

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Table of Democratic Ticket: STATE: Judge of Supreme Court, Samuel G. Thompson; Treasurer, Frank C. Osbourn; COUNTY: Treasurer, Roger McGarry; Register of Wills, Stanley Davenport; Controller, James W. Rull; Commissioners, Thomas M. Day, Thomas McGraw, W. E. Bennett, John F. Neary.

FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 26, 1893.

The largest single day's attendance at the centennial was 217,526; at Paris, 397,150; at the World's fair, on Chicago Day, 757,025. A great town is Chicago, and all who have not seen it should get there before next Tuesday, when the fair closes.

Coming into the world you must have standing room; going out you require a place to rest. You can get both by paying some other fellow for the privilege. He happened to get here before you. And this is the way society interprets the equal rights of all men to nature's gifts.—Etc.

In Berlin an inventor has succeeded in devising a means for insuring a complete combustion without the emission of smoke, and his method has, on repeated tests, proved so satisfactory that two of the most important steam shipping companies of Germany have decided on adapting it to their steamers.

The race between the English locomotive, "Queen Empress," and the American, "No. 999," will take place early next month on the tracks of the New York Central, between Buffalo and Albany. The drive wheels of the American locomotive are eighty-six inches in diameter and those of the English engine eighty-five.

Senator Sherman went home to bed and declined to engage in the continuous session of the senate. He is quoted by the Columbus Dispatch's Washington correspondent as assigning this reason: "The people of Ohio elected me senator to represent them and their state in legislation on this floor. If they had desired one for physical endurance they would have chosen a younger and cheaper man."

The fact that the last Thursday in November is the last day of the month, troubles some persons who are in doubt whether Thanksgiving Day will be appointed for the 23d or 30th. The last Thursday has always been appointed for Thanksgiving Day and it will undoubtedly be set apart this year. In 1871, 1876 and 1882 Thanksgiving Day was celebrated on November 30. It will be so celebrated in 1893.

The leading theatrical managers throughout the country have determined to entirely abandon show window advertising—that is, the custom of displaying lithographs of players and scenes from plays in store windows. The managers claim the results from this system of advertising are far from satisfactory and that it has become practically useless. Newspaper advertising, they say, brings by far the best returns and they will adopt this method exclusively. These managers spent a big pile of money in finding out this simple fact.

It would be very interesting to know how much counterfeit silver coin is in circulation. It would be more interesting to know how it is possible to prevent the circulation of counterfeit coin of like device and fineness with the dollars turned out from the mint. The business of counterfeiting has been made more respectable since it no longer involves the necessity of debasement. A premium of 40 per cent. is now the reward of the counterfeiter who puts as much value in his silver coin as there is in the government coin he imitates. In the west it is reported that large quantities of spurious coin are in circulation.

"Orange Blossom," the common-sense female remedy, draws out pain and soreness. Sold by Mandus Oswald.



"A fool I am, Pierre, or I'd be in old Ireland at this minute, with a roof o' me own over me and the friends o' me youth round me, and brats on me knees, and the fear o' God in me heart."

Thus said Shon McGann to Pretty Pierre, the French half-breed, in the course of a discussion on the prosperity of the Pipi Valley.

"Mais, Shon," mockingly rejoined the Frenchman, "this is not Ireland, and there is much like that to be done here—there is a roof and there is that woman at Ward's Mistake and the brats—eh, by and by?"

Shon's face clouded; he hesitated, then replied sharply: "That woman lo't' say, Pierre, she that nursed me when the Honorable and meself were taken out of Sandy Drift, more dead than livin'; she that brought me back to life as good as ever, berrin' this scar on me forehead and a stiffness at me elbow, and the Honorable as right as the sun, more luck to him!—which he doesn't need at all, with the wind of Fortune in his back and shiffin' neither to right nor left! That woman! faith, y'd better not cut the words so sharp betwix yer teeth, Pierre."

"But I will say more—a little—just the same. She nursed you, yes, that is good; but it is good also, I think, you pay her for that and stop the rest. Women are fools, or else they are worse. This one?—she is worse. Yes; you will take my advice, Shon McGann."

