

tion, and started in a body for Burton's shanty. Burton met them at the door, his face hard and set.

"So it's a showdown at last, eh, boys?" he laughed grimly. "Well, what is it?"

The men shoved Munford bodily forward and he stood balancing himself sheepishly, first on one foot and then on the other, as he faced Burton. He cleared his throat painfully once or twice, then he found his voice. From a point of oratory or rhetoric it was perhaps the lamest presentation speech on record, for Munford suddenly thrust the watch and chain into the astounded Burton's hands.

"Here, take it," he sputtered. "It's all written out on the inside." And breaking through the men, he turned and fled incontinently.