot," that very night, and in our conversation was short, it certainly was to the point.

"A word with you, Tim," I said. "Where did you get that little silver stud you sold to Mrs. Rachael the other day?" I asked.

Tim's jaw dropped.

"The little angel's head—is it that ye mane?" I nodded.

"I found it down at Misher Abbott's wharf. 'Twas the other morning, and it was mesif that showed it to Misher Finnigan—lastways, Misher Carston—an' he told me it was of no great value. 'But ye can keep it, Tim,' he says, says he, 'and maybe ye'll get the price of a drop o' whisky for it.' An' so I did, begorra, An' that's all meself knows about it at all."

Mr. Carston was Mr. Abbott's managing clerk, and my next interview was with him. He remembered the circumstance of Tim finding the solitaire perfectly well, and as he thought it of little or no value, had told Tim he might dispose of it as he thought best. But when I told him what the finding of that little ornament on Mr. Abbott's wharf portended, he became suddenly very grave and very reticent.

"Dear me; you do not imagine that anything so dreadful as a murder took place on our wharf! I feel as though I were implicated already. It is very shocking. I would not like this to reach Mr. Abbott's ears, for he has been in a delicate state of health for some time—mental worry, you know."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. Some mortgages on some property falling due, and as he can't redeem them, the mortgagee threatens to foreclose, if he has not already done so. But the peculiar part about it is that the money was raised to pay off some liabilities incurred by a younger brother, who has since died, leaving a widow and a young family, and I believe that if the property is sold they will be absolutely penniless."

"It is a sad case indeed," he went on, "and, acquainted as I am with Mr. Abbott's affairs, I do not see how he is going to redeem the mortgages. The fellow was here on the 2d, and from what I could make out he would not wait any longer than a month, and here's the 30th! Only three more days, and, so far as I know, nothing done."
"Yes, the time is short," I replied, mentally making a note of the date—the body was found on the night of the 2d. I was, as you will perceive, already making a connection in my own mind. "I should imagine it was not a very pleasant interview," I continued.

"Rather the reverse," replied Cranson, with a dry smile. "I could hear their voices raised to a high pitch, even though the door was closed; and when Houldsworth came out of Mr. Abbott's room his face was certainly flushed, as if with passion."

"Houldsworth?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes, the mortgagee. Oh, ah—I forgot! I didn't tell you the fellow calls himself Wilbraham Houldsworth—though in reality he is a jew money lender, his right name being Jacob Abrahams. I know him well, as he comes from my part of the country—Bristol; though I am thankful to say he doesn't know me."

"Wilbraham Houldsworth?" I repeated, thinking of the "W. H." on the solicitors. "As you know him so well, you would easily recognize his portrait?" I said, producing the photograph suddenly.

"Yes, yes—no—that is," said Carston, "it's something like him. Mr. Abbott must not know anything about it if you can possibly help it. And he was here late that very night, too. Curious—very curious!"

I found that Mr. Jacob Abrahams, otherwise known as Wilbraham Houldsworth, had resided at Bristol, and the photograph was positively identified as that of Mr. Houldsworth, who had journeyed to London on the first day of the month and had not been seen since. The case was clear. Driven to bay, Abbott had inveigled the money lender to his wharf late that evening on some pretext or other, and there murdered him, possessed himself of the mortgages and other documents, and then cast the body of his victim into the river as the safest hiding place.

Of course he was arrested, and his explanation of his possession of the mortgage deeds was simply that he had redeemed them in the usual way, and had raised the money partly by selling out stock and partly by a mortgage, which he had raised for that purpose, on the wharf. This was easily proved. But then, contended the counsel for the crown, this raising of money might have been a blind, and there was no evidence of the money having been paid to the dead man; for, with the exception of a few pence, his pockets were absolutely empty.

Against this it was argued that the absence of any money upon the person of the deceased might be due to either one or two things. Either Mr. Houldsworth had deposited the money in a place of safety after receiving it from Mr. Abbott, or he had been robbed of it by some third party who knew of his having it, and had enticed him to the wharf and there robbed him. This was really the theory of the defense.

Now I knew a little more than Mr. Carston gave me credit for. I knew that Mr. Abbott was home at eight o'clock, and we had direct evidence that the deed must have been committed somewhere about eleven o'clock.

"Why not have produced the evidence which would have established this alibi?" you will ask. I reply, for the reason that only Mrs. Abbott could have proved this, and, as you know, a wife cannot give evidence for or against her husband in a case of this kind.