The Irishman came to his feet with a spring, and his words were angry. "It doesn't come well from Pretty Pierre, the gambler, to be revilin' a woman, and I throw it in yer face, though I've slept under the same blanket with ye, an' drank out of the same cup on many a tramp, that you lie dirty and black when ye spake ill o'—my wife."

This conversation had occurred in a quiet corner of the barroom of the Saints' Repose. The first few sentences had not been heard by the others present; but Shon's last speech, delivered in a ringing tone, drew the miners to their feet, in expectation of seeing shots exchanged at once. The code required satisfaction, immediate and decisive. Shon was not armed, and some one thrust a pistol toward him, but he did not take it. Pierre rose, and, coming slowly toward him, laid a slender finger on his chest and said: "So! I did not know that she was your wife. That is a surprise—yes."

The miners nodded assent. He continued: "Lucy Rives your wife! Ha, ha, Shon McGann! that is such a joke." "It's no joke, but God's truth, and the lie is with you, Pretty Pierre."

Murmurs of anticipation ran round the room; but the Frenchman said: "There will be satisfaction altogether; but it is my whim to prove what I say first, then"—folding his revolver—"then we shall settle! But, see, you will meet me here at ten o'clock to-night."

The gambler suddenly clutched the gambler, shook him like a dog, and threw him against the farther wall. Pierre's pistol was leveled from the instant Shon moved; but he did not use it. He rose on one knee after the violent fall, and pointing it at the other's head said coolly: "I could kill you, Shon McGann, so easy! But it is not my whim. Till ten o'clock is not long to wait, and then, just here, one of us shall die. Is it not so?"

The Irishman did not flinch before the pistol. He said with low fierceness: "At ten o'clock or now, or any time, or at any place, ye'll find me ready to break the back of the lies y've spoken, or be broken meself." Lucy Rives is my wife, and she's true and straight as the sun in the sky. I'll be here at ten o'clock, and as ye say, Pierre, one of us makes the long reckoning for this."

And he opened the door and went out. The Frenchman moved to the bar, and throwing down a handful of silver, said: "It is good we drink after so much heat. Come on, come on, mes amis."

The miners responded to the invitation. Their sympathy was mostly with Shon McGann; their admiration was about equally divided; for Pretty Pierre had the quality of courage in as active degree as the Irishman, and they knew that some extraordinary motive promising greater excitement was behind the Frenchman's refusal to send a bullet through Shon's head a moment before.

King Kinkley, the best shot in the Valley next to Pierre, had watched the unusual development of the incident with interest; and when his glass had been filled he said, thoughtfully: "This isn't according to Hoyle. There's never been any trouble just like this in the Valley before. What's that McGann said about the lady being his wife? If it's the case where hev we been in the show? where was we when the license was around? It isn't good citizenship, and I hev my doubts."

Another miner, known as the Presbyterian, added: "There's some skulduggery in it, I guess. The lady has

as much protection as if she was the sister of every citizen of the place, jest as such as Lady Jane here [Lady Jane, the sister of the proprietor of the Saints' Repose, administered drinks], and she's played this stacked hand on us, has gone one better on the sly."

"Pierre," said King Kinkley, "you're on the track of the secret, and appear to hev the excess of the lady; blaze it—blaze it out."

Pierre rejoined: "I know something; but it is good we wait until ten o'clock. Then I will show you all the cards in the pack. Yes, so."

And though there was some grumbling, Pierre had his way. The spirit of adventure and mutual interest had thrown the Frenchman, the Irishman, and the Honorable Just Trafford, together; and they had journeyed to the Pacific, where the warm breath in the ranges. They had come to the Pipi field when it was languishing. From the moment of their coming its luck changed; it became prosperous. They conquered the Valley each after his kind. The Honorable—he was always called that—mastered its resources by a series of "great lucks," as Pierre termed it, had achieved a fortune, and made no enemies; and but two months before the day whose incidents are here recorded, had gone to the coast on business. Shon had won the reputation of being a "white man," to say nothing of his victories in the region of gallantry. He made no wealth; he only got that he might spend. Irishmen are not wont to barter the chances of fortune for a bit of a voice or the clatter of a pretty foot.

