

"You make a noise," snarled Munford, "and I'll finish you! Oh, it's you, eh? Look here, Mac, it's the cuss that ran the roulette wheel that night at Pete's. So my price is three hundred, eh? Well, hand it out. *Quick!*"

Slowly the fellow put his hand in his pocket and for the second time that night pulled out his roll.

Munford's anger seemed to have vanished. He laughed softly as he took the money.

"What are you going to do with me?" whined the gambler.

Munford made no answer. In the imperfect light, he was laboriously counting the bills. McGuire watched the operation, at the same time keeping an eye on their prisoner.

"Two sixty—eighty—three hundred," said Munford at last, cramming that amount into his pocket and handing back by far the larger part of the roll to the man. "What am I goin' to do with you? Nothin'! You get on that horse and ride back to Pete. I want him to know this. Tell him all about it. Tell him Munford told you to tell him. That's worth more than breakin' your neck—and that's all that saves you from gettin' it broke, savvy? You tell him *I've* got the three hundred, and I'll give him his chance at me for it one of these days. And when I do—My God, *you ride* before I begin with you!"

The fellow glanced fearfully from Munford to McGuire and back again to Munford to assure himself that he was free to go. Then he clambered fran-