

**HUBERFANO BILL.**

BY CY WARMAN.

When they had crossed the valley and entered the wilderness of pine and cedar, they began to search for a side canyon which would lead them down to the main gulch. Having found a proper ravine they watered and grassed their horses and had breakfast.

It was not yet noon, and the train, the dark man made out from the figures upon a time card which he carried, would not leave the junction until 2 p. m. It would probably be 3 or 3:15 when it passed the mouth of the little rill upon which they were encamped.

Having breakfasted and smoked, the men stretched themselves upon the ground, all save the dark man, and slept like tired children.

The leader, leaning against a moss covered spruce tree, watched a black storm that was brewing in the hills to the north. Presently he heard a sharp clap of thunder. In a few minutes there came the roaring sound of a waterfall, and the dark man knew that a cloud had given way, but as the main gulch was between him and the storm he gave the matter no serious thought.

At last the hour arrived. The four men, leaving their horses, descended the main gulch only to find that there was no railroad there. Skinny, still smarting from the effect of the rather severe temperance lectures he had received the evening before, looked at the leader and started to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the canyon they came to the torn end of the track and knew for a surety that no train would come up the gulch that day.

The silent leader made no show of disappointment, but quietly dismissed his men and watched them ride away toward the sunset, with their broad hats tipped sidewise and their ever ready rifles resting across their saddles. For himself he would have no rifle. "Only a coward or bungler," he used to say, "will carry a cannon to do the work of a .45."

When the others had passed out of sight, the dark man reined his own horse down the canyon, intending, since he was so near, to visit his wife at the junction. The recent washout had left the bed of the gulch almost impassable, and it was not until after midnight that the lone traveler came to the abandoned train, lying like a living thing that had fallen asleep on its own trail. Finding the express car locked, he opened one of the doors with the tool pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked.

Having removed all the explosives from the car, this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamite, but there was no money in it. By the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left there by the messenger, and which was addressed to the express agent. As the explorer finished reading it he gave a low, soft whistle of surprise—not much above a whisper—for he was a quiet, undemonstrative man.

From the car he returned to the engine and with the clicker hook fished an old clay stained ore sack out of the tank. When he had cached the sack in the bed of the river, he hurried away in the direction of the junction, urging his horse over the rough ground as though he were bent upon a new and important mission.

**CHAPTER III.**

There was great excitement at the junction when we arrived without the express messenger, who acted as postal clerk as well.

When the local express agent learned that the messenger was not with the rescued party, that the conductor had been unable to find him, and that no one could remember having seen him since we stopped and he was seen heading for high land with his register pouch and some packages of express matter bearing red seals, he began to wire in all directions. In a little while mounted men were dashing out toward the hills so as to be ready to take the trail at dawn.

It was plain enough, the agent argued, that the messenger had taken advantage of the circumstances and cleared out with the wealth in his possession. A thousand dollars' reward was offered for the capture of the messenger.

A deputy sheriff made up a posse of four, including himself, and put out for the scene of the robbery. They were among the first to leave town, and, as they all knew the country, were soon upon the ground where the open and empty safe left little to be explained.

The safe, they argued, had been blown up by the messenger for a blind, but they would not be fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had remained in the vicinity of the washout until the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long tramp through the trackless hills. He knew the packages that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be a tiresome one. The country, which was new to him, was extremely rough. At times he found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge, and again at the top of a steep bluff, and saw before him a black and apparently bottomless abyss. There was no moon, but the friendly stars would guide him. Pike's peak, standing high against the sky, showed him where the east was, while the Greenhorn range rose rough and abrupt to the west. But when he had been upon his journey less than an hour, a gray cloud hung like a heavy fog on the hills and shut out all the light from the heavens and obscured the earth. Instead of waiting for the mists to clear away, he kept on going and was soon hopelessly lost, so far as any knowledge of the points of the compass was concerned. He might, for what he knew, be headed for

the hills, or he might be walking in the direction of the junction and the state's prison.

At last, having reached what appeared to be the summit of a little hill, he sat down upon a huge rock to rest. As he sat there he thought he heard a sound like that produced by horses stepping about on a stone floor. Presently the cloud rolled away, and although the valley below was still obscured, the stars were bright above and the crags of the main range stood out clear cut against the western sky. Before him he saw Pike's peak and knew that a little way below him, hid in the mist, lay the junction.