Pierre was different. "Women, ah, no!" he would say; "they make men fools or devils."

His temptation lay not that way. When the Three first came to the Pipi Pierre was a miner, simply; but nearly all his life he had been something else, as many a devastated pocket on the east of the Rockies could bear witness; and his new career was alien to his soul. Temptation grew greatly on him at the Pipi, and in the days before he yielded to it he might have been seen at midnight in his hut playing solitaire.

Why he abstained at first from practicing his real profession is accounted for in two ways: he had tasted some of the sweets of honest companionship with the Honorable and Shon, and then he had a memory of an ugly night at Parson's Drive a year before, when he stood over his own father's body shot to death by accident in a gambling room which owed its origin to himself. These things had held him back for a time; but he was weaker than his ruling passion.

The Pipi was a young and comparatively virgin field; the quarry was at his hand. He did not love gain for its own sake; it was the game that enthralled him. He would have played his life against the treasury of a kingdom, and having won it with loaded double sixes, have handed back the gold as an unredeemable national debt.

He fell at last, and in falling conquered the Pipi Valley; at the same time he was considered a fearless and liberal citizen, who could shoot as straight as he played well. He made an excursion to another field, however, at an opportune time, and it was during this interval that the accident to Shon and the Honorable had occurred. He returned but a few hours before this quarrel with Shon occurred, and in the Saints' Repose, whether he had at once gone, he was told of the accident. While his informant related the incident and the romantic sequence of Shon's infatuation, the woman passed the tavern and was pointed out to Pierre. The Frenchman had not much excitement in his nature; but when he saw this beautiful woman with a touch of the Indian in her contour, his pale face flushed, and he showed his set teeth under his slight moustache. He watched her until she entered a shop, on the signboard of which was written—written since he had left a few months ago—Lucy Rives, Tobacconist.

Shon had then entered the Saints' Repose; and we know the rest. A couple of hours after this nervous episode, Pierre might have been seen standing in the doorway of the mines not far from the house at Ward's Mistake, where he had been told, Lucy Rives lived with an old Indian woman. He stood, scarcely moving, and smoking cigarettes, until the door opened, Shon came out and walked down the hillside to the town. Then Pierre went to the door, and, without knocking, opened it, and entered. A woman started up from a seat where she was sewing and turned towards him. As she did so, the work, Shon's coat, dropped from her hands, her face paled, and her eyes filled with fear. She leaned against a chair for support; this man's presence had weakened her. She stood silent, save for a slight moan that broke from her lips, as the Frenchman lighted a cigarette coolly, and then said to an old Indian woman who sat upon the floor braiding a basket: "Get up, Ikni, and go away—quick."

Ikni rose, came over, and peeped into the face of the half-breed. Then she muttered: "I know you—I know you. The dead has come back again." She caught his arm with her bony fingers as if to satisfy herself that he was flesh and blood, and, shaking her head dolefully, went from the room. When the door closed behind her there was a silence, broken only by an exclamation from the man.

The other drew her hand across her eyes, and dropped it with a motion of despair. Then Pierre said, sharply: "Bien?"

"Francois," she replied, "you are alive."

"Yes, I am alive—quite, Lucy Rives."

She shrugged, then grew still again and whispered: "Why did you let it be thought that you were drowned? Why? Oh, why?" she moaned.

He raised his eyebrow slightly, and said, between the puffs of smoke: "Ah, yes, my Lucy, why? It was so long ago. Let me see: so—so—eight years. Eight years is a long time, to remember, eh?"

He came towards her. She drew

back; but her hand remained on the chair. He touched the plain gold ring on her finger, and said: "You will swear it. To think of that—so loyal, for a woman! How she remembers, mon Dieu! . . . But shall I not kiss you?—yes, just after eight years—my wife."

"She breathed hard and drew back against the wall, her eyes all dazed and frightened, and said: "No, no, do not come near me; do not speak to me—ah, please, stand back, for a moment, please!"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and continued, with mock tenderness: "To think that things come round so! And here you have a home. Yes, that is good. I am tired of much travel and life all alone. The prodigal goes not to the home, the home comes to the prodigal." He stretched up his arms as if with a feeling of content.

