DEADWOOD DICK ON DECK;

Or, CALAMITY JANE, The Heroine of Whoop-Up.

By E. L. Wheeler.
Deadwood Dick on Deck;

OR

CALAMITY JANE,

THE HEROIN OF WOOP-UP.

A STORY OF DAKOTA.

BY EDW. L. WHEELER,

AUTHOR OF "DEADWOOD DICK" NOVELS, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE.

"Dashing along thro' the valley and vale,
From early morn till the day grows pale;
Into the 'pockets' framed in flowers—
Into the woodland's shady bowers—
Stopping anon by babbling streams,
Then darting on into rocky seams—
Free as the eagle in its flight,
Fearless in daylight, happy at night;
Ever unfettered to roam about—
Such is the life of the glorious scout.

"Sarchin' for gold in the waters clean,
Running a race with the mountain deer;
Profiting well by the miner's abuse,
Larving with spurs the buckin' cayuse;
Fraying one's way, taking no slack,
Riting cold lead, and sending it back;
Friendly to friends, but deadly to foes,
Gay as a robin, hoarding no woes;
Such is the fate of the scout; gay and free,
Such is the life that is suiting to me."

On the clear air of an August night these words were distinctly wafted in melodious song—a wild, rollicking harmony of weird music, such as none but a cultivated voice could produce. Mountains have their peculiar facility of carrying and retaining sound, and it was long ere the last quivering notes of the midsummer night's song had died out.

The tone of the singer had been one of those pure, intoxicating rivals of the flute; clear and strong, with power of sustentation, and capable of Instant modulation to the softest, sweetest degrees.

Even after the singer had ceased in the song of the gay mountainer, it seemed as if the loag gulches and gloomy mountain defiles had become enthused with the glorious melody, and the spectral pinse sighed a weird peculiar sound as if in a dispa- rian companion.
In that line a couple o’ years ago, afore I left Angelina, my sister’s man was comin’ away—war just tellin’ her county a certain wider war, when—well, I never quite knew what struck me, but I finally waked up ter find myself carved up inter steaks, an’ ther har’ on top o’ my head. Likewise my Angelina. She had eloped wi’ another galoot. Still, the name do sound good in ther beauty or humbleness o’ ther opposite sex.

“WELL, I suppose you wan’t sorry, eh?” observed Sandy, as he arose, with a yawn, and picked up his handsome Sharpe’s rifle.

“Wall, no; I don’t say I am, sence et turns out that ther Black Hills affords me more comfort an’ enjoyment than hum uster wi’ Angelina everlastinglv browsin’ me down wi’ a mop-stick. Whar ye goin’, Sandy, boy?”

Just up to the bend and back, colonel, to see that all is right, before turning in for the night,” was the reply, as the stalwart miner strode off, whistling softly some tune which was dear to the home in the East, which he had left to seek gold in the Black Hills country. After he had gone out of view in the darkness of the warm summer night, laden as it was with a strangely intoxicating perfume of many mountain flowers—for the Black Hills are truly the flower land of America—Colonel Joe Tubbs resumed his pipe, while he gazed thoughtfully out over the noisy, shallow gulch, and the infant city of Deadwood, he’s come out bayr-war, colonel, to see that ther poor cuss’s pocket-book, t’other day, an’ ‘war flapjacks. No use o’talkin’; responsibilities ar’ rollin’ in on ye, Sand’y. Tubbs, an’ ye’ve got to clap yer hoof down an’ bid far well ter tarant’ler forever. Hello, Sandy, ar’ that ye back a-ready?”

“Yes, colonel. Didn’t know but I might see the nightingale, but was disappointed,” was the reply, as the young miner glanced up at the colonel in the firelight. “Guess she did not know of our camp here.”

“Don’t you fool yourself Sandy; that gal knows every kroock an’ hoel in ther hull Black Hills proper, an’ can lay her finger on any chap hayre ye kin name, wi’out any trouble. Hello! wot hav ye got thar, pard?”—alluding to a small object that Sandy was turning over in his hands and inspecting admiringly.

“A piece o’ rock that got dislodged somehow, up there around the bend, and rolled down in my path. Out of curiosity I fetched it in. What do you think of it, colonel?” and with a peculiar smile, the young miner tossed the rock over to Tubbs.

“What! thunderation, Sandy, is it gold? is it gold?” and the colonel sized it up over far the fire to examine the prize, “Yes, by thunder! et’s gold, Sandy, an’ as big as my fist; durn my ducats ef et ain’t. Whar’d ye git et, boyee?—for Heaven’s sake tell me what?”

Why don’t ye git excited, Sandy, you galoot! It’s gold! It’s gold! Wuth a couple o’ th’ee thousand at least calculation. I swar’!

“No use of getting excited, is there, colonel?” and the miner stretched out with a yawn. “If it’s gold, I don’t suppose it will hurt anybody, and if there’s gold on the mount’ns around the bend, it will not run away in affright.”

“Sandy, ye’re a cool’un, an’ no mistake. Ye’d freeze ice in fly-time. I do believe, ef ye were in a kentry thet is next door neighbor ter purgatory etself, Thunderation, boyee, ef I only had a pint uv still old tarant’ler hyar, I’d celebrate over yer discovery uv a rich ‘find.’ What shall we name et, Sandy—ther place must hv a name right in its infancy, just like leetle infant habbies hev?”

“All right, colonel. Call it Satan’s Bend. Sometime some may find a better name.”

“Agreed. Satan’s Bend et is, Sandy, an’ but fer the want o’ a pint o’ good stiff tarant’ler, we’d hev a glorious celebration.”

After the conclusion of the beautiful yet weird miner’s song, which Joe Tubbs had declaimed came from the lips of Calamity Jane. A person on horseback descended a dizzy zig-zag path that led from one of the mountain peaks, into a narrow dark defile, but the matter of a mile or so above Canyon Gulch, and the infant city of Satan’s Bend.

Wheat? Steady, Trick—none o’ yer funny business, now. Don’t ye perceive thot ef yer were to tumble down this declivity with me, there’d be no guardian angel in the Black Hills? an’ here a merry peal of laughter escaped the red lips of the speaker.

“Deodder—a little thin lipped Stephenie, ye old fellow! We’re on safe footing, at last. I wonder if any one’s around in these parts?” and the dark eyes peered sharply into every shadow in her imme­diate vicinity.

No; I reckon the coast is all clear, Sandy; we must get back. But Sandy, Trick for there is no telling how soon that delightful population may need us to quell some row or do a suffering pilgrim good.”

We have described the eccentric dare-devil of the Black Hills in other works of this series, but as some may not have read it, it will require but little time to describe her again.

A female of no given age, although she might have ranged safely anywhere between seventeen and twenty-three, she was the possessor of a form both graceful and womanly, and a face that was pe-
cularly handsome and attractive, though upon it were lines drawn by the unmistakable hand of dissipation. The lira and eyes still retained in themselves their girlish beauty; the lips their full, rosy plumpness, and the eyes their dark, magnetic sparkle, and the gown and the hand to become stern, grave or joyfully in expression, wereathed partially as it was in a semi-framework of long, raven hair that reached below a faultless waist. Her dress was buckskin trousers, met at the knee by a double braid of leggings, with slippers of dainty pattern upon the feet; a velveteen vest, and one of those luxuries of the mines, a boiled shirt, open at the throat, partially revealing a breast of alabaster purity; a short, violet jacket, and Spanish broad-brimmed hat, slouched upon one side of a regally beautiful hea!. There were diamond rings upon her hand, a diamond pin in her shirt-bosom, a massive gold chain strung across her vest front.

For she had riches, this girl, and none knew better than she how to find them in the auriferous earth or at the gaming-table of Deadwood, the third Baden of two continents. A belt around her waist contained a solitary revolver of large caliber; and this, along with a rifle strapped to her back comprised her outfit, except we mention the fiery little Mexican black she rode, and the black horse that reared upon its haunches, decorated and bespangled, after lavish Mexican taste.

"I guess the coast is clear, Trick; so go ahead," and a jerk at the cruel Spanish bit and an application of spurs sent the spirited curass to wilder down the canyon, while Calamity Jane rocked not ungracefully from side to side with the reckless freedom peculiar to the California buccaneer. Indeed, I think that any person who has witnessed the daring of this young girl, in her mad career through the Black Hills country, will agree with me that she has of her sex no peer in the saddle or on horseback.

The first time it was ever my fortune to see her, was when Deadwood was but an infant cit. of a few shanties, but many tents. She dashed madly down through the gulch one day, standing erect upon the back of her unsaddled cayuse, and the animal running at the top of its speed, leaping Slices and other obstacles—still the girl retained her position as if glued to the animal’s back, her hair flowing wildly back from beneath her shawl hat, her eyes dancing occasionally with excitement, as she recognized some wondering pilgrim, every now and then her lips giving vent to a ringing Whoop, which was creditable in imitation if not in volume, and force to that of a full-blow Co-manche warrior.

Now, she dashed away through the narrow gulch, catching with delight long breaths of the perfume of flowers which met her nostrils at every onward leap of her horse, plunging the gloom of the night with her dark lovely eyes,searchingly. I'st she should be surprised; lighting a cigar at full motion—dashing on, on, this strange girl of the Hills went, on their flying steed.

The glistening end of her cigar attracted the notice of four men who were crouching in the dense shadows, further down the gulch, even as the hoof-strikes broke upon their hearing. "That’s her!" growled one, knocking the ash out with an oath. "Reckoned she wouldn’t be all night, ef we only had patience. Grab yer weapons, an’ git ready, boys. She mustn’t escape us this time."

Calamity Jane came on; she was not aware of her danger, until she saw four dark shadows cross her path, and her cavalry was up its branches.

"Whoo! Trick! Don’t git scared; hold up, you devils. I reckon you’re barkin’ up ther wrong tree!" she cried.

Then there were three flashes of light in the dark—ness, followed by as many pistol-shots—hows of pain and rage, and curses too vile to repeat here—a yell, wild and shrill, of passion and despair; the dare-devil rode down the man at the bits, and dashed away down the canyon, with a yell of laughter that echoed and re-echoed up and down the canyon walls.

"Woopee! Who is the man that composed that worthy quartet?" Calamity mused, as she gazed back over her shoulder. "Reckon at least a couple of ’em bit her dust, ef not more. Could it have been—but no! I do not believe so. Deadwood Dick’s men ain’t on the rampage any more, and it wouldn’t be fair on them. With what to pay me for life, that’s plain, and I shall have to look out fer breakers ahead, or next time I shall not get off with a simple scratch."

CHAPTER II.

HON. CECIL GROSVENOR—ALF. KENNEDY. DANITE.

"Ther war world made in six days, 'Tolke ther seventh fer Kaiser’s pup. We named this town in one day, Ther next, we Whooped Her Up."

"Ther’s a fact, stranger; me an’ my man, Sandy, war ther originators o’ this geelloous town o’ Whoop-Up. We war ther fu’ mortals who ever disrivered a’riferous in thes desestrict, an’ we s’aked over claim, an’ made our, yer, be of better order than in some of the towns o’ the Hills.

The speaker, Colonel Joe Tubbs, stood in the doorway of one of two or three-score of large frame shanties that were strung along through Canyon Gulch, in the immediate vicinity of what once—only—was called Satan’s Bend. The gulch was now a successful mining strike, and boasted of the name of Whoop-Up.

Everything usually found in mining strikes could you find in Whoop-Up. It lacked none of the essentials, but boasted to “business” even though the influx had come, and consequently the place was a city.

The population was heterogeneous, men and women of all nations, nearly, and all professions were here in Whoop-Up, to ply their vocations.

A Vigilance Committee had been one of the first organizations got up, spring up, and with Colonel Joe Tubbs as chief, the matter was a prospect of better order than in some of the towns of the Hills.

For a mile and a half along the only accessible shore of Canyon Creek, were strewn frame shanties and canvas tents almost without number, and the one street of the town was always full to overflowing with excited humanity. The monotonous grinding and crushing of ore-breakers, the ring of picks and hammers, the reports of heavy blasts in the rugged mountain-side, the shouts of rival stage-drivers, the sounds of music, and tipsy revelry from dance-houses and saloons; the boisterous shouts of the do-out Cheap John, dealer in “billed shirts and miners’ furnishing goods, the occasional reports of revolver-shots, may be heard in the streets of Whoop-Up, no matter, day or reader, if it be during the day or during the night, when you pay your visit.

For in this latest mining success of the country of gold, there is no suspension of bustle or business on account of daylight, in walking through the town you might wonder if perhaps you were in Europe, because the long, thronged street is even livelier at any hour of the night than when the sun trails a pathway of light along the bottom of Canyon Gulch.

These plain board shanties you see are not dwellings, but devoted to “business” even though the business in many cases may be illegitimate. It is in the white tents or skin-lodges that the miner stays, when at “home.”

Poor homes, in many cases, but the best that could
be afforded at present, for time meant money to these citizens and workingmen of Whoop-Up, and money was what they were after—gold! gold in its shining Verdant, in veins of quartz, or in glittering dust. Gold which men even risk death to obtain—which means murder on the soul of many a man, and dishonor and ruin to many a woman.

All these changes we have noted have occurred from the discovery of gold. When the men who had charted upon one of the richest quartz territories in the Hills, the two men had at once gone to work and staked off their claim, including in it over two miles of the canyon bottom, and a great share of the mountain-side; then when the rush came, in a great voluminous tidal wave, they leased off a larger portion of their claim for high figures, reserving such portions for themselves as could be easiest worked and would be most profitable in yield.

Sandy's good fortune did not apparently affect him in the least. He worked ten hours out of twenty-four, and was quiet and undemonstrative as when Tubbs had first met him.

He neither drank, caroused, nor gambled; minded his own business, and somehow contrived always to interest others in his.

He had money—over a half a million of it—but no one, not even old Joe Tubbs, knew where he kept it. The gang of miners who worked in his mine under him, were general favorites with him, and he with them.

Tubbs, in the sudden flush of his prosperity had abandoned the pick and cradle and started a "hovel," which, with one or two exceptions, was the largest to be found in the magic city of Whoop-Up, and was liberally patronized, for a post-office and one end of the hovel, an express counter, and the lucky miner who got a letter from absent ones in the "States," was naturally expected to set up the tantar'ler liberal.

And in that city of Whoop-Up there were no less than half a dozen different post-offices, every mail-carrying stage line having a different depot for starting and arriving, which generally was at some saloon or grocery store. Consequently each stage line had its post-office.

I was in use in Deadwood, until Uncle Sam put in his say, and now there are but two post-offices there.

The stranger, who in company with Colonel Tubbs of the Mastodon Hotel, was surveying the scene upon the long street of the town, had registered himself in the luxurious Cecyl Grosvenor, of Washington—"a sort o' senator, ye see, Joe accepted, slyly. He was short, stout individual, with a well-fashioned physique, a trimmed, iron-gray mustache, and hair to match; eyes of a steeley glittering intensity, and a peculiar curl of the 'Sam's 'in that he kept alone to almost make one nervous; a general air of superiority over the average, being prevalent in the man's exterior. These were a few noticeable points, aside from the gentleman's elegant suit of broad-cloth, silk hat, patent-leather boots, gloved hands, and gold-headed cane, along with a cluster diamond pin on his immaculate shirt front.

While the two men were standing and conversing, a rough-looking fellow came along and passed into the hotel, casting an inquiring glance at the Honorable Cecyl, as he did so, and giving Tubbs a nudge.

"Tarrant, Joe?"

"Go 'long in, was the gruff response; "that's a bar inside, wi' a keeper."

And the miner passed in, with a strange glitter in his eye, the discovery of gold, nearly half a dozen feet above, miners were toiling faithfully day and night.

"That old covey must be the pilgrim I want, I muttered, "and if so, he looks in life like a purty fat lay-out, on whic'ter make a spec. Guess I'll lay low, an' watch for him, an' see ef he knows who Arkan's Alf is."

Outside, Honorablis Cecyl Grosvenor was speaking.

"Yes, it has the appearance of being a really lively strike!" he observed, setting his gold-rimmed glasses upon his nose, and gazing up the dizzy mountain-side, where, hundreds of feet above, miners were toiling faithfully day and night.

"I suppose the place is controlled by corporations and companies, is it not? and there is plenty of land for cash?"

"Plenty o' land, ye, sir; but ther fac' is, et ain't secked, and ther's no 'tural. Ther'ner gold, tan't carryin' dus t. Golding and tache, and hair to match: eyes of the canyon, up priority over the average. being staked off and energetic labor on the part of those men who toll for gold.

Colonel Joe Tubbs no longer classes himself with the mining element, for as the single pard of Sandy, he is the richest man in the town, of course excepting in the credit that he had charted upon one of the richest quartz territories in the Hills, the two men had at once gone to work and staked off their claim, including in it over two miles of the canyon bottom, and a great share of the mountain-side; then when the rush came, in a great voluminous tidal wave, they leased off a larger portion of their claim for high figures, reserving such portions for themselves as could be easiest worked and would be most profitable in yield.

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CHAPTER III

A WAIF THAT SANDY FOUND

WHISTLING a merry tune, a man was descending the mountain on the other side of Whoop-Up. He carried a Henry rifle in his hand, or maybe now and then steadied himself with it to prevent plunging down the dizzy declivity, while at his feet trotted a large Newfoundland dog, nearly as large as a full-grown greyhound, but with the same means as clumsy.

The man was Sandy!

Looking fresh and healthy after a month in the bracing mountain air, and not uncomely in his picturesque miner's suit; and then fortune's smile upon him, for he had ample clothing and ammunitions and made him a frank and pleasant companion, even though he generally bore that quite unobtrusive disposition toward all.

Few men in all Whoop-Up's Adler half of single street could say that they had ever chatted with or cried into any of Sandy's secrets—if, indeed, he had any, which was extremely doubtful, as he never appeared to be troubled with a guilty conscience. He seemed to avoid any unnecessary familiarity, unless he chanced upon someone of he particularly fancied. None of the women, of whom Whoop-Up had an early and steady influx, ever attracted a second glance from Sandy—with one exception. There were perhaps two out of a dozen who were honest at heart, and had been magnificently drawn there with golden delusion of age—lovely both in face and form—a blonde beauty, such as was not to be found in all the city of Whoop-Up.

Sandy had met her once, on being advised to go to the Castle Garden to exchange the value of some greenbacks for silver, and among the several charming plenty of the latter which she was willing to part with, dollar for dollar's weight.

And if Sandy's pulses had quickened at sight of the beautiful blonde, he was no more than a man—and all men in Whoop-Up, worshiped at Madame Minnie's shrine, and not the inclination, if the will, to repulse them for their volunteered admiration. So that it had come, that passing the Castle Garden on his way to work, Sandy had grown accustomed to nod to the beautiful proprietress, was not the time he passed, and on one or two occasions he had even astonished the town, by stopping to converse a moment.

If people nodded their heads and looked wise
Sandy made no point of it, but went on minding his own affairs after his old fashion.

And remarkable as it might seem, that individual had yet to come who had made it his business to cross the young miner or force him into a quarrel.

The bullying toughs who had any superfluous spittle to vent upon their fellow-mortals, generally looked in an opposite direction from Sandy, seeming to avoid him as an unhealthy subject to tackle.

To-day he had been on an early-morning hunt, for squirrels, up among the beeches and redwoods which grew high up in the mountainous region of the Gulch, and having bagged a full hand of game, was descending the declivitous siding opposite the Canyon Gulch wherein lay Whoop-Up, in the warm September sunshine.

Assured he would have lost his footing but for his gun, and at last, weary of the exhaustion of his tiresome tramp, he sat down upon a beetling ledge of rock, allowing his feet to dangle over the precipice.

His faithful brute companion crouched silently by his side, and for many moments the two gazed off upon the grandeur of the wild scene, in which from deep dark defiles great mountains rolled and piled up in massive sublimity to such a height that their peaks were swathed in a filmy mist as in cloudland. Grand towering forests capped with snow, were dotted with tufts of brush, there with chaparral and furze bushes, or peaked with grim, spectral pines.

"Nowhere does Nature so forcibly illustrate the power of the Divine Creator as in the mountainous regions," Sandy muttered, as he gazed dreamily off through an opening between the mountain peaks.

