

Wheeler Edward Lytton

**Deadwood Dick Jr. Branded: or,
Red Rover at Powder Pocket.**



Edward Wheeler
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or, Red Rover at Powder Pocket.

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Ed. L. Wheeler Deadwood Dick Jr. Branded; or, Red Rover at Powder Pocket

CHAPTER I. THE GREAT HOLD-UP

Toot!

"What's the mischief?" cried the fireman.

He sprung to his box and looked ahead, and in the center of the track, where the train was rounding a point of rocks, saw a red flag.

"That fool of a section boss has got another rail up, on our time, I suppose, as he did once before," growled the engineer, having shut off steam and applied the air brakes.

Toot!

Another short, sharp blast of the whistle, and the engineer reversed his engine, while the fireman leaped down and prepared to jump.

Both had beheld something well calculated to chill their blood, the moment the engine had rounded the bend far enough to give

them a view of the straight stretch ahead!

About half way down to a point where the track again curved, a number of boulders had been placed between the rails, and on both sides of the track stood masked men with rifles in their hands. That they meant business was not to be questioned.

"Held up, by thunder!"

Such was the exclamation uttered by the engineer, as he reached for the whistle and sounded the second alarm, and, having reversed, as mentioned, he, too, prepared to jump.

But that was not necessary. As if the train robbers had calculated to the foot the distance from the curve at which to place the obstruction, they saw the train slow up, under the force of the powerful brakes, and when the engine stopped the nose of the pilot was but a score of inches from the boulders.

"Hands up, or take lead straight!"

So cried the leader, and a man on each side of the engine covered the engineer and fireman.

Needless to say, they promptly obeyed the order. At the same moment other members of the band made a dash for the express-car, which was next to the engine.

Still others had sprung up alongside the track the moment the train came to a standstill, and boarded the cars to take care of the passengers while the leader and those with him made their raid upon the car which contained the treasure they were after.

But, were they after any special treasure, or was it only a coincidence that they had chosen that particular train for their

prey?

It looked the former.

"Looks like we're in for it," observed the fireman, as he held his hands on high.

"That's what it does," agreed the engineer, in easy manner of speech, taking care to keep his hands well up. "There is no use kicking when they have got us lined with Winchesters."

"That's hoss sense," averred one of the raiders, who stood guard over them. "You fellers keep yer hands straight up, and you won't come to no harm. We don't want to harm nobody, ef we kin help it, so you mind what ye've been told and ye won't git hurt."

"Who is your captain?" inquired the engineer.

"Captain Joaquin."

"The deuce you say! That settles it, Tom," to the fireman. "We had better keep right on reachin' skyward."

"Et won't be healthy fur ye ef ye don't," they were again warned. "Captain Joaquin is after the funds of the Castleville Bank, and he is bound to have 'em at any cost."

"The Castleville National Bank?"

"Jist so."

"What have we got to do with the funds of the bank? Does he think they are in the express safe to-day?"

"He don't think it; he knows it."

"But, he is dreaming. What would the bank's funds be on our train for?"

"The bank has closed up its business, to take effect at noon

to-day, and the capital is on its way to San Francisco. But, it will never get thar."

Perhaps the engineer and fireman did not notice it, but the Western twang and mannerism of this man's speech were forced; it was evident that his natural speech was correct – that he was no border tough.

"Well, I guess nobody knew it," the engineer commented.

"Oh, yes; Captain Joaquin knew of it," assured the man, with a light laugh.

No more was then said, the engineer and fireman giving their attention to what was going on at the express car.

The messenger had refused to open the door when ordered to do so, and had already killed one man and wounded another, firing through the barred ventilator close up under the roof.

The robbers were preparing to use dynamite.

Back in the cars the others were holding up the passengers, but without any attempt at robbing them.

This, of itself, was proof that the express car was the objective point; they meant to risk nothing by attempting to make the robbery general.

By some accident, or by some passenger daring all to take the initiative, the robbers might lose control in one of the cars, and if that happened, and they kept the people in the cars together, they might be successful in beating the robbers off.

On the other hand, one man standing just within each door, with a cocked and leveled Winchester in hand, and his finger on

the trigger, they had all the advantage in their favor, and might hold it as long as they desired.

Thus matters stood in the coaches, while events in the vicinity of the express car were coming to a climax.