"Do you—do you not know," she said, "that—that—"

He interrupted her: "Do I not know, Lucy, that this is your yome? Yes. But is it not all the same? I gave you a home eight years ago—to think, eight years ago! We quarrelled one night, and I left you. Next morning my boat was found below the White Cascade—yes, but that was so stale a trick. It was not worthy of Francois Rives. He would do it so much better now; but he was young then; just a boy, and foolish. Well, sit down, Lucy, it is a long story, and you have much to tell, how much—how knows?"

She came slowly forward and said, with a painful effort: "You did a great wrong, Francois Rives. You have killed me."

"Killed you, Lucy, my wife! Pardon! Never in those days did you look so

charming as now—never! But the great surprise of seeing your husband, that had made you shy—yes, quite. There it will be much time to come for you to change all that. It is quite pleasant to think on, Lucy. . . . You remember the song we used to sing on the Chaudiere at St. Antoine? See, I have not forgotten it—

"Ily longtemps que je t'aime; J'amais je ne t'oublierai."

He hummed the lines over and over, watching through his half-shut eyes the torture he was inflicting. "Oh, Mother of God," she whispered, "have mercy! Can you not see, do you not know? I am not as you have left me!"

"Yes, my wife, you are just the same; not an hour older. I am glad that you have come to me. Voila, how they will envy Pretty Pierre!"

"Envy—Pretty Pierre," she repeated, in distress; "are you—Pretty Pierre? Ah, I might have known, I might have known!"

"Yes, and so! Is not Pretty Pierre as good a name as Francois Rives? Is it not as good as Shon McGann?"

"Oh, I see it all, I see it all now," she mournfully said. "It was with you he quarrelled, and about me. He would not tell me what it was. You know, then, that I am—that I am married—to him!"

"Quite. I know all that; but it is no marriage." He rose to his feet slowly, dropping the cigarette from his lips as he did so. "Yes," he continued, "and I know that you prefer Shon McGann to Pretty Pierre."

She spread out her hand appealingly. "But you are my wife, not his. Listen, do you know what I shall do?—I will tell you in two hours. It is now 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock Shon McGann will meet me at the Saints' Repose. Then you shall know. . . . Ah, it is a pity! Shon was my good friend, but this spoils all that. Wine, it has danger; cards—there is peril in that sport; women—they make trouble most of all."

"Oh, God," she pitifully said, "what have I done? There was no sin in me. I was your faithful wife, though you were cruel to me. You left me, cheated me, brought this upon me. It is you that have done this wickedness, not I."

She buried her face in her hands, falling on her knees beside the chair. He bent above her: "You loved the you avocet better, eight years ago."

She sprang to her feet. "Ah, now I understand," she said; "that was why you quarrelled with me; why you deserted me—you were not man enough to say what made you so much the—so wicked and hard; so—"

"Be thankful, Lucy, that I did not kill you then," he interjected. "But it is a lie," she cried; "a lie!" She went to the door and called the Indian woman. "Ikni," she said. "He dares to say evil of Andre and me. Think—of Andre!"

Andre, the avocet and you—that, eh? Well, you see how much trouble has come; and now this other—a secret too! When were you married to Shon McGann?"

"Last night," she bitterly replied; "a priest came over from the Indian village."

"Last night," he musingly repeated—"last night I lost two thousand dollars at the little Goshen field. I did not play well last night; I was nervous. In eight years I had not lost so much at one game as I did last night. It was an punishment for playing too honest, or something; eh, what do you think, Lucy—or something, eh?"

She said nothing, but rocked her body to and fro. "Why did you not make the marriage with Shon to be known?"

"He was to have told it to-night," she said. There was silence for a moment, then a thought flashed into his eyes, and he rejoined with a jarring laugh: "Well, I will play a game to-night, Lucy Rives; such a game that Pretty Pierre will never be forgotten in the Pipi Valley; a beautiful game, just for two. And the other who will play, ah, the wife of Francois Rives shall see if she is patient; but she must be patient, more patient than her husband was eight years ago."