"I sometimes wonder how it is that people do not more devoutly worship God in His works. Eh! Buffalo,"—with an approving glance at the great canine, who lay with his nose between his paws, his eyes were half shut, as if he were growing fully awake and fro—"do you appreciate the magnificence of our surroundings? No! I hardly think you are educated up to that yet. But something is the matter, and it's below us too, for I can see you squinting your eye down-hill. What is it, you rascal?"

A brighter expression came upon the countenance of the dog, and he opened and shut his mouth with a gape and a renewed wagging of his tail, while with one ear cocked forward and one eye half closed, he looked over the ledge into the gulch some fifty feet below.

In this direction Sandy gazed, going over every inch of the ground without discovering anything of particular moment. Then he went over it again, and made a discovery which elicited a startled exclamation from him. What he saw was the arm of some person protruding from a clump of furze bushes!

A person passing through the defile might have passed it time and again without making the discovery which Buffalo's sharp eyes had made.

"It's a human arm, Buff!" Sandy said, "but we don't know whether it's a dead person or a living one. Come! let's go down but be careful to make no noise. It may be some one asleep!"

Shut the mouth and dog descended into the gulch, and creep stealthily toward the spot where the arm and hand protruded from the bushes. And the nearer they approached the greater was Sandy's assurance that the owner of the hand and arm was either asleep, or in the eternal sleep that knows no waking.

It proved to be the former, when Sandy carefully parted the lashes, and gazed into the sheltered little nook, where a plump, graceful form was lying—that of a boy of eighteen, with a pretty, beardless face, whose fair hair curled at rest in auburn, and curling chestnut hair which reached down upon the finely-shaped shoulders. A boy; was it a boy?

The form was clad in male habiliments, and there was a boyish look to the finely-chiseled features, which defied the suspicion of femininity in the sleepers. A plain frontier costume of some coarse cloth, neatly fitting the graceful form of only medium height; the feet encased in knee-boots of a fine leather, and a Spanish wide-rim felt hat lying upon the grass, were items of the beautiful sleeper's outfit.

Weapons he carried none, outwornly exhibited—yes, there in that charming freshets of rest, was the youthful waif—who was he?

Sandy asked himself this question silently. over and over again, and Budwall: winked and blinked his eyes and shook himself, as if he were overjoyed at the result of his efforts.

Then, when Sandy's glance was most admiring the heavy eyelashes seemed to unclose with a start, the eyes of deepest, intense hazel were revealed: there was a little gasp, and the form straightened in an erect position. Terror and consternation were blended in the fair face, and the youth was trembling visibly.

"Don't be frightened, miss," Sandy said, respectfully, raising his sombrero and addressing her in a kindly tone. "I would not have intruded, only my dog discovered you presence here, and curiously prompted me to come."

"You call me mist; please don't—anything but that," was the reply, in a pained, half-regretful tone. "How came you to know?" and with an effort, the waif gained a standing position, and there by the full beauty of the youthful form became apparent.

"I only surmised, because you did not correspond with your make-up—that is, you see, ma'am, you look too much like a girl to be a boy."

"And yet, I had the vain hope that I could pass myself off without being discovered. Oh! it's a bitter disappointment, sir—a bitter disappointment!" and the eyes filled with tears.

Sandy gazed at the ground, hardly knowing what to do or say, in the presence of a beautiful young woman whom he had discovered in her masquerade—a dill ma'am such as he never could have imagined likely to occur.

You are evidently a stranger in these parts, ma'am, aren't you?

"Oh! yes, sir. All this country is very wild and strange to me, and its people are even stranger. You must excuse me, sir, for not telling you of myself—it could not interest you, and I should be wearing a mask, thus saving myself to hope that you would keep my secret, I would go on, and maybe I should not be so unlucky in the future."

"You need have no fear that I will betray you, ma'am," Sandy answered, so much compassion in his face that it surprised even him, who was proof against emotion or excitement.

"It would be more to my notion to befriend you. You see, ma'am, that in these rough mining districts, a man's either got to have high honor, or none at all. There's no half-way business; you must be a man or a brute. I may say that I am looked upon as something above the average, though I don't say it in vanity. Now, though there is a little danger in it, I'll tell you what I'll do, and you can accept or refuse, as the option."

"I've got a little shanty down around the bend in Canyon Gulch, where I live—the only board dwelling by the way, in the mines. Now, you are not fit to knock about here and there. If we were to discover you, as I have done, it might go worse with you if you knew who I was. Particularly, I'll take you in as a pard. I reckon a false mustache would make you more of a man of you, and you would then pass muster. You can turn a hand at cooking, and occasionally, to avoid suspicion, can pass as a man in the mines. As I always stick by a pard, ma'am, if you go in with me, you can depend upon it you'll be sure of at least one friend!"

"Oh! thank God, sir; and I thank you, for your words are grateful to my hearing. A friend is something I have not had for many a long day, and I should be more than selfish if I did not accept and
Deadwood Dick on Deck.

Sandy made no point of it, but went on minding his own affairs after his old fashion.

And remarkable as it might seem, that individual had yet to come who had made it his business to cross the young miner or force him into a quarrel. The bullying toughs who had any superfluousspite to vent upon their fellow-mortals, generally looked in an opposite direction from Sandy, seeming to avoid him as an unhealthy subject to tackle.

To-day he had been on an early-morning hunt, for squirrels, up among the beeches and redwoods which grew high up on the very dome of the mountain, and having bagged a full band of game, he descended the declivitous deep dark defiles wherein lay Whoop-Up, in the warm September sunshine.

Many times he would have lost his footing but for his gun, and at last, wearied by the exhaustion of his tired tramp, he sat down upon a beetling ledge of rock, allowing his feet to dangle over the precipice.

His faithful brute companion crouched silently by his side, and for many moments the two gazed off upon the grandeur of the wild scene, in which from deep dark defiles great mountains rolled and piled up in massive sublimity to such a height that their peaks were swathed in a flimsy mist as in cloudland.

Great mountains of rugged rock, spotted here and there, were swathed in a furze bushes, and piled up, with grim, spectral pines.

"Nowhere does Nature so forcibly illustrate the power of the Divine Creator as in the mountainous regions," Sandy muttered, as he gazed dreamily off through an opening between the mountain peaks.

"I sometimes wonder how it is that people do not more devoutly worship God in His works. Eh? Buffalo,"—with an approving glance at the great canine, who lay with his nose between his paws, his eyes shining, a great big tail wagging to and fro,—"do you appreciate the magnificence of our surroundings? No! I hardly think you are educated up to that yet. But something is the matter, and it's below us too, for I can see you quivering your eye down-hill. What is it, you rascal?"

A brighter expression came upon the countenance of the dog, and he opened and shut his mouth with a gape and a renewed wagging of his tail, while with one ear cocked forward and one eye half closed, he looked over the ledge into the gulch some fifty feet below.

In this direction Sandy gazed, going over every inch of the ground without discovering anything of particular moment. Then he went over it again, and made a discovery which elicited a startled exclamation from him. What he saw was the arm of some person protruding from a clump of furze bushes.

A person passing through the defile might have passed it time and again without making the discovery which Buffalo's sharp eyes had made.

"I'm a human arm, Buff," Sandy said, "but we don't know whether it's a dead person or a living one. Come! let's go down but be careful to make no noise. It may be some one asleep!"

Silently the miner and his dog descended into the gulch, and crept stealthily toward the spot where the arm and hand protruded from the bushes. And the nearer they approached the greater was Sandy's assurance that the owner of the hand and arm was either asleep, or in the eternal sleep that knows no waking.

It proved to be the former, when Sandy carefully parted the bushes, and gazed into the sheltered little nook, where a plump, graceful form was lying—that of a boy of eighteen, with a pretty, beardless face, which was so composed, and at rest, in slumber, and curiously so, that it seemed to catch you with the finely-shaped shoulders. A boy; was it a boy?

The form was clad in male habiliments, and there was a bovish look to the finely-chiseled features, which defied the suspicion of femininity in the sleeper.

A plain frontier costume of some coarse cloth, neatly fitting the graceful form of only medium height; the feet incased in knee-boots of a fine leather, and a Spanish wide-rim felt hat lying upon the grass, were items of the beautiful sleeper's outfit.

Wepons he carried none, outwardly exhibited—yea, he had not even the dark rusty gun lying upon a sweet repose, was the youthful waif—who was he?

Sandy asked himself this question silently, over and over again, and Buffalo winked and blinked his eyes and shook himself, as if he were overjoyed at the result of his discovery.

"But when Sandy's glance was most admiring the heavy eyelashes seemed to unclose with a start; the eyes of deepest, intense hazel were revealed:

There was a little gasp, and the form straightened into a sitting position. Terror and consternation were blended in the fair face, and the youth was trembling visibly.

"Don't be frightened, miss," Sandy said, respectfully, raising his sombrero and addressing her in a kindly tone. "I would not have intruded, only my dog discovered your presence here, and curiously prompted me to come."

"You call me miss; please don't—anything but that," was the reply, in a pained, half-regretful tone. "How came you to know?" and with an effort, the waif gained a standing position, and thereby the full beauty of the youthful form became apparent.

"I only surmised, because you did not correspond with your make-up—that is, you see, ma'am, you look too much like a girl to be a boy."

And yet, I had the vain hope that I could pass myself off without being discovered. Oh! it's a bitter disappointment, sir—a bitter disappointment!"

And the eyes filled with tears.

Sandy gazed at the ground, hardly knowing what to say, and wondering at the presence of such a beautiful young waif whom he had discovered in her masquerade—a dill ma'am, such as he would never have imagined likely to occur.

You are evidently a stranger in these parts, ma'am, are you not?"

"Oh! yes, sir. All this country is very wild and strange to me, and its people are even stranger. You must excuse me, sir, for not telling you of myself—it could not interest you, and I should be breaking a secret by telling. If—if only I could keep to myself that you would not be unfriendly, I would go on, and maybe I should not be so unlucky in the future."

"You need have no fear that I will betray you, ma'am," Sandy answered, so much compassion in his tone that is surprised even him, who was proof against emotion or excitement.

"It would be more to my notion to befriend you. You see, ma'am, that in these rough mining districts, a man's either got to have high honor, or none at all. There's no half-way business; you must be a man or a brute. I may say that I am looked upon as something above the average, though I don't say it in vanity. Now, though there is a little danger in it, I'll tell you what I'll do, and you can accept or refuse at your own option."

"I've got a little money left, and the bend in Canyon Gulch, where I live—the only board dwelling by the way, in the mines. Now, you are not fit to knock about here and there. If someone were to discover you, as I have done, it might go worse with you. But if you have a notion to join me, I'll take you in as a pard. I reckon a false mustache would make more of a man of you, and you would then pass muster. You can turn a hand at cooking, and occasionally, to avoid suspicion, can peck away in the mines. As I have showed by a word or two, I'll help you in many ways, if you depend upon it you'll be sure of at least one friend!"

"Oh! thank God, sir; and I thank you, for your words are grateful to my hearing. A friend is something I have not had for many a long day, and I should be more than selfish if I did not accept and
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And remarkable as it might seem, that individual had yet to come who had made it his business to cross the young miner or force him into a quarrel.

The bullying toughs who had any superfluous spice to vent upon the boy hung in the very doorway of the mountain, and having bagged a full hand of game, was descending the declivitous side opposite the canyon gulch where lay Whoop-Up, in the warm September sunshine.

Many times he would have lost his footing but for his gun, and at last, wearied by the exhaustion of his tiresome tramp, he sat down upon a beetling ledge of rock, allowing his feet to dangle over the precipice.

His faithful brute companion crouched silently by his side, and for many moments the two gazed off upon the grandeur of the wild scene, in which from deep dark defiles great mountains rolled and piled up in massive sublimity to such a height that their peaks were lost in a dim mist in cloudland. Great mountains of rugged rock, spotted here and there with chaparral and furze bushes, or pecked with grim, spectral pines.

"Nowhere does Nature so forcibly illustrate the power of the Divine Creator as in the mountainous regions," Sandy mused while glancing into the defile opening through an opening between the mountains peaks.

"I sometimes wonder how it is that people do not more devoutly worship God in His works. Eh! Buffalo,"—with an approving glance at the great creature who stood at his side, and whose eyes, shined a great bushy tail wagging to and fro—"do you appreciate the magnificence of our surroundings? No! I hardly think you are educated up to that yet. But something is the matter, and it's below us too, for I can see you squinting your eye down-hill. What is it, you rascal?"

A brighter expression came upon the countenance of the dog, and he opened and shut his mouth with a gape and a renewed wagging of his tail, while with one ear cocked forward and one eye half closed, he looked over the ledge into the gulch some fifty feet below.

In this direction Sandy gazed, going over every inch of the ground without discovering anything of particular moment. Then he went over it again, and made up his mind which side to start from, and exclamation from him. What he saw was the arm of some person protruding from a clump of furze bushes!

A person passing through the defile might have passed it time and again without making the discovery which Buffalo's sharp eyes had made.

"It's a human arm, Buff!" Sandy said, "but we don't know whether it's a dead person or a living one. Come! let's go down but be careful to make no noise!"

Silently the miner and his dog descended into the gulch, and creep stealthily toward the spot where the arm and hand protruded from the bushes. And the nearer they approached the greater was Sandy's assurance that the owner of the hand and arm was either asleep, or in the eternal sleep that knows no awakening.

It proved to be the former, when Sandy carefully parted the bushes, and gazed into the sheltered little nook, where a plump, graceful form was lying—that of a young man with a pretty, heartless face, which was so composed and at rest, in slumber, and curling chestnut hair which reached down upon the finely-shaped shoulders. A boy; was it a boy?

The form was clad in male habiliments, and there was a bovish look to the finely-chiseled features, which defied the suspicion of femininity in the sleeper.

A plain frontier costume of some coarse cloth, neatly fitting the graceful form of only medium height; the feet incased in knee-boots of a fine leather, and a Spanish wide-rim felt hat lying upon the grass, were items of the beautiful sleeper's outfit.

Sapons he carried none, outwardly exhibited—yet, if any of the mountain demons in sweet repose, was the youthful waif—who was he? Sandy asked himself this question silently.

Then, when Sandy's glance was most admiring, the heavy eyelashes seemed to unclose with a start; the eyes of deepest, intense hazel were revealed: there was a little gasp, and the form straightened into a sitting position. Terror and consternation were blended in the fair face, and the youth was trembling visibly.

"Don't be frightened, miss," Sandy said, respectfully, raising his sombrero and addressing her in a kindly tone. "I would not have intruded, only my dog discovered your presence here, and curiosity prompted me to come."

"You call me miss; please don't—anything but that," was the reply, in a palsied, half-regretful tone.

"How came you to know?" and with an effort the veil gained a standing position, and thereby the full beauty of the sylph-like form became apparent.

"I only surmised, because you did not correspond with your make—that is, you, ma'am, you look a boy!"

"And yet, I had the vain hope that I could pass myself off without being discovered. Oh! it's a bitter disappointment, sir—a bitter disappointment!"

And the eyes filled with tears.

"No, ma'am," Sandy replied, hardly knowing what to say or do. Here was, in the presence of a beautiful young woman whom he had discovered in her masquerade—a dilemma such as he would never have imagined likely to occur.

"You are evidently a stranger in these parts, ma'am, are you not?"

"Oh! yes, sir. All this country is very wild and strange to me, and my people are even stranger. You must excuse me, sir, for not telling you of myself—it could not well be brought a secret by telling. If—if only I could care to hope that you would keep my secret, I would go on, and maybe I should not be so unlucky in the future."

"You need have no fear that I will betray you, ma'am," Sandy answered, so much commotion in his tone that it surprised even him, who was proof against emotion or excitement.

"It would be more to my notion to befriend you. You see, ma'am, that in these rough mining districts, a man's either got to have high honor, or none at all. There's no half-way business; you must be a man or a brute. I may say that I am looked upon as something above the average, though I don't say it in vanity. Now, though there is a little difficulty in it, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll accept or refuse at your own option."

"I've got a little shanty down around the bend in Canyon Gulch, where I live—the only board dwelling by the way, in the mines. Now, you are not fit to knock about here all night. If some were to discover you, as I have done, it might go worse with you; and if you haven't any objections in particular, I'll take you in as a pard. I reckon a false mustache would make more of a man of you, and you would then pass muster. You can turn a hand at cooking, and accept the position of my assistant, and peck away in the mines. As I always stick by a pard, ma'am, if you go in with me, you can depend upon it you'll be sure of at least one friend!"

"Oh! thank God, sir; and I thank you, for your words are grateful to my hearing. A friend is something I have not had for many a long day, and I should be more than selfish if I did not accept and
thundering bass swelling out grandly with the melodic strains of the song.

Then there comes a hul, after which conversation takes a sudden change.

"I tell you what, boys!" said one brawny fellow, who seemed to feel himself a sort of ruler among the others. "I tell ye, et ain't half w'at et's cracked up ter be. I'd rather go back ter ther road again and play road-agent, instead o' regulater. I say it ain't half et's cracked up ter be a regulater. You had better not spress them opinions afore Deadwood Dick, Barker, ef you don't want ter swing ter ther handiest limb," spoke up another.

"We'll all agree that et ain't half ther fun a-lain'd in the mineral camp, though in the saddest day, but ef we're goin' ter serve under Dick, we've got ter go and do as Dick sez; that's no two ways about that; you hear me?"

"Wal, then, I propose we quit Deadwood Dick an' go back ter ther road on our own hookys," proposed the man Barker, lighting his pipe with a brand from the fire. "Hayr we've bin playin' pins an' thot sort o' thing fer six months or over, an' I calculate we've redeemed ourselves in ther eves o' the world no more'n w'en we robbed ther stage an' made every person ther pilgrim huffin' an' puffin'. Ther ain't enny o' us, an' hes got rich out o' bein' honest, I kin sw'ar, an' I propose that we mutinize."

"Sh! don't make so free wi' talk, Hen Barker. Ef Deadwood Dick shed be anywhere in sight—""Bustin' out o' Deadwood Dick" was the growling, sullen response; "cuss him, I say. I ain't afraid o' him, fellers; why need you be? He don't owe us nothin', ner we him; so why sh'd we alius stick ter him? Now, fer instance, while we're layin' heer idle, fat stages are rollin' inter and out o' Whoop-Up—two or three o' em each way, daily; an' not a single galoot dares ter tackle ther trail. I say it's a darned shame, an' I purpose that we remedy ther defect. Them in favor o' sippin' back ter ther old biznes again will make it manifest by sayin' I!"

"But I'll tell you what! I'll sing a new song! Be my voices, which embraced the entire crowd. "Hurrah fer ther road!"

"All right, fellers; then sethellesatter matter. Grab yer wepons an' git ter yer horses, fer thar's time to reach the Whoop-Up trail before the evening-stage comes along!"

Deadwood Dick had been a general stampede, only for the step that sounded close by at this moment, and the words brought to hearing in a clear, ringing voice:

"Halt! You treacherous fools, halt! The first man that sets foot upon this mining camp risks death! an' into the firefight strode the noted outlaw, Deadwood Dick!

The old prince of the road who has figured in so many thrilling scenes and strange disguises; the dare-devil young captain who, of all men, had spread terror and carnage through the Black Hills; who had the balls, the courage, the courage to look death in the face and challenge his hand and hold him to the sword, that was once the reign of crime and utter disregard of the law, Deadwood Dick on the western side the shallow waters of Canyon Creek gurgled noisily.

A trail ran along the eastern shore which had been made for the daily stage to Deadwood, and it was bounded on either side by thickets of various shrubs and chaparral.

"You are the leader!" exclaimed a clear female voice, which caused the Washingtonian to start in recognition, although the figure upon the horse was clad in black and deeply veiled. "I didn't hardly expect you would dare come out here and meet me when I had the letter dropped in the Mastodon..."

From that night, the Black Hills country of gold was once more thickly infested with outlaws and road-robbers; no stage drove through the canyon trail without receiving a visit, and it was dangerous for a man to be abroad at night if he was known to have an ounce of gold about him.

