

tically into the saddle and lashing his beast in a frenzy of terror disappeared down the trail.

Munford, with swift revulsion of mood, threw himself down on the grass, burying his face in his hands. Not a word from McGuire; he walked awkwardly up and down, whistling under his breath. After a minute Munford looked up.

"I got to square this with Burton," he said brokenly.

McGuire nodded.

"He's a better man than you and me and the whole gang put together"—Munford's tones were fiercely assertive.

"He is that," assented McGuire, with conviction.

There was silence for a moment between them; then McGuire spoke: "Why didn't you take it all?" he asked.

"Take it all!" flared Munford. "I'm no thief, am I? Well, then, what's the matter with you? That's my price, ain't it? Three hundred. That's what Pete offered for a chance to get his paws on me. Well, I'll give him his chance, you heard me promise, didn't you? That's right, eh? That's Pete's proposition, and the money's mine, ain't it?"

"It is," said McGuire.

"It is, and it ain't," said Munford. "Burton *could* have had it if he'd sold me out, couldn't he? Well, then, I'm goin' to see he gets it anyway."

"He wouldn't take it, not by any means, he wouldn't," objected McGuire.

"Not outright, he wouldn't," agreed Munford. "I