

MYSTERY OF DEADMAN'S FLAT A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE FAR WEST.

By the Author of "Love or a Lie," "Winning Her Inheritance," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

HE sun was sinking behind the distant sierras...

In the east was a pale glimmer of light; but it was too feeble to penetrate into the depths of the forest...

The dead man was still lying where he fell; but there was human life near.

By George—a woman! The exclamation broke from his lips almost involuntarily...

thousand snaked! My dear girl, can't you keep quiet a few moments...

"That's better," he said consolingly—"laughing is better than crying!"

"Oh, don't stand staring at me like that! You'll drive me mad!"

"Now, you will just do as I tell you," he said, in a cool, authoritative voice.

The pale light in the east reached the woods and valleys at last, and it was day.

His equanimity was still more disturbed when, sitting upright, with the broad light of day shining upon her, he saw her clearly for the first time.

"Do you know that last night I thought once you might be a gipsy?" he said, with a rather awkward laugh...

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"Oh, I must get away!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

"Tom Cairnes—Go-for-him Tom! Is he your enemy, too? Heaven help any..."

man who has to deal with him!" he exclaimed, betraying his own hatred.

"I'm real sorry!" he began feebly. "I wish you wouldn't, you know!"

They sat down to their repast, which, though frugal in some ways and particularly deficient in knives and crockery...

CHAPTER II. They sat down to their repast, which, though frugal in some ways...

With a woman's natural instinct she had for some time been conscious of and depressed by the fact that her hair was untidy...

She saw his confusion, and drew in her breath sharply as though with sudden pain.

She saw his confusion, and drew in her breath sharply as though with sudden pain.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"Tom Cairnes—Go-for-him Tom! Is he your enemy, too? Heaven help any..."

brought him in a straight line with the thick undergrowth of furze and thorn...

With a woman's natural instinct she had for some time been conscious of and depressed by the fact that her hair was untidy...

She saw his confusion, and drew in her breath sharply as though with sudden pain.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

between himself and that slender lonely figure standing among the pines...

CHAPTER III. In one of the rooms of a handsome house in New York...

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

where, taking possession in solemn state of a spare room set apart for her private use...

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I reckon you're near Deadman's Flat," he said, thinking that he had never before heard so sweet a voice.

"I shall never forget it—that awful night! I lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

