

"I don't know," said the man, "being where that little willow run crosses the out all night, as I'm obleeged to be—" road, an' there's a big gate there; well,

Here, to Clara's astonishment, her father appeared, with outstretched hand and cordial welcome. "Why, Mr. Benton, how do you do?" just there, some one sprang out of the willows, an' called out, 'Halt!' but before Fred could sense the words, the man fired, and Fred was shot in the head—

"Quite well, sir; hope you're the same," replied the new-comer, while Clara, mortified beyond measure at her blunder, endeavored to escape. He fell over, an' the passenger sitting on the seat with him ketched him an' held him. The horses began to run, soon's Fred dropped the

"Come here, Callie," said Mr. Willis. "My daughter Clara, Mr. Benton. You must excuse her for her answer to your request for supper; we have so many tramp visitors, and we never refuse them bread and milk. Clara didn't know you, you see, and—" reins, an' then they drove like mad, up the gulch, into camp. Everybody that heard 'em comin' knew something was up. Well, that's all, except that the hull camp turned out to help the sheriff, an' the murderer ain't found yet. There is every reason to believe two of 'em was

"No more apologies," interrupted Mr. Benton, good-naturedly, "I look enough like a tramp, I am sure." there, intendin' to rob the stage. Reckon the murder was sort o' unpremeditated. The company's cash was expected that

"But what brought you here just now?" asked Mr. Willis, as he led his guest to a seat on the piazza. night, but it didn't come. We're quite sure the rascals are over there in that basin; they've been tracked there and

"We were sent to guard the bridge to-night," said Mr. Benton. lost their horses, an' we expect 'em to try to cross the river to-night; that's

"Employed by the railroad company?" queried Mr. Willis. "I supposed the bridge was considered safe, but 'tis pretty high water." why we are to guard the bridge. Every bridge anywhere around is guarded."

"Oh no, that isn't it," replied Mr. Benton, in bewildered surprise. "Don't you know—hadn't you heard of the murder up at Juniper gulch?" "You say we; who is with you?" inquired Mr. Willis, as Clara went to the

"Murder!" shrieked Clara, as she stopped in the doorway, with a plate of bread in one hand and a dish of fruit in the other. table to deposit her dishes.

"Yes," answered Mr. Benton, turning to Clara as he spoke. "Fred Farnsworth; stage driver, you know, from the station up the gulch." "Ike Grant," replied Mr. Benton. "He's on the other side. I was to let him know if we could get supper here. If I'd known this was your place, I'd a' fetched him right along."

"Wish you had," said Mr. Willis, "but the next best thing is to call him now. I'll send Tom over." Tom soon crossed the bridge, and re-

"Fred Farnsworth! Oh yes; but was he killed, or did he—" appeared with a stranger. Each carried a gun, and they were conversing eagerly. Indeed, while the men ate of the bountiful meal Clara had provided, they

"He was killed. You see, it was this way: It was—let me see, this is Wednesday—well, that was Saturday night, an' Fred was driving the stage, as usual; had got along there, you remember, thought of nothing but the murder,