"I know," exclaimed the poor lady to me, "There is innocent. He was at home with me the whole time talking over this affair, and saying how well Mr. Houldsworth had behaved in the matter. You will remember that in the doctor's evidence he demonstrated that the dead man had received a blow to the right temple, and he had further said, though I do not think he mentioned it at the time, that it must have been dealt by a left-handed man. I did not think much of that at the time, but after the preliminary inquiry before the magistrate, I was present when the witnesses signed their depositions, and, to my surprise, Carston, chiefly for walking-stick from his left to his right hand, took an even in his left hand and so signed.

"Yes," he explained, "my right hand is quite useless; I injured it when a boy. But use, you know, I made my left hand as though it were my right, and the muscles of this arm are wonderfully developed.

This conversation recurred to me after my journal had been amended as to the misstatements as to the trial between Mr. Abbott and Houldsworth on the charge of murder. What motive has actuated Carston in his desire to throw me on the wrong scent. And with this screen the actual perpetrator. And who was that? Self!

Imbued with this idea, I quietly prosecuted my case while the preparations for the trial of Mr. Abbott were going on. A messenger had called at the boarding house where Mr. Houldsworth was staying, asking him if he would wait upon Mr. Abbott some time that evening. He shall be here until ten," said the note, which, even enough, was found and handed to me, and which, guised as it was, I was certain that it was in the handwriting of Carston.

At a public house not far from the wharf I learned a man had called for and drank some brandy in such a way as to excite the landlord's attention, at about ten o'clock. I conveyed the landlord to the Old Bailey where Mr. Abbott was put on trial, and took care he should be in court when Carston stepped into the witness box, and was identified him positively. This was enough for me, when Joseph Carston was put out of the witness box, stepped into the arms of a policeman, who immediately arrested him upon suspicion of being concerned in the murder. And we brought it home to him, sure enough. He had inveigled Houldsworth to the office, struck a tremendous blow with his loaded walking-stick, and with his left hand and strong left arm, plunged then thrown the body into the river.

He did not, however, in his death "afford a spectacle the multitude," for he perished by his own hand a day previous to that fixed for his execution. He in some way secured a small portion of acme about a person, and this very soon did its destined work. Various unusual materials have been tried in the manufacture of surface car wheels, but it has remained for the West to conceive of the possibilities of rubber. Enid, Okla., several trolley cars, fitted with rubber wheels, are now being operated experimentally, and the results so far have been decidedly satisfactory.
NEWS OF THE DAY

The Hamburg-American Company's new liner Imperator will sail on May 7 on her maiden voyage to New York. The Imperator is the largest liner in the world. She is an eleven-story floating palace 919 feet long, with engines of 80,000 horsepower. Her displacement is 50,000 tons and she can accommodate 5,000 passengers. Among other luxuries the Imperator is fitted with three electric elevators, a winter garden, summer houses, a theatre, a gymnasium, a Ritz restaurant, swimming baths, a ballroom, telephone and a cottage cafe. The swimming bath is the copy of one unearthed at Pompeii, with mosaic pavements that are reproductions of those discovered at Treves. The first class dining saloon is in the Louis XVI style. It is 500 feet long.

The severe cold which has been general over all California has done the most damage in the southern counties, where the loss to the orange and lemon crops will reach $20,000,000. The mercury fell below the freezing point in most parts of the State for the first time in many years. Most of the Southern California citrus crop was on the trees, so that the damage was very heavy. At first it was believed the loss would be 70 per cent. of the crop, but later estimates show that it will be about 40 per cent. This is a severe blow to orange and lemon growers, as most of them have no other resources. If the citrus fruit is killed, they have no crop at all. Throughout Northern California the weather was as cold as in the south, but the loss will be merely nominal, because the deciduous fruit was not in bud. The snowfall in the mountains was heavy, which assures an ample supply of water for the miners for the coming season. Snow also fell in San Francisco and other coast towns for the first time in years.

Landing at Cape Canaveral near Titusville, Fla., January 7, after a rough trip in a small power boat, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chesebrough of New York, accompanied by four men of their yacht Huntress, told of the explosion of their vessel Monday off Cape Canaveral, east of this city, and the loss of three of their seamen. The accident occurred at 4 o'clock in the morning, when the Huntress was on the way from New York to Miami, where Mr. and Mrs. Chesebrough were to pass the winter. Immediately after the explosion, which riddled the handsome craft, causing her to sink, the small power launch was boarded and the survivors shoved off and proceeded to Canaveral. The cook, steward and a seaman were killed in the explosion, their bodies not being recovered. From Canaveral, the shipwrecked party was brought to this city by Capt. Peterson. Mr. and Mrs. Chesebrough left here soon afterward for their destination. The Huntress was ninety feet long. Her owner is a member of the New York Yacht Club. The yacht cost $30,000. Mr. Chesebrough is the youngest son of Robert A. Chesebrough, the vessel manufacturer of New York. Mrs. Chesebrough's jewelry was lost in the wreck.
INTERESTING ARTICLES

SAN FRANCISCO SURGEON PERFORMS REMARKABLE OPERATION.

