Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 12, 1929.

THAT NIGHT HE DIED.

That day he passed A little child And, as he passed it, Stopped and smiled, He bought his paper At the square. And left an extra Penny there,

And then went on And quite forgot The paper-woman And the tot.

For many duties Business brings. Yes, greater matters, Larger things.

That night he died And people said, Who heard the news. "So Smith is dead." And Smith was troubled As he lay Within his little House next day:

His gold was dust, His fame was dim, He had no gifts To take with him. "What chance," thought he, "Has one who stands Before God's gate

With empty hands?" At last he stood Before the gate,

As all must stand And all must wait, And then its mighty Hinges swung, And "welcome" all The angels sung. Was it not written

In the Book. Where Peter, God And all might look? Two things they found Recorded there-A baby's tear,

A woman's pray'r.

AT THE SIGN OF THE LAST CHANGE

More familiar faces than I had hoped to see were there when I came in after leaving my horse at the stable. Would I eat anything? Henry asked. Not until breakfast, I said. I had supped at Lost Soldier. Would I join the game? Not to-night; but would they mind if I sat and watched them till I felt sleepy? It was too early to go to bed. And sitting here again seemed very natural.

"Does it, now?" said Stirling. "You look kind of natural yourself." "Glad I do. It must be five years since last time.'

"Six," said James Work. "But I would have known you anywhere." "What sort of meal did he set for

you?" Marshal inquired.

other. And here in this place, at the "Last Chance." More of the fron- Work. "Have a chair. Have a in the corner, "I'll get ye some fresh of the way till Duke"s brother got poker table, the ghost still clung to ier life could hardly be told in four drink." the world of the sage-brush, where it words. They were quite as revealing had lived headlong joys. of the spirit of an age and people as

I watched the graybeards going on Goat and Compasses. That is what I thought as I sat with this game that had outlived many a player, had often paused dur- there looking on at my old acquaining bloodshed, and resumed as often. tances over their listless game. It no matter who had been carried out. was still too early to go to bed, and They played without zest, winning or what else was there to do? What a I haven't seen him for quite a while. lot of old tunes Jed Goodland remem- Is he in the country now?' losing little, with now and then a friendly word to me. bered!

They had learned to tolerate me "Why, where's your clock, Henry?" when I had come among them first; I asked.

not because I ever grew skilled in Henry scratched his head. "Why," what they did, either in the saddle or he meditated—"why, I guess it was with a gun, but always had come last January."

back to lead it with them, in my tenderfoort way. Did they often think of their vanished prosperity? Or did they try to you saw the last shooting-up she forget that, and had they succeeded? got. She just quit on me one day. Something in them seemed quenched Yes; January. Winding of her up -but they were all in their fifties didn't do nothing to her. It was Lee now; they had been in their twenties noticed she had quit. So I didn't get Henry.

some twenty men as his guests. They inquired. Lee was another old ac-Work's cattle in those days earned meals and made my bed often seahim twenty per cent. Had he not son after season, when I had lodged overstayed his market in the fatal here for the night. years, he could be giving dinners still.

As with him, so with the others in that mild poker game. Fortune, after romping with them, Fortune, after romping with them,

every mail day," said Work.

"Opened it in the stage office." con-

tinued Marshal, "drew his gun and

guess you heard about him?" ne said

"I liked that kid," said Stirling,

"Nice quiet

had romped off somewhere else. now?" "Why, yes; when there's anything What filled their hours, what filled

"Boys don't seem as lively as they used to be," said Work. "There are no boys," said Henry. many times had I arrived for the

This is what Henry had to say. It

papers and magazines where the man of the clock which had hung there was reading grow and spread and lit- till it stopped going last January. ter the back of the room since I was It was said by the empty shelves be-

It was a joke that Henry never It was said by the empty bottles could bring himself to throw any- which Henry had not yet thrown out.

These occupied half one shelf. Two or three full bottles stood in the mid-I pointed to the dusty accumulation, "that would be up to the ceiling if In one of them the cork had been you didn't light your stove every win- drawn and could be pulled out by the

ter with some of it." fingers again, should anyone call for a drink.

"It was Buck Seabrook shot up The man reading at the back of your clock last time, wasn't it, Henry?" asked Marshal. "You knew Buck?' he said to me; and I nodded. "Same night as that young puncher got the letter he'd been asking for

"Why, there's a pretty good thing," said the man. "Did you know signboards have been used hundreds and blew out his brains right there. I hundreds of years? 'Way back of Columbus."