Among the travelers in the smoking-car was one whom we must notice. About thirty years of age, he had keen, dark eyes, and hair that partook of the same shade and fell in a wave upon his shoulders.

He had a graceful mustache, and his regular features made him rather more than passably good-looking.

He was simply, almost roughly, clad.

At the first sound of the whistle he had started up, and had seemed to take an interest.

At the next alarm a couple of guns sprang to his hands, and he called on the others in the smoker with him to prepare for a possible attempt at robbery.

There were, perhaps, a score of men in that car.

Some of them drew guns, but when the train stopped and the masked men with their Winchesters appeared, the sight took all the bravery out of them.

The young man we have described, like the others, after a hasty look around to see what the others were doing, raised his hands, but the weapons remained close beside him on the cushion.

They were not allowed to leave their seats; all that was required of them was to sit still and keep their hands in sight.

This they did.

But there was a grim look on the face of the man described, as if he wanted only half an opportunity to act.

In all the cars the situation was the same, and presently to their ears came the sound of an explosion that could be felt as well as heard. The express car had been blown open.

Immediately following the explosion the report of a pistol rang out in the smoker, and the robber nearest the rear door dropped in his tracks. Another, and the one in front dropped his rifle and uttered a howl of pain, and all the men in the car looked in astonishment.

There stood the man we have mentioned, with both of his weapons in his grasp. So lightning quick had he acted that no one had detected him in the act until the shots were fired.

But he did not remain inactive.

"Follow me!" he called out to the others. "Back me up, and we will beat them off and cheat them yet. We are ten to their one, and they'll be too rattled to shoot straight."

He ran for the rear door, even while speaking, and some three or four made bold to follow him, with pistol in hand, but for the most part they hung back like cowards. Straight to that door, and out, and into the next car, where two more of the robbers were stationed.

Opening the door suddenly, this man clapped his revolver behind the ear of one of these, and commanded him to drop his gun, which, at the touch of the cold tube, the fellow promptly did.

The other, however, at the other end of the car, brought his rifle up to his shoulder and gave warning that he was going to fire.

Before he could do so, however, for it required aim to avoid hitting his comrade, the traveler had thrown one arm around the neck of the robber he had disarmed, and, in a twinkling, let fly a snap shot from behind that living barricade and placed the fellow at the other end of the car hors de combat. The passengers sprang to their feet with a cheer, and it looked as if they were going to get the upper hand.

CHAPTER II.

DICK'S FRUITLESS RISK

Deadwood Dick, Junior!

He it was who had, at the risk of his life, made this break to cheat the train-robbers.

"Follow me, every man of you who has a gun!" he called out to them. "We can do these fellows up in short order, if we go for them in the right manner. Who is with me?"

There was another cheer at that.

"We're with you to a man!" some one shouted. "You lead the way, and see if we ain't."

"All right! Follow me, but if I go down, don't let that check you; go right on and you will run clear over them by force of numbers. Now, then, here we go for them!"

With that, Dick dashed out of the doors and leaped to the ground, his brace of revolvers in hand ready to do execution.

He began firing the moment he touched the ground.

Two other fellows had followed, but, at the return fire from the outlaws, one of these fell dead and the other lost the use of an arm by a bullet.

Dick himself had the closest kind of a call, a bullet zipping past his face so close that he felt it touch his skin, taking away a strand of his long hair in its flight.

But that did not stop him even for an instant. Two men had already gone down before him, and now a third, and, had he been supported, the victory would have been easy; but those who had cheered the loudest were the first to draw back, when they saw the others drop.

They hesitated, drew back, and then dived into the cars again as if it were raining bullets without, and dauntless Dick Bristol was left entirely alone and unsupported.

Hearing the outlaws yell, Dick looked back and realized his position.

Without turning to look the other way again, for that would have been to lose a fraction of a second of opportunity, he dropped to the ground and almost the same instant came the sharp crack of three or four rifles.

For a moment there he lay; then his revolvers cracked, bringing out at least one cry of pain. Again he was on his feet, dashing for the nearest car. Once more he dropped, not because he saw any one aiming at him, but because he knew they had had just time to do so.

Very true guess, for the rifles spoke out, and again he had escaped their bullets.

Upon the instant, another leap carried him to the platform, and for the time being he was safe.

"Curse you for the cowards you are!" he cried, facing his fellow-passengers.