"What will you do?—tell me, what will you do?"

"I will play a game of cards—just one magnificent game; and the cards shall not be stacked. All shall be fair quite, as when you and I played in the little house by the Chaudiere—at first, Lucy—before I was a devil."

This peculiar softness to his last tones assumed or real? She looked at him inquiringly; but he moved away to the window and stood gazing down the hillside towards the town below.

"I will die," she said to herself in whispers—"I will die." A minute passed, and then Pierre turned and said to her: "Lucy, he is coming up the hill. Listen. If you tell him that I have seen you, I will shoot him on sight, dead. You would save him, for a little, for an hour or two—more? Well, do as I say; for these things must be according to the rules of the game, and I myself will tell him all at the Saints' Repose. He gave me the letter; I will tell him the truth before them all. Will you do as I say?"

She hesitated an instant and then replied, "I shall not tell him."

"There is only one way, then," he continued; "you must go at once from here into the woods behind there, and not see him at all. Then at ten o'clock you will come to the Saints' Repose, if you choose, to know how the game has ended."

She was trembling, moaning, no longer. A set lock had come into her face; her eyes were steady and hard. She quietly replied: "Yes, I shall be there."

He came to her, took her hand, and drew from her finger the wedding-ring which last night Shon McGann had placed there. She submitted passively. Then with an upward wave of his fingers he spoke in a mocking lightness, but without any of the malice that had first appeared in his tones, words from an old French song

"I say no more, my lady— Mironton, mironton, mironton! It will be my wife, my lady. As night more can be said."

He opened the door, motioned to the Indian woman, and in a few moments the broken-hearted Lucy Rives and her companion were hidden in the pines; and Pretty Pierre also disappeared into the shadow of the woods as Shon McGann appeared on the crest of the hill.

The Irishman walked slowly to the door and pausing, said to himself: "I couldn't run the big risk, me darlin'. There's danger ahead which little I'd care to wade for you."

Then he stepped inside the house. The place was silent. He called, but no one answered. He threw open the doors of the rooms but they were empty; he went outside and called again, but no reply came except the cry of a night-hawk's wings and the cry of a whip-poor-will. He went back into the house and sat down with his head between his hands. So, for a moment, and then he raised his head, and said with a smile: "Faith, Shon, me boy, this takes the life out of ye!—the empty house where she ought to be, and the smile of her so sweet, and the hand of her that falls on yer shoulder like a dove on the blessed altar—gone, and lavin' a chill on y'r heart like a touch of the dead. Sure, niver a wan of me saw any that could stand wid her for goodness, berrin' the angel that kissed me good-bye with one foot in the stirrup and the troopers behind me, now twelve years gone, in ould Donegal, and that I'll niver see again, she lyin' where the hate of the world will vex the heart of her no more, and the masses gone up for her soul. Twice, twice in yer life, Shon McGann, has the cup of God's joy been at yer lips, and is it both times that it's to spill?—Pretty Pierre shoots straight and sudden, and may be it's easy to see the end of it; but as the just God is above us, I'll give him the lie in his throat again for the word he said agin me darlin'. What's the avil thing that he has to say? What's the Satan's proof he would bring? And where is she now?—where are you, Lucy? I know the proof I've got in me heart, that the wreck of the world couldn't swim, while that light, born of Heaven, shines up to your eyes when you look at me."

He rose to his feet again and walked toward the door. He went once more to the door; he looked here and there through the growing dusk, but to no purpose. She had said that she would go to her shop this night; but if not, then where could she have gone—and Ikni, too? He felt there was more awry in his life than he cared to put into thought or speech. He picked up the sewing she had dropped and looked at it as one would regard a relic of the dead; he lifted her handkerchief, kissed it, and put it in his breast. He took a revolver from his pocket and examined it closely, looked round the room as if to fasten it in his memory, and then passed out, closing the door behind him. He walked down the hillside and went to her shop in the one street of

the town, but she was not there, nor had the lad in charge seen her. Meanwhile Pretty Pierre had made his way to the Saints' Repose, and was sitting among the miners, idly smoking. In vain he was asked to play cards. His only reply was: "No, pardon, no! I play one game only to-night, the biggest game ever played in the Pipi Valley." In vain, also, was he asked to drink. He refused the hospitality, defying the danger that such lack of good-fellowship might bring forth. He hummed in snatches to himself the words of a song that the Brules were wont to sing when they hunted the buffalo:

"Voilà! it is the sport to ride; Ah, ah, the brave hunter! To trust the arrow in his hand, To send the bullet through his side— I, the buffalo, joll!