Columbus." "I don't think I have ever thought about them," said Henry. "Come to think about it," said James Work, "sign-boards must have

ber four. He left no directions." who had been silent. places at first." well-behaved kid. A good roper

"It goes away back, said the reader. "It's a good piece."

letter?" asked Work. "It was from a girl," said Henry. "Come to think about it," said "I thought may be there would be years. something in it demanding action. frowned; his eyes seemed to be ask-There was nothing beyond the action ing questions. he had taken. I put it inside his shirt meat tomorro', boys," he declared in with him. Nobody saw it but me." "What would you call that for a "That's so," said Henry. name?" said the reader at the back tom of Lake Champlain." he said. A third player spoke to the readof the room. "'Goose and Gridiron.'" "Travel must have started red-"I'd call that good," said Work. "It would sound good to a hungry traveler," said Stirling. "Any more of them?" asked Hen-"He wouldn't do that, Marshal, not James Work. "Rafts of them. I'll tell you the "He oughtn't," said Henry. "Such next good one."

"Well, maybe I'll think it over."

meat tomorro'.

that."

"Sure you can Uncle Jerry."

"Not Chet. It was Buck told him

"Why, I always thought it was

Henry appealed to me. your remembrance of it?"

"Who did fix Duke's teeth?"

very often." "Well but he could. There

in the hospital, but he went North

"Chet could yarn as well as Buck

"Chet mentioned it was in Kan-

"San Saba, Texas," said Henry.

"You're right. San Saba. So

"He couldn't. Never could.

"Chet was handy with tools." said

"A very neat worker. So the

deck," said Marshal.

bler."

Buck." I answered.

He shut the door, and the steps went shambling away. "His voice sounds awful old," said Marshal. "Does he know the way his hair and beard look?" stake you for the winter." "Buck Seabrook," mused Stirling.

Henry shook his head. "Buck is in no country any more."

"Well, now, I hadn't heard of it. said Old Man Clarke. "Wasn't it Chet," Well, well." "Any of you remember Chet Shars-ton?" asked Marshal.

er had fixed up Duke Gardiner's teeth for him?" "Sure," said Stirling. "Did him

"No, they never had any trouble," said Henry. "Not they."

"What was that Hat Six wrangler's name?" asked Work. "He said it was Johnson," replied

Again the shambling steps ap- "Buck was always Buck," proached. This time Old Man Clarke Marshal. "Well, well !"

came in, and Henry invited him to join in the game. "No, boys," he said. "Thank you just the same. I'll sit over here for a while." He took a chair. "You gold. Hit Drybone when Duke was boys just go on. Don't mind me." in two or three days on the stage His pale, ancient eyes seemed to no- for Buffalo. That's how the play

now and then," said Stirling. "Not often," said Henry.

"Nearest barber is in Casper. Maybe I'll think it over.' "'Swan and Harp,'" said the man

at the back of the room. "That's down in the tornado belt." another." in Texas."

"Not equal to Goat and Com-passes," said Work. "It don't make you expect a good sas."

meal like Goose and Gridiron," said Henry. "I'll trim your hair tomorrow, Uncle Jerry, if you say so." was. Chet worked for a gambler "Boys, none that tasted her flap-jacks ever wanted another cook," there who wanted to be the owner of a house that you could go upsaid Old Man Clarke. stairs in."

"Well, what do you think of 'Hoop and Grapes'?" "Nothing at all," said Henry.

"Hoop and Grapes makes no appeal to me.' "You boys never knowed my wife," said Old Man Clarke in his corner. Henry.

"Flapjacks. Biscuits. She was a buck-skinned son-of-a-gun." His house was to be two stories. vague eyes swam, but the next moment his inconsequent cheerfulness returned. "Dance night, and all the girls late," he said. "A sign-board outside a hotel or

saloon." said Marshal, "should have something to do with what's done inside.'

"That's so," said Henry. "Take Last Chance and First Chance," Marshal continued. "Has neady for sitting in, and the gam-bler he takes hold of the door-knob whang ! a cyclone hits the beat it?" he asked me. house.