"Why did you not back me up as you promised? We had them

dead to rights then, had you but done your part!"

"And they would now have us dead," argued one of the timid ones, "the same as that poor fellow they did drop."

"And whose death counts for nothing, because you did not take advantage of the moment," retorted Dick, hotly.

Dick Bristol was disgusted.

Outside the cars, now, at a sufficient distance to command a good view, men were watching for the appearance of a head.

The same trick could not be repeated; the advantage once lost was lost for good and all, and Fighting Dick's chagrin was great to think that he had risked so much and gained so little.

"And for whose death you are responsible," rejoined the one who had spoken before.

"Not so much as are you," cried Dick.

"It was not I who led the foolhardy attack," the retort.

"We are all well aware of that," sneered Dick. "You were too much a coward even to follow."

"You mean I had too much good sense."

"I mean what I said."

"Then you lie!"

Smack!

That man was stretched his full length the same instant.

"A little too much, that, when I risked my life to lead you to an attack that would have been a success if you had only supported me. There is no good reason why those fellows should not be our prisoners this minute!"

No one else ventured to dispute the point, and the fellow Dick had floored got slowly up, nursing an injured eye, and went muttering to a seat and sat down, while Dick paced up and down the car aisle, like a caged tiger. For a leader so intrepid, the defeat was crushing.

In the mean time the looting of the express-car had been successfully accomplished.

The car was a strong one, built without end doors, and calculated to withstand a severe siege, but it was not, of course, proof against dynamite.

The messenger had made a good defense, but, after the explosion, which shattered the side door and made a huge rent in the side of the car, it was found that he had been killed by a piece of the flying iron.

"Served him right!" cried Captain Joaquin. "If he had opened the door in the first place we wouldn't 'a' harmed him."

"They will never learn sense," from one of his men.

"He never will; that's certain."

They bounded into the car, a sledge was used to open the safe, and therein was found the treasure they were after.

There were several packages of bills, each marked \$10,000, and each securely tied and sealed. These Captain Joaquin seized upon immediately, and crammed into a bag which hung by a strap from his shoulder.

"Is that all?" asked his men.

"Don't see anything more, do you?" he demanded.

"Not here; but the passengers may pan out well if we run 'em through the mill."

"To Hades with the passengers! What do we want with them after this rich haul? But, hold on! There is one of them that I want and must have."

"You want a particular passenger?" demanded one of the men, in amaze.

"Yes, I want but one particular person."

"Which one?"

"The fellow who killed Charlie and Bill, and almost stampeded the train. I know him, and he shall pay dearly for it. Besides, he is a chap that we want out of our way, anyhow."

"Why, who is he, captain?"

"Only Deadwood Dick, Junior, is all."

"Deadwood Dick!"

The little that could be seen of their faces, beneath their masks, proved that more than one of them went pale on hearing that name spoken.

"Nobody else, and he is our mutton now, and we'll make him the sickest man in seven counties before we get done with him. He has been after us long enough; now we'll hunt the man-hunter to his doom."

"Hurrah! that is the talk, captain!"

The captain leaped out of the car, the others after him, and Captain Joaquin shouted to the men on the engine:

"Hold those two fellows under strict cover, boys, until I give

you the word; then get down and let them go. I'll be done in a minute, now; soon as I get a man."

"All right, captain!"

"Come on, boys!"

The leader ran in the direction of the smoker, the others at his heels, save those who were standing guard around the train, and leaping up the steps he boldly entered.

Deadwood Dick was sitting sullenly in his seat, having deposited his valuables in the legs of his boots, and would not lift a finger to defend the passengers who had failed to support him at the critical moment.

He did not know what was coming, else he could have picked Captain Joaquin off easily as he entered the door.

"Hands up!" shouted the captain.

His own revolver and half a dozen more over his shoulders covered the whole company.

Up went their hands, Deadwood Dick's among the rest, and all expected the usual course of proceedings to follow; but in that they were mistaken.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," called out the leader. "I don't want your tin this time; I am after the chap who led the insurrection in this car awhile ago. Deadwood Dick, Junior, rise up and surrender, or we will fill you full of lead where you sit! Take your choice."

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN JOAQUIN'S CAPTURE

"Deadwood Dick, Junior!"

The name was upon the lips of all the passengers, instantly.

They looked in Dick's direction, as he rose up as ordered, and the look on their faces would be hard to describe.

