

"GUNSIGHT PASS"

By William MacLeod Raine.
Copyrighted by Thos. Allen.

"He's been havin' soft too long, don't you reckon?"

"No, sir. He just didn't have the sand in his craw to hang on and finish you off whilst you was rippin' up his haigs."

Dave roped his mount and rode out to meet Chiquito. The plato was an aristocrat in his way. He preferred to choose his company, was a little disdainful of the company that had no accomplishments. Usually he grazed a short distance from the remuda, together with one of Bob Hart's string. The two ponies had been brought up in the same bunch.

This morning Dave's whistle brought no nicker of joy, no thud of hoofs galloping out of the darkness to him. He rode deeper into the desert. No answer came to his calls. At a canter he cut across the plain to the wrangler. That young man had seen nothing of Chiquito since the evening before, but this was not at all unusual.

The cowpuncher returned to camp for breakfast and got permission of the foreman to look for the missing horses.

Beyond the flats was a country creased with draws and dry arroyos. From one to another of these Dave went without finding a trace of the animals. All day he pushed through the cactus and mesquite heavy with grey dust. In the late afternoon he gave up for the time and struck back to the flats. It was possible that the lost broncos had rejoined the remuda of their own accord or had been found by some of the riders gathering up strays.

Dave struck the herd trail and followed it toward the new camp. A horseman came out of the golden west of the sunset to meet him. For a long time he saw the figure rising and falling in the saddle, the pony moving in the even fox-trot of the cattle country.

"The man was Bob Hart."

"Found 'em?" shouted Dave when he was close enough to be heard.

"No, and we won't—not this side of Malapl. Those scallaws didn't make camp last night. They kep' travelin'. If you ask me, they're movin' yet, and they've got our broncs with 'em."

This had already occurred to Dave as a possibility. "Any proof?" he asked quietly.

"A-plenty. I been ridin' on the point all day. Three-four times we cut trail of five horses. Two of the five are bein' ridden. My Four-Bits hoss has got a broken front hoof. So has one of the five."

"Movin' fast, are they?"

"You're damn whistlin'. Malapl first, off, looks like. They got friends there."

"Steelman and his outfit will protect them while they hunt cover and make a getaway. Miller mentioned Denver before the race—said he was figurin' on goin' there. Maybe."

"He was probably lyin'. You can't tell. Point is, we've got to get busy. My notion is we'd better make a bee-line for Malapl right away," proposed Bob.

"We'll travel all night. No use wastin' any more time."

Dug Doble received their decision sourly. "It don't tickle me a heap to be left short-handed because you two boys have got an excuse to get to town quicker."

Hart looked him straight in the eye. "Call it an excuse if you want to. We're after a pair of shorthorn crooks that stole our horses."

The foreman flushed angrily. "Don't come belly-achin' to me about yore broomtails. I ain't got 'em."

"We know who's got 'em," said Dave evenly. "What we want is a wage check so we can cash it at Malapl."

"You don't get it," returned the big foreman bluntly. "We pay you off when we reach the end of the drive."

"I notice you paid yore brother and Miller when we gave an order for it," Hart retorted with heat.

"A different proposition. They hadn't signed up for the drive like you boys did. You'll get what's comin' to you when I pay off the others. You'll not get it before."

The two riders retired sulkily. They felt it was not fair, but on the trail the foreman is an autocrat. From the other riders they borrowed a few dollars and gave in exchange orders on their pay checks. Within an hour they were on the road. Fresh horses had been roped from the remuda and were carrying them at an even Spanish jog-trot through the night. The stars came out, clear and steady above a ghostly world at sleep. The desert was a place of mystery, of vast space peopled by strange and misty shapes.

The plain stretched vaguely before them. Far away was the thin outline of the range which enclosed the valley. The riders held their course by means of that trained sixth sense of direction their occupation had developed.

They spoke little. Once a coyote howled dimly from the edge of the mesa. For the most part there was no sound except the chuffing of the horses' movements and the occasional ring of a hoof on the baked ground.