"No, I never did.' "The gambler saved the door-knob "You come for fishing?" asked Old -didn't let go of it. Chet claimed he had fulfilled his part of the con-Man Clarke.

tract, but the gambler said a door-"I've brought my rod," I answered. knob was not sufficient evidence that "No trout in this country any "Anybody know what was in the more," said he. "My creek is fished out. And the elk are gone. I've not jumped a blacktail deer these three

pay Chet a cent." "They used to be a mean bunch in

"Which play?"

up.

ed.'

neat tomorro'." sober, so Doc kep' out of his way. "That's you, Uncle Jerry !" said No use having trouble with a drunken Henry, heartily. "You get us a nice man. Doc would have had to shoot elk, or a blacktail, and I'll grub-Duke's brother or take the consequences. Well, next day the brother "She's coming," said Old Man sobered up, and the boys persuaded Clarke. "Winter's coming. I'll shoot him that Doc saved Duke's life and any of ye a match with my new he was satisfied and changed his 45-90 at a hundred yards. Hit the mind and there was no further hard the ace of spades five out of five." . feelings. And he got interested in the traveling dentist who had come "Flapjacks. Biscuits. And she into town to pick up business from the boys. He did good work. The could look as pretty as a pride,"

brother got a couple of teeth plugsaid Work ged. They kept the dentist quite busy." "I remember," said Marshal." Chet "that told Toothpick Kid Doc Bark-

and Buck both had work done."

"Do you remember the grass cook fire Buck and Chet claimed they had to cook their supper with?" asked Work, with animation. Animation was warming each one, more and more. Their faces actually seemed to be growing younger. "Out beyond Meteetsee you

mean?'

"It was a traveling dentist. He "That was it." done a good job, too, on Duke. All

"What's

said

"Not

So

"What was it?" asked Marshal. "Did they never tell you that? Buck went around telling everybody."

"Grass cook-fire?" said Old Mar Clarke in his withered voice. "Nobody ever cooked with grass. Grass don't burn a half minute. Rutherford B. Hayes was President when came into this country. But Samue J. Tilden was elected. Yes, sir."

'Sure he was, Uncle Jerry." said that experience Chet claimed he had Henry. "I remember," said Henry. "Down

"Well Buck and Chet had to camp one night where they found a water hole, but no wood. No sage-brush no buffalo-chips, nothing except the grass, which was long. So Buck he it filled the coffee-pot and lighted the grass. The little flames were hot but they burned out quick and rai on to the next grass. So Buck he rai after them holding his coffee-po over the flames as they traveled. So he said Chet lighted some mor-"I didn't know Chet could deal a grass and held his frying-pan ove He those flames and kep' a-following hired as a carpenter to the gamtrail like he was doing with th coffee-pot. He said that his coffee pot boiled after a while and Chet' meat was fried after a while, but by that time they were ten miles apart Walked around hunting for eac. Chet he said he'd help. Well, he did other till sunrise, and ate their sup per breakfast."

better'n help. Said he built the whole thing. Said it took him four months. Said he kep' asking the "What's that toon you're playing Jed?" inquired Stirling. "That's 'Sandy Land," replied th gambler for some money. The day he could open the front door of his

fiddler. house and walk in and sit down, the "Play it some more, Jed. Sound gambler told Chet he'd pay him the

plumb natural. Like old times." "Yes, it does so," said Henry day the job's complete and chair's "Like when the boys used to danc

here." "Dance !" said Old Man Clarke "None of you never seen me dance. "Better have a drink, Uncle Jei

rv "Thank you kindly. I'll have or

some water in. None of you neve did, I guess." "I'll bet you shook a fancy hee

any house had been there. Wouldn't Uncle." "I always started with the earlies

and kept going with th used to call for 'em too. Salute you

"Where's your Chink tonight?" I "I let Lee go-let's see-I guess tice us less than they did the shift- come up."

their minds, in these days of empti to do."

So I sat and watched them. How

"Just people." night and done so! They drank very little. They spoke very little. They

had been so used to each other for so long! I had seen that pile of news-wall landmarks patterning the shape

twenty. neath the clock and behind the bar.

thing away. "I suppose," I said to him now, as

Henry nodded and chuckled as he picked up his hand.

that mild poker game.

ness?

the room lifted his magazine. "This is October, 1885," he said, holding the shabby cover towards us. "Find any startling news, Gil-

bert?"