"Here I am!" responded Dick, in his firm manner. "If these passengers are willing to let you take me, so be it; I shall not kick. Better that I should surrender than that any one should get hurt, I suppose."

"Some one would get hurt if you didn't surrender, that is a certainty," Captain Joaquin declared.

The passengers were pale, and no one offered to defend the gallant Richard of the Lion Heart.

"Well, here I am."

Dick was as cool as Captain Joaquin himself, and stood awaiting the pleasure of that notorious outlaw.

"Do you happen to have a pair of handcuffs with you?"

"Yes, a couple of pairs."

"One will answer the purpose. Let's have 'em, and one of my men will see how they will fit you."

"Just a word first."

"What is it?"

"What do you intend doing with me?"

"That is something you will learn all in good time. Come! the handcuffs!"

"If it is your intention to kill me, I may as well die right here as anywhere; if you intend to give me a chance for my life, all right."

"Don't shoot here!" called out a timid passenger.

"It would be a good thing to do a little of it for your especial benefit," Dick declared ironically.

"No, don't resist, but go with 'em peaceably," the passenger urged. "It is better that one should make a sacrifice than that all should come to grief," he argued.

Dick and Captain Joaquin laughed.

"I intend to give you a show," said the latter. "Come, there is no time to fool away!"

Dick Bristol saw that there was only one chance for him. He knew that to hesitate ten seconds would mean his death. He was in a death-trap, and the dead-fall was ready to be sprung at a touch.

"All right; here you are!" he said, lowering his left hand, and thrusting it into his jacket pocket, he produced the required article. "Shall I put 'em on myself, or will you come and attend to that?"

"Put 'em on," said the captain. "I'll undertake to see that they are secure after that."

"All right."

There was a click, and Deadwood Dick stood handcuffed.

If only that car had contained half a dozen such men as he often had around him as allies!

As it was there was not a saving hand – not a single spirit brave enough to attempt his defense; and it was just as well, for had there been one such, he would have been unsupported; it would have been a needless sacrifice of a brave man.

"Now, then, come this way!" Captain Joaquin ordered. "Have you got any baggage aboard?"

"Not an ounce."

"All the better."

Dick advanced, as ordered, and way was made for him to pass out, the outlaws still covering the passengers with their guns.

One of their number laid a hand on Dick as he passed, and went with him, while the others backed away from the door, their revolvers still to the front, and sprang to the ground.

Captain Joaquin sounded a whistle.

His men backed away from the train with him, their Winchesters and revolvers ready for instant service.

When they had withdrawn to the distance of several yards, the captain shouted to the engineer to go ahead, but the conductor swung his arm and countermanded the order.

He and the trainmen had been held up in a group by themselves while the robbers were doing their work.

"What's the matter with you?" cried the Red Rover.

That, by the way, was a name by which the outlaw was fully as well known as by his appellation of Captain Joaquin.

"That express-car is the matter," was the answer. "You can't expect me to risk the lives of my passengers by starting before I see whether it is fit to run or not."

"It will hang together until you get to the next station, if you are careful, and that is all you want. Go ahead!" to the engineer. "If you don't, we will riddle you with bullets and start your train ourselves and run you straight to Satan!"

That settled it. The moment they turned their guns upon the engineer he blew the signal to go ahead, and pulled the throttle.

Finding that the express-car was on its trucks all right, and that it would run, he pulled the throttle again, and there was nothing for the conductor and trainmen to do but jump aboard.

The band of outlaws gave them a parting cheer, swinging their hats until the train rounded the next bend and passed out of sight.

The dead, we have forgotten to mention, had been thrown into the express-car.

The wounded outlaws were hurriedly cared for while the horses were brought.

Scarce ten minutes had been occupied, all together, and in two or three minutes after the departure of the train the robbers were wending their way into the mountains.

It had been one of Captain Joaquin's most daring raids, and at the same time one of his most successful; certainly it had brought him more than he had counted upon.

And, besides, Deadwood Dick – whom he had feared if he feared any man – was his prisoner!

That was, after all, his biggest haul, and he breathed easier.

He had known for some time, or had, with good reason, believed that the prince of detectives was on his trail, and his vigilance thus had been severely taxed. Now he had this terrible outlaw and crook-hunter corralled; that was glory enough for one year!

"Well, Deadwood Dick, I have got you at last," he remarked, as they rode along.

