

know that well enough. We got to fix it so he won't know where it come from, and so it will square me with him, and you fellows, too."

"How you goin' to do that?" demanded McGuire.

"I dunno," said Munford. "We'll talk it over with the boys. Come on back to camp."

The next day and the day after, the gang worked like Trojans, and the lack of any sneer or incivility on their part, coupled with a subdued, expectant excitement that the men tried fruitlessly to hide, made Burton more anxious and ill at ease than during the days that had gone before. It looked like the lull before the storm; and he wondered bitterly what culminating piece of deviltry they were hatching.

To the taunts of the train crews the gang grinned and said nothing.

On the second day a package, addressed to Munford, came up from the East, and at noon hour the men handed it around from one to another in awe-struck wonder at the magnificence of the solid gold repeater that chimed the quarters, halves and hours, and split the seconds into fractions. It was indeed a beauty. Maybe the chain was a little massive, but the men opined that it was therefore strong. They pried open the case to read the inscription over whose wording they had wrestled most of a night.

"Nifty, ain't it?" cried McGuire, admiringly; and he read it aloud: "'This is to certify that Alan Burton is as square as they make them, and Munford and the gang are sorry. So help us!'" They delivered it solemnly to Munford, who was to make the presenta-