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"Why should he be in the pass, Chris, if his game is revenge? He can't expect me."

"Why—why—why!" Chris exclaimed bitterly. "Can't you accept what I say without torturing my soul to cry out words of truth? Can't you believe that I want to save you from your enemies?"

Then the vehemence passed, and letting her hand rest on his shoulder she said, "Leave Badger to be brought in by somebody else, will you?"

"All right," he answered, with a smile. "To please you, Chris, Badger may lead himself home."

They were at the Lone Pine; and the jagged rim of the mountains was soft in the gentle half-tone of dusk as Kinnaird cut across the prairie to his shack. "No, I won't go after Badger," he muttered, as, lighting a candle, he exchanged his boots for a pair of moccasins; "but I will go after a deuced sight cleverer lot of animals. If they are out yonder on that trail that leads to No Man's Land, there's something doing. The little woman was too much concerned over my welfare."

He snatched a bite of supper, and buckled a pair of pistols beneath his coat.

As he stopped to blow out the candle, a sudden inspiration checked him. He laughed. "A woman's wit is a corking proposition," he muttered. "This shack in darkness, clever Chris would be uneasy."

With a foot-rule he measured the candle; then, cutting an inch from its length, he said meditatively, "I guess that will sputter out about ten o'clock and she'll think I've gone to sleep. Curse this contract, anyway! It's one long, living lie!"

He placed the candle so its light struck through the shack's one window toward the hotel, drawing across the casement a thin curtain of cheese-cloth lest prying eyes should discover his absence.

As Kinnaird closed the door behind him he slipped the leather latchstring back into the shack, as an evidence that he was within, and struck westward across the prairie at a dog lope, angling to the trail a mile beyond Stand Off.

Far to the south there was a penciled line of red against the huge gloom of Chief Mountain, where a prairie fire licked with hot tongue at the parched grass. Its smoke hazed the moonlight, and rasped Kinnaird's heaving lungs with its acrid breath till he coughed. Just topping Stand Off, the moon loomed sullen red through the smoked atmosphere, showing in inked lines the waggon ruts of the trail. Sometimes he dropped to a walk to cool out his lungs, which, big and lean of fat, held without distress his Indian lope for a mile at a stretch.

As he dipped with the trail into Sweet Grass coulee a horse raced from its marshy flat and pounded in erratic gallop up the farther hill, the clink of flapping stirrups telling it was Badger.

"Oh, you swivel-brained mule!" Kinnaird apostrophised the shadowy figure, as it merged to nothing in the moonlight. He realised the menacing danger of this uncontrolled herald of his approach. Badger would cling to the road, starting off like a startled deer at each approach of his owner, and if he galloped, saddled as he was, into whatever rendezvous the whiskey men had, Kinnaird stood a far better chance of getting shot than of discovering anything.

Reviling the bronco, he went forward more cautiously at a fast, noiseless walk. Once again he heard the sudden pounding of hoofs as Badger winded him. He was drawing into the pass now, about five miles from Stand Off. He could hear, borne on the silent night air, the faint music of

Mad Squaw Rapids, where the Kootenay roared through the gorge at Little Divide. He slacked his pace, judging that he must again be close to the horse. A hundred yards, and suddenly, the form of Badger loomed, grazing beside the trail. Again he was off at a gallop.

Suddenly a man's voice rang out in an imperative "Halt!"

Kinnaird's trained ear, tensioned as he stood with head thrust forward listening, caught a muffled change in the pat-pitty-pat of the hoofs that told him Badger had swerved to the prairie at the challenge.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!"

The voice had scarce stilled before a rifle barked viciously, a red flash beaconing its position. Then again it crackled, twice, in rapid fire.

Kinnaird, swinging to the left, creeping onward, heard men's voices fifty yards ahead. They came with the distinct carrying force of words flung across space.

"It's dat church coyote! I knocked him out de saddle!" one cried from a spot twenty yards to the right of where the rifle had red-lettered the gloom.

With a start Kinnaird recognised Matteo's shrill tones. Then he heard the other man say, "Hold on, Matt, till I picket these lines, and I'll help you look for the—"

There was the metallic creak of a neckyoke as the driver pulled his horses back, and the thump of his jump to earth.

As he moved off the driver asked, "What makes you think it was the sky pilot, Matt? Did you sure wing him?"

The Corsican cackled a hyena laugh of derision. "Think!" he snarled. "De saddle was empty when Badger loped pas' after I shoot, and I knowed dat cayuse's white legs. Come on, Kootenay, fore he crawls off and caches."

Kinnaird saw the two men who searched for his shot-riddled body loom grotesquely in the mysterious moonlight at times, and then the gloom would engulf the ghostlike prowlers. It was a gruesome scene—the Corsican gloating over the murderous prospect of finding the man whom he had shot out of the saddle—but Kinnaird chuckled, and, slipping forward to the waggon that blurred in a dark mass, ran his hand under a tarpaulin that covered its freight. Square tins, wedged tightly, filled the waggon box.

"Phew! Whiskey! I thought so," he muttered.

Exclamations of disappointment came at intervals from the men who searched in the grass.

"It's about time the dead man folded his tent and stole away," Kinnaird muttered, and keeping the waggon between himself and the shadowy figures he walked quietly a hundred yards deep into the prairie, and then, breaking into a trot, circled back to the trail that led to Stand Off.

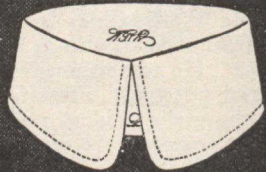
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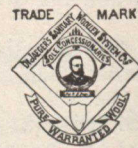
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