"Yes, so it appears. You have been looking for me, then?"

"Well, we have been looking for you, yes."

"And what do you intend to do with me, now that you have got me? On your word that you would give me a fair show, I placed these handcuffs on my wrists, as you see."

"Yes, and I have not tried them yet, as I promised to do, by the way. Here, Jim, just see if this fellow's irons are safe."

One of the men rode forward and tried them.

"He can't git out of them 'ar things, cap'n," he reported.

"All right. It seems you put them on to stay, Deadwood Dick. You have the key to them, of course."

"In my vest pocket."

"All right. Just relieve him of it, Jim."

"You bet, boss! We don't want him springin' no tricks on us, hey?"

The outlaw thrust his fingers into Dick's pocket and brought forth a small key, handing it to Captain Joaquin.

"Not much of a trick I could spring on you, my good fellow,"

observed Dick. "If you tried it, you would find that you could not unlock the bracelets to save your life, even with the key in your fingers."

"Ther doose I couldn't!"

"Not if they were on your own wrists, no."

"All the same, I will retain the key," assured the Red Rover.

"And what kind of a fair show do you intend to give me?" again demanded the prisoner.

"What kind of a show do you want?"

"Just a chance for my life, that is all."

"You picked off two or three of our men, though," one complained.

"And you killed about as many of ours, so that account ought to stand squared," argued Bristol.

"Well, call it square," rejoined Captain Joaquin. "I said I would give you a show, and I will. How would you like to become one of us?"

CHAPTER IV.

REJECTING A PROPOSAL

Dick Bristol smiled grimly.

He knew that Captain Joaquin was no fool, and also that the outlaw did not take him to be one.

Was this the chance for his life the road-raider intended to give him? It looked so. Dick could plainly see the string attached to the gift.

He did not respond immediately.

"You don't answer," urged the Red Rover.

"What is the use? Were I to accept, all in good faith, you would not trust me."

"Why not?"

"Because I am Deadwood Dick, the Dead-Set Detective and Rogue-Runner."

Captain Joaquin smiled in his turn.

He and his men had now removed their masks.

"That is a good enough reason, certainly," he said.

"And that is the only show you intend to give me?"

"What else can I do? I will give you an equal share with the rest of my men of the plunder we have taken to-day, according to the rate I divide with them, and make you one of us. I can't do any more than that."

"There is no use our trying to fool each other, Captain Joaquin."

"Then you don't believe that I will do what I say?"

"Yes, I believe you will do that, if I say I will accept the proposition."

"Then what is the matter with your accepting it? You would make a fine lieutenant for me, now that poor Hoxey is dead – thanks to that express-messenger."

"I had rather deal openly with you than underhanded, Red Rover," was Dick's response.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what you know – that I am first, last and all the time against birds of your feather, and that were I to accept your offer it would be only to do you a trick at the first opportunity."

A murmur of admiration ran through the company of cutthroats.

"That being the case, I must recall the offer, that's all. I have no way of convincing you that I meant it in good faith."

"No, you would find it impossible to do that."

"Well, I have given you the show I promised."

"And it was about what I expected, at your hands. You have got me; you mean to do away with me. Well, I do not blame you for that."

"Thunder! but you are a brave cuss, Dick Bristol! What a team you and I would make, if we could only have confidence in each other and work together! But, that is out of the question."

"Entirely out of the question."

"Then, what can you propose?"

"Let me go, and I pledge you my word not to move against you for a period of ten days, you to observe the same armistice."

"And after that?"

"War to the knife again!"

"I hope you do not take me for a fool."

"Not at all, save only that all villains are fools in that they go wrong instead of right."

"Have a care, Bristol! Some word of yours may cost your life without a moment's notice. I am not the man to brook many such insults. I give you warning."

"Neither are you a coward, Red Rover. You would not shoot me down handcuffed as I am."

Again a murmur ran through the band.

"You have nothing more to propose?"

"No; I considered that proposition a sort of even exchange; that was all."

"An exchange? Where does the exchange come in, I would like to know? I do not see that I would be getting anything out of it."

"It would be giving me my life for yours. I could have picked you off easily when you entered that car after me, but spared you."

"Ha! ha! Lucky for you you didn't do that; you would have been a dead man the same instant."

"And you would have been just as dead, for I seldom miss my mark when I take a bead on a man."