The sheriff and his posse, lost in the fog, had halted in a small basin and were waiting for the clouds to clear away. The sheriff insisted that he had

heard a man cough, and now the little party were sitting their horses in silence, which was broken only by the nervous tramping of a broncho. "What's that?" asked the sheriff, pointing to the rock above them. "I should say it was a bear sitting on his haunches," said one of the men. "I'll just tap it with a cartridge," continued the last speaker; but at that moment one of the horses gave a snort, and instantly the figure of the big messenger rose from the rock and stood out against the dark blue sky. Until now he had been sitting bareheaded, and that gave him the buncy look of a bear, but when he stood up and clapped his bell topped cap upon his head the sheriff recognized him in an instant.

"Let's drop him," said one of the men. "There's a thousand in it and if he ever leaves that rock he's gone."

"Hold," said the sheriff. "We must give him a show to surrender."

When the four men had swung their guns into position, the sheriff commanded the messenger to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying the man turned as if he intended to bolt, and with the first move of his body the four rifles cracked almost as one gun, and the messenger went down.

Throwing the bridle reins over the necks of the horses, the sheriff's posse dismounted and hurried up the little hill, but when they reached the spot where the messenger had stood there was no messenger or sign of messenger. Anticipating the rain of lead, he had dropped behind the rocks while the bullets passed over his head, and by the time the posse had reached the crest of the hill and recovered from their surprise the messenger was far up the side of the mountain, hiding among the crags.

"What'd' you say now, cap?" asked the man who had been anxious to earn the reward. "Do we git 'im nex' time or do we let 'im go?"

"Git 'im," said the sheriff, and the posse returned to their horses.

**CHAPTER IV.**

The white cloud rolled down the mountain as the fleece rolls from a sheep that is being shorn and lay in a tumbled heap at the foot of the range. The gray dawn came out of the east and revealed the peaks that were hiding high up in heaven's blue. Upon either hand—before and behind him—the messenger, crouching in the crags, heard



He managed to hit the officer's horse, the clatter of steel shod feet and knew that he was being surrounded. Delay was dangerous. The coming of dawn meant death. The whispering wind,

nurturing away up the hill, reminded him of the approach of day. His only hope was in reaching a point beyond which the horsemen might not ride, and he hurried on up to the narrow gulch. At the exit his trail was blocked by one of the deputies, and immediately both men opened fire. Now for the first time, since it shot muzzle first into the river, the messenger thought of his rifle. He was by no means an expert with a six shooter, but managed to hit the officer's horse with his first bullet, and at the same instant a slug of lead from a Winchester crashed through his left shoulder, leaving it shattered and useless. The deputy's horse, having received his death wound, plunged wildly and made it impossible for his rider to take accurate aim. Dropping his rifle, the officer began to use his revolver, but a chance shot from the messenger's .45 pierced his heart. Another plunge of the horse hurled him to the ground, his foot caught in the stirrup, and the messenger was horrified to see the crazed broncho bounding away dragging his rider, head down, over the jagged rocks. The maddened animal appeared to be blind with rage. He crashed through a low, broad cedar, and a moment later leaped over a precipice and went rolling down the splintered side of a deep gorge, and when the sheriff and his companions came up the gulch they found, where the horse and rider had fallen, one mangled mass of torn and tattered flesh.

(To be Continued.)

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Trains Outward, Read down.	STATIONS.	Trains Inward, Read up.
7:10 A.M.	Charlottetown	2:30 P.M.
8:30 A.M.	Royalton Junction	2:16 P.M.
9:17 A.M.	North Wiltshire	1:40 P.M.
10:41 A.M.	Hunter River	1:28 P.M.
11:56 A.M.	Bradshaw	1:00 P.M.
12:58 P.M.	Fredericton	12:53 P.M.
1:47 P.M.	Kensington	12:42 P.M.
2:26 P.M.	S' Side (Lv. Ar.)	12:23 P.M.
3:11 P.M.	Miscouche	12:00 P.M.
3:57 P.M.	Wellington	10:30 A.M.
4:44 P.M.	Port Hill	10:10 A.M.
5:31 P.M.	O'Leary	9:47 A.M.
6:18 P.M.	Bloomfield	9:09 A.M.
7:05 P.M.	Alberton	8:27 A.M.
7:52 P.M.	Tignish	7:34 A.M.
8:40 P.M.		6:55 A.M.
9:27 P.M.		6:00 A.M.

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