

"I say down with 'em! burn 'em! burn their houses! I should like to see Mr. Vaughn's house afire! Would I put it out? I should smile."

"Now, Helbrod, none o' that," said a quieter voice; "it's always the way when you've got a glass or two into you. That sort o' talk brings discredit on the strike and on the union. Drop it, I say."

"Oh, you're all right—you're a delegate—you get pay from the union," sneered Helbrod.

"I'm going to take no lip from you, and so I tell you. For two pins I'd spoil that ugly mug of yours."

Helbrod made a vituperative reply. It was evident, from his highly stimulated condition, where the money obtained by pawning his boy's Sunday clothes had gone.

Fritz took the key from where it hung, without going into the bar. Proceeding to the stable he began to bridle and saddle his broncho. While doing so he saw two men emerge from the back door of the hotel and come across to the stables. As Fritz had no lantern, and was saddling his horse by such faint light as struggled in from the outside, they did not see him.

One of the two men was Helbrod. "Well, then," he said to his companion, "we'll get all the chaps to meet at the Wolf on Tuesday night at eight o'clock, eh? Then we'll settle the entire plan, and if we don't shift summat my name