"Then why didn't you shoot me? Come, now, why didn't you?"

"Because I knew it would cost the lives of the others in the car, who hadn't the nerve to follow where I led, on the first occasion. It would have been much easier to have shot you than it was to take those two fellows who already had the drop on the car."

"Well, that cuts no ice with me, since you didn't spare me for any love you have for me. There is really no reason why I should spare you, that I can see."

"Nor I."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"All I am asking is a fair chance. When I put on these handcuffs I had your word that I would get that."

"And I have given it and you have refused it. I can do nothing more than that. It has been war to the knife between us, as you expressed it, and I have won the fight. I would be a fool to give up the advantage gained."

"Just as you have a mind to look at it."

"Suppose you had captured me, would you let me go again?"

"No, sir!"

"Then say no more about it. Neither can I let you go. I would be a fool if I did."

"Well, I have to agree with you, Captain Joaquin. As I said before, there is no use in our trying to fool each other. We are foes to the bitter end, and so be it."

The outlaw gave a nod and a wave of the hand in acquiescence, and which, at the same time, cut the subject short.

A little later he called a halt.

"Here, men," he said, "is the place for us to part company. You know what the programme is."

They answered that they did.

"You, Hurley, I will make my lieutenant in place of Hoxey. Take the men on at speed to Injun Ford, and there divide your force, half going up the creek and half down. Part by twos, and scatter to every point of the compass until the time of meeting, as agreed."

"All right; we understand," answered Hurley.

Captain Joaquin dismounted.

"But, what about ther prisoner?" his lieutenant inquired. "What are we goin' to do with him?"

"Hang me if I know," responded the Red Rover, rubbing his chin in a meditative manner.

"Jist whatever you say, captain," assured Hurley.

"I am afraid to trust him with you, boys," decided Captain Joaquin, after a few moments' reflection. "He would be sure to find the soft spot in your hearts, if you have got such organs, and play upon it. I guess I will take him with me. Dismount, Deadwood Dick!"

"And be murdered in cold blood somewhere in the mountain passes?"

"You will be shot here and now if you don't."

"Well, it is about as broad as it is long," observed Dick, throwing his leg over and leaping lightly to the ground. "You hold the winning card, captain."

"Yes, and I intend to play it for all there is in it, too," was the rejoinder. "Come, boys, off with you, and make all the time you can, for the sheriff and his posse will be on your trail in less than two hours."

"And let him catch us if he can!" cried Hurley, as he touched his horse and led the way, the riderless horses being led.

The others cheered as they followed, and as soon as they had passed out of sight, Captain Joaquin turned to Dick and said:

"Now, then, Deadwood Dick, you follow me."

CHAPTER V.

TURNING THE TABLES

Captain Joaquin met with the surprise of his life, just there!

Deadwood Dick's hands came up to the level, the handcuffs swinging by one wrist, and in each hand a gun!

"I prefer to have you follow me, Red Rover!" Dick said grimly. "If you make a move or a sound you are a dead man in the same instant, I give you fair warning."

The outlaw turned as white as chalk.

"Curse you!" he hissed. "You have tricked me, after all!"

"Everything is fair in love and war," with a smile. "You are my prisoner."

"Cursed idiot that I was for not hanging you to the first tree we came to! But, do you not mean to give me a show?"

"About as much of a show as you gave me, perhaps."

"You have got me; I own the corn. But let us come to some sort of terms. I have got about seventy thousand dollars here in this bag; I'll divide even with you and each go his way."

"What is the use of dividing, when I can have it all if I want to take it?"

"Do not be too sure of that – "

"Hold! I read your thought in your eyes, my man. If you make a move to get a gun you will die before you can say scat! Dick

Bristol seldom misses his mark."

"Curse you! But before you shall have this wealth you shall murder me to get it; I will defend it with my life."

"I do not want it; that is, I want you and it together."

"Then you mean – "

"To hand you over to the authorities, yes, and restore the funds to their owner."

"You are a fool! Here is a life-time fortune within reach of your hand, Deadwood Dick, and if you do as you say you will not get more than five thousand, at the most, for your risk and trouble."

"That is your way of looking at it."

"My way of looking at it, yes."

"And you will not accept my proposition?"

"Decidedly not."

"Then I have another to make."

"What is it?"

"First let us draw back from this trail. I took leave of my men here in order to get away safely with the boodle – "

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

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