

believable. Even over the thumping of the engines they could hear his voice.

The 'scape pipes of the Eclipse shrilled forth steam with accelerated violence, and that vessel came nearer, nearer. What had happened? Had her engines broken down? Was she giving up the race? Submitting to her fate?

Scarcely a hundred and fifty yards separated the two boats. Then from the hurricane deck of the Eclipse came a smart, stiff puff of smoke—and a crack, like the cracking of a whip.

Hank Mitts had been shot directly between the eyes. That terrible animal was dead, and its roaring ceased. Some nervous reaction held the corpse for a moment, and Hank's fists flayed the air even while his body went limp. Even when he was falling, already finished, he seemed to be trying to fight.

His body hit the rail, low at this point, and rolled into the river.

Bells rang wildly, and the Lelia Johnson's engines were stopped. The shuddering ceased. The boat became uncannily quiet, and drifted through the water like a marine ghost.

Hank had been his own whole gang. The others, seeing him killed, seeing

the Eclipse coming closer, went into panic. They threw away their rifles. Some of them dashed for the cover of the galley or the engine room. Most of them stripped off their shirts and dived into the water, and soon the Mississippi was alive with bobbing heads. One perfect shot had ended the whole business and had broken up the most notorious gang of desperados the river ever had known. Aboard the Eclipse a tanned, blue-eyed frontiersman was calmly cleaning his rifle.

The Lelia Johnson, still coasting, caught up to the celebrated Eclipse, and passed her a little—actually beat her to Natchez, for by now both boats had rounded a bend and the city swept into sight. The Lelia Johnson had done well. She would never be the same boat again, true. But what of that? She'd beaten the Eclipse on her own run, and what more could any steamboat ask?

George Porton held a trembling, weeping fiancée in his arms, and patted her, and whispered to her, and kissed her tenderly, smiling.

"Everything's all right, honey. See? See, here's home now. We're home already, we came so fast."

THE END.



What's in a Name?

LLANFAIRPWELLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWILTYS-ILIOGOGOGOCH is the name of a little village in the island of Anglesey, North Wales, called Llanfair for short.

The name, as analyzed by Sir John Morris Jones, professor of Welsh at Bangor University, North Wales, means "Mary-church of the Pool of White Hazels rather near the swift whirlpool of the church of Tysilio of the Red Cave." The village is popular as a vacation resort.

Carlton L. Dalley.

The Gentleman and the Tigress

By BOB DAVIS

It was a mysterious and fateful package Omaha gave Lola when he went out to "face death"



"Burn this if I'm not back by ten," Omaha said

"AND I'm tellin' you, young feller," said Big Foot, slapping his sombrero at the tenuous cloud of greasewood smoke curling from the campfire, "this here readin' of books ain't no fit pastime for cow-punchers."

"Not if they can't read," answered

the lad, bending over a tattered volume resting on his saddle blanket.

Big Foot, ignoring the barb from the kid, picked his teeth in dignified silence. In the manner of his kind, having no repartee on hand at the moment, he rolled a cigarette and returned to the contemplation of the stars.