James Work, "sign-boards must have started whenever hotels or saloons started, ow hatever they called such

"At Lost Soldier? Fried beef, bis- James Work, "men must have traveled before they had houses; and after they had houses travel must have ry. "Cooked." "No. Fresh from his garden. start sign-boards." started, or whatever they called such er. "Who's running Lost Soldier these light houses. Does he mention them, Gilbert ?" "Any in a magazine he wouldn't," said

"Did she get shot up again?" "Sure," said Stirling. "Di Henry slowly shook his head. "This and Buck have any trouble?" town is not what it was. I guess "No, they never had any tr

when I knew them first. My first sight of James Work was fresh onions. Too much trouble to when I knew them first.

on a night at the Cheyenne Club. He mend the ditch." sat at the head of a dinner-table with

cuits, coffee, and excellent onions." "Old onions of course?" said Hen-

Young ones."

"So he's got a garden still!" mused Henry

days?" inquired Stirling.

That oldest half-bred son of Toothpick," said Marshal. folks to supper but you?"

"Why, yes. Six or seven. Bound for the new oil-field on Red Spider." "Travel is brisk down in that val-

ley," said Work. "I didn't know the stage had stop-

ped running through here." said I. this way. In fact, there's nothing up back of the room. this way any more."

They had made room for me, they had included me in their company. Only two others were not in the game. One sat in the back of the was reading, never looking up from there to do? it. He was the only one I had not "October, seen before, but he was at home here turned a page, which might have suaded him to be a dentist." been once every five minutes, he hardly made a movement.

He was a rough fellow, wearing the beard of another day; and if reading was a habit with him it was a next year." slow process, and his lips moved in silent pronunciation of each syllable Henry. as it came. Jed Goodland sat off by the kitchen door with his fiddle. Now and then he lightly picked or bowed whispering memories to himself.

The others, save one or two that were clean-shaven, also wore the mustaches or the beards of a day

long before they were gray; when no wire fence mutilated the freedom of the range: when fourteer reedom of the range; when fourteen mess-wagons would be at the spring round-up; Paso.' when cattle wandered and pastured. dotting the endless wilderness; when roping them brought the college graduate and the boy who had never learned to read into a lusty equality of youth and skill; when songs rose by the camp-fire; and the dim form us!" of the night herder leaned on his saddle horn as under the stars he circled slowly around the recumbent thousands; when two hundred miles stretched between all this and the whistle of the nearest locomotive.

And all this was over. It had beebbed away slowly from these now playing their nightly game as they had once played it at flood-tide. The the beards were still brown or red or | imagined and painted? golden.

The decline of their day began possibly with the first wire fence; the great ranch life was hastened to its death by the winter snows of 1886: received its mortal stroke in the rustle war of 1892: breathed its lastwholly given up the ghost. Cattle-men and sheepmen, the newcomers, were at deeds of violence with each rode out with morning as he "Hello, boys," said he. were at deeds of violence with each rode out with pockets empty, he read

things should not be printed."

"Well, I guess it was cities start-ed them, not travel," surmised Mar-

shal. "I wonder whose idea red light was." "Didn't you? Why, that's a mat-ter of years now. There's no oil up Rome," answered the man at the

> "Think of that!' said Henry. "Might have been one of them Em-

perors started the red light," said Marshal, "same as gladiators." The game went on, always listless. room, leaning over something that he Habit was strong, and what else was

"October, 1885," said Marshal. "That was when Toothpick Kid pullquite evidently. Except when he ed his gun on Doc Barker and per-

"Not 1085." said James Work. That was 1886." "The railroad came to Douglas the canyon any more. He rides up to his

"He's got it correct, Jim," said

days?" I inquired.

"Pulled his freight for Alaska. Not music through. some fragment of tune, like a man heard from since 1905. She's taken

Kid's woman has," said Henry. "The Kid wanted Barker to fix his teeth same as Duke Gardiner had in the sand. We listened.

ry, "Duke was running a joint in El

"There's a name for you!" claimed the man at the back of the room. "'Goat and Compasses'! They had that on a signboard in England. Well, and would you ever guess what distant. it started from! 'God encompasseth "Yes,

"Think of that!" said Henry.

"Does it say," asked Work, "if they had any double signs like Henry's here?"

"Not so far, it doesn't. If I strike any, I'll tell you."

That double sign of Henry's, hanggun to end a long while ago. It had ing outside now in the dark of the silent town, told its own tale of the old life in its brief way. From Montana to Texas, I had seen them. Does turn of the tide had come even when anybody know when the first one was

A great deal of frontier life is told by the four laconic words. They to?" I asked; for the steps came were to be found at the edges of scraping along again. those towns which rose overnight in "Just around and around," said "They were playing cooncan," said the midst of nowhere, sang and Henry. "He always would do things Marshal. "I remember that night danced and shot for a while, and his own way. You can't change him. well, Buck was always Buck. Well, then sank into silence. As the rider He has taken to talking to himself well! Why didn't Buck learn you no, it was still breathing, it had not from his round-up or his mine rode this year."

