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CLOVERDALE MERCANTILE CO.

BARRINGTON'S CONVERT

(Continued from first page)

way of getting at a man. However, he saw no other way and resolved to effect an entrance into Barrington's home at night and do the job there when Bob was asleep.

When Barrington had returned to his home he had tossed his revolver into a bureau drawer, and there it remained. One night Bob awoke suddenly. He did not know what it was that awakened him. During his term of service as sheriff, when he had many enemies, he had been a light sleeper, and the slightest sound would rouse him. Believing now that there was some cause for his broken sleep he listened and soon heard what turned out to be the raising of a sash on the main floor with a jimmy. Springing out of bed he seized an electric light he kept in his room and remembering the revolver in the drawer took it in his other hand. It had not been re-loaded since his homecoming.

Going out into the hall he heard a sound as of some one lighting on a floor after getting in a window. Stepping in his stocking feet down the stairway he went into the living room and ensconced himself behind the door. His position was admirable. He could shoot through the crack made by the door and the wall. He had not been there long before by the dim light coming from the street lamps without he saw a figure coming through the hall. When it was about to turn to go upstairs Bob flashed his electric light with his left hand while with his right he thrust the muzzle of his revolver through the crack of the door.

"Hello, Donohue!" he said. "Is that you? Hands up! Quick, or I'll fire!" Donohue, blinded by the bright light, was completely at his enemy's mercy.

He raised both hands at once. In his right hand was a revolver.

"Put your weapon on the stairs," said Bob. "Be quick about it, but don't make a noise."

Donohue had no choice but to do as he was told. He laid his revolver on a stair about as high as his head.

"Now back away from it. That'll do. Stay where you are till I come."

Leaving his fortification, Bob went into the hall and drove his man into the dining room. There he turned on a light.

"I saved your life," he said, "and cut your time down to two years. This is your gratitude. I'm going to give you what you deserve. It won't be less than ten years."

The man looked the picture of despair. Ten more years in stripes! The prospect was too much for him.

"I'd rather have you settle me with a little lead!" he groaned. "You must at least give me credit for sayin' that I was goin' to do it."

"That's something in your favor, and you have shown a perseverance in following me up which if exerted in a better cause would have brought you comfort. Have you ever been married?"

"Yes; to a woman I don't deserve. She left me long ago, takin' the kids with her."

Donohue's voice trembled.

"Suppose I help you to retrieve your past."

"You couldn't do that."

"I can, with your help."

An hour later a plan was arranged by which Donohue should start afresh. He made good, with Barrington's assistance, and a time came when he was reunited to his wife and children.

He and they worship the ground Bob Barrington treads.

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