The cessation of road robbery that had followed the reign of Deadwood Dick and his Regulators, was now almost—in a day it seemed—superseded by a ceaseless and utter disregard of the law, Deadwood, Haywood, and Custer each established vigilance committees, and a reporter for the leading Deadwood City paper got up an editorial, something after this pattern:

"INCREASE OF CRIME.—It has reached us that the once notorious road-agent, Deadwood Dick, who, of late, has been making his mark in the northwestern states, is in search of new work. It is reported that he is now in the neighborhood, and the authorities are on the lookout for him."

On this same day that Sandy had gone a hunting, only to be caught by accident in with a huge cliff, the Honorable Cecil Grosvenor was riding along through Canyon Gulch in its northern course, beyond where settlement and Whoop-Up civilization ceased, and had ridden its limits. His horse was laden with things, where the miner's pick or the prospector's staff has yet reached.

On either side the canyon walls rose rugged and nearly perpendicular to a great height, and close to the western side the shallow waters of Canyon Creek gurgled noisily.

"Curse the luck!" he growled, biting at the ends of his mustache, and glaring about as if he would like to annihilate some person. "Curse the luck, say! Who could the woman be, if not H[?] thought her dead and under ground long ago and here, in all probability, she has turned up to devil me again. Ha! I thought so," he concluded, drawing rein, as a female rider wheeled a large horse up on a sharp bend square across his path, and pressed forward in a matchet arm and hand containing a shining revolver.

"Halt! that's right!" exclaimed a clear female voice, which caused the Washingtonian to start in recognition, although the figure upon the horse was clad in black and deeply veiled. "I didn't hardly expect you would dare come out here and meet me when I had the letter dropped in the Mastodon..."

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House post. "Oh, but I thought it would be well enough to come and see. There! there! don't attempt to draw a weapon, for you know I'm reckless, and would just as lief shoot you as not!"

"It's me, Brisco! Can this be you, Marie?" the Honorable Cecil managed to articulate, interrogatively.

"Can it be possible, when I have...! these years mourned you as dead?"

"I reckon it's I, old hypocrite!" was the cool assurance. "Them! don't let me warn you of the danger of reaching toward your vest pocket again. It is I, or all that a matter of six years left of me, after roughing it in the world I was cast upon."

Then, I thank God," said Honorable Cecil, with an intent to do the devon. "Put down the pistol, Marie, and let me come forward and welcome you back."

"Bah! don't be a fool, old man!" replied the strange horsewoman, with a sneer which also seemed a chuckle. "I don't want any spoonery or foolish acting on your part. When but a young girl, I married you at my dying father's wish, because you were one of the leading stock and bond gamblers in Washington, worth your half a million or more. The first year, I found you out to be an insignificant brute. The second year you developed into first-class savage, and finding my life with you undurable, I pocketed your loose change, and, in the vernacular of the mines, I slope! I took pity on you; you never heard from me again until last night, when I came to me near you."

Your name remained spotless in Washington, for a horrible railroad accident occurred about this time, and a few mangled remains of your wife were brought home and quietly interred. Am I not revealing facts?"

"Ah! very true; and I mourned—"

"Bah! you old hypocrite: shut up your lying! It won't go down your humble servant's throat. What brings you out here, sir?—some villainy, I'd almost say."

"No, indeed, Marie. I am very poor of late years, and came out here to try and retrieve what I have lost in disastrous speculation."

"You lie, old man. You own two among the finest properties in Washington, besides having half a million's worth of secured bonds, and plenty of other wealth. I say you lie!"

"You speak plain, woman—shockingly plain for a woman who figured as a belle in London society."

"I do not answer to the name, old man. You know I never deviate from the blessed truth. I saw you the day you came here to Whoop-Up, and instantly it occurred to me that you would be perfectly overjoyed and willing to loan me some of your wealth—"

"Never! never! you she-devil!" the capitalist cried fiercely, now nearly beside himself with rage.

"Not one penny of mine shall you ever touch."

"You forget, Cecil?" was the reply, in a provokingly cool tone. "Just gaze into this tool I hold, and realize the discomfort contained in the six loaded cells. These poor fellows, too, to encounter in the hands of Mad Marie," who is pretty widely regarded as a woman shootist.

"How much money do you want, curse you, to keep you quiet?"

"Oh, knowing that you never go empty-handed, I'll take what you have in your pocket-book, and that diamond pin you so proudly display upon your immaculate shirt-front. Come, don't be officious, but put the pin in your wallet, and drop it on the place where you meant to go by the road side; then turn your face about and return to Whoop-Up!"

"You shall pay dearly for this, you vivrolo!" the Honorable Cecil gritted, as he complied with her request.

"I'll have my revenge—I'll hire some one to take care of you!"

"Of course, dear, I expect nothing else; but I shall not go to sleep with both eyes shut. I formed a habit of sleeping with one eye open, ere I left you, lest you should try to murder me some night. That's right," as he--"man hurled the wallet upon the grass.

"Ah! you have a watch and chain, too, I see; but I won't be so mean as to deprive you of all your gaudy adornments this time; so now, I guess you may go."

"Here, you cur!" The Man-from-Washington fairly yelled, as he hesitated to go. "You shall die for this outrage, you—"

"There! there! you old loafer. Don't hurt your tongue in addressing me with the idea of frightening me. I've heard men who could lay way over you at swearing. Go, now, and if any one tells you you've lost your pin and purse, tell them Deadwood Dick robb you. Don't for the world let any one know that a weak woman played road-agent to you. Go, I say. A letter to Mad Marie, in the post-office at Joe Tubbs's Lastodon, and I'll size my pen in a viselike grasp to answer you. Aye! my pistol covers you until you are out of sight."

With oaths breaking from his lips, the defeated speculator headed his horse back toward the mining town, and spurred away in hot haste, followed by a meekish laugh from his tormentor.

"A thousand devils overtake the sly fury!" he gritted, in the white heat of his rage. "I'll be some running to hunt you again, ye brute, even if it costs me a small fortune. She is getting cunning, but has triumphed over me for the last!"

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFLICT WITH BRUN.

SANDY'S was a situation few men could wish to confront.

There was safely imprisoned upon the plateau, with the positive assurance that he must enter into conflict with the huge cinnamon bear, who was crawling out of a sort of cove in the mountain-side, with growls that were anything but music to his ear.

Since coming West Sandy had never chanced upon anything of the bear kind, and knew as little about them as the school-boy at home.

After crawling out upon the plateau, the huge brute squatted upon its haunches for a few moments, and surveyed Sandy in evident contemplation of a fine feast, while Sandy stood still in his tracks, utterly at loss how to act. On reflection—

for a man can reflect a great deal in a short space of time if occasion demands—he doubted if his forty-four caliber rifle would do any service in an attack upon Brun, for the animal had more than enough cartridge to meet a heavy ball (77 gs. of powder and 350 gs. of lead) to successfully shoot either a grizzly or a cinnamon. Very few men can kill a grizzly or cinnamon bear in three running shots as it is, with the long 45 cartridge.

Sandy had learned this in conversation with old hunters, and consequently concluded that either his rifle or revolvers were useless, and, if used upon the brute, would act only to simulate his fury, while they had no particular harm.

He accordingly drew his knife, and edged out into the center of the plateau, nearer to the ugly brute. He had no desire to be crowded off from the plateau into the abyss below, and the advances the cinnamon reared upon his hind legs, and came on, with a flaming desire expressed in his eye. Sandy braced himself, and stood upon his guard. He knew it must be a struggle between life and death, and he set his teeth together in a firm determination to save his life as long as possible.

Buffalo, his huge Newfoundland, had been left behind, beyond where the ledge came off. With his assistance in diverting the attention of the great brute, the attempt was more likely to succeed.

On came the monster, with his frightful jaws extended, nearer and nearer, and then Sandy sprung forward, and struck a blow into the animal's breast which proved effective, inasmuch as it started a flow of blood. Unfortunately, before he could dodge, the
miner received a tremendous slap from one of Bru-
ina's paws, which sent him reeling half-way across
the plateau.
He was possessed of his senses, however, and
turned to chase the maddened animal.
Instantly drawing one of his Smith and Wesson
revolvers, Sandy fired, in rapid succession, six shots
into the gaping wound which he had cut with his
knife, then dodged and ran to the other end of the
plateau as fast as he could. Something in the fight
had an enticement and charm for him, although
he was confident that it was not the slap he had
received on the side of his head. The bullets had
staggered the huge brute, and the blood was spurt-
ing from the wound in a stiffening stream; yet he
could not see the animal. Smith waded into thick
brush to such extent that only one end of his
body was visible. Something in the fight led him
to this plateau— came on with furious rage and
frenzy depicted in the hairy countenance and in
the pinkish eyes.
Sandy drew his other revolver and stood firm;
a new light in his eyes. When the brute was but three
yards off, he fired two shots, with unerring preci-
son—one bullet into each eye of his ponderous
enemy.
With a fiercer roar the bear rushed on, with blood
streaming from his wounds and total blindness in him-
rush. A bullet struck off toward the plateau, and went
wresting helplessly down into the gulch far below.
"Good enough! I couldn't have beat it myself.
I was just getting ready to dispatch the brute myself
with my Winchester rifle!" exclaimed a voice, and
looking up, Sandy beheld a face peering down at
him from a ledge far above. "Reckon you got rid
of him just in time, for it would soon have been too
dark for straight shooting."
"I suppose so. Anyhow, I am not sorry that I
disposed of the brute. How's a fellow to get out of
this do you know?" Sandy asked.
"Maybe I can give you some assistance. I'll lower
one end of my lasso, and if you are good at climb-
ing, you can get up here, from where I can guide
you safely down the mountain!" was the reply, and
then the face wavered from sight, and directly one
end of a strong, but slim rope was lowered to the
plateau where Sandy had fought and killed his
cinnamon.
Slinging his rifle to his back, and securing his
revolver in their places, Sandy seized the rope in his
grasp, and up he went with the agility of a true
Siiman, soon pulling himself upon the ledge above,
where stood his rescuer, and the doe, Buffalo.
Calamity Jane! he ejaculated involuntarily, for in
the features of the stranger he recognized the de-
scription he had obtained of the noted young female
dare-devil.
"At your service, sir!" was the reply, with a cool
laugh. "You stare as if I were something quite
different from the ordinary mortal."
"Yes, and excuse me," and the miner stammered
and blushed in confusion. "You—you see, I'd heard so much concerning you, that I— I really
was surprised. You will pardon me, and—"
"Oh, yes; you bet yer boots! But 'twixt you and
me, when we are a-hunting and excited, we don't
bein' so particular in that b'ar fight. I don't b'lieve there's another galoot in Whoo-Up as could do the job in quicker time,
or more scientific manner. Didn't get nary a tear?"

No! I had a remarkably lucky escape," Sandy
replied, with feeling, ever while he spoke, at the wild
beating of the girl, of whom the men of Whoo-Up
told so many strange yarns. "I escaped with only
cuff on the side of my head."
"Which did you more good than a pint of medi-
cine. It aroused the fight in you. It's all the medi-
cine a man can have in space time."
"You discriminate between the two sexes, eh?"
"Certainly: men need a slap and wom-n a slight,
to wake 'em up. Anyhow, that's my logic. Shall I
conduct you down the mountain, or can you go it
alone?"
"You can guide me if you will, and take the bear
for your pay."

"Agreed. Give me a cinnamon to corn away few
winter chawin'. What's your name, pard?"
"They call me Sandy, hero in the mines!" the
miner replied, following carefully in the steps of
the girl, as she began to descend a zig-zag mountain
path.
"What! ye ain't the chap w't helped old Joe
Tubs find the streak o' gold range, are ye?"
"If I remember correctly, I was the first one to
find a nugget."
"Well, you're a brick. Joe was tellin' me about
you. Got a pard, I believe?"
"Yes—Dusty Dick."
"Like myself, a girl in male attire!"
"What makes you think that, pray?"
"I know it! Calamity Jane replied, with a
chuckle.
"It doesn't matter how I found it out. I don't
blame you for protecting the girl, nor her for ac-
cepting your protection, and all may go right until
discovery becomes general. Then, come you unto
me; I may point out to you a way out of the mire."
"You! Sandy demanded, incredulously.
"Yes, I, by the way, let me warn you to look out
for breakers ahead. You cannot see them. I do
not know in just what order they are going to come,
but come they will surely.
"How do you know? What have you discovered
likely to endanger me?"
"That's my secret. If I were to tell you, like as
not, by some blunder, you'd bring yourself into
double peril. Now, you cannot comprehend my
words, hereafter you will. I'll keep an eye out, and
don't ye forget it."
"I reckon I can look out for myself, ma'am."
Sandy said, with a spice of independence. "Ah!
Look here we are at Canyon Gulch, now."
"Yes, and here I will leave you, as you can easily
find your way now. Good-by, and look sharp
around you!" Then the girl dare-devil suddenly
turned, and was lost in the gloom, while Sandy
stood staring wonderingly along into the wide-awake
town of Whoo-Up.
"Exceedingly strange, and wonderfully beauti-
ful," he muttered meditatively. "Hers is a magnetic
beauty that attract;e; the madame is fascinatin;
with a voluptuous sense; little Dusty Dick is the most
ginger and womanly I have ever seen. I have a mys-
tery in each case, and the long and short of it is,
I'm getting interested with the whole. Well, well,
if I can't take care of myself, I ought not to claim
right to the name of man. Dick I have with me;
now, if the Minnie ever bothers me if I keep away
from her, and Calamity Jane— Well, I can't deter-
mine much about her."
Neither could any one else in all the rough society
in which the eccentric girl had for two years moved
as a 'bright, particular star."
Sandy went in and found Dusty Dick sitting in
the doorway of their unpretentious shanty, engaged
in picking at a guitar, which had been one of the
miner's gifts.
"Ail is that you, Dick? How have things gone
during my absence?"

"About in the usual channel, Sandy; a couple of
duelists above here in the street, I believe, and con-
sequently work for an undertaker, had one been
handy."

"Humph! it is strange that such a warfare must
constantl y rage between fellows humans, isn't it? If
all got along as well together as you and I, Dick, I
don't think there'd be many deaths and crimes to
answer for."
"Very true, Sandy; but there's your supper await-
ing you, and food. I got hungry and ate mine."

"That's right, pard; never starve yourself in wait-
ing for me, for there's no t'ill ing just what minute I
may arrive. Ah! the odor from that antelope-steak
is really like the smell of the promised land, after a
fellow has been a hunting and slain his maiden
chicken bar."

"A bear, Sandy?" and the beautiful eyes of Dusty

Deadwood Dick on Deck.

Dick gazed up inquiringly, calling a pleasurable flush to his brown cheek.

"Well, yes—that's what I said. You see, I and a big cinnamon got into a disagreement about our respective rights to a certain mountain plateau, and after his boxing me severely on the lighter, I summoned him off to a gulch and teetottally smashed his bruinness. Being a somewhat larger load than I felt disposed to tote home, I surrendered his carcass to Calamity Jane, who chanced to be near.

"That's a small girl, Sandy, whom the people talk so much about?"

"Yes, the same."

"Is she pretty, Sandy?"

Well, yes, in one sense of the word; but life here in the Hills has ruined her prospects, one might say, for she has grown reckless in act and rough in language.

"Yet she may have a true woman's heart under her rough exterior, which is as susceptible to love or pain as a woman of careful behavior."

"Truly spoken, little one, but she could not ever arouse half the adoration for her in my breast, that I bear for you," the miner said, an honest light glowing in his eyes. But he regretted the words the next moment, for they brought such a pared expression on the face of Sandy. "You should not talk that way, Sandy. You forget that I am only your pard—more I can never be."

"Enough said, Dick; I did forget myself, but will curb myself in the future. But get ready, for I am going to take you around to-night, to see the sights; I want do it to throw off a spell. Calamity Jane already knows your disguise."

"She! How pray?"

"I give it up. She knows, nevertheless, and will keep mum, I take it. Do you feel like playing your part to-night, Sandy?"

"As well to-night, perhaps, as at any other time. I have mastered some of the vernacular and bravado of the mines, and will do as well as possible."

Sandy finished his supper, and fed Buffalo enough for any two men; then took his revolvers, cleaned and reloaded them, and thrust them into his belt. Usually, unless going on a hunt, he never wore them outwardly displayed, but something prompted him to have them handy to-night.

Dusty Dick always wore a single revolver at his waist, and, being the general feminine terror of fire-arms, he was no novice at a shot.

When all was readiness the two left the cabin, accompanied by Sandy's inseparable companion, Buffalo, and debouched into the single, long, crowded street of the town. It was about half after eight in the evening, and all places of business, of a score of various natures, were brilliantly lit, and the street was a strange and wild sight of lights and surging humanity, from one end to the other.

CHAPTER VII.

SANDY AND THE "HONORABLE."

"Here! we will stop into this place where they play keno and faro. You can take a peep at the situation," said Dick for Sandy's Oregon." If you see the dangerous-looking rough, who is sitting over there, Sandy—the one looking this way?" Dusty Dick asked, pointing out no less an individual than the Danite Ghol, Arkansas Alf Kennedy. Oh! mercy, he has seen me motioning, and is walking this way! he sobbed."

"Shh! or you will betray yourself. He won't do anybody harm, I reckon. Put on your 'cheek,' an' bluff him!"

It was evident that the Dakotah-Danite was in Dick's dudgeon, for he came immediately with a bluster and a swagger, his eye a bloodshot from the effects of the whisky which scented his breath.

"See, here, youner!" he cried, addressing Dusty Dick with a fierce oath, "I wanter know who ye war pullin' at, over that direction? Do I owe ye anything, or do ye want ter make my acquaintance?"

"Get out, ye galoot!" Dick replied, ind-sicient-

stumps, or I'll get over than an' grab a hold o' their ribbons myself."

The bottle was quickly forthcoming, and Dick swallowed a few drops of the wine, which was a wonderfully pure article to be found in the mines. Sandy Dick leaned back in his seat, and turned left the place, and sauntered toward Colonel Joe Tubbs's "howtel," at the upper end of the street.

Here a motley crowd was collected in the great bar-room, for the mails from Deadwood and the East were just arrived, and many an eager, anxious miner was looking for a letter from the dear ones at home.

"I reckon there's no mail for me," Sandy said, with a grim smile, "for the simple reason that there are no dear absent ones in my case, you see."

"Nor need I look for letters, either," Dick replied, sadly, "for none of the friends of my childhood stood the test. Ah! who is that remarkable-looking personage at the other end of the room?"

"Why, that's the dare-devil, Calamity Jane. Don't be afraid of her, but act your part if she comes up."

Although Colonel Joe was busy at dealing cut his "pizen" to a long range of red-shirted miners, he found room at the bar for Sandy and Dusty Dick.

"Hello, Sandy, you hoss! range up alongside here, in the stool. Get yer pa.rd along. Toe, Joe," Sandy said; "you know we don't take anything stronger. Will you join us, seeing this is the first time we've met since this morning?"

"Sandy, b'yee, ye bet yer boots I will! Why, it's a sandunceous fact that I haven't had only sixteen real good-sized snifters since dinner. Twenty is my regular rations."

"You'll get the 'jims' if you don't stop drinking so much, Joe."

Sandy, there's where ye are behind yer mark. I've got a cast-iron rank inside o' me, an' I'll take years ter fill up wi' tizen. I'm good fer ter make a bar'l look sick any day, an' don't ye forget it."

"I believe you, Joe. You seem to stand it pretty well, all except your nose—that is giving you away."

"Better polish it off, an' sell it for a colored meerschaum, old man!" put in Dusty Dick, as they turned away.

Not being in a hurry, they stood leaning against the rail at one side of the bar-room. Sandy puffing away at his cigar, and both idly watching the different faces around them. Miners came in and applied for mail, and woe be to the pursuer of him as was so fortunate as to get a letter, for he was calculated to call all of his acquaintances, besides treating the "post-office," which embraced Colonel Joe and three assistants.

A man is conceded to have no honor in Whoop-Up if he cannot "respond," after being blessed with a letter from the "States.""

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"I reckon ye was lookin' this way first. What you blowin' yer b'iler-head off fer?"

"I'll show ye, mighty quick, ye little cuss," the Danite replied, reaching for a weapon; but before he could draw one, the muzzle of Sandy's revolver was shoved within an inch of his reddened nose.

