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carbines, and drifted back towards the open trail again, feelin' kind o' quiet and low-spirited and sheepish."

The tenderfoot smoked on in silence, for want of something to say. "And Hunker Bill—did you never hear of him again?"

The little sergeant shook his head. "There's been many a man besides Hunker Bill swallowed up by the hills o' that subarctic wilderness. Sometimes they work their way on, to the West, across the Tananahas and out through the Kuskokvim Mountains, and drift down to the coast. And sometimes they double on—"

The little sergeant never finished the sentence, for he suddenly started up, alertly, squinting down towards the far end of the open coulee. The tenderfoot, a little startled, thought he saw a new light creep into the straining eyes, fringed by the pebbled wrinkles of their habitual prairie-squint. He followed the other's gaze, but saw nothing. Then, as he looked, his eye caught a small black speck o' life drifting slowly across the stippled streaks of gray between the broken timber and the open rock. The speck grew to a dot, and from a dot to a figure. Then he saw that it was a horseman, and a horseman cautiously but quickly approaching the Gap. But no word passed between the waiting men.

Yet as the horseman grew more and more distinct the little sergeant fidgeted more and more with his carbine. A minute later he started up, uttered a muffled note of surprise, swore gently, and still again peered narrowly down the trail. The figure grew more distinct, as he looked, and even the tenderfoot, in that clear northern air, could make out the scarlet tunic with the bright yellow facings, and the yellow-striped blue breeches of a sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police. A vague sense of disappointment crept through him at the sight.

But the third man, so far below, came to a sudden stop, wheeled about, hesitated still again, and then turned back to his original route, only skirting more closely the broken timber. He had caught sight, it was obvious, of his sentinel comrade above him. Then his voice rose through the tranquil valley air as he circled, at a gallop, past the watchers overhead.

"It's all right," he hallooed, with a wave of the arm. "They've got him! Crackerbox Jones is caught, I say—by sergeant and two scouts—twelve miles up the trail!"

Then a strange thing happened. As he swept by them, a dancing splash of vivid scarlet against the gray-green of the coulee-bottom, the little sergeant dropped quickly on one knee and training his rifle on his passing brother-officer, fired, once and then again. The galloping horse plunged, fell and slid forward on its shoulders, tossing its rider ludicrously over, once, twice, three times, in grotesque somersaults. The next moment a bullet whined and sang between the two men and tore through the poplar branches behind them. The little sergeant fired again.

Then he peered out again, and this time he saw that the man in the valley beneath him was on his knees, holding up his two arms, and he could see that one of the fore-arms drooped and fell away, broken by Sergeant Skeel's rifle ball.

"I allow I'd never have known that was Crackerbox, togged out in that service uniform, if it hadn't been for that yellow hound trailin' after him that fool way!"

The tenderfoot stumbled down the loose gravel and broken rock after the hurrying officer. And it was not until then that he saw and believed that it was Crackerbox Jones, with the horse and uniform of Corporal Scott, the man he had shot on the White-Cat Trail, two days before.

Very Few.—"I understand the Frasers are having trouble," remarked the spinster. "Some people take her part, and others side with him."

"And, I suppose," growled the bachelor, "there are a few eccentric people who mind their own business."

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