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"For what?" asked the other, turning | around, but the circles were suddenly grown narrower and the bird had come down closer. The dying man looked up

and screamed. "He'll have you next thing you know," mumbled Frank, still grinning, his tongue more hindrance than help to "For me," he pleaded with terrified eagerness: "I'm coming in a minute—in his speech. "He's followed such fellows as you in the desert before." He turned just a minute I'm coming. I—I only sharply about, the grin disappeared, and

The fallen man groaned, reeling from

side to side on his knees, holding his

hands away from the sand which had

blistered them when they were plunged

tripped, that's all. Don't you see I'm

coming?" He half rose to his feet, but fen back-"Oh, God, Frank; wait for me, just a minute! I'm coming!"

Frank laughed thickly, and his puffed lips remained twisted in a horrid grin

as he replied, opening his jaws wide to

"Yes, you will!" he sneered. "But

for me you'd be miles back there. He

knows better," indicating the soaring buzzard by a jerk of his head; "look

The buzzard was still wheeling

give play to his swollen tongue:

departing companion, the weaker man tottered to his feet and staggered after.

"Wait Frank!" he entreated.
"Wait nothing!" retorted Frank.
"What's the good, anyhow? You can't make it, though it's not over five miles now; but I will. You'll never have the spending of that gold, Al, and you know it; might as well lie down and

take your medicine."

stiffened up, plunging along after his yours and mine, so even if I don't find brother, the glare in his eyes showing the place again I'll have enough to

more fury than terror. For an hour they went on, Frank moving more and more slowly, yet leaving his brother farther and farther behind, Al toiling onward in wrathful despair. The buzzard grew impatient watching these men in the clutch of death, feebly clinging to life; he flew far away, soon appearing only as a with a look of horror at the descend- | black speck in the distance, and then | ing buzzard. a glance of fury at his was engulfed in the throbbing heathaze; but his flight was still in a circle. When at last he returned he saw one of the men lying on the sand, and flew a little faster.

Frank, looking round from time to time, saw that his brother had fallen

again, and went back.
"What do you want?" growled the

the place again I'll have enough to marry on, anyhow. Here! drop that, you fool! What good's the atuff to you?" But Al clung with weak hands to the but to the belt.

"Let me alone!" he mumbled. "I'll make it if you do, you thief!" and hold ing by Frank's coat he raised himself to his feet. Frank stood still till Al had lifted himself, and then he sneered:

had lifted himself, and then he sneered:

"Oh, yes, you'll make it, you will!
Why you can't travel fifty yafds, you baby!" He broke away from his brother then, and walked on.

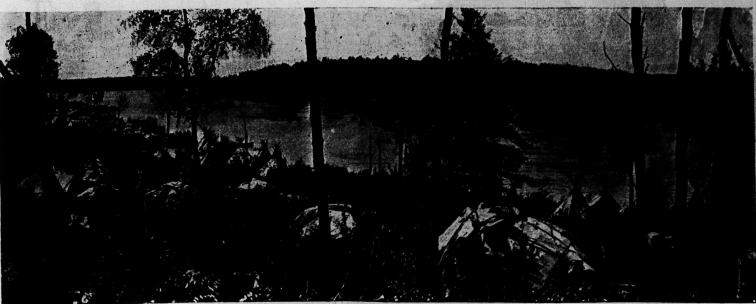
Al kept on his feet, dragging them through the powdery sand while the tortured body swayed and rocked.

How quickly men succumb when death pounces upon them suddenly!—

spending of that gold, Al, and you know it; might as well lie down and take your medicine."

"What do you want?" growled the fainting Al.

"The gold, Al; it ain't over three miles now, and I guess I can carry becomes blank. and then the weaken-



Indian Encampment on the Rainy River along the Canadian Northern Railway.