

AN IDYL OF DEVIL'S GULCH.

PART SECOND.

HEPWORTH'S first feeling was one of intense relief, that he was rid of an ugly customer. Then, as he walked back up the street, he busied himself trying to fathom the purpose of the man, who had tracked him with such evident design. He could reach but one plausible conclusion. The free-booter's object was certainly robbery. He had, doubtless, in some way, found out that he was fresh from the mines and possessed of gold. Yet, why had he pursued him into Madam Brown's drawing room, then mysteriously disappear, and finally leave the city?

When he reached the hotel, he walked into the office and sat down to rest. He dismissed the whole thing from his mind and read the morning papers until time for lunch. He spent the afternoon selecting and dispatching to Madam Brown's, for Keith's rooms, some articles of vertu, which he fancied she would like, and a large Turkish lounging chair. When night came, he was very weary and tired; but for some cause, he was restless and very wakeful. After midnight he dropped to sleep, and had a strange dream. He was walking down the main street of a large town. He took out his watch and looked at the time. It was 12:00 o'clock. He concluded to step into a restaurant for dinner, and sat down by a table overlooking the street. While waiting for the taking of his order, his attention was attracted across the street, in front of an office, a justice of the peace's office (he saw the sign above the door), where a

monkey was chained to a tree, and begged the passers-by for apples or candy, which he devoured with a relish. When any one refused him, he would clamber up into the tree and pour out his vials of wrath in a gibberish harangue. While he was watching the maneuvers of the monkey, a close carriage dashed up and stopped in front of the office. A gentleman alighted, and lifting out a lady, half supported her up the steps. Scarcely five minutes passed, when they came out again. He could not see their faces. The lady was closely veiled, and the portly figure of the justice walked in front of the gentleman. When they had entered the carriage, a face looked out of the window for one brief second, recognized him, and actually lifted its hat to him, with a mocking, malicious smile. Hepworth sprang to his feet. It was the man with the iron-gray hair and side-burns. The carriage vanished from sight. A waiter touched his elbow and ran off the bill of fare in a rapid monotone.

"Yes," said Hepworth, mechanically reseating himself.

The man stared, then with a slight gesture of impatience, again doled out his tune.

"Go to thunder with your bill of fare! Bring me a good dinner; you know what that is as well as I do; I'll take your judgment on it."

The waiter retreated with a luminous smile, and presently returned, loaded with smoking viands, to which Hepworth did ample justice. After paying