"Hold up, pilgrim!" was the miner's calm advice; "I reckon you'll have to show me your gun before you raise your gun. If you ain't desirous of getting salted down for winter use, you'd better peg along in another direction, pretty lively."

"Who are you?" Arkansas Alf demanded, with a snarl.

"They call me Sandy, fer short, sir; for long, I measure five foot ten."

The Danite turned away with a frightful string of oaths, and then Sandy nodded to Dick.

"Keep watch of that fellow, pard, when he's near about, hereafter. He has a bad name here in the Hills."

"Who is he, Sandy?"

"Arkansas Alf, the Ghoul, they call him. He's about as bad as they make 'em, they say."

The two friends took their departure from the saloon and returned to their shanty. To their combined astonishment, they found the door unlocked, and on entering, found a light burning in the kitchen and a man sitting before the bed of coals on the hearth, idly fingering the strings of the guitar—a man of medium height, with a handsome form and frank, pleasant face, and such eyes as neither Sandy nor Dick had ever gazed into before—dark, brilliant, magnetic.

He was attired in gray, fashionably-cut clothing, with a diamond pin upon his shirt-front, and a silk hat upon his head.

"I beg your pardon, pilgrim," he said, arising and bowing, as both Dusty Dick and Sandy stopped near the door. "My intrusion here may seem unfriendly, but I have a paper here which I trust will explain all," and he extended an envelope to Sandy.

Sandy took it and stepped to the light, at the same time tearing it open.

"Humph!" he muttered. "It is from Calamity Jane."

So it was, and written in a neat, womanly hand, with the following result:

"M. SANDY:—Please keep this gentleman in your ranch until he chooses to leave. He will pay you liberally, and you will confer a great favor on me. He is Deadwood Dick, the ex-road-agent, supposed by everybody to be dead. Yours, etc."

"CALAMITY JANE."

"Well, well!" Sandy muttered, with rather a grim smile, "that girl certainly does not lack for assurance. So you are Deadwood Dick, eh?" turning to the stranger.

"At your service. Calamity let me in here, with the word that it would be all right, as I wanted lodging until morning. If, however, I am in your way, I'll seek elsewhere—"

"Perfectly welcome, sir, if you can accept of my accommodation. There's my cot yonder. I'll fix me up at the floor."

"I beg your pardon, but you will let me lie on the floor, as I am perhaps more used to it than you, after a rough life of two years in the heart of the gold country. Please retain your own cot, the same as if I were not here."

"It was so snugly arranged, for Deadwood Dick would have it no other way, but rolled up in a blanket and lay down near the door. Dusty Dick retired to and locked himself in his own room, and Sandy stretched himself upon the cot without undressing."

When he awoke in the morning, at sunrise on the mountain-tops, Dusty Dick had breakfast already on the table.

"Hello! where's the road-agent?" Sandy asked, sitting up and rubbing his eyes and staring about,

"Gone an hour ago," Dick replied, dishing up the meat and pouring out the coffee. "Sandy, he was a handsome feller.

"Well, yes, I suppose some would call him handsome. I've read of him, and they say he's a wild customer."

"He didn't appear so. He was dressed more after a civilized fashion than any one I've seen here yet."

" Didn't fall in love with him, I hope? The poor fellow has already been bored by love-sick maidens, and then, too, he's married."

"Ah! he's had his lark," was the reply, accompanied by a roguish little laugh. "Come; your breakfast will be getting cold."

So Sandy ate of the tempting repast, and betook himself off to the mines, whistling merrily in the course of his walk. In rounding the bend in the canyon, he almost ran against the Honorable Cecil Grosvenor, who was returning from an early morning walk for his health.

Both men came face to face—then each leaped back as if stung by an adder, their eyes bearing a light of recognition, accompanied by a roguish little laugh. "Come; your breakfast will be getting cold."

"Toy, Cecil Grosvenor!" Sandy exclaimed, growing a shade whiter than was his usual color. "Yes, Sandy!" was the reply of the Washingtonian, who seemed to be the least surprised of the two. "You see I address you by your western title; in some respects it is better than your Eastern name!"

"How do you mean?" the miner demanded, doubtfully. "My name was never a reproach in my Eastern home. Indeed it was always spotless until—"

"Until certain complicated circumstances made it necessary for you to put a considerable distance between you and the place of your birth!" finished the speculator, with a bland smile, as he gazed triumphantly at the miner.

"You need not tell me. Sandy," replied, with self-confidence, "for I do not fear you, nor the whole world. With the crime of that one act put upon my shoulders, I am no murderer!"

"What! You do not imply that I am one!" the Honorable Cecil demanded, hotly. "Beware how you word your address to me."

"If you see yourself in my words you certainly must be guilty," was the calm reply of the miner. "Indeed, everybody said that you did in reality make your exit from this world in a manner that left little room for error. Your second left you, I hear, doubtless fearing that she would follow the first to the grave."

"Oh!" the speculator said, with a sigh of relief, elated that the case was made out no stronger; "as to that you merely deal in idle supposition, with no positive proof. I hold a stronger hand against you, if you re-member."

"I defy your power!" Sandy said, with set teeth. "If you have come out here on purpose to fight me, we will see how the fight is to come out in the end. Remember, I shall not move to get out of your way this time—not a step."

"I suppose not, but I dare say you will be ready to pay liberally to be let off!"

"Not a cent, Cecil Grosvenor—not a copper will I give you; see to it, you dirty little street and abuse. Your second left you, I hear, doubtless fearing that she would follow the first to the grave."

"Beware, man; you have established yourself among these miners as an honest and reputable citizen, and have made your pile of money, from all that I can hear. How would it affect your financial or personal standing to know that you are a copper, you!" Sandy continued, in a sickeningly civil tone."

"But, listen, man; you have established yourself among these miners as an honest and reputable citizen, and have made your pile of money, from all that I can hear. How would it affect your financial or personal standing to know that you are a copper, you!"

"That man must die!" he muttered, under his breath—who and never come to life again. Curse him, he makes me feel uncomfortable when he gazes at me, and yet I know of no power he has over me.
Few know that I came here out of pure spite against him—that I came to put him out of the way!"

He strode along, his brows knitted in a dark scowl, and his mind bushed in a villainous scheme. Just as he dashed clear into the street, his eyes stopped stock-still in his tracks, and gazed in through the open doorway, as if he was struck suddenly with paralysing, a curse breaking from his lips, in a gasp.

Dusty Dick was standing in the kitchen, busily en- gaged in washing up the dishes, and did not notice The Man-from-Water. He turned after a moment's sharp survey, passed up on the gulch, a strange light upon his sinister face.

"Heavens! I can scarcely credit the sight of my eyes!" he girted, seeming to shake with a new emo- tion. 'I'll scowl till their glasses go empty and their last place on God's footstool I should have looked to find her. Had I! I have both the birds within my reach—yes, three of them, counting Marie. Curse the woman—she always was an enigma to me. I wonder how I shall play my hand all around and play it successfully. It may cost me hundreds, but I shall in the end gain thousands. Yes! yes! it was a lucky day, after all, that set me down right among the game I am hunting!"

CHAPTER VII.

NEW CANDIDATE—DEADWOOD DICK AGAIN.

About this time, the depredations of the road-agents and outlaws of the Hills became greater in rapidity and boldness of action. They grew so bold as to dash into the very outskirts of the town and commit their robberies, and this so aroused the people of Whoop-Up's single-streeted city, that they swore dire vengeance on the marauders. But, they had done this before, and yet had not even killed an agent in revenge for the spoils that had been taken from the town.

The chief gang that were troublesome around Whoop-Up were the deserters of Deadwood Dick's band, now under the leadership of the ruffian, Bar ker. The agents had given him the high-sounding title of Eagle Claw, and by this he became known universally.

On the day which had seen the meeting between Sandy and the Honorable Cecil Grosvenor of Washing- ton, a gang of the outlaws had dashed boldly into the town, and, after firing a score of shots, had frightened off a crowd, then robbed a store, and got off, un molested.

An hour afterward, a crowd of miners were collected on the street outside of Joe Tubbs's saloon, eagerly discussing the outlook.

"I tell ye, feller-citizens!" Tubbs himself cried from the top of a handy stump; "'tain ain't no use o' talkin' about perseverance or prudence bein' a vairue. Hayr we peaceable an' undemonstrating citizens o' Whoop-Up's sublime sphere hev bin outraged ag'in, right in broad daylight! I say et's a shame—er gol-durned reprroach outer our handles as honest men. I propose that we drop ther Vigi- lant deputation, and, regar'der Regulation—put some man at our heid's, an' devote our h' time ter wipin' out these dastard road-agents. Them's my sentiments, an' I propose the crown treat me fer ther beaufiful suggestion so timely brought before the committee.

But even though the wary colonel proposed, the crown were not disposed; they were excited after "thar road-agents."

"I second old Joe's motion concerning ther Regu- lators!" cried another man, a miner, who had suffered several losses from these gentlemen of the road. "We're all ready, every one o'us, ter take up ther trail o' vengeance, but we want a man ter lead us. Whar's ther man as ze he will?"

There was a momentary silence. But a new-come to the city of Whoop-Up stepped forward into the ring.

"Feller-citizens," he said, with a glance around, "if you're agreeable, I'll accept o' ther offer!"

And as assurances that the crowd were agreeable, a shout of "lurra!" went up from a hundred throats, seemingly. Ready were the miners to go, with some one to head them.

The candidate was a man of but medium size, evidently, but a peculiarly of wearing more clothing than necessary upon his person, made him look broad and burly. At least four suits of serviceable woolen clothing wore this new chief of Regulators, with stoga-oots upon his feet, and bandanna-baff in his hair. The exception of the nose, was covered to the ears with a luxuriant growth of reddish beard, and a mass of hair of a like hue fell unkempt and matty upon his shoulders. His eyes were sharp and head- strong, and, altogether he was a remarkable-looking personage. He stood leaning upon a rusty-looking rifle of large bore, and gazing calmly into the sea of faces around him.

"Hurrfer ther new Regulator!" yelled Colonel Joe from the top of his stump. "I say, you galoot, w'at mought yer name be?"

"I mought be 'most anything, I reckon, pilgrim," was the grim response; "but it ain't, ef ther old eclipse knows herself. I suppose it might be prac­ tical to call me Bullwhacker, ef ye've no objections."

"Hurra! Bullwhacker it is then," replied Joe, "Now, then, captin, jest choose yer galoots, an' lay fer these road-agents—d'ye hear? Ye'll hev ter excuse me a few minutes from ther debate, gentle­ man; ye've got them on ye picnic for it's a scandalous fact that I haven't hed but six good solid snifters this hull blessed morning."

And Joe made for the Mastodon as if his life de­ pended upon his getting to the bar in a stated num­ ber of seconds. He was an odd one on the ludicrous side of human nature, yet despite his love for stim­ ulating drink, was a genial good fellow.

Old Bullwhacker, the newly-elected chief of the Regulators, soon became a popular light in the min­ ing circles of Whoop-Up. He was jovial and eccent­ ric, had plenty of cash with which to treat his men, and was just the one fit to command. Where he had come from, or who he was, aside from this rude cogn­ nomen, no one knew; nor were they liable to find out by his teling.

He selected for his use ten men aside from him­ self, and armed them with Winchester's 45 cali­ ber rifles, which were got from Deadwood, and the Regulators were in working order. But it was some days ere there was any occasion for them to exert them­ selves. The road-agents, however, suddenly become quiet, and there were no new reports of marauds by them.

Bullwhacker, however, had his men ever near and under strict discipline; he never moved but they were near at hand as a sort of protective body­ guard. Although he had never manifested any par­ ticular disposition to being what the world of the country of gold calls "fast and tough," Bullwhacker was pretty generally regarded as a sly customer to all, and, as a certain class, was feared. He had such a slow motion at one time, and was so rapid when the case demanded, that it gave him an aspect of being ever ready, no matter what the emergency.

The golden days of September rolled along in the town of Whoop-Up, as in a peculiar dream of ex­ citing pleasure. People thronged the street and filled the places of business both by night and by day.

The mountain continued to yield rich productions of gold; and silver lodes too were found in places. Shafts and tunnels were being pierced into the mountain-side, all the way from the bottom up to ward the misty tops, and ore was blasted out and lowered to the gulch-bottom in incline plane cars— one case, to be sure, a certain class, was feared. He had such a slow motion at one time, and was so rapid when the case demanded, that it gave him an aspect of being ever ready, no matter what the emergency.

The sounds of busy industry in one Babel of noises— the crushing sound of ore-breakers, yells of mule...
drivers, the shrills of steam-whistles, and the ring of axes far up the dizzy mountain, all peculiar to their locality, yet distinct from the sights and sounds of the long street of the magic growing town.

Of course, most of the miners who couldn't reap a harvest now, thought the excited people. All along the stage routes to the town, eager, hopeful miners were prospecting; maybe where they would pass over, some speculator would stop and report gold—paying out hoo-doo wink some fresh arrival—generally known as a "tenderfoot"—and sell him for a big figure what was in reality but a barren rocky waste.

If you got cheated, you must put up with it with all the grace of a saint, unless you wanted to fight it out, then there was no use, not having the worst of it. For it was all in the mines and among the mining element, where law, personal respect, and charity toward mankind, were literally a dead letter. No stage came in or went out without its load of either expectant or disgruntled passengers, and the thus the population was an ever-moving one, and the people that composed it a spice and variety of humanity.

And as one day rolled by only to merge into another, Sandy kept on working in the mines, the same as he had before he met the Honorable Cecil Grosvenor in the gulch. He went armed, however, for he knew the Washingtonian well enough to suspect that some attempt would be made through his instrumentality upon his life.

Dusty Dick had not seen the speculator except at a distance; what he knew kept closely to Sandy's shanty, but never mentioning to the miner the cause of his sudden seclusion; for this strange creature whom Sandy was harboring was an enigma whose secret was closely locked in her own breast. If she had recognized a foe in the Washingtonian, she spoke not of it. Evidently she had not recognized him.

Calamity Jane came much to the cabin, especially when Sandy had returned from his work at night. She was kind toward Dick, in a sisterly way, often bringing her a feminine offer of exchange of confidence, which the mysterious wailing would not listen to. She was wholly up to her character—no longer a female even among her own sex.

With Calamity Jane it was different in that she could be equally sociable with male and female. She was witty, well-educated, when she chose to drop the rude vernacular of the mines, and altogether a pleasant companion.

At least she had a faculty of being able to cheer Sandy up, which he needed, whil she came to the anxious notice of Dusty Dick that nothing but a dawning love could alter Calamity's rude bearing of old into the pleasing woman of now; she was learning to love Sandy!

Sandy!—well, Dick entertained no anxiety toward him in this respect, for she knew it would be useless. Sandy was one of those eccentric freaks of human nature that might love "And love o'er again," without the world becoming wiser for it by studying him.

He held his emotions in a firm grasp, and controlled them—smothered them back as a general out of sight of human observance. Even Dick could not read the miner's feeling toward Calamity, but believed that he entertained a respectful admiration for her. Somehow, since they had been together, the young pard had grown to expect things, which all the time she knew would be impossible, of Sandy—to reserve him as hers alone; and a sensation of unrest had led her heart to every visit of the girl dare-devil, although she knew she had no right to for one moment entertain a loving thought of the stalwart yellow-haired miner. Whether Calamity had a keen sense to perceive this it is impossible to say; but, as the days rolled by, though the girl's admiration increased for the miner, she tried to screen it when in the presence of Dusty Dick.

Maybe her woman's instinct taught her that it was but natural for a woman to love a noble, handsome man, and that other hearts than her own could be so pierced by Cupid's shafts.

She had merely guessed some of the heart-pain and anxiety; but the sharp eyes of the young pard could not be blinded to the truth, for all that.

Honorable Cecil Grosvenor stopped Calamity one day as she was walking through the gulch. "Hello!" he said, approaching with a pompous strut; "I wish to speak with you, my dear young lady."

"Get out!" Calamity replied so sharply that Mr. Grosvenor leaped back a pace—"none o' your endearing epithets to me, you old buzzard. Say your piece, and don't waste my time."

"Oh! it does," replied the speculator, reaching into his pocket for a well-filled wallet; "then let me pay you for answering a few words."

"Put back your money, ye fool. I ain't acceptin' hush-money."

"All right; then answer me what I want to know. Is Deadwood Dick, the noted outlaw, dead in reality?"

"Spect he is; leastwise that's what the Deadwood paper says."

"But are you sure? Is there not some place where I could leave a letter so that it would reach him?"

"Well, I don't just know about that, old man. I don't know w'ether they've got a stage line runnin' up ter what Dick is, or not. Might give me yer address in the town, and I'll have a boy go up an' defeer the mail."

"I'm a member of the gang who will kerry it up;" and the girl laughed coolly. "Reckon Dick won't do you any good though."

"Oh! that's to be found out," the Washingtonian replied grimly. "Here's my letter to him;" and he handed her a large business envelope, which had already been sealed. 'Give that to Deadwood Dick, and I will pay you your price. Good-day to you."

Then his honor turned and strode on up the gulch.

The meeting had occurred in front of Madame Minnie Malijiton's dance-house, and the blonde profiress was standing in the door. When Grosvenor had departed, Calamity heard her name called, and looking around saw the madame motioning to her.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded, approaching the entrance to the dance-house, and regarding the madame sharply. "What d'ye want?"

"I want to advise you," Madame Minnie said familiarly. "You haven't got a very honorable name among the men; do not make it worse by associating with criminals. The way you are dressed and the men you are just talking with. He has no scruples than a wolf, and should his eye fasten particularly on you, he'd brook no expense to accomplish his villainous aims. Look out for such a one."

"Why?—do you know him?" Calamity asked, gazing at the partly form of the Washingtonian, as it was receding from view up the street.

"Yes, slightly," Madame Minnie replied, with a cool launt. "He came into my place here, and I showed him the door with the point of a bowie. He was mad."

"I presume so," Calamity replied, and turned away, going up the gulch-canyon, as it ran north.

"That blonde is either a deceitful traitress, or a respectable woman," she muttered; "I wonder which?"

She kept on up the gulch for a couple of miles, then paused by a ledge of rocks that formed the canyon walls. Here she slipped the let her she had received into a crevice, and then retraced her steps toward town.

That same evening, while the Honorable Grosvenor was sitting in his room at the Mastodon Hotel, he received a visitor—a rough-looking old codger, bent in back, with a mass of hair upon his face and head, and a perceptible limp in his gait. He hobbled along with a cane, and presented rather a forlorn aspect.

"Hello! who the deuce are you?" the speculator
CHAPTER IX.

THE WASHINGTONIAN PLOTS AND PROPOSES.

"On!" the Washingtonian said, rising with an instant change of countenance from displeasure to benignity: "I mistook you for some beggarly vagrant. All because of your shabby appearance, no doubt. Pray be seatef!

The visitor accepted the invitation by dropping upon the sofa, and producing a cigar and lighting it. 

"You wrote that you wished to see me on important business," he observed, gazing straight at his honor with his penetrating black eyes. "I got the letter out of my post-office a short time ago, and came to see what you could possibly want of me.

"Ah! yes; ahem! I am glad you came; but, pray, how am I to know that you are in reality Deadwood Dick, the road agent?"

By accepting my assurance, I don't generally unmask in such quarters, or I might be able to prove my identity by revealing my face.

"In which case I should be as ignorant as ever, having never seen you to know you heretofore. But, let that drop. I accept you as Deadwood Dick, and let's come to business. You are in need of money?"

"Well, no; not particularly. I realize about five thousand a year from mining interests which I own, and that sum keeps one in loose pocket change.

"But, you would not hesitate to add to your wealth, if you could do so by doing a little work of an unpleasant nature—especially to a man of my stamp. You outlaws do not hold life in the same regard as we—well, we of the East, of the better class.

"Well, that depends somewhat on circumstances," Deadwood Dick replied, coolly. "If we owe a man anything we generally pay him in our kind of change; don’t go into bankruptcy to cheat them out of their dues. So you call yourself one of the upper ten, do you?

"Ahem! yes, I suppose that would be the proper name for it—am from Washington, you see, where a man must either be an aristocrat or a nobody. Grosvenor is my name, and I represent a large amount of bonded and other wealth—besides being the president of a leading bank.