The gray dawn, sitting into the sky, found them still traveling. The mountains came closer, grew more definite. The desert flamed again, dry, lifeless, torrid beneath a sky of turquoise. Dust eddies whirled in inverted cones, wind devils playing in spirals across the sand. Tablelands, mesas, wide plains, desolate lava stretches. Each in turn was traversed by these lean, bronzed riders.

They reached the foothills and

left behind the desert shimmering in the dancing heat. In a deep gorge, where the hill creases gave them shade, the punchers threw off the trail, unsaddled, hobbled their horses, and stole a few hours' sleep. In the late afternoon they rode back to the trail through a draw.

they looked down from the other side of the pass upon the lights of Malapl.

CHAPTER V.

Supper at Delmonico's Interrupted.

The two D Bar Lays R punchers ate supper at Delmonico's. The restaurant was owned by Wong Chung. A Cantonese celestial did the cooking and another waited on table. The price of a meal was twenty-five cents, regardless of what one ordered.

Hop Lee, the waiter, grinned at the frolicsome youths with the serenity of a world-old wisdom.

"Bleef steak, pork chop, lamb chop, hiam-neggs, clove bleef hash, Splanish stew," he chanted, reciting the bill of fare.

"Yes," murmured Bob. The waiter said his piece again. "Listens good to me," agreed Dave. "Lead it to us."

"You take two—bleef steak and hiam-neggs mobby," suggested Hop helpfully.

"That's right. Two orders of everything on the me-an-you, Charlie." Hop did not argue with them. He never argued with a customer. If they stormed at him he took refuge and suddenly acquired lack of understanding of English. If they called him Charlie or John or One-Ling, he accepted the name cheerfully and laid it to a racial mental deficiency of the melicans. Now he decided to make a selection himself.

"Vely well. Bleef steak and hiam-neggs."

"Fried potatoes done brown, John."

"Filed potatoes. Tea or clof tea?"

"Coffee," decided Dave for both of them. "Warm mine."

"And custard pie," added Bob. "Made from this year's crop."

"Aigs sunny side up," directed his friend.

"Fry mine one on one side and one on the other," Hart continued facetiously.

"Vely well." Hop Lee's impassive face betrayed a perplexity as seven persons he waited on hundreds of wild men from the hills, drunk and sober.

Remitting Money by Mail

A SAFE and convenient form of remitting money by mail, not only in Canada but to any part of the world, is by Drafts issued by the Bank of Montreal. These drafts can be cashed at the local bank designated. The cost is nominal.

BANK of MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Capital Paid up \$22,000,000 Res. \$2,000,000

Total Assets in Excess of \$500,000,000

To Investors

Do you appreciate the advisability of having your banker serve you in matters pertaining to investments.

The Bank is always in direct and constant touch with the investment markets and is well equipped to secure sound and attractive securities or to place any bonds you may wish to dispose of.

At any branch of the Standard you can obtain accommodation or advice relative to investments.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

TOTAL ASSETS OVER NINETY MILLIONS

BELLEVILLE BRANCH - JOHN ELLIOTT, Manager.

Sub-branches at Foxboro, Melrose, Point Anne, Rednersville and Shannonville.

SEEDS -- SEEDS

COMMON MILLET, JAPANESE MILLET and HUNGARIAN SILVER HULL BUCKWHEAT.

SEED CORN.

TURNIP SEED -- all varieties -- IN BULK

Berry Boxes and Fruit Baskets.

Special Offer!

BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL

100 lb. Bags at \$5.25 each.

25 lb. Bags at \$1.35 each.

Our hearty congratulations that the last obstacle to our mutual trade is removed, and we trust the future holds a greater business for both Prince Edward County and Belleville.

Charles E. Bishop & Son

192 Front Street Phone 283.

"Fry mine one on one side and one on the other," Hart continued facetiously.


"Vely well." Hop Lee's impassive face betrayed a perplexity as seven persons he waited on hundreds of wild men from the hills, drunk and sober.

To be continued

Seven persons are reported to have been killed and many injured in the collapse of the Grand Theatre at Barnesboro, Pa.