He nodded here and there as men entered, but he did not stir from his seat. He smoked incessantly, and his eyes faced the door of the barroom that entered upon the street. There was no doubt in the minds of any present that the promised excitement would occur. Shon McGann was as fearless as he was gay. The Pipi Valley remembered the day in which he had twice risked his life to save two women from a burning building—Lady Jane and another. And Lady Jane this evening was agitated, and once or twice hurriedly looked at something under the bar counter; in fact, a close observer would have noticed anger or anxiety in the eyes of the daughter of Dick Waldron, the keeper of the Saints' Repose; Pierre would certainly have seen it had he been looking that way. An unusual influence was working upon the frequenters of the Saints' Repose. Planned, premeditated excitement was out of their line. Unexpectedness was the salt of their existence. This thing had an air of system not in accord with the suddenness of the Pipi mind. The half-breed was the only one entirely at his ease; he was languid and nonchalant; the long lashes of his half-shut eyes gave his face a pensive look. At last King Kinkley walked over to him and said: "There's an almighty mysteriousness about this event that isn't joyful, Pretty Pierre. We want to see this muss cleared up, of course; we want Shon McGann to act like a high-toned citizen; and there's a general prejudice in favor of things being on the flat of your palm, as it were—this thing hangs fire, and there's a lack of animation about it, isn't there?"

To this Pretty Pierre replied: "What can I do? This is not like other things; one has to wait; great things take time. To shoot is easy, but to shoot is not all, as you shall see if you have patience a little. Ah, mon ami, where there is a woman things are different. I throw a glass in your face, we shoot, some one dies, and there it is quite plain of reason; you play a card which was dealt just now, I call you—something, and the swiftest finger does the trick; but when there is a woman one must wait for the sport."

It was at this point that Shon McGann entered, looked round, nodded to all, and then came forward to the table where Pretty Pierre sat. As the Frenchman took out his watch Shon said firmly but quietly: "Pierre, I gave you the lie to-day concerning me wife, and I'm here, as I said I'd be, to stand by the word I passed then."

Pierre waved his fingers lightly towards the other and slowly rose. Then he said in sharp tones: "Yes, Shon McGann, you gave me the lie. There is but one thing for that in the Pipi Valley. You choked me; I would not take that from a saint of heaven; but there was another thing to do first. Well, I have done it. I said I would bring proofs—I have them. He paused, and now there might be seen a shining moisture on his forehead, and his words came menacingly from between his teeth, while the room became breathlessly still, save that in the silence a sleeping dog sighed heavily. "Shon McGann," he said, "you are living with my wife!"

Twenty men drew in a deep breath of excitement, and Shon came a step nearer to the other and said in a strange voice: "I—am—living—with—your—wife?"

"As I say, with my wife, Lucy Rives. Francois Rives was my name five years ago. We quarrelled. I left her, and I never saw her again until to-night. You went to see her two hours ago. You did not find her. Why? She was gone because her husband, Pierre, told her to go. You want a proof? You shall have it. Here is the wedding ring you gave her last night."

He handed it over, and Shon saw inside it his own name and hers. "My God!" he said, "did she know? Tell me she did not know, Pierre!"

"No; she did not know. I have truth to speak to-night. I was jealous, mad, and foolish, and I left her. My boat

is fair, eh—that is fair?" he said to those around.

King Kinkley, speaking for the rest, replied: "That's about fair. It gives both a chance, and leaves only two when it's over. While the woman lives one of you is naturally in the way. Pierre left her in a way that isn't handsome; but a wife's a wife, and though Shon was all in the gium about the thing, and though the woman isn't to be blamed either, there's one too many of you, and there's got to be a vacation for somebody. Isn't that so?"