"Exactly; but you see, this don’t interest me, particularly. The objective point is, what do you want of me?

"I listen and you shall learn. There is a young miner in this town of Whoop-Up, who is in my way, and I want quietly removed. His name is Sandy, and you can easily find him, as he is very regular—lives in a cabin a few rods around the bend. You care not for life, as long as you get money; a pistol bullet will do the job, and you shall have—well, say fifty dollars.

Deadwood Dick, in his disguise, arose with a quiet laugh.

"No; that ain’t my lay-out, old rascal!" he said, bowing his way to the door. "Good-day to you; when you have any more such jobs to let out, just give ‘em to some ruffian, which I don’t claim to be. The man Sandy shall be properly warned to be on his guard; again, good-day, sir!" and in a minute more Dick had glided from the room.

"Devils take the man," the Honorable Cecil cried, springing after him, to find him gone. "It seems I have been misinformed concerning the fellow. He don’t do that kind of business. eh, and will inform Sandy! Well, just let him, and—hello! who’s this rough-looking customer coming up the stairs? Ha! an idea! Maybe he’ll serve me!"

The individual he had reference to was the Danite Ghoul, Arkansas Alf, and he followed the speculator into his rooms, without a word, having evidently intended a visit.

Once inside, the two villains, so opposite in personal appearance, confronted and gazed at each other for a moment, in silence.

"Well," Grosewneor said, interrogatively. "I calculate you must have intended paying me a visit, since you walked in without invitation on my part?"

"Yes, I reckon that’s about their size o’ ther matter," Arkansas Alf replied, grimly, as he stretched himself into a large easy settle upon the sofa. "Sit down, sit down; don’t stand that starin’ like a ghoul. I want ter talk ter ye.

The speculator sat down, first, however, bringing out a bottle of champagne from a huge Saratoga, and setting it upon a center table with goblets.

"Now go on," he said.

"Precisely," Arkansas Alf replied, scratching his chin—a sharp, wolfish gleam in his eyes. "In the first place, I calklye’re a fellow from Washington, wi’ a name suthin’ like Grossewneor, or—"

"Grosewneor—Honorable Cecil Grossewneor, at your service, sir."

"Yes, I reckon that’s about it. Once upon a time I had a pard up what ye lived who stole a haul o’ money an’ lit out for Sydney, didn’t ye?"

"Ah! yes—Jake McOmber, eh?"

"That’s the go. I’ do, Jake cum West, an’ we met an’ got ter be pals. Jake cuts a weazand now ‘n’ then; I am known as Arkansas Alf, a Danite o’ this wicked land o’ Dakota. You wrote ter Jake about coming in ter see ye, eh?"

"Yes, and got no answer."

"Wal, that was because Jake war down sick, so he sent me and my boys over int’er Hills, heer, ter look after yer case."

"I see. I was just trying to make a strike with a road-agent named Deadwood Dick, but he was too sanctimonious for my purpose."

"What! Deadwood Dick alive and in Whoop-Up?" the Danite exclaimed. his face growing tigerish in expression, and his eyes devilishly gleaming.

"Yes, here, I reckon. A fellow in clever disguise, calling himself such, just left as you came up. So you are ready to serve in my behalf, eh? and the speculator drummed musically upon the table.

"Ah! I reckon so, providin’ ye’ve got plenty o’ tin, and will shell out liberal. I’ve got two pals ter help me, and we kin do most anything in the way of sendin’ off sinners on a long pilgrimag, or knockin’ over weemin, or—"

"I reckon you’ll do that, if you are anything like the Danites I’ve read of."

"Wal, that depends on somethin’ on her size, weight, and fightin’ capacity. We kin generally send off a female in first rate style for fifty dollars."

"Enough said; I’ll give a hundred dollars to attend to the case properly. Then I have another woman for you to hunt up and annihilate. I’ll double my offer on her when she is dead. Her name thet’s about it. Her name ter me is Mad Marie. Then there is a man o’ whom I wish disposed of."

"Phew!" the Danite said, with a detonating whistle of surprise; "you’re right in fer layin’ up treasures, ain’t you? Wal, name yer subjects, and I’ll go ter work."

"Not just at present," the villainous speculator said; "I am not quite ready yet. When I am I will let you know. You can easily be found, I dare say.

"You bet, w’en thar’s any sech a lay-out!" the ruffian replied, rubbing his hands together in devilish delight. "You’ll generally find me fer ther lookin’ down below. Ain’t ye goin’ ter treat afore I go?"

"Yes, help yourself; it’s the prime article, you’ll find; and the Danite evidently did find it so, for he drained the bottle before he arose to depart.

"Nothin’ more ye wish, now?"

"No, nothing; you can go. When I need you I'll..."
aunt you up; and then the Dakota Danite took his departure.

"Ha! ha!" The-Man-from-Washington exclaimed, as he heard the outlaw descending the stairs; "things are at last working into my hands just as I wish. That fellow is so cool that he can be used repeatedly without resharpening, so long as he is fed on whisky and money. Sandy's pardi—curse her; she shall go first, and then he shall follow. I wonder.

He did not finish the sentence, but pulled on his glasses, donned his hat, and descended to the street, cane in hand. Lighting a cigar, he sauntered down the busy street, and finally fetched up in Madame Majilton's establishment.

The madame was behind the bar, engaged in shushing a broncho miner, and was looking most royally beautiful in a suit of silk and lace, with diamonds at her throat and pendant from her ears. Her blonde complexion made her ever fresh and lovely looking, and then her superb form greatly heightened her personal beauty.

She looked up with a slight frown as the Honorable Cecil entered and leaned against the counter.

"Well, what do you want now?" she demanded, in a tone that was not particularly inviting. "Have you come here to insult me again?"

Cecil replied with a bland smile; "I deserved your scorn then, no doubt, for I was in an excess of champagne. No doubt you've been there yourself. I will step into the next room and be seated; when you are at liberty, please join me."

Cecil Minle entered and leaned against the counter.

"I represent a great deal of excess of champagne. I can't bear to feel uneasy and get red in the face.

"You old fool!" she exclaimed, by an effort controlling her merriment. "do you suppose I'd give up this glorious life here for the sake of ingulging myself in the social miseries you depict? No! a thousand times, no! I know of all the delights you picture, but they don't tempt me. In Washington you have no with direr, and have no wife—no heirs to all my vast estates. My life is devoid of any sunshine whatever, not having a female companion on whom to lavish my boundless affection. You are a beauty and can be refined—would make a resplendent star in the Washington skies. I have seen gold-digging dummies; here, in the mines, though oftentimes rudely drossed, you can find men. The difference is, Washington is a refined hell, without but imps and devils for inhabitants; Whoo Up is a rough Paradise, with now and then a sprinkling of angels."

"If I wish I look on the wrong side, my dear madame. Cannot I prevail upon you to accept? would give my thousands for such a glorious creature as you.

"Enough! I would not bind myself to such a man as you for your whole weight in diamonds. I know something of life after 'rouching it' so long. There is only one man in all the world whom I would for a moment think of marrying."

And he is?"

"It little matters to you who. He is handsome—a quality you cannot boast of—and is all that is noble and generous. Such a man I have it in my heart to love—no other, be he king or millionaire, sir."

"That man lives in Whoop-Up?"

"Since you are so inquisitive, yes."

"I think I know to whom you refer—he is called Sandy, here."

"You are a pretty straight guesser, old man!" Madame Minle replied, lighting a cigarette and puffing away with the utmost composure. "The man is Sandy. But, for instance, how would you like to take a little into your Washington, with a cigar in her mouth and a bottle of tarant-juice under her arm for sickness? That's the way I always travel."

"Oh, that would never do; you'd have to be trained, of course. But this man Sandy—do you know what he is?"

"No; and I care not what his past has been: his present is irreproachable. Anybody will tell you that.

"Probably, but present good behavior cannot blot out or atone for the past, you know. Between you and me, Madame Majilton, that man Sandy is a forger, and a felon—a murderer!"

"Sandy a murderer? I do not believe it. Cecil Grovener. He is no such a man as would murder a fellow."

"But, there's where you mistake. He is outwardly a gentleman; inwardly, a demon."

"I would run my chances in taking him for all that."

"Humph! and find yourself in a tiger's nest. Besides, you could not get him—he has too excited notions concerning women! the speculator said, rising to depart. "If, however, you think better of my proposal, you can address me at the so-called Mastodon Hotel."

"Very well, sir; but pray do not watch anxiously for any change in my decision, or you will surely be disappointed."

The Honorable Cecil bowed, with a bland, doubting smile, and took his departure, and Madame Minle watched him down the street.

"Sandy a felon!" she mused, turning her gaze in the direction of the Lightning Lode mine; "I cannot believe it of him. This is news to me. And thencher said I could not win him. Maybe not; but we shall see—we shall see. In the meantime—and a strange gleam shot into her eye—"in the meantime, something else."

CHAPTER X.

THE BLOW FALLS AT LAST.

SANDY was working away in the mine, when one of his men approached him with a note in his hand. "An old cuss gave it to me, sir," he said, bowing, "and said it for Sandy; so I reckon as et must be for you."

Sandy took the note and retired to a niche where a light was burning, and there opened the note. It was written in a neat business hand, slightly feminine some of the letters were, and ran as follows:

"SANDY:—Look out for the Washingtonian chap, Grovener, who stops at the Mastodon. He tried to hire Deadwood Dick to shoot you, but did not make a success of it. He is a double-dyed villain, and will, no doubt, try some other villainous plan, as he seems desirous of getting rid of you."

This was all, there being no signature. A faint smile of contempt crossed his face, and he turned his mouth as he thrust the note into his vest pocket.

"So the old viper really means business, does he?" he muttered, as he went back to his work. "Well, let him proceed. Even if he kills me, the world wouldn't mourn my los.
He worked the day out, and went home at early dusk. The cabin door was closed but unlocked, and he opened it and entered.

Dusty Dick was sitting at the table with his head bowed upon his arms, crying—as Sandy could see that the slight form was trembling with emotion. He put away his pick, pouch and rifle, and approached the table.

"What! crying, Dick? What's gone wrong?" he said, laying one owned hand upon the fleshy curls of the youth. "Has any one molested you?"

There was no answer except a low moan from Dick for several minutes; then he raised his face to Sandy, such a tearful, agonized expression upon it as the miner had never before seen.

"Oh! Sandy, I thought you were never coming, and got so frightened."

"At what, dear?" and the miner's tone was tender and sympathizing as he bent over this disguised barder of his, whom he was growing unconsciously fonder of each day as the autumn leaves wore thinner and thinner. He put away his pick, pouch and rifle, and entered.

"What ails you? Come, now, Sandy."

"I cannot tell you now—sometime, maybe, you will follow and murder me, and these people of young in whom I am rich, will never know that I was sitting beside you."

"Yes, Cecil Grosvenor. Can it be possible that you, too, know him?"

"Know him? He is the bitterest foe I ever had or have to-day. It was to murder me that he hunted me."

"Dishonored," Dick replied, drying her eyes. "God forbid. I will fly, and then maybe my enemy will follow and murder me, and these people of Whoop-Up will never know that you were harboring a woman.

"What? You shall not think of leaving my protection. I have been your protector so far—I'll see you safe through. Is who the villain who is molesting you?"

"His name is Cecil Grosvenor!"

"What! that inhuman wretch? By Heaven! not he?"

"Yes, Cecil Grosvenor. Can it be possible that you, too, know him?"

"Know him? He is the bitterest foe I ever had or have to-day. It was to murder me that he hunted me."

"Then Heaven help you, for he will surely carry out his object unless you fly. It was to escape death at his hands that I came off here into this wild country.

"What are you to him, Dick," the miner asked, "that he should want to kill you?"

"I cannot tell you now—sometime, maybe, you shall hear my story. To tell you that the ever-ruling curse, money, is the main object is quite sufficient. What is the cause of his enmity against you?"

"His name is Cecil Grosvenor. I would rather not tackle it now, for I get stormy when I tell it. But, as you say, you shall hear it sometime. I never try to think of it, for it makes me less than a man. It is enough that Cecil Grosvenor is an enemy to both of us, and his enmity means evil. I shall make you a proposal: Marry me, and we will leave this place by the next stage for California, where we can bury ourselves out of the reach of this man. I am rich, and you shall never want for the comforts of a home."

"No, Sandy," was the sober reply, tinged with sadness, "I cannot. If you do not wish to hurt my feelings—if you do love me, as you say you do—please never allude to the subject again."

"All right, Dick!" and the miner turned away, lest he should betray his emotion and disappoint-
said, considerably affected, "and I scarcely know how to thank you for your self-sacrificing confidence. If ever I have an opportunity to repay you, I shall assuredly do so. Will you not tell us your story that we may know you better?"

"No! no!" and a fierce expression for an instant made the girlish face grow savage. "Not now. Sometime I will. You may have heard the varying stories about me, and may wonder why I lead this wild life of mine. But I let up with et, I've got a man to kill—one of the basest, vilest wretches upon God's fair earth. For years I have been waiting for him to come here, and at last he has come. It is only a matter of time, now, till I kill him."

"So! I do not murder—I'll wait till he tackles me, then I'll shoot him in self-defense, you see!" and a strange, veneful laugh escaped her lips. "You don't know the extent of my wrongs or you'd say shoot, too."

"Probably!" Sandy replied; then after a moment—what would you advise me to do, in the event of what you have told us? Whoop-Up will evidently be too hot for us.

"Don't mind anything about it, but go along at your own work just the same as before. If you are quizzed or pointed out, don't give 'em enny satisfaction, lest comes ter insult; then use yer revoler in earnest. Stay and fight it out by all means. To leave, now, would be an acknowledgment of shame."

"Very well, I will stay then, and fight it out. If they get me roused—"

"They'll find a tiger, you bet," Calamity replied, enthusiastically. "Good for you! If they work too close, keep 'em at a distance, and remember that you have friends near. You, Dusty Dick, can show your hand ter help yourpard, an' you wanter do it. Good-by; you can look for me again, at most any time."

She then took her rifle and left the cabin, as quickly as she had come, leaving Sandy and Dusty Dick alone.

Outside, in the long, brilliantly lit street of the town, the surging, restless crowd had divided more into groups, and were eagerly discussing this bit of news. Sand changed the subject, and turned the talk on Ceci.

All believed Sandy to be a scamp and hypocrite, for Ceci Grosvenor had spread his seed wide and thick, so that it should take root.

No one ventured to stop or broach the subject to Calamity Jans; they knew too well of old, to the way backed and face red.

She met Ceci Grosvenor near the Mastodon, and stopped him in his evening walk, by stepping direct in his path.

"See here!" she said, pulling a revolver from her belt, and showing it under the astonished Washingtonian's nose—"you old wretch, do you know what I've a mind to do?"

"Don't! don't! I put down the weapon—what do you mean, girl?" he gasped, changing from red to white in a twinkling. "Do you hear? put down the weapon!"

"No! I won't do anything of the kind, you coward!" Jane declared, coolly.

"Ain't ye a sweet specimen o' a hypocritical nuisance, ter call yourself Honorable So'-An'-So? I've a notion ter put a bullet clear through your head. Old man, do you know that you played a shameless part against Sandy?"

An expression of devilish satisfaction came onto the spectator's countenance, and he chuckled grimly.

"It was my trump card, you see!" he replied. "It struck home well, I see, judging by the discussion in the streets. I did the town a favor by exposing a disgraceful nuisance!"

"Look out, you imp o' Satan," and the hammer of one of Calamity's No. 32's came back one notch; "if ye go ter braggin', I'll make further breathin' on your part a thing o' the past. I stopped ter tell ye that you're an old villain, an' if you try any more of your games you're a dead man. Do you hear?"

"What business is it to you that you interfere?" Grosvenor sneered, eyeing the dare-devil girl savagely.

"You'll find out ef ye play another trick against that man, Sandy. He's my particular friend, an' 'twixt me an' Deadwood Dick, he'll be taken keel of an', don't ye forget it."

Then the girl passed on.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE STREET—SANDY'S DEFENSE—DUSTY DICK GONE!

CALAMITY JANS had not been gone half an hour, when there was a sharp Indian-like whoop, and a band of horsemen dashed out of the blackness of Canyon Gulch into Whoop-Up's single street. They were the reward of seventy-five of the outlaws, all well-mounted and armed, and masked—a great crowd they appeared, as they rode yelling and hooting into the town, firing, and with deadly effect, right and left.

"Road-agents! road-agents!" rung the yell of the surprised townspeople and miners; "hurrah! to arms! sweep the dogs out of existence!"

This cry was spread universally from one end to the other of the long street—was caught up by nearly every tongue, and everything that was to be had in the shape of rifle and revolver was seized by the crowd that sprung to the place of battle. And a battle in earnest it was to be.

The road-agents had evidently come into the town with the intention of cleaning it out, small, comparatively, though they were in numbers; they made a stand near the center of the town, and fought fiercely with carbines and revolvers.

Every shot they fired told disastrously upon the ranks of the resolute defenders for a time; but encouraged by the fearless fighting of old Bullwhacker and his Regulators, the crowd pressed hard upon the road-agents, determinedly, firing a terrible volley of bullets into their ranks. Of all the defenders in that desperate conflict, none did more excellent service than the much-clothed leader of the Regulators, old Bullwhacker. He stood at the front, with a large, repeater placed in his clutch, firing continually, until they were emptied; then his Evans repeater came into hand, and sent forth a deadly stream of fire wreathed lead. The man was wonderfully cool while others were yelling and shrieking. There were many a poor fellow dropped dead, while he stood calmly in the midst of the fray, his garments seeming to turn aside the deadly bullets that hissed like lightning-hall through the air.

On went the battle, the road-agents fighting like devils for victory, the defenders imitating their example, to save their property and emulate their bravery. It was warfare in dead earnest—bullist for bullist, blood for blood.

Sandy left his cabin when he heard the cry, and stood for a moment outside of the door, listening and watching the crowds that went past.

"What is it, Sandy?" Dusty Dick asked, coming to the door; "why are all the men rushing up the gulch?"

"There's an attack from the road-agents," Sandy replied. drawing his pair of revolvers, and revolving the cylinder to see that all the cartridges were right.

"I reckon it's my duty to take a hand, too, if there's fighting to be done. Those ruffians outlaws need to be killed, and now's the proper chance. Go back in the shanty, and don't emit any one except they give a cough and a rup."

"But, you may get wounded or killed!" Lick gasped, in alarm.

"How much would you care if I did get topped over?" the miner demanded, almost fiercely, as he wheeled and confronted her, gazing strangely into the disguised face and beautiful eyes.
Deadwood Dick on Deck.

"Very, very much!" was the reply; "but go; you may be needed."

Sandy obeyed and strode rapidly up the gulch. The fighting was just around the bend, but when he got there the dead bodies were out of sight in the night's gloom, which reigned beyond where the lights of the town reflected. And, besides, there was enough to attend to on the scene of battle, where full three-score lay bleeding, either dead, dying, or mortally wounded. Among this number, two-thirds were townspeople or miners; of the road-agents only one man was found alive, and by Old Bullwhacker's order he was immediately strung up to a limb and paid the earthly penalty of his crimes.

Fifteen were killed outright of the defenders, but, as it turned out, they were men without families. Of the rest who were more or less wounded, only three afterward died.

Was such a disastrous battle with road-agents reported in the East? Probably not. Probably no Associated Press dispatches have ever yet been known to report one-third of the crimes or casualties that occur in the wild land west of the Missouri. Yet the above battle did occur, with the result we have chronicled.

In a doubtful victory on the part of the Whoop-Urites; yet they were in a measure jubilant over it.

Every care was offered the suffering and wounded; Sandy himself made bold to step forward and propose a purse for burying those who did not have sufficient money, liberally offering to donate fifty dollars.

The men looked at each other, and then at the handsome miner, who had within the day been dis-honored in their eyes. One then stepped forward, a grim expression upon his face.

"I ruth-rate calculate we don't none o' us want none o' yer money, Mr. Sandy," he said, with a glance to see that the crowd approved of his words. We kept o' yer property, and as the lifin' among you. You'd better keep yer money fer that leetle critter ye've got corralled at yer shanty; it'll take all yer spare cash ter keep such as her a-goin'."

