

Wah-na-gi is fixing up Cadger we will determine what is to be done with these two scoundrels."

The table was cleared and the men sat about in a council of war. When all were seated, Hal said: "Well, what shall we do with them?"

McShay said: "I'd take 'em outside, give 'm one hundred yards, and let 'em get away, *if they could.*"

"Why take us outside?" said Ladd, coming down and standing before them. He had regained his aplomb, and never had appeared to better advantage.

"No," said Hal, "I couldn't do that. If I'd wanted to do that I wouldn't have taken 'em alive. I'll have to take 'em East and hand 'em over to the United States authorities and send 'em to the penitentiary."

"That's a lot of trouble for two such skunks," said McShay.

"I'd rather you shot us as McShay suggests," said Ladd. Then, turning to Hal, he said: "Calthorpe, you got us. You turned the trick. You got the documents we were after. They're all you need for your purposes. You don't need us except to get even with us, and you're too big a man for that. You can send us up for God knows how many years, for life, for all I know, but what good will it do you? Give us another chance?"

"Gee, you got your nerve," said Bill.

"We'll hit the trail for Canada, that is, if we ever see a trail."

"Say, what have we got agin Canada?" asked Orson.