

fit and set out for the mountains. A few hours later he returned with a dozen lively rattlers squirming about in a gunny-sack.

After dinner he extracted the fangs of the reptiles by means of a strip of soft buckskin which he flaunted before them, giving the tough substance a dexterous twitch as the dripping poison hooks struck into it. When he had reduced the last of his venomous catch to the harmlessness of a dove, he proceeded to make a door in the floor of his cabin, and finally to construct a dummy, which he clothed in his miner's coat and overalls, and then by skilful propping, made to assume a friendly upright posture just inside the doorway.

When the miner came, a little after nightfall, Sandy told him to climb up into the oak that shaded the front of the cabin.

"Don't make a chirp or a rustle," he said, "until they are both inside. Then jump down quick as you can, slam the door shut, and prop this chunk of wood against it. I've got a friend here who is going to stand up for me and have his head broken."

The "friend's" head was made of a boulder wrapped in a flour sack.

"It sounds like a real pate, doesn't it?" continued Lockwood, removing the hat and giving the bogus skull a rap with a piece of wood.

Until late in the evening there was no sound but that of the night wind swishing through the pine-tops. Then the watchers heard men approaching on the

ward for a peep outside when a stealthy tiptoe pressed a yielding form that rattled terribly at one end and struck at his leg with the other.

"Snakes!" yelled the gambler, and his blood-curdling yell awoke the echoes of the canon as he bounded toward the ceiling.

The men were silent then; the shrill whir of the rattlers filled the cabin. "Snakes!"

In a hoarse, tremulous whisper the gamblers uttered the word, as in darkness and confusion they fumbled for matches.

"Look out!" yelled a scared voice from beneath the house. "My goodness, boys, don't get afoul of those rattlers!"

The voice was strikingly like that of the man they supposed they had killed; but this the gamblers failed to notice. Stirred by the same wild impulse, they landed with a simultaneous crash against the barricaded door. Again they gathered themselves for a lunge, but the whizzing alarm of an angry reptile beneath their feet sent them pell-mell to the barred windows. The terror in the cries for help which then arose sent the chills over men at the lower camp far down the canon.

Lockwood and his friend met the crowd that came streaming up the trail, and explained the situation.

"Hurry up and let them out!" urged Lockwood, in hurried conclusion. "I'm afraid the lads will be scared plumb senseless."

When the door was thrown open the "bad men" were found standing together on Lockwood's bunk, striking matches with trembling fingers, shooting at the crawling snakes in the brief flash of light, and yelling in helpless terror through intervals of fumbling and darkness.

The alacrity with which the scared gamblers threw themselves into the arms of their captors raised a laugh, but this shortly turned into an angry demand for a lynching when, after Lockwood had sacked his rattlers, the party entered the cabin, where the prostrate form of the sand-bagged dummy offered silent evidence of the attempted crime.

According to my friend the lumber jack, nothing but a very vigorous stand on the part of the peculiar Lockwood saved the captured sand-baggers from summary execution. The old prospector's plea for the culprits must have made a deep impression, for my companion, who was one of the men present, gave it at length, ending triumphantly with the conclusion verbatim:

"The object of punishment is reform and not vengeance. These lads have had a chance to see themselves as others see them. Give them a chance to live down this sorry vision."

The appeal carried, and the offenders were released with the understanding that they should hurriedly move from that vicinity. One of the offenders was never heard of again, but the other my informant afterwards met in Dallas, Texas, where for many years he had been an exemplary citizen.

### Ten Days.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight.

"I can't see that there's much the matter," she told the doctor. "I believe you are keeping me abed just to make me rest," and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheeriest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

"Christine," he said, "I have never lied to you, and am going to tell you the truth. You are not so well as you think."

Her startled eyes searched his own.

"Do you mean—" she began.

"I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while." His eyes were wet.

"How long?" she asked, softly.

"Probably about ten days."

She drew a quick breath. "Do the rest know?"

The physician nodded.

"Poor mother!" she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. "I thank you for telling me."

Her father sat with her at the noon

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(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service)

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Do crusts form in your nose?  
Are you worse in damp weather?  
Do you blow your nose a good deal?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?  
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?  
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"It sounds like a real pate, doesn't it."

trail which led up the canon. They were chatting cheerily, and stumbled along over the boulders after the manner of well-intentioned citizens.

Approaching the cabin, one of them knocked loudly.

"Who's there? What d'ye want?" mumbled a sleepy voice from inside.

"Friends from the lower camp," was the reply.

For some minutes there were sounds of bare feet shuffling about the floor, and presently a light glimmered through the crack beneath the door.

"Come on in," said the sleepy man. "The latch-string's on the outside."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the door was opened quickly, and the foremost ruffian bounded forward. Confronting him in the half-gloom of the dimly lighted cabin, a form stood with outstretched, welcoming hand, and the murderous gambler struck at it with all his might. There was a thud as the sand-bag landed, followed by the sprawl of a lifeless body settling to the floor.

"Get yourself in here!" ordered the sand-bagger, in a shrill, nervous whisper.

"Hurry! Lock up, strike a light. He put the candle out when he fell. Hark!" he quickly added. "Douse your match. What bumped the door?"

The gamblers listened with nerves aquiver. Outside the night wind shifted gently through the pines, and inside—was it inside?—there was a dry, scratchy whisper as of scaly forms creeping—then silence—again the creeping.

"Sounds like snakes!" gasped one, at last. "Let's strike a light."

"Keep your light doused!" hissed the other. "It's someone outside."

Very lightly he stole towards the barred window. He was bending for-