"Look out!" and the yellow-haired miner advanced a pace nearer, his face and eyes flaming. "Hint if you dare that anything is wrong between me and my pard, and I'll break every bone in your accursed body!"

I reckon we don't chant back what we say. A lady! My name is Bulldog Brown, at yer service, an' ef ye want anything o' me, jest sail in. We premurter say that yer pard, Dusty Dick, is a woman, an' a rusty hypocrite ye be to--"

The fellow didn't finish the sentence for the miner flung himself upon him, and with a tremendous blow, which would have staggered an ox, felled the brute to the earth. Then he bounded back, one of his revolvers cocked and ready in either hand.

Now, then, where's the wretch who wants to repress a fellow I'll lay him out in stiffer shape than I did this fool!" he cried, glaring around, for he was terribly angered.

There was an angry murmur in the crowd, and a general motion toward rushing upon the man; but it was not possible to do so. For he had stepped forward with a pair of revolvers in hand, and stood alongside Sandy. It was none other than the Regulator, Old Bullwhacker. He waved back the crowd, and they stopped at his beckon, for no man had ever won such a popularity in Whoop-Up in so short a time as the much-clothed unknown.

"Hold! stop!" he cried. In a clear, ringing voice; "the first galoot who moves a step ag'in this miner will directly after be a dead man. Let there be no more bloodshed. There's been enough. God knows, Sandy did perfectly right in knocking yonder nasty-tongued brute down fer insulatin' him as he did.

"As to ter'lar pard, I'll stake my pile she's all square. Of Dusty Dick I'm no' afriad!"

"An', I, too; an' I'll lick thunder out o' any chap in the crowd as says she ain't!" cried a ringing voice; then came a Comanche-like whoop, and Calamity Jane bounded into the scene.

Immediately the lead man left out of Bullwhacker's hand, and several others, stepped over to the Regulator's side. This was the straw that broke the camel's back, and the crowd broke up and dispersed.

Calamity went over to where Sandy was restoring his revolvers to his belt.

"One card in your favor," she said, with a low laugh. "You did handsome, but you should have shot a couple of the cusses to show them ye wasn't afraid. That's ther only way to git along out hayr. See what a change my comin' made; they knew I'm business clean through. Look out for 'em, for they'll try you a lick again. Now, go home and go to bed."

"Not until I have thanked you and these who have defended me!" Sandy said, warmly grasping her hand. "I already owe you much—how can I ever repay you?"

"Once I might have been unmaidenly enough to have named a reward, but that is past. I don't expect to get any—never!

She turned away abruptly, but not before Sandy had caught a glimpse in her eyes which he knew to be tears. He was tempted to follow her—then came the picture of Dusty Dick in his imagination, and he resisted.

He kindly expressed his thanks to Old Bullwhacker and the others who had so bravely stepped over to his defense; then strode up the street toward his cabin with a carriage as haughty as any king.

Madame Minnie Magilton had seen him go up to join in the affray, and stood in her doorway watching, as he came along with free, elastic strides.

"I was so afraid that you would get hurt, Sandy," she said, in an anxious tone. "I just heard that they made an attack upon you—how was it?"

"The cast insulting slurs, and I retaliated by knocking one down. Beckon should have got the worst of it, but for the intervention of Calamity Jane and Bullwhacker;" and the miner laughed as if he shouldn't have cared.

"I wish I had been able to have come to your rescue, Sandy. Come inside a few moments,"

"What for?"

"I wish to give you counsel."

"I have had plenty, thanks."

"No—but come in; I wish to speak to you concerning—well, something of vital importance."

Sandy hesitated a moment, then followed the beautiful blonde into a little room which she used as a parlor, adjoining the dance-house. Here he accepted a seat, and she also seated herself directly opposite him, across the table.

A flood of light from a lamp chandelier, falling upon her fair head and features and bare white shoulders—for she was in a magnificent costume—had an additional effect of increasing her wondrous beauty; she knew him, as he knew her, before her and put on one of the fascinating smiles she knew so well how to manage. After a moment of hesitation, she turned to Sandy:

"Did it ever come under your notice, Sandy, that a woman has not the right to deal in a business which is peculiar to men?" she asked, looking shyly into his eyes. "If so, you will not think bad of me for what I am to say to you. Sandy, I love you."

"What! you, whom I have not met a dozen times you love me," the miner exclaimed, starting violently, astonishment depicted upon his face.

"Yes, I. You are astonished—nearly dumfounded;—yet, still you survive between the siege of three madly idolatrous loves."
Deadwood Dick on Dock.

...sleepless night, for he was much troubled concerning the strange disappearance of Dick.

On the following morning he arose late, and after breakfasting upon some cold meat, went to the mine known in Whoop-Up as the Lightning Lode.

It was a huge intermountain cavern, which had entrance through a narrow tunnel, only large enough for a man to pass, and in a day or two. Inside there were many sections of the cavern where the rock was pierced with dark shafts and long passages, huge pillars supporting the ceiling of rock here and there. All this great work had been accomplished by drilling and giant powder, and the rich quartz veins drawn by dynamite loads out to the breaker and crusher in the gulch.

At the entrance to the mine Sandy met his superintendent, a man of forty years, named Bronson.

"Well, has everything gone right?" he asked, pausing a moment.

"No; on the contrary, everything has gone wrong," Bronson replied, dubiously. "The men, all but three or four, came and got their wages an hour ago, declining to work in your employ any longer."

"Humph! I expected it." Sandy replied, with a faint smile. "Let the fools go if they choose. Do you share their views of the matter?"

"Well, no; but I'd kind o' like to see it cleared up, you know," Bronson replied. "Don't know as orphans can't show a few finishing touches."

"Very well, Sandy, I accept the explanation and believe you. I'll tell the few men remaining. It would be better if you were to make this explanation general."

"I don't choose. Let it be found out without any interference. I crave no man's friendship."

"What shall we do about more men to work the mine?"

"Stick out a placard: 'More miners wanted at $2.50 per day.' That will 'em. I was thinking of raising their wages the other day. Be sure to hire none of the old gang, as new hands will answer better, I think."

And accordingly Bronson stuck out a placard in a conspicuous place:

"WANTED—Twelve or fifteen new miners to replace deserters at the Lightning Lode. $2.50 per day. Apply at once to the Superintendent."

This card caught the eye of Honorable Cecil Grosvenor, as he was returning on his handsome bay mare from a morning gallop down the canyon.

"The very opportunity for ending the game!" and a cruel, malignant smile came upon the sinister countenance of the speculator as he grasped the thought. "I have the very man in mind, you see."

"My first work is to hunt up the Danite, and instruct him."

He galloped on to the livery, dismounted and hurried on to the Mastodon, a few doors away. On entering, he found his kinsman, Alf in a rear room drinking wine and fleecing a Texan herder at cards. At Grosvenor's motion, he threw up the game, and they went to the bar-room where they were soon the occupants of a stall, which was one of a dozen which filled a side of the Establishment."

"Waal!" the Danite interrogated, leaning his arms upon the table, and gazing grimly at the Washingtonian. "What's the rip?"

"Nothing in particular, except that I am ready to have you go to work. You know where the Lightning Lode mine is?"

"Reckon I do."

"And the man, Sandy?"

"Sar'in sure."

"Well, he is the man I want put out of my way."

CHAPTER XII.

A DIABOLICAL PLOT—AN ADVENTURE.

So Sandy went back to his shanty and passed a
Here is my plan. He has advertised for new workmen. You must go and make an application for a job, for you and your pards. Work cheap, and ask to be allowed to sleep at night in the mine. At night you must work silently and cautiously. Charge every available place heavily with gunpowder and be connected with one long main fuse. This you must run around the base of the hill to where you can hide in the bushes. Be at your stand to-morrow, just before noon. When the hands of your watch show to ten minutes of twelve, listen and you will hear a gun report—then light the fuse, mount your horse, and get safely into the mountains. I will be at the junction of the Deadwood and Gossling trails, when you get there, and you shall have a round hundred for your share of the huckleberry, you bet. Shall I go now?" the Danite asked.

"Yes, make haste, and secure a job if possible. You will find powder enough for your purpose in the mine. Make everything sure—and remember I am not to be mentioned in the matter."

"Very well, boss. What about those two feminine ye spoke of?"

"One of them I hear has escaped. I shall make no effort to secure her, as she will probably be brought back by curiosity. The other woman, Mad Marie, I know nothing about, further than that she is in this vicinity. You will have to rely upon your detective abilities to find her."

"I'll keep an eye out. Thet chap, Deadwood Dick, is goin' ter take my eye, fer thar's five hundred dollars or more on his head, which I'd love ter finger."

The ruffian then took his departure. He went to the mine, accompanied by two ruffianly-looking associates, named Fletcher and Kunrove, and hired out for three months to a Mr. Borrow, who secured permission to lodge in the mine, and protect it from being robbed during the night by outside parties.

Calamity Jane, later that day, left the town, and riding up the gulch, turned off among the mountains, through a dark, lonesome ravine, through the bottom of which a small creek dashed noisily, and where but little of the light of day ever penetrated. She was mounted upon her thoroughbred curvace, which had few rivals in the Hills, and well armed with a sixteen-shot Winch-ster rifle, and a brace of holster revolvers, besides those she wore in her belt. Every bit of a mountain knight she looked, as she rode along, scanning everything around her with a sharp, keen eye.

The further she went the route continued in the ascending, and winding up into the heart of the mountain wilderness. Suddenly she drew rein and listened intently. Ahead of her, around an abrupt bend, came clear and sharp the ringing thud of hoof-strokes—then a fierce shout that echoed among the hills, with clanging reverberations.

"Hello! some one coming this way, I reckon!" exclaimed auter, where we're due to one side, just behind a bunch of mimosa bushes. "Either red skins or road-agents, I predict, after some lone pilgrim."

She had not long to wait to learn that her prophecy was correct. A single horseman came dashing around the bend, with his horse running at full speed, while sitting with face backward, he was grasping a rifle in his hands, ready for use.

He managed to retain his seat with as much ease as possible, and he was heavily armed, gorgeous in appearance, and superb in horsemanship. From her position, Calamity could do no more in the way of a glance than to make him out as a young man—his face she could not see. Nearer and nearer he came; then a band of five mounted horsemen burst into view around the bend, yelling like so many Comanche red-skins.

They were road-agents and some of Deadwood Dick's band, all armed with carbines of Winchester pattern, and were in pursuit of the lone fugitive, whose easy riding so attracted Calamity's admiration, that she wheeled her curvace out into the ravine with a ringing shout.

"I'll 'em! I'll 'em! Haste!—go 'em like blazing an'! I'll back ye! Hurra! Whoa up thar, you imposin' Satan, fer ef ye buck ag'in Calamity Jane yer bound ter get snaggled ag'in an' earthquake!"

The words were loud enough to be heard by pursuers. The girl's horse-devil raised her rifle to her shoulder, and sent a leaden death-dispatch with unerring aim into the road-agents, killing one outright, and wounding a horse.

Seeing that he was reinforced, the fugitive opened fire. Seeing that he now had no desperadoes from the saddle, although the wretch was mounted with his horse abruptly around and took the back trail, urging his animal in mad desperation, with both spur and voice. Bound to finish the victory, Calamity fired the remaining thirteen cartridges in her repeater, but only succeeded in wounding him, as he disappeared from view.

Then she turned to the rescued fugitive, who was standing by his dead horse, and gazing at her in admiration and wonder.

He was a man of some five-and-twenty years, with supple, handsome form, and a light, jovial face, which, while it possessed no particular beauty, was a good-naturedly good-looking face, with perfect features, dark brown eyes and hair, and a slight dark mustache. He was attired in citizen's garb, and armed with the ordinary six-shoot.

Clearly, he was astonished at his sudden rescue; for he stood gazing at Calamity as if she were something more than mortal. And she laughed in her cool way, as she crossed over the lonely limit of the Black Hills, turned the stars in genuine Black Hills fashion.

"Guess you war purty nigh about glad to get away from them agents, pilgrim, warn't ye?" she demanded, at length, while she lit a cigarette.

"Indeed I was!" the man replied, with enthusiasm. "I've had all the road-agent experience I care for, since I've been fighting the devils for the last half hour. There were twelve of the fellows when they commenced the chase, a couple of miles back."

"I've got 'em all, eh?"

"All but the three you fetched down and the fellow that escaped."

"Wal, then, you're a brick—thet's all! Couldn't a-done better myself. Reckon you're a fresh 'un in these diggin's, eh?"

Well, I only arrived at Deadwood yesterday, and, purchasing a horse, set out for a ride to Whoop-Up, wherever that may be, having no idea that the distance was so great. But, excuse me, please, you're a woman, are you not?"

"Yes, I am, ma'am."

"I'll tell you what, ma'am—I am in flesh, but not in spirit o' late years. Ye see, they kind o' got matters disconfounded when I was created, an' I turned out to be a gal instead of a man, which I ought to have been.

"Indeed? There is something in your face which reminds me of a girl I used to know six years ago, before I went East, from Denver. What is your name, ma'am?"
“Calamity, Jane, at yer service.”

“What? Janie was my little sweetheart’s name!” the stranger exclaimed, drawing nearer. “It cannot be that you are indeed Jennie Forrest—the same Jennie Forrest who was known as the ‘Deadwood Dancer’ in Denver for Virginia City?”

Six years ago, since when I have never heard a word from her.”

“Yes, I am Jennie—she was Jennie Forrest,” Calamity replied, slowly. “But who can you be?”

“I am Charley Davis—who do you remember me?”

“You told me your sixteenth birthday, you promised to wait for me and become my wife!”

“You, Charley Davis?” the girl exclaimed, delightedly; “then that’s my paw—grab it! I’m glad to see you as a boy is to hug a human.”

Their eyes met, and her proffered hand, and shook it warmly, while he gazed admiringly into the face of the girl-scout.

“You have greatly changed, Jennie, but it is for the better, excepting your attire. Why dress thus, when the attire of your own sex is more becoming?”

“I don’t allow ye ken beat men’s togs much fer handy locomotion an’ so forth, an’ ye see, I’m as big a gun among the men as any of ‘em. An’ ef ye’re goin’ to Whoop-Up, let me advise ye in one respect: snatch off that billed shirt, an’ put on a few ’businses, or the Kekock would put you up as a swell of ye war ter go in that way.”

“Oh, I’ll run all the risks. But, Janie, isn’t your attire rather unmaidenly, considering your sex?”

“Maidenly—unmaidenly!” Calamity muttered, staring hard at him. “Charley Davis, when you left me, with a betrothal kiss clinging to my lips, I was a maiden, and as modest as they make ‘em. But terrible chances have come since then. I am now a world’s dare-devil, people say. Ask me nothing, for I shall tell you the same measure—nothing. In Whoop-Up this trail takes you there, by turning to your left at the canyon below—in Whoop-Up you may by chance hear all that the world knows of the story. Go—hear, and then you will not be surprised.”

She spoke with a fierce earnestness that was thrilling, and then drew up her bridle reins as if to go.

“He! don’t go! hear us not yet. Jennie!” Davis exclaimed, anxiously—“very soon, I hope?”

“Probably, as I’m generally around. What brought you up the canyon?”

“To hunt up a man whom the Government wants. I am a special police-detective, you know.”

“Oh, you are! Well, in Whoop-Up you kin take your pick out of all the worst devils in the West; so get ahead, and try to find me.”

She urged the girl’s dare-devil ride on up the ravine, leaving the stranger to pursue his way to Whoop-Up afoot.

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK RETURNS—THE MINE A MAGAZINE.

Calamity kept on her course through the mountains, penetrating many ravines and dark defiles, and scouring the adjacent timber sharply. She was in search of the girl who stood between her and Sandy Dick—a girl unknown to either, who had fled from Sandy’s protection. Why she had taken upon herself the mission, Calamity never could have told exactly. She was interested in Sandy’s welfare and happiness; perhaps this was what prompted her.

A day wore away, and she found no trace of the runaway, and then headed her tired animal back in the direction of the mines.

It was growing dark in the pine-crested hills, and she urged her steed along at a sharp gallop, the sound of her spurs making a cry, as the rocky trail causing long, detonating echoes to fill the night with weird sound.

“Go along, Jacko!” she urged, applying the spur when the animal lagged. “We must hurry and get back to town, for there is work there for me. By this time that wretch, Arkansas Alf, is up to his deviltry, and I’m going to thwart the game.”

A couple of hours of swift ride brought her back into the bustling flash city.

Sandy sat in the door of his shanty, smoking an evening cigar, when Calamity rode up, and slipped from the saddle to the ground.

“Any news?” the miner interrogated, eagerly, a hopeful light shining in his eyes.

“None at all concerning Dusty Dick. Guess she’s hid whar she ain’t goin’ to be found so soon. Don’t know, th’ way I’ve ached, th’ girl’s looked the whole mountains through. She may have gone to Deadwood.”

“Probably we shall never see her again,” Sandy replied, slowly. “She may have killed herself.”

“Nol nary a time! Th’en won’t her lay-out, and don’t know whar she’ll be fer a week. I’ll find her before long, Sandy. Did you know of a man in Washington named Charley Davis?”

“I think not. The name does not sound familiar, Why?”

“Oh, I don’t ask for any particular reason. That’s a man here by that name—didn’t know but he might be an acquaintance of yours.”

“No, I guess not. Going?” for she had remounted with a nimble leap.

“Yes. I must be going. Did you get new men at the mines?”

“Yes, twelve or thirteen, to replace the deserters.”

After Calamity had gone, Sandy knocked the ashes off his pipe, and entered the shanty, locking the door after him. To him the place now seemed desolate, lonely look, since Dusty Dick was not there; he could scarcely do less than feel sad, for with his whole manly heart he had loved the beautiful girl-woman, who had played her role so well as his pard, and her absence seemed like that vacancy left by a sudden death.

All the trinkets he had bought her, even to a handsome gold watch, had been left behind, and with a careful fondness, he marked the way she had left everything, and preserved the order, according to her instructions.

Sitting down by the table, he bowed his head upon it, and closed his eyes wearily, for despite his prosperity and success in gaining worldly wealth, his life lacked much of the essential light which makes living even endurable.

For a long time he rested thus with his head bowed; the room was in silence, only the faint hum from the bustling street broke the monotone stillness.

How long he knew not, for when he imagined himself to be asleep, he was in reality asleep and in dreamland. The first knowledge he had of his having been asleep, was when he was slowly awakened by the sound of a familiar footstep. He knew then that he was awake—assured himself of the fact by unclosing one of his eyes sufficiently to catch a ray of light from one of the candles that was burning in the room. He then immediately closed his eye again, and did not stir for a time, feigning sleep. Something told him to do so; yet what? For the world he could not have told. Some one was in the shanty, but he knew not who. He felt a draught of air from the door, and knew that it must be open a trifle; besides, the noises of the street came in plainer. At length he heard the stealthy step again, and intuition rather than sound of movement, taught him that some one was approaching him. The next moment he felt a hot breath fan his cheek, and a pair of soft lips touch his forehead; then there was a swift, sharp report at his temple, and he lay open his eyes and sprung to his feet—reached out and caught the flying figure by the shoulder, even as it would have darted out into the night.

A moment later the two were face to face—the miner greatly astonished, and Dusty Dick—for it was he, no one else—crushed and confused.

“Dick?” Sandy exclaimed. In wonderment. “By Heaven, this is beyond my comprehension!”

Deadwood Dick on Deck.
"Let me go, Sandy," was the faint, choked reply.

"Release me, and let me depart."

"No, not by any means," and the miner crossed the room and shut the door. "How did you get in?—ah! I forgot; you had a key. Dick, tell me, why did you run away from me?" and Sandy's tone was reproachful, yet tender. "You cannot imagine how I missed you."

"It was to save you from further annoyance, Sandy."

"Fool! you were foolish to suppose you could help the matter in that way. Where did you hide?"

"In the mountains."

"And why did you return?"

"Because I couldn't stay away. I wanted one look at your battle-scarred face before I forever parted with me to send you back as I promised. Now, then, we will resume the old story."

"What could you do wandering about the world!"