"Yes, tell us. And tell us when and where they all started. if it says." In the silence of the cards, a door

shut somewhere along the dark street. "That's Old Man Clarke," said

Henry. "First time I ever heard of him in town," said I.

"We made him come in. Old Man Clarke is getting terrible shaky. He wouldn't accept a room. So he sleeps wouldn't accept a room. So he sleeps "Here's a good one," said the may in the old stage office and cooks for at the back of the room. " 'Bolt-inhimself. If you put him in New York he'd stay a hermit all the

same." "How old is he?"

"Nobody knows. He looked about as old as he does now when I took Englishman." said Henry. this hotel. That was 1887. But we "October, 1885," insisted Marshal. don't want him to live alone up that started?" asked Work. mine now and then. Don't let any. body go along. Says the secret will die with him. Hello, Jed. Let's have

I nodded. Scraping steps shambled slowly by

"He doesn't seem to be coming in,"

I said. "He may. He will if he feels like would do next. But the man didn't "When last heard from," said Hen- it, and he won't if he feels likenot." do anything more.

"He had to let me help him onto his horse the other day," said Mar- him over; and it isn't any stranger,

shal. days than others." Presently the scraping steps came had nothing worse than a flask in his again, passed the door, and grew pocket. He'd been aiming to offer a

is sure getting feeble."

brook shot your clock the last time?" "Yes. Buck."

"If I remember correct," pursued Stirling, "it wasn't Buck did it, it was and so in disappointment he says to that joker his horse bucked off same afternoon down by the corral."

"That Hat Six wrangler?" "Yes. Horse bucked him off. He went up so high the fashions had Chet. changed when he came down." "So it was, George." And he

chuckled over the memory. "Where does Old Man Clarke walk

"Hello yourself, Uncle Jerry," said

Where are the antelope?" He "But I'll get ye some his threadbare, cheerful voice; and then it trailed off. "All at the bot-"Have a drink, Uncle Jerry?" said

Henry. in the Last Chance Saloon save the "Not now, and thank you just the light notes which Jed Goodian-1 same. Maybe I'll think it over." struck on his fiddle from time to "Buck Sebrook was fine to trave! time.

with," said Stirling. "How did that play come up. Henry ?" asked Work. "A fine upstanding cow-puncher, added Work. "Honest clean through Never knew him to go back on his word or do a crooked action." "Him and Chet Sharston traveled Kid.'

together prety much," said Henry. day?' Stirling chuckled over a memory.

"Chet he used to try and beat Buck's flow of conversation. Wanted to converse some himself."

"Well, Chet could."

"Oh, he could some. But never equal to Buck." Tun.' '

"How do they spell a thing like that?" demanded Marshal.

It was spelled for him. "Well, that may make sense to an "Doesn't it say where sign-boards

"Not yet." And the reader contin-

ued to pore over the syllables, which he followed with moving lips.

"Where is Toothpick Kid nowa-ays?" I inquired. "Pulled his freignt for Alaska. Not "Youu used to hear that pretty of- room fair fate at night when a man up with Duke Gardiner's brother, the ten, I guess," said Henry to me; and came round the corner of his floor and quick as he seen Buck, he put his hand back to his hip pocket. Well, Buck never lost any time. So when the man took a whirl and fell in a heap Buck waited to see what he

"So Buck goes to him and turns

"But he's more limber some it is a prospector Buck had met up with in Nevada; and the prospector

istant. "Yes," said Work. "Old Man Clarke drinks. Buck sure felt sorry about to get Doc Barker to put some stuff making such a mistake, he said. And on it?" Chet, he waited, for he knowed very "Did you say it was Buck Sea- well that Buck hoped he would ask him what he did when he discovered

the truth. "After a while Buck couldn't wait; his shirt-sleeve for.' Chet very solemn. 'I carried out the

you so' to him." wishes of the deceased. "'I was looking over the transom

when you drank his whisky,' says "'Where's your memory? You were the man,' says Buck. Well, well, weren't they a nonsensical pair!" 'I remember," said Henry. "They were sitting right there." And he

pointed to a table.

arm and the way it had been cut by Doc Barker he figured he'd lay for Doc and kill him. Doc happened to be out at the C-Y on a case. cooncan?' "Yes, he did," said I. "It was that

same night." "The boys met him as he came "Boys," said Old Man Clarke over back, and warned him to keep out

Texas,' said Stirling. "I was in this country before any

partners! Opposite the same ! Swin of you boys was born," said Old Man your honey ! That's the style I use Clarke. to be. All at the bottom of Lak "Sure you were, Uncle Jerry,"

"Why Doc Barker and Toothpick

"Sure he put the kibosh on him,"

"Wasn't it the day after they'd corralled that fello' up on the Dry Cheyenne?" asked Stirling.

