



Illustrations - PAUL ROBINSON

edwin legrand sabin

What's Gone Before.

Frank Beeson, from Albany, New York, reaches Benton, Wyoming, then—1888—western terminus of the Pacific Railroad. He had been ordered by physicians to seek a climate "high and dry." He is robbed of most of his money in his hotel and loses his last twenty dollars at monte in "The Big Tent," a dance hall and gambling resort in the "roaring" town of Benton.

"Go whar yu belong, yu Jezebel! Then I'll tend to this—" The rabid epithet leveled at me I shall not repeat. "Be careful what you say, Daniel. No man on this earth can speak to me like that." All his face flushed livid with a sneer, merging together yellow freckles and tanned skin. "Can't, can't he? I kin an' I do. Now yu git. I've stood yore fast-an'-loose plenty. I mean business. Git! Whar yu'll be safe. I'll not hold off much longer."

ed every movement preliminary to the onset! Bullets were too slow and easy! I did not see his revolver; I saw but the hulk of him and the intolerable sneer of him, and that his flesh was ready to my fingers. And quicker than his hand I was upon him, into him, clinching him, clinging to him, arms binding him, legs twining around his, each ounce of me greedy to crush him down and master him.

Into the Night CHAPTER X.

A meeting between My Lady and me brought on, not long after, the expected crisis. As we talked, suddenly I saw Daniel nearing, striding rapidly, straight for us, a figure portentous in the fading glow, bringing the storm with him. She saw, too. Her eyes widened, startled, surveying not him, but me. "Please go. I'll keep him."

So there I stood, amidst silence, gaping foolishly, breathing hard, my smoking revolver in my fingers.

The shock drove him backward. We swayed and staggered, grasping hither and thither. I had his arms pinned, to bend him. He spat into my face; and shifting, set his teeth into my shoulder so that they champed like the teeth of a horse, through shirt and hide to the flesh. We toppled together, came to the ground with a thump. Here we churned, while he flung me and still I stuck. The acid dust of the alkali enveloped us. Again he spat, fetid—sprawled upon him, smothering his



stalling arms; gave him all my weight and strength; smelled the sweat of him, startled into his snarling race, close beneath mine. Once he partially freed himself and buffeted me in the mouth with his fist, but I caught him—while struggling, tossed and upheaved, dimly saw that as by a miracle we were surrounded by a ring of people, men and women, their countenances pale, alarmed, intent. Voices sounded in the dull roar.

Hands were rummaging at my left arm; a handage being wound about. "Did I kill him?" I bemoaned. "Not that! I didn't aim—I don't know how I shot—but I had to. Didn't I?" "You did! He'll not bother you ag'n. She's yours."

said. "Just a flesh wound. You two can eat and rest a bit, and if you set out 'fore moon-up you can easy get clear. We'll furnish mounts and grub and anything else you need."

Jenks said. "I'd advise you to take an hour's start of it, so as to get away easier. If you travel straight south'ard you'll strike the stage road in the mornin'. When you reach a station you'll have 'chance either way."

MAKING THE FARM PAY - - By Old Man Economy

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