"About this same time, the man, Dick exclaimed, with a spice of anger. "I think his race is about run—am positive it is. If he gives me further molestation, I'll shoot him, and done with it. Will you promise to stay, and—and await developments, let them come as they may?"

"Y-e-s, on one condition."

"Name it, and I promise to grant it beforehand."

"It is that you will not mention the love for me you profess, until—well, until I give you permission."

"I promise. Now, then, we will resume the old life. It will be best for you to remain as strictly in the shanty as possible, and never part company with your revolver. Admit no one, unless it be Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick, or the Regulator while I am out in that once trifling job, he himself calls himself Old Bullwhacker. These three I believe to be warm friends, who can be trusted implicitly."

And so it was, at the midnight hour, that Dusty Dick was reinstated in Sandy's home.

About this same time, the man, Arkansas Alf, stood in a black shadow which enveloped the rear part of the Mastodon Hotel and yard, conversing in a low tone with Cecil Grosvenor, who had come in. "Yes, pilgrim," the Danite said, in a careless whisper, "everything is ready for the explosion, as you d'reckt, you bet. Me' an' th'yer b'yes jest finished a bit ago. The mine ar' heavily charged wi' giant powder, an' thar's sum thirty or more 'leads' in th' matter. Fust thick is so nearly hidden, that they won't be discovered."

"Good! you are a brick," the villainous schemer said, his tones expressing his satisfaction. "I want it to work right, you know."

"Et will," he replied. "I've arranged it better. Jed Fletcher will touch off th' explosive at the Mastodon; then, he an' my other pard'll slope for Deadwood, what they ken lay low 'til I git ready ter jine 'em. D'y see?"

"Certainly. Your plan is excellent, insasmuch as I have noticed that Calamity Jane has been watching you rather sharply. She might suspect somethin', you know, but your plan prevents danger."

"Curse Calamity Jane!" the Danite Ghoul exclaimed, fiercely; "I haven't been able to get a good dead head on her since I came here, or she'd a' bin a stiff afore this. I've got audge ag'in her—h-y ev, you bet! What time d'ye say?"

"Fifteen minutes to twelve. I'll be up here at the Mastodon, and shoot off my revolver at some object, as a signal for the fuse to be lighted."

"Very well—her fuse shall be lighted, an'th'ner in that mine'll be blown ter Kingdom Come," the Danite replied, as he strode away out of the darkness into the brilliantly illuminated street of the town. As he left the shadow of the building, his alert eyes detected a form skulking along after him, and he at once recognized it as the same person whom the Honorable Cecil had pointed out as being the ex-road-agent, Deadwood Dick, in disguise.

With an oath Arkansas Alf bounded in pursuit, and overtook the old rusty-looking codger in the middle of the street. "Hold up, you old rip!" he cried, slapping him on the shoulder, and whirring out a formidable revolver. "Jest hold yer hosses, ye'er please, till we settle this matter."

The old man veered around in evident surprise. "What mach't ye be wantin'?" he asked, in a voice which had a perceptible tremor in it.

"I'll show ye, direcly, ye'ernuss. I reck'n yer road-agent days are about over. I say, Bullwhacker," and the Ghoul hailed the Regulator, who chanced to be passing along, "come over here an' see if this ain't about th'ar size uv a galoot ye want."

"Who've ye got?" the much-clothed road Regulator demanded, eying the old man and his captor in surprise. "Where'll ye have ye got to arrest a man here in th' street?"

"The right o' a citizen," the Danite replied, grimly. "Besides, I want sum reward-money. This man is no one else than Deadwood Dick, in disguise."

"What? this Deadwood Dick? I heard he was dead, in reality; anyhow, ye've had your trouble for your pains, Mr. Kennedy, for the Gov'nyment has withdrawn all offers of reward lately, because ov Dick's late valuable service as Regulator. Ther's a bunch in that here, and a lot of these men can't be trusted."

"I don't keer a tinker's cuss!" the Danite replied, sullenly. "Jerk off this disguise, and of the galoot's Deadwood Dick, I fer one'll lend a hand ter boost him up ter thar nearest limb. Hurray! a road-agent raisin'!"

A crowd of miners had by this time collected, and as all were enemies of Deadwood Dick, it looked pretty skittish for the old man. "Well, I guess you'll have to pull off them false whiskers, old chap!" the Regulator said; 'sein' as how these men calkylate you're their game. If you're Deadwood Dick, I ken't do ye much ov any good, bein' a Regulator. Reck'n ye'll have to swing."

"Reck'n I won't!" was the cool reply, which some of the onlookers and the crowd. "Et ain't quite my forte ter perform gymnastics in thar atmosphere, eth'er thar p'onnugraft knows etself." Then the old man stepped back a pace, touched a spring in his clothing, and his ragged garb fell to the ground, revealing a well-fitting buckskin suit beneath. Off then, and he was in the street far before the astonished crowd, stood—not Deadwood Dick, but the dare-devil, Calamity Jane!

"A cute cuss, wasn't ye Alf Kennedy!" she chuckled, grimly. "Didn't know that ye war snaggin' up a death itself, ye villain! Hal' hat all you bloodthirsty galoots—how d'ye like my style, fer Deadwood Dick?"

"You! Jane Forbes?" the Danite exclaimed, reeling back at the sudden apparition. "Curse ye!"

"Don't curse me, Alf Kennedy! It is I who should
curse you, my destroyer! There! There! put up your pistol; I ain't a-goin' to kill ye yet. I'm reservin' ye for some time when I shall have time to attend yer funeral."

And, tur! on her heel, she strode fearlessly away, while Arkansas Alf made his way toward the Lightning Lode, to advise his pards.

Honor·able Cecil Grosvenor's apartment at the Mastodon consisted of a room which over looked the dark side of the gulch, and was lighted by a single window in daytime. At night his only light consisted of a dingy lamp.

After leaving Arkansas, he entered the hotel which was flouting under Colonel Joe's supervision, and ascended to his room in an excellent frame of mind, for him.

"In a short time more the man who stands between me and a big fortune will be dead!" be muttered, excitedly. "Then I will kill him—keep well away from Washington. The rest of my days can be spent in wealth and luxury! Ha!"

He uttered the latter exclamation as there was a crashing of glass, and a stone came hurtling into the room.

On picking it up the spectator found it to be wrapped in white letter-paper, on which was written Examination disclosed the following, which had been penned in a woman's cyrography:

"Cecil Grosvenor.—You are playing a dangerous game against a man who will in the end crush you. I, for one, will help him do it. Your wife,

"P. S.—Your plots and schemes will avail you little—Sandy will triumph."

CHAPTER XIV.
THE EXPLOSION AT THE MINE.

On the following morning Sandy went to the mine as usual, and found the gang already at work, with the exception of three men, whom Superintendent Bronson announced as having left without claiming their wages.

"The same three, by the way, who wanted to lodge in the mine," he said.

"We made the best of their night's stay by pocketing what gold they could get," Sandy said, with a smile. "After this we'll get a trusty guard—my dog Buffalo, for instance. Very few would attempt to pass him, I reckon."

And unsuspecting of danger, or the diabolical plot of Cecil Grosvenor to blow up the mine, Sandy went in to work along with the rest of the miners. The work of getting at the rich rock was prosecuted generally by blasting with that strong explosive, "giant" powder. One blast often was sufficient to dislodge enough rock to fill a car, which was then drawn out into the crushing mill, near the mouth of the mine.

Sandy worked away this morning with renewed energy, for the return of Dusty Dick had acted upon him like a rejuvenator; he felt the ambition to labor that his hero had possessed, and his mind graced with a new spirit.

Somehow, he felt that his whole existence was bound up in her keeping—she, little more than a stranger to him, whose real name even he did not know.

About twenty minutes before the steam-whistles were to blow for twelve o'clock, Sandy was arrested in his work of directing a heavy blast, by a quick touch upon his arm. Wheeling about he confronted Calamity Jane.

The dare-devil girl's face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes had a dusky, scared expression.

"Hello! Yo'!" Sandy said, with a nod. "What can I do for you—"

"Quick! get out of the mine—there is no time for words. Fly! every mother's son of you, for the mine'll be blown to flinders less'n five fifties." She spoke in a swift loud tone; then turned and hurried toward the mouth of the mine. It did not take Sandy but an instant to comprehend, and he ordered every man to fly, for his own life's sake, from the danger.

Bronson and himself were the last to leave the doomed mine, and hurry out upon the stream shore, where the other miners and Calamity Jane were standing. A small crowd was gradually collecting, making wondering inquiries in regard to the hasty stampede from the mine.

And they had but a moment to wait before they were answered.

Simultaneously, almost, with the echo of a pistol report in the upper part of the town, there appeared in the mouth of the mine, a hissing, vivid glare of flame, which expired in a second, to be followed the next minute by one of the most frightful explosions that ever jarred the pine-crested mountain in the vicinity of Whoop-Up's flash city.

енес, was seen of the explosion, but the thundering roar of the concussion echoed far and wide, over hill and valley, and the jar made the earth tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. Sandy, Calamity, and the others standing in the immediate vicinity, were thrown violently to the ground, but luckily neither tained serious injuries. The glass in the neighboring shanty windows was badly broken, and the whole town pretty badly shaken up and startled.

Several gangs of men, who had at the moment of the explosion been working on the mountain-side, above the town were precipitated promiscuously down the sheer declivity, doing more or less injury to flesh and bone.

A crowd hastily assembled from the upper part of the street, and began to press inquiries as to the nature and cause of the explosion; a general excitement prevailed, and many were the questions that were leveled at Sandy.

"I don't know anything about the matter!" the miner replied, standing proudly erect, with folded arms, and gazing around into the grim faces of men who now looked to Sandy for explanation; "cannnot tell you anything, except that at the peril of her own life this heroic girl— with a nod toward Calamity— came into the mine and warned us to quickly abandon it, as an explosion was about to occur. We barely got out, and then she went off."

"I reckon it's a snide game ter dissolge us fellers up above!" one miner growled, who had come down to the gulch, en 1 over end. "It's a darned nasty joke at the best of it, I say!"

"That's a matter!" said nearly half a dozen others, grimly.

"E't ain't her kind o' work we'd take ye to, Sandy; but on cinderin' what's been said lately, ye really don't seem ter be her man we tuck ye fer."

"Hold up, hay—don't git up no row over a few spilled oats!" cried Calamity, stepping fearlessly forward. "Ef ye're goin' ter intimide thet Sandy he don't do to make one thot of her explosion. yer burned liar, every mother's son o' ye, I happen ter know all about terer matter."

"Bully fer her call! Hip hooray fer her heerins o' a woman's voice, and old Colonel Joe corted forward into the scene, red nose and all. "Hooray, I say, fer Calamity. A boss gal ar' she, ye galoots, and don't fretter it."

"Shut yer cel'ar door, you old whisky-sucker!" a man cried, and tossed a drink of whiskey inside. "Now, then, heav' ahead, girl, and let's heer yer say, fer I move that we investigate this matter."

"Hooray! so do I!" put in Colonel Joe, polishing off the end of his sorry nose with a kerchief, "an' I'll lubricate their Investigatin' committee as cheap as a dollar's worth in the fragrant city of Whoop-Up, dog my cats ef I won't.

"You, I'll say my say!" replied Calamity, with a contemptuous glance over the crowd. "Ef ye're lyin', when I git there, spit her out, an' I'll guarantee to lick the cuss as soon as se, I warn you. Sandy hadn't nothin' ter do wit' ther explosion.
as I sed before, I an' four others war the only ones as knewed et war ter come off. I only got later ther secret by overhearin', on two occations. So I says to my' self, 'That's a' overheard that only I war keepin' a watch o' ther ruffian Arkansas Alf—who ars the notorious Dakota Danite, by the way—who I had some business ter settle wi'. A fellar hired him an' his two parders ter whacker, riding inta the crowd authoritativ'.

Mastodon. He is known to all the men in the town since his arrival, there was a lively scattering of the crowd back to the heart of the street, or to such work as had been abandoned for the purpose of visiting the scene of the explosion.

Soon Sandy, Calamity, and the miners belonging to the Lightning Lode were the only ones left on the spot, and they endeavored to make a discovery of the damage done the interior of the mine. But they were disappointed in finding the entrance utterly choked up with huge rocks and bowlders, which had not dislodged when the explosion was made.

"Set the men to work, Bronson," Sandy said, "and get a passage cleared into the mine. You may find some valuable quartz rock dislodged by the explosion, and can mine it and send it to the crusher. I have something on your charge, to-day, as I have some business to attend to elsewhere."

Bronson bowed, and with the miners went off to attack their labor.

Sandy then turned to Calamity Jane with extended hand—"and claps me on the back.

"Calamity, my dear girl, how can I ever repay you for your heroic efforts in my behalf? But name the way, and gladly will I hastily go to work to repay your debt."

"Don't talk o' pay, Sandy; you're friendliness toward me is sufficient remuneration for all that I have been able to do for you. There is only one thing—"

"Name it, Jennie, name it."

"It is this; if you ever kneed to pray to the Almighty, never about yourself, but for me."

"Bless you, of course I will!" Sandy replied, as the eccentric girl strode away, and he took an opposite course in going toward his cabin. "I wonder if Dusty Dick has heard and become alarmed at the explosion!"

A few minutes later he approached his cabin, to bend Cecil Grosvenor standing at the door, gound upon it with his heavy cane, and at the same time cursing Dusty Dick, who was inside.

"Let me in, woman, or durn my eyes I'll butch er you, directly!" Sandy heard the Washingtonian cry, fiercely; then the miner stole silently up, and a moment later the villainous spectator feared him self lying sprawling in the middle of the street. When he discovered who had been his assailant, he screamed and made a move toward drawing a revolver, but the click! click! of Sandy's weapon caused him to desist.

"Put up your shooting-iron!" the miner said, grimly, "and get yoursef f out of town on the quick-step if you desire to save your hide. Remember, that I give you only this chance; the next time we meet, you'll get used rucher yet."

"Will I?" the Honorable Cecil exclaimed, in blind fury, as he limped away. "I'll have that woman in there; Sandy, if I have to buy the whole town to help me get her. I promise you that—I swear it!"

Calamity Jane after leaving Sandy, met Charley Davis further up the gulch, returning from a view of the town.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking hands in delight, "I never was so glad to see you, Jennie. What was that bust-up a bit ago? It nearly jared the senses out of me."

"Sandy's mine blew up," Calamity replied.

"H'm? By what means, Jennie. I know this man, Sandy, this morning—he is one of the men I particularly wish to see. His name used to be Earl Beverly, cut in Washington. My other victim, Honorable Cecil Grosvenor, I have not found yet—probably I shall see him to-night."

"Cecil Grosvenor? Why 'e is here in Whoop-Up— the same man who tried to blow Sandy up, in the mine."

"Ha! then I'm in luck. I have both of the birds.
CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ATTACK, WITH DISCLOSURES.

Sandy watched his enemy until he had disappeared around the bend; then turned and gave the signal and was admitted by Dusty Dick, whose face was very bright and suave, and in minor excitement.

"The old villain frightened you, eh?" the handsome miner said, throwing down his mining implements in one corner, and sinking into a chair.

"Oh yes!" Dick replied, with a shiver. "He used such terrible threats, that I could do no less than go. He is a very bold, wicked man, Sandy!"

"Yes: I've recently had an illustration of that fact," Sandy replied, with a grim smile. "You heard the explosion? Well, the wretch hired some ruffians to blow up the mine, with me in it. We got out just in time. I saw the explosion, and I barked the schemer. I'm going to have a settlement with him presently."

He meant it, too. He had come to the conclusion that discretion in this case was gradually ceasing to be a safe policy. He foresaw that if he remained silent and let his enemy plot and scheme without question, he would be the loser in the end. All the rest of the day he kept closely inside of his shanty, and was in a brown study.

Dusty Dick went carefully about the house, with womanly gentleness, using caution not to disturb the miner in his reflection. Just at dark she discovered that a large crowd of miners and townspeople were gathering on the street, in front of the shanty, and in terror she arose and ran to call his attention to the fact. He glanced out of the window; then crossed the room to his ammunition corner, where he buckled on his belt of revolvers.

I can't quite imagine what the fools mean, now," he said, his face flushing angrily. I suppose it's something more concerning the mining affairs. You remain in here out of sight, Dick; if you're wanted I will call, and you can come out. Don't be afraid, for they shall not hurt you while I live."

Then the miner opened the door, stepped outside onto the veranda, closing the door behind him quickly.

A series of screeches, groans and hisses greeted his appearance; it seemed to him that the whole town had turned out in one mass, for a sea of grim faces and forms filled the width of the street—faces that were of every type of expression.

Several men formed the semicircle, on horseback, among whom were Cecil Grosvenor, Arkansas Al, the Danite Gaul, and the new Regulator chief, Old Bullwhacker.

As the miner came out, the Regulator motioned for the crowd to be silent, and when the desired silence was established, he rode a little nearer, and drew rein.

"I suppose you don't exactly understand the meaning of what I say, eh?" he said, good-naturedly. "If not, I will explain. These people have seen fit to put me ahead of 'em in that matter, as a sort o' police, too; 't's much ag'in my grain. They've ordered me ter come here and enforce the rights o' this man at my left, an' ma'yer give up the mine and ours to a drivel o' little proofs ter display, they say, an' ef it's all as they allow I reckon we'll hev ter take the gal, an' mebbe lock ye up for trial on charge o' abductin' another man's wife."

"What's this you say?" Sandy cried, sternly—

"another man's wife? Whose wife have I been keeping, pray?"

"My wife." Cecil Grosvenor cried, an expression of gloating triumph upon his blosten face, which was purely devilish.

"My wife, Edna Beverly, alias Sandy Whatever-you-call-yourself. The woman inside your cabin was legally married to me in the city of Richmond, Virginia, less than seven months ago. For some unaccountable reason she fled from my board, and I have been searching for her ever since, at last fixing a living here with you. Yon't deny that this is the woman in my case, and I demand that you deliver up the woman whom you have harbored and palmed off as a boy."

While the speculator was speaking, Sandy stood like a stone structure. It had dawned on him that Dusty Dick had been married—he had believed her a maiden whom some villain was trying to coerce or wrong in some way.

"Perhaps you have proofs of all that you say, Cecil Grosvenor," he replied, calmly, as he surveyed with composed face each face on the crowd. "I have proof enough in this!" the Washingtonian declared victoriously, as he waved a sheet of paper in the air. "Mr. Regulator, please read it for the edification of the crowd and yonder gentleman on that side of the street, if you are so kind."

Old Bullwhacker received the paper, and glanced it over a moment before speaking.

"It is a marriage certificate," he said, finally, "of the union of Cecil Grosvenor, of Washington, to Miss Edna Sutton, of Richmond, Virginia, by the Reverend J. Jackson Dalley, in the presence of several witnesses."

"Very well," Sandy replied—"that is your say. I'll now see what my pard knows about it."

He turned to the door, opened it, and at a beckon Dusty Dick came out on the veranda, trembling in spite of an effort to be brave.

"Dick," Sandy said, in a tone loud enough to be heard in any part of the crowd, "Cecil Grosvenor claims that you are his wife, and shows a copy of his marriage with you. Tell us what about it."

"It is true, so far as the marriage is concerned!" Dick replied, speaking in a clear tone. "At the wish of a dying uncle and guardian I married that man, believing him to be a gentleman. I speedily found him guilty of being a brute. Cecil Grosvenor, who was only at my dying guardian's advice that I married Cecil Grosvenor. He knew of the provisions in my father's will, and hoping to get entire possession of my fortune, attempted on several occasions to murder me. To save my life I fled and came West, preferring that he should have the money rather than my life. But he pursued me, and hoping to escape him, I donned this male attire and entered the mountains."

"This gentleman, whom you call Sandy, was the first to come upon and recognize me as a woman. I terror I begged him to keep my secret, and on learning that I was trying to escape an enemy, he promised more, volunteered, out of pity for my plight, to make me his pard, trusting that he could do so without impairing his position as a man of honor, which he is. Fool that I was, came here among these helpless women, only to bring trouble upon my protector and sacred friend. I am not Cecil Grosvenor's legal wife, for since leaving him I have learned that he has a former wife living, from whom he never divorced."