An operation performed by Dr. Milton F. Clark on a mongrel dog, in which a piece of bone was removed from the hind leg at the joint and a diamond-bearing, sterile silver hinge substituted, is attracting attention as one of the most remarkable feats of surgery in recent years and liable to have an important bearing on the treatment of humans. The dog was suffering from a diseased joint which prevented its walking, and Dr. Clark, who is widely noted as a surgeon and is Vice-Consul for Greece, determined to try an experiment he had long in mind. With the assistance of Dr. A. S. Tucher he performed the operation, substituting the silver hinge without disturbing the nerves or ligaments, and when the cur came out of the anesthetic he helped a couple of times and trotted around the room.

POCKET BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Harry Hart, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has challenged the winner of the pending contest between Alfredo De Oro and Thomas Hueston for the pocket billiard championship, and has deposited with the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company the amount required to validate such a procedure. De Oro and Hueston will compete the latter part of February. The champion will practice at Tim Flynn's, while Hueston will prepare at Sam Grifin's. In twenty-three years De Oro has lost only four pocket billiard matches. He has been beaten several times in tournaments, but has been almost invincible in matches. His first defeat was at the hands of Powers, at Hardman Hall, New York, on May 8, 9 and 10, 1889. Four years later, Clearwater mastered him in a contest at Pittsburgh, on November 2, 3 and 4. In 1889, in a six nights' competition, at 150 balls each night, at Maurice Daly's, Keogh beat him. His last defeat in a match took place at St. Louis on November 16, 17 and 18, 1908, when Hueston won the championship.

BLUNDER RUINS 20,000,000 PANAMA STAMPS.

More than twenty million two-cent stamps of the Panama exposition series have been destroyed by the Post-office Department because of an error in the printing.

All the stamps bore the inscription, " Gatun Locks," but the beautiful view set forth represented San Pedro Miguel. The department, not wishing to subject itself to criticism, ordered the entire issue destroyed. The error on the die will be corrected, new plates made and a fresh supply printed. It is doubtful if one of the wrongly printed stamps ever reaches the public.

The new issue will bear the inscription, " Panama Canal." Never before has so vast a quantity of stamps of a single type been destroyed, especially one that had never been issued.

The one, five and ten cent stamps commemorating the exposition were placed on sale on January 1, but the set is yet incomplete.

HARVARD ATHLETIC STUDENTS.

According to statistics compiled by the athletic societies of Harvard University, nearly 1,000 students competed in athletics during the first three months of the college year. This number shows a large increase over previous year, according to previous reports from the source.

Football led all the other branches of sport at university. 197 men reporting for work on Soldier's Rowing came next, with 153 students. Tennis tournaments brought out a total of 147 competitors, and 122 competed in track events. Baseball, soccer, hockey, swimming, fencing and gymnastics combined brought all athletes.

Arrangements have been completed by the managers of the Yale and Harvard track teams for the proposed athletic games with the combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge in the Harvard stadium, and the event will receive only the satisfaction by the Oxford and Cambridge authorities to assure the American colleges a visit by the Britons. Pending the acceptance of the dates necessary, the managers of the two teams have declined to make a final decision on the date within two weeks of the intercollegiate championships will be selected. This would make the date of the match the middle of June.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS IN PERIL.

The Berlin correspondent of The London Times graphed recently:

"Captain Berg, who is destined to command the German Arctic expedition, received a telegram from Captain Ritschel, which says that the Herzog Ernst is in at Treuenburg Bay, and that no news has been heard from Lieutenant Schroeder Stranz and his companions. The ship was taken over by the ship . Captain Ritschel says he will probably lose some men, but that the Herzog Ernst is safe and can be depended upon.

"Captain Ritschel refuses to be pessimistic about the expedition, but, as will be seen, there is no real information of what happened, and, above all, it is not understood whether Captain Ritschel left his ship. As regards the expedition, it is hoped that it may reach the shore of Cross Bay."