"Well," said Stirling,

"So it was !" said Marshal. He too

"It was at the ranch gate Tooth-

"It wasn't a mile from the gate,'

said Stirling. "Not a mile. And Toothpick didn't wait to ask Duke

the facts, or he'd have saved his

money. Duke had happened to trail

his rope over the carcasses of some

stock. When he was roping a steer

tween a twist of the rope and his

saddle horn. So his hand got burn-

"I remember," said Henry.

pick Kid saw those new gold teeth

member exactly how it started."

kibosh on him after all.

Work agreed, energetically.

boys corralled him."

of Duke's," said Marshal.

Champlain. None of you ever know said Henry. "Sure you were." ed her." "I used to be hell and repeat."

"Have another, Uncle Jerry. Th "Sure thing, Uncle Jerry." For a while there was little sound nights are getting cold."

"Thank you kindly. I'll have or more. Winter's coming."

"Any of you see that Wolf Dane where Toothpick wore the bucksk pants?" asked Work. "Wasn't ar of you to that?"

'Somebody played it on Toothpic didn't they?" said Stirling.

"Buck wasn't dancing. He w: "Why, wasn't you right there that just looking on. Toothpick alway said Buck was mad because ti "I was, but I don't seem to re-Indians adopted him into the tril and wouldn't take Buck. They ga "Well" said Henry, "the Kid had him a squaw. y'know. He lived wi to admit that Doc Barker put the her on the reservation till he left f You're Alaska. He got her allotment wrong about Buck. He didn't come land with her, y'know. I saw hi into that." Henry's voice seemed to and her and their kids when I w there. I guess there were twel be waking up, his eyes were waking kids. Probably twenty by the tin he went to Alaska. She'd most a ways have twins.

> "Here's a name for you," said t. man at the back of the room. "Wh have you got to sav to "Whistlin Oyster?"

"Whistling Oyster?" said Heni was waking up. Life was coming in-to the talk of all. "That's where the "Well if I had ever had the misfe tune to think of such a name I d n have mentioned it to anybody, a I'd have tried to forget it."

couldn't leave a man as slick as he "Just like them English," was foot-loose, to go around and Marshal. play such a game on the whole

"Did Toothpick have any novelt: in the way of teeth?" asked Stirlin 'If he did, he concealed them," st Work.

"But him and Doc Barker h no hard feelings," said Henry. "Th And both put the mistake on Duke Ga diner and Duke said, well, they con leave it there if that made them f happier.'

"Doc was happy as he could already.' after that, his hand was caught be-

"Well, a man would be after wh came so near happening to him, a what actually did happen."

"Did you say Buck was dead "Didn't Buck tell him he'd ought asked Marshal.

"Dead these fifteen years," s Henry. 'Didn't you hear about "Buck did warn him but Duke Some skunk in Texas caught Bi wouldn't listen. So Buck had to with his wife. Buck had no time bring him into the Drybone hospital

with an arm that they had to cut jump for his gun." his shirt-sleeve for." "Well there are worse ways die. Poor Buck ! D'you remem! "Duke how he laid right down flat on told me that Buck never said 'I told back when they told him about I and the Kid's teeth? The more "Buck wouldn't. If ever there was Kid said any man in his place wo a gentleman, it was Buck Seabrook. have acted the flat Doc Barker slashed his arm open from shoulder to elbow. He didn't the same,

Buck laid in the sage-brush." "I remember," said Stirling. want Duke either to die or to lose was cutting calves by the corral. his arm. And in twenty-four hours "Duke was able to sit up in the arm wasn't so big. But it was still pretty big, and looked like hospital and have the dentist w nothing at all, and Duke's brother on his cavities. And the den edged the spaces with gold and saw it. They had sent for him. He cleaned all the teeth till you co rode into town and when he saw the notice them whenever Duke laugh So he got well and rode out to ca and praised Doc Barker for a s good doctor. He meant his arm course that Doc had slashed o (Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)