

manner showed that he had been drinking, and he was in a blustering mood. "Your man has an apology, I suppose, Jarvis?" he blurted out as he came forward, but ignoring Etherington, who stood apart, gazing at that desolate landscape, and wondering what would be the end.

"No, certainly not!" answered Jarvis shortly and coldly.

"Then," said the other brutally, "you had better place your man, for Carey is waiting to shoot him."

"Don't be too sure," answered Jarvis, "but let us get to work."

In a few moments, the principals were facing each other, pistol in hand; but Carey was so excited that he could not keep still. He had been drinking; and Etherington caught the look on his face as he fronted him there on that bleak sand, and it was more the countenance of a fiend than of a man.

"I don't want to unnerve you, Etherington," Jarvis whispered as he placed him, "but that man is a murderer. Were I in your place, I would not wait too long before I fired." As he spoke, Carey broke out in horrid oaths.

"Make haste, or I will shoot anyhow," he cursed. The truth is that he was after all, in reality, a coward; and in spite of his being a clever shot, the sight of Etherington standing there so cool, collected, and silent, unnerved him, and he was blustering to keep up his courage. Yet he was determined to kill the other man if he possibly could.

"Are you ready?" shouted Johnson. Each man, at