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gangrenous, with the signs of the dread disorder spreading up the leg. The stranger sat up.

"Good God!" he cried. "What ails it?"

"Blood-poison," answered Stanton shortly. "You got to get to a doctor. What's your name?"

"Billy Morgan," answered the man in a tone cowed by sudden horror. "It's pretty bad, ain't it? It'll kill me, likely, if I don't get it fixed?"

"It will kill you sure as shootin'," answered Stanton bluntly.

"But suppose somebody jumps my mine while I'm gone?" queried Morgan plaintively.

"What good'll your mine do you after you're dead?" demanded Stanton.

"I ain't goin' to die," cried Morgan. "I got to work this mine. I'm rich. There's tons of it there. I can't die, now."

As Stanton rebanded the foot, thoughts came swarming to his mind. Why should he hold himself accountable for a fool who shot off his foot and waited in the desert for it to heal? Besides, it was a week's ride to a doctor and a hard ride all the way. Surely the fellow could not stand the trip in his present condition.

And if he were going to die, why not here instead of somewhere else? If they left the mine some one might come in on their trail and jump the claim. It had been done repeatedly. Why then must he take this fellow in where he could boast of his luck and put others on the track? He was going to die anyway. There was no help for that. He had waited too long, watching his gold. Why not let him die out here? What was there wrong about it?

Morgan was suddenly seized with panic.

"Take me out o' this, pardner," he cried. "I can't make it alone. I can't even catch my pony. For God's sake, take me out. Don't let me die here like a dog."

Stanton rose, and kicking Morgan's pistol out of his reach walked over toward the wall of the canon. He would see what he was playing for, at least. As he approached, the gold-bearing vein laid bare by Morgan's pick tempted him almost beyond endurance. It was wealth surpassing anything he had dreamed of in his wildest air-castles. Slanting across the face of the canon the vein dipped down out of sight and he found himself speculating hotly as to how deep it ran.

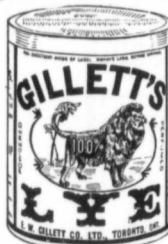
Presently he scrambled to the top of the canon, pulling himself up by roots and grass and precarious finger-holds in the rock. Almost immediately he picked up the vein in outcroppings on the surface above and followed it for rods before he lost it.

Wherever discovered it showed the same formation, quartz rotten to the crumbling point and literally sparkling with its load of precious metal. He slid and scrambled down the face of the canon, his breath coming thick and hard and his eyes glittering.

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