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# The Ledger

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## RED KNIFE, OR KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL.

BY LEON LEWIS. Author of "The Wagon Trail," "The Wolf's Head," "The Water Wolf," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STARRED!

Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West. The man was wearing a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their horses were panting, and covered with sweat and foam.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands, and he fell forward, his face pale as death. The woman, who had been riding beside him, saw the glass fall, and she too fell forward, her face also pale as death. They had both been struck by lightning.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned.

"There was no lightning in the south of the brave Miriam," she said.

"Mine is not a single life; I have seven depending on him," she said, aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned.

"There was no lightning in the south of the brave Miriam," she said.

"Mine is not a single life; I have seven depending on him," she said, aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

"But—your danger!" faltered Thompson.

"Miriam again pointed to the saddle.

"Go," she commanded. "Think only of your family, and be gone!"

CLUM FELT THAT HE WAS FAIRLY CORNERED. He had acknowledged the presence of the money, and was now pressed by the necessity of actually writing. He carried a pencil beneath his coat, and he was waiting for a chance to get it out.

"Hello, boys!" he cried. "I'm glad if here isn't a cave in the hill! Come, see the hole under these bushes. You never saw anything like it before. It's a light giving place for a horse to get out of a hole in the ground."

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GRATITUDE DID NOT EXIST, FOREVER YOUNG HE HAD considered, and more than that was a superficially. Descendant was measured in dollars and cents. His whole consciousness had been pecuniary.

"Mrs. Krebb had now the delicate task of reminding him that the period of income had passed, and the time set out had come. She was not aware that a shock she was to communicate to this possessory consciousness in proposing to reverse the order of the will, and in one act to negotiate all that it had hitherto attained.

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