The rest nodded assent. They had been so engorged that they did not see a woman enter the bar from behind, and crouch down beside Lady Jane, a woman whom the latter touched affectionately on the shoulder and whispered to once or twice while she

watched the ominous preparations for the game. The two men sat down, Shon McGann facing the bar and Pretty Pierre with his back to it.

The game began, neither man showing a sign of nervousness, though Shon was still pale. The game was to finish for ten points. Men crowded about the tables silent and keenly excited; cigars were chewed instead of smoked, and liquor was left undrunk. At the first deal Pierre made a march, securing two. At the next Shon made a point, and at the next also a march. The half-breed was playing a straight game. He could have stacked the cards, but he did not do so; deft as he was he might have cheated even the vigilant eyes about him, as he had done before; but he played as squarely as a novice. At the third, at the fourth deal he made a march; at the fifth, sixth and seventh deals Shon made a march, a point, and a march. Both now had eight points. At the next deal both got a point, and both stood at nine!

Now came the crucial play. During the progress of the game nothing had been heard save the sound of a knuckle on the table, the flip-flop of the pasteboard or the rasp of a heel on the floor. There was a set smile on Shon's face—a forgotten smile, for the rest of the face was stern and tragic. Pierre smoked cigarettes, pausing, while his opponent was shuffling and dealing, to light them.

Behind the bar as the game proceeded the woman who knelt beside Lady Jane listened to every sound. Her eyes grew more and more agitated as the numbers, whispered to her by her companion, climbed to the fatal ten.

The last deal was Shon's; there was that much to his advantage. As he slowly dealt the woman—Lucy Rives—rose to her feet behind Lady Jane. So absorbed were all that none saw her. Her eyes passed from Pretty Pierre to Shon McGann and stayed.

When the cards were dealt, with but one point for either to gain and so win and save his life, there was a slight pause before the two took them up. They did not look at one another; but each glanced at the revolver, then at the men nearest to them, and lastly, for an instant, at the cards themselves, with their past-board faces of life and death turned downward. As the players picked them up at last and spread them out fan-like, Lady Jane slipped something into the hand of Lucy Rives.

Those who stood behind Shon McGann stared with anxious astonishment at his hand; it contained only nine and ten spots. It was easy to see the direction of the sympathy of Pipi Valley. The Irishman's face turned a slight shade paler than, but he did not tremble or appear disturbed.

Pierre played his biggest card and took the point. He coolly counted one and said: "Game. I win." The crowd drew back. Both rose to their feet. In the painful silence the half-breed's hand was gently laid on the revolver. He lifted it and paused slightly, his eyes fixed on the steady look in those of Shon McGann. He raised the revolver again till it was level with Shon's forehead, till it was even with his hair! Then there was a shot and some one fell, not Shon, but Pierre, saying, as they caught him: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! From behind!"

Instantly there was another shot and some one crashed against the bottles in the bar. The other factor in the game, the wife, had shot at Pierre and then sent a bullet through her own lungs. Shon stood for a moment as if he were turned to stone, and then his head dropped in his arms upon the table. He had seen both shots fired, but could not speak in time.

Pierre was severely, but not dangerously wounded in the neck and shoulder. But the woman? They brought her out from behind the counter. She still breathed; but her eyes were the film of coming death. She turned towards Shon sat. Her lips framed his name, but no voice came forth. Some one touched him on the shoulder. He looked up and caught her last glance. He came and stooped beside her; but she had died with that one glance from him bringing a faint smile to her lips. And the smile stayed when the life of her had fled—fled through the cloud over her eyes, from the tide-beat of her pulse.

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Shon McGann stood silent above the dead body. One by one the miners went out quietly. Pretty Pierre nodded towards the door also, and King Kinkley and another lifted him and carried him towards it. Before they passed into the street he made them turn him so that he could see Shon. He waved his hand towards her that had been his wife and said: "She should have shot but once and straight, Shon McGann, and then—Eh, well!"

The door closed, and Shon McGann was left alone with the dead.

is fair, eh—that is fair?" he said to those around.

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