

the word, stood straight, pistol in hand. There was a short grim silence. Etherington, did he live, would remember to his dying day, that bleak shore, that lonesome dawn, with its ruddy, cold fires, those moaning trees, and the living hate in the face of the man who fronted him. Then there came the words, "One, two;" and before the word "three" was uttered, there was the quick report of a pistol, and Etherington felt the world slipping away from him. Then he knew no more.