Arthur McGie

Merchant Tailor



SPECIAL PRICES -- JULY 2nd to 5th

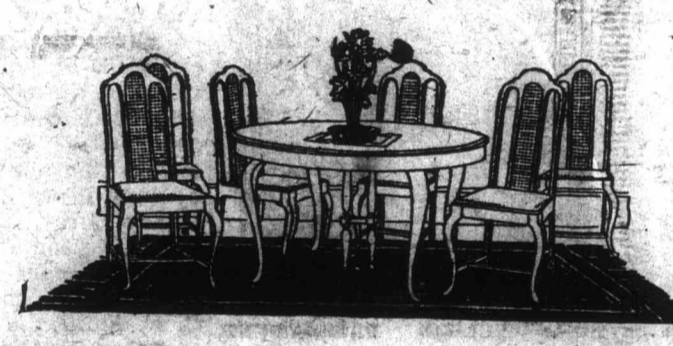
To All From PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY On Above Dates.

A Complete Stock To Choose From. -- Satisfaction Guaranteed --

208 Front St.

WE ARE OFF

On the last lap of our Big Furniture Sale. The first Half has been a great Success. In the next five days we are going to



SMASH ALL RECORDS

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

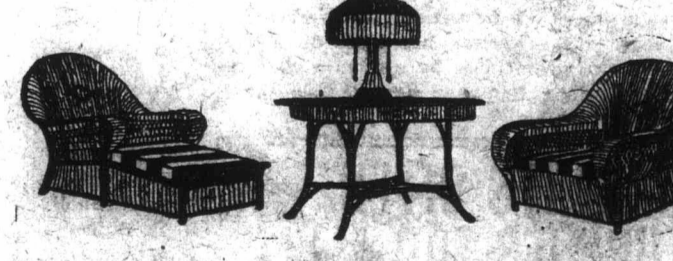
This is YOUR opportunity!

We don't KEEP Furniture -- We SELL it.

Every merchant in the land must take his losses on the falling market SOME-TIME. The live ones are taking theirs NOW.

WE ARE ALIVE

Special bargains in Bedding, Rugs, Baby Carriages and Phonographs.



WRAY'S

BIG FURNITURE SALE

306 Front St., Belleville

— YOU GET MARRIED, WE FEATHER THE NEST —

ADAMS'

20% Per Cent Shoe Sale



To celebrate the Free Bridge and to welcome the good people of Prince Edward, as well as the citizens of Belleville and Hastings County, we have decided to put on

20% Discount Sale on July 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th

Every Shoe in the Store, including White Canvas Goods, Running Shoes, Etc., included.

Our stock has been re-marked to present prices and with a 20% Discount off these prices, it is real economy to buy footwear.



ADAMS

THE SHOEMAN

WED

HUMPHREY

At the Methodist Belleville, on St. by the Rev. A. H. Derby to Mr. Humphrey of St. side in Belleville

CLAPP

A very pretty used in St. Paul Rostin, when Mr. eldest daughter C. Carney, of bride of Mr. W. Corbyville. The formed by the L. Th., rector of M. Carney, while sisted by Mr. J. bride was beau wedding gown of with embroidery roses and ferns, charming in a happy couple honeymoon trip, a suit of navy bl

FITZGIBBON

A very pretty at the home of Murray, when his Steinburg became Goldie Fitzgibbon. tifully decorated roses and ferns, charming in a carried white wreath of orange Verna Stinson acted as flower girl and blue silk, white roses. The played by Mr. Clapp the signing of Ruth Riley accompanied Bessie Locke sang.

The groom's gift a bar pin set with flower girls, signification, and popular couple was expressed host of beautiful were the recipient ding ceremony guests sat down to the dining room the occasion. The by motor for Me Eastern points. ing in a gay bl hat to match. Be of friends accompanied on their voyage

Permanent On Foxboro at Last

The Foxboro-Belle highway is at last Two miles north of is grading southward section of the road way from Belleville be graded this year.

A culvert gang in a few days to provide drainage and culvert The road allowance the drawing port will be of standard way traffic.

It is anticipated will be brought here material for the highway.

W

La