"Tis a lie—a base, malicious falsehood!" the Honorable Cecil cried, vehemently. "I never was married previous to my union with Edna Sutton, of Richmond."

"I can swear to the contrary!" cried a voice, and then the crowd separated, and a strange, deeply-veiled woman, clad in black, and well mounted upon a powerful steed, rode into the scene at a gallop.
“Cecil Grosvenor is a liar and a black-hearted bigamist,” said Marie Galton, his only legally recognized wife. “You heard Mr. Regulator sign the marriage certificate,” and she handed Old Bullwhacker a document.

“This black infernum—this odious cheat!” cried Cecil Grosvenor, red with furious rage, while he snatched the instrument from his hand. “This infernum—this infernum!”

“Has been cleverly bleached from its original color.” Madame Minnie replied, with a low laugh. “Cecil Grosvenor, I’d advise you to go back to Washington, and not attempt any more nefarious tricks.”

“Gentlemen!” cried Old Bullwhacker, mounting the stairs alongside Sandy and Edna. “Ya’ve all heard about her matter. I calculate it’s been made clear enough that Sandy heers has as much right ter protect the gal as you or I, ain’t it? Then as thinks my way will make et manifest by sayin’ ‘Contrary, no, no!’

There was a tremendous yell of “I,” without a single dissenting voice, and then the crowd dispersed, leaving only Cecil Grosvenor and Calamity Jane behind.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” groaned Earl Beverly, the Washington chief, as he shook out his clenched fist toward the shanty—“look out for me, this matter has not yet reached its climax. You, a forger and a murderer, shall pay the penalty ere I leave the Hills. Both of you shall die, as my daughter Elise died!”

Then he strode away, with oaths upon his burning lips.

“All that is evil is in that man,” Sandy mused, as he watched the retreating form. “Hello! is that you, Calamity?” as the girl came up. “What is it?”

“I wished to speak with you a moment, for I think that you are in greater peril than before. You see the man standing there on the bank of the creek? It’s Charley Davis, of whom I spoke. He has come here to Whoo-Up on an important mission, and, moreover, he knows you, as Earl Beverly. San’i, you’re over guilty of any criminal act in the East.”

The marble became tinged with a grayish pallor, and his eyes look d wild at the question.

“Crime!” he gasped, a sudden tremor passing over his frame—“guilty? My God, I had hoped never to be asked that question again. Yes—in the eyes of the law I am a criminal—a forger, and an assassin. I was, but I am not. Cecil Grosvenor threw it up in my face; it is the only weapon he has to brand me with. If he were in the States, where law reigns supreme, he would have me more in his power. Of the murder part I am innocent—the other; but, bah! why tell you? I know what you would say, Calamity Jane—that man, Davis, is a detective, and I like Beef.”

“Alas! Sandy, I have every reason to believe so, for he knows you, and has come here to find two men—you and Cecil Grosvenor!”

Then, go tell him to come here and do his duty. If he wants me, I shall not refuse to go, for after fleeing from the States once to evade arrest, I am not eager to become a fugitive again. I may as well submit, and stand my trial now as in the hereafter; I shall have to face it, some time.

“Get in, and not now! I say, solemnly. ‘Listen to, and obey me, and you will afterwards thank me for my counsel. That man was once my lover, and is still, for that matter. I can influence him. I will get him out of the way; then you are to get a couple of mules and two saddle-horses, pack up your worldly effects, and slide out of town. Sandy during the night. It is your best move, for the present. Before you come back—but never mind. Just out of town you will meet an Indian boy, who will take you to a deserted cabin in Pica Tuck Ditch, where you are to remain until I come. Promise me you will do this.”

“I promise, You are a genius, Calamity, and I will trust you.”

Very well. Get ready and go at once. If you don’t love me, I am not afraid of you.”

Then, with a hand-shake, the eccentric girl was off down the street, whistling gayly a mountain melody.

With a cloudy brow, Sandy watched her until she had disappeared in the gloom; then turned and rejoined Dusty Dick in the shallot.

“Dic-o” the miner said, huskily, “are you going to live this life further with me—a felon? Had you not better take the next stage for other parts, instead of thinking of going with me?”

“Once a thousand times, yes! You befriended me once, and do you think I would desert you in your dark hour? No, indeed! That would not be womanly. I will go with you wherever you go, until you are freed from Cecil Grosvenor’s scheming; then—”

She did not finish the sentence, but went on packing up. With the cloud still on his brow, Sandy assisted.

The property to be moved did not amount to much of a load when it was all gathered. Sandy owned several horses and—soon added a couple of saddle-horses and pack-animals to the door.

The Denite Ghoul in passing took notice of the fact, and hunted Cecil Grosvenor up in a saloon, where he had taken lodgings, after being promptly kicked out of the Mastodon by Colonel Joe Tubbs, immediately after the mine explosion.

“Sandy an’ the gal’s pullin’ out o’ town,” the Danite said. “Shall I follow ‘em?”

“Yes, do so by all means!” Grosvenor replied, fiercely. “They think to escape me, but will find their mistake. Find out where they go, and then report to me. Here are fifty dollars; see that you serve me well.”

Arkansas Alf bowed civilly, and, after drinking at the bar, hurried out into the night, and hired himself a horse, preparatory to following the fugitives.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEVELOPMENTS EXTRAORDINARY—CONCLUSION.

After everything was in readiness; Sandy and Dusty Dick mounted their horses, and leading the pack-mules behind, stole quietly out of the town, taking the northern course of the gulch. Fortunately there were few men on the street along the route, and all the small hotels and dance houses were located farther south, and the fugitives got safely beyond where civilization had pitched its canvas in the gulch.

Here they were met by an Indian lad, as Calamity Jane prophesied, who offered to conduct them to the
Deserted cabin in Picayune Gulch, an abandoned claim, had traveled to Deadwood. So they followed his lead, and by early day-dawn were established in an old, tumbledown mass of logs in a dismal ravine between the mountains. The mules were unpacked and turned out to graze, and things were arranged about the cabin, as come-forwardly as the youth was able to assist in bringing wood and build a fire upon the broad hearth. He also fetched in a haunch of mountain deer, which he had killed, and helped Edna—still personating Dusty Dick—to prepare a savory meal.

"I haven't the least idea I shall stay here long, unless civilization follows me here."

"You won't go back to Whoop-Up?" Edna interrogated, pausing in her work of roasting the meat.

"Probably. If Calamity compromises with, or sends that detective off the track, I shall go back and attend to my interests for a while. First, however, I shall take unto me a wife."

You speak with a great deal of assurance, sir."

"And now whereof I speak," Sandy replied, with a triumphant smile.

The breakfast was prepared and dispatched; then leaving the Indian boy at the cabin, Sandy called to Buffalo, shouldered his rifle, and started off in search of game. This time he kept his eye out in search of bears, lest he should have another unwelcome adventure with one of the fierce tribe. About soon he returned to the cabin with a fine brace of game. He found his pard alone, and in great agitation.

The enemy!" she gasped, in answer to Sandy's interrogative look. "They are coming to attack us!"

"Eh? They are? How do you know?"

"The Indian boy has discovered them entering the gulch, and has gone to watch them. Ah! here he comes now," as the young red-skin came trotting on, his heart palpitating with the hope of being of some assistance.

"Well, what is this about intruders, boy?" the miner demanded; "where are they?"

"There!" the youth replied, pointing down the path to where several horsemen were rounding a bend in the vale. They were the ringleaders of the thieves, and the naked eye of Sandy procured a field-glass from among his effects, and leveled it at them, indignantly.

"Him!" he muttered, with a visible start: "what can that be, Tom? Can it be possible that we have been betrayed and decoyed off to this place for foul purposes?"

"Why? what is it?—who are they?" Dusty Dick demanded anxiously.

"Who? the miner gritted, with flashing eyes—"who, indeed, but those I have counted friends, now in company with my enemy. It is our combined enemy, Ceci Grosvenor, accompanied by Calamity Jane, the detective, Davis, and Old Bull-whacker with four of his Regulators."

"Do you want me for you?" Dick asked, her voice trembling, and she clasped the miner's arm, convulsively. "Oh! Sandy, what if they should be coming to murder us—or part us!"

"Don't worry, little one; we'll wait and see. If I find that they are to attack us, I'll blow the brains out of Cecil Grosvenor and Calamity Jane, and then fight the others. I can't quite make it seem, though, that the girl is so false and treacherous as would seem by a glance at yonder crowd."

He was right. The trio at the cabin waited outside the cabin door, each armed with a rifle—for the Indian youth had taken a decided liking to Sandy, and signified his willingness to fight, should it be necessary.

Nearer and nearer the cavalcade approached, and finally halted upon the plot in front of the cabin, and at a word from Calamity Jane dismounted.

Sandy and his two companions had retreated a few paces, and put their backs against the cabin wall, which held a bastion of crossbowyers, levelled upon the new-comers, ready for instant emergency. After dismounting, Cecil Grosvenor turned toward his foe, with a bland smile of triumph.

"You may as well put up your weapons, Sandy!" he declared: "for you see that we are over two to your one. You also see that I came prepared to take you and hang you up and I'm going to do it. Money is the root of all evil, and with some of the root I bought over these present to assist me in putting an end to you. So, you may as well surrender, instead of putting us to the trouble of shooting you down where you stand!"

"No!" Sandy thundered; "I will never surrender, and he is a dead man who tries to take me! Calamity Jane, what am I to understand, have you joined with this villain and surrennered us?"

"Waal, et ruther luks that way, don't it?" the dare-devil replied, with a grim smile; "but, ye see, such ain't the case. When Calamity Jane goes back on a pard, ye can calkylate on their world's comin' for an end. Mr. Davis, you know how tough to do yer duty, an' put Sandy's doubts at rest?"

"Very well. My duty, ladies and gentlemen, lies in arresting this man, Cecil Grosvenor, of Washington, for bank robbery in said city, May last. Re­grets, etc., etc., his Eminence."

With alacrity the men obeyed, and even before the villainous speculator could gasp out his surprise he was handcuffed securely.

"Curses and furies! what means this outrageous insult to a law-abiding citizen?" he roared, livid with rage. " Release me!"

"Sorry for you, Mr. Grosvenor, but that ain't in the line of my duty!" Davis replied, with a smile.

"I've been laying for you ever since you left Washington, and when we all accepted of your offer of a present.I must admit that this move of mine has the effect of making yourself look the other way between myself and these gentlemen and Calamity. You are my prisoner, and must go back to Washington and stand your trial as a defaulter and robber."

And, I dare say, you calculate to take me along at the same time."

"On the contrary, no, Mr. Beverly. It is a part of my business here, to Implicate Ceci Grosvenor, and free you from guilt. If you will listen, I will relate you a little story:"

"Several years ago—It does not matter about dates—you were a clerk in a banking-office, of which Ceci Grosvenor was the president. You had a small fortune of your own, and knowing this, this man, Grosvenor, made friends with you—invited you to his grand home, which was graced by a beautiful and elegant lady—your first passion. This was arranged by as fair and scheming a siren as ever reigned in the Capital, and led into dissipation. Once started you had no control over yourself, and soon lost your position and sunk deeper and deeper into the sloughs of indescribable error. You were suddenly awakened to the fact that you had squan­dered all your own available cash, and forged your employer's name to the tune of five thousand dollars—"

Elissa Grosvenor hurled this gross charge in your face one day while you were riding along a steep highway on the shore of the Potomac.

"At the time you were, as usual, full of liquor, and the taunt maddened you. In an excess of rage, you drew a pistol and fired at her, and just at this moment, Cecil Grosvenor came riding after you in
not pursuit. You saw him—saw the frightened
ted of Elise Grosvener plunge over the dizzy
with its rider; then you put spurs to your horse, and
escaped. You were never afterward seen in the
but to the south.
"All true!" Sandy replied, his head bowed and
face pale.
"Well, it chanced that at this time an old uncle
had died, and deposited with Cecil Grosvener, for
you, a fortune of some fifteen thousand dollars. Of
this you never knew, and, as the world was as igno-
rant as you, it all went in to increase the Grosvener
millions. Since then, Cecil Grosvener has made and
lost money—is now worth millions, but it is all in
under his brother’s name. His latest crime has been
to leave Washington, after robbing several banks of
large sums, having official connection with such
banks."
"Exactly!" Cecil Grosvener said, triumphantly;
"but, even allowing that all you have said is true,
you have not yet cleared Earl Beverly of murder
and forgery."
"We will get to that presently," Davis said, with
a smile. "Little less than six months ago, while
searching for you, I assisted in a raid on a fare-bank
house in Kansas City. In the stables and stor-
tures there we found one at the point of death, and,
from her lips, I copied down her dying confession.
She was Elise Grose or, once the Washington belle.
She had not been killed on that day when her horse
leaped into the Potomac, as supposed, but had been
killed, and, with her own consent, was carried in a
yacht to New Orleans, to pursue a career which
ended in death in a gambling den. In her confes-
sion, Earl Beverly, she declared you to be innocent
of the crime of forgery. One night, when you were
stupified by drink, she and an accomplice had forged
the checks, and given them to you to get cashed,
which you did, without knowing of her sin. So, I
have referred the confession to the Washington au-
torities, and to-day, Earl Beverly, you stand before
the world an innocent man!"
"Thank God!" was all that Sandy could find voice
to utter; then he staggered and fell in a swoon,
strong, self-controlled man though he was. The
news of his innocence was too much for him to bear.
Carefully he was raised and borne into the cabin,
by Davis, the detective, and Old Bullwhacker, and
anxious hands worked swiftly over him until he was
restored to consciousness. He awoke from his in-
sensibility with a start; then, when he comprehen-
ded all, he turned, and an silent prayer. He had
hastily finished, when there was a flash of a rifle-shot, and
Cecil Grosvener, who had been left outside in charge
of a Regulator, was seen to throw up his arms and
fall to the ground. Before those inside the cabin
could reach him, his last spark of life had gone out
—he had played his last game-card, and died. A
bullet from some unseen avenger had done the dead-
ly work!
At Sandy’s request, a hasty search was made, but
no one could be found in the vicinity on whom to lay
the blame. Wandering from town to town, he
"In my opinion, the blow has been dealt by that
woman, Madame Majilton, who claimed to be his
wife!" said Charley Davis. "Leaving you here, I
will hasten to Whoop-Up, and learn if she has been
seen since we left the town."
And hastily mounting his horse, the detective took
his departure.
The body of Cecil Grosvener was lifted and borne
into the cabin.
The clothing was carefully searched by Calamity
Aud Sandy, and as a result some six thousand dol-
ars were found, in bank-notes, sewed in the lining
of the coat.

This money was retained by Bullwhacker, to give
over to the detective. At sunset that night, all that
was of the flesh of the murdered villain, was con-
signed to the grave, after being placed in a rude
coffin in which the Regulators had fashioned out of
some timbers.

Shortly after, Detective Davis returned from
Whoop Up, accompanied by a delegation of citizens
who came in behalf of the townsmen, with the news
that Sandy had returned to Whoop-Up.

The country consented to do, after a time, dur-
ing which he proposed to make the cabin his home.
So all returned to the town, except five, these be-
ing Sandy, Detective Davis, Calamity, Dusty Dick,
and the Regulator chief, Old Bullwhacker. They
remained at the cabin.

Several days were spent pleasantly in the wilder-
ness; then, one night, a reverend gentleman came
over from Deadwood, and there was no wedding in
the little cabin, and Sandy, or Earl Beverly, and his
pardi, Dusty Dick—whose real name was Edna Sut-
ton—were made man and wife.

There was a general handshaking, and Sandy
pressed the hand of the Regulator, Old Bullwhack-
er, so hard, that to the surprise of all, a false bead
broke from his face, and there stood revealed,
the ever-reliable, Deadwood Dick!

There was no use now of trying to play his part
any longer, and so the young man removed all of his
discurse. He stated that he had assumed it, in order
to better find the way of despertion, which had followed the desertion of his Regulator, and
now that the trouble had in a measure subsided,
he had intended to resign and return to his home in
the Hills.

A couple of days after the wedding at Sandy’s
cabin, all hands returned to Whoop-Up, except the
bride and groom and Deadwood Dick. The latter,
after a kindly parting with all who had been his
friends, set out to join his wife. Lena, who, after
the sudden disbanding of Deadwood Dick’s Eagles,
had gone to Haywood City to live.

Sandy and Dusty Dick (as they are still universally
known in their home in the mines), went first to
Deadwood, and then on a sight-seeing tour through
the Hills, after which they returned to Whoop-up,
and were received with a rousing ovation by the
crowd.

They are now living there in Whoop-Up’s flash
city, surrounded by hosts of ardent friends—who
some day will have Sandy to represent them in
the great Capitol at Washington—returning in honor to
the city he had quit in dishonor.

The murder of Cecil Grosvener could not be traced
to any authentic source, but Madame Minnie was
suspected, and shortly after left the mines.

Davis still lingers around in the mines, and it’s
the gossip that he and Calamity will soon start East
on a bridal tour. As to the truth of this, I cannot
say; I doubt much if Calamity will ever marry, es-
pccially since Sandy is gone. She has been cheated
out of her vengeance upon the Danite, Arkansas
All, for the Vigilantes of Deadwood recently strung
him up for r-clad-agency.

Joe Tubbs is still the proprietor of the Mastodon
in Whoop-Up, and one day seems to add a brighter
lige to his nose: “yet, it’s a scandalous face that
he don’t imbibe but twenty times in a whole blessed
day.”

Whoop-Up’s chief Regulator suddenly dis-
appeared, never to return as Old Bullwhacker; but
occasionally there is a new and odd character cre-
mated in the mines, under which Deadwood Dick
generally manages to keep On Deck.
1. The Shawnee's Foe.
2. The Young Mountaineer.
3. Wild Jim.
4. Hawk-Eye, the Hunter.
5. The Boy Guide.
6. War Tiger of the Modocs.
7. The Red Modocs.
8. Iron Hand.
9. Shadow Bill, the Scout.
10. Wapawkaneta, or the Rangers of the Oneida.
11. Davy Crockett's Boy Hunter.
12. The Forest Avenger.
15. Sharp Snout.
17. Wild Tom of Wyoming.
18. The Brave Boy Hunters of Kentucky.
19. The Fearless Ranger.
20. The Haunted Trapper.
22. The Panther Demon.
23. Shashaway, the Fearless.
25. Indian Jim.
27. The Tuscarora's Vow.
30. Deadwood Dick's Big Deal.
31. Hank, the Guide.
32. Deadwood Dick's Dozen.
33. Squatty Dick.
34. The Hunter's Secret.
35. The Woman Trapper.
36. The Chief of the Miami.
37. Gunpowder Jim.
38. Mad Anthony's Captain.
39. The Ranger Boy's Career.
40. Old Nick of the Swamp.
41. The Shadow Scout.
42. Lantern-Jawed Bob.
43. The Masked Hunter.
44. Brimstone Jake.
45. The Irish Hunter.
46. Dave Bunker.
47. The Shawnee Witch.
48. Big Brave.
49. Spider-Legs.
51. Madman of the Oconto.
52. Slim Jim.
53. Tiger-Eye.
54. The Red Star of the Seminoles.
55. Trapper Joe.
56. The Indian Queen's Revenge.
57. Eagle-Eyed Zeke.
58. Sear-Check, the Wild Half-Breed.
60. Tuscaloosa Sam.
61. The Bully of the Woods.
62. The Trapper's Bride.
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75. The Scout of Long Island.
76. Turkey-Foot.
77. The Death Rangers.
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80. The Twin Trappers.
81. Lightfoot the Scout.
82. Grinn Dick.
83. The Wooden-Legged Spy.
84. The Silent Trapper.
85. Ugly Ike.
86. Fire Cloud.
87. Hank Jasper.
88. The Scout of the Scota.
89. Black Samson.
90. Billy Bowlegs.
91. The Bloody Footprint.
92. Marksmen the Hunter.
93. The Demon Cruiser.
94. Hunters and Redskins.
95. Panther Jack.
96. Old Zeke.
97. The Panther Paleface.
98. The Scout of the St. Lawrence.
99. Bloody Brook.
100. Long Bob of Kentucky.

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