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## Thread of Life

By CLIFF FARRELL



His partner was trying to kill him

EN STANTON, wearing a gray wool sweater and socks that his mother had knitted for him on a farm back in Ohio, was as raw a chechacko as ever had hit Reelfoot on the Koyukuk, the day he landed on the last boat to run the river before the freeze-up.

A piece of yarn and a bucket were the only weapons of a trapped man against his would-be murderer

"Smart" Barkus had him sized up within an hour as just the type he had been looking for. Barkus thereupon began planning Ken Stanton's murder in a fishy, offhand way that was a side of his character which no one suspected.

Barkus had already killed one man, and had been summering in Reelfoot, drinking just enough to keep his mind off the crime, and still being careful not to drink so much that he would start talking about it. He had kept his ears open, too.

Barkus had nothing against young Stanton—except perhaps that he was a greenhorn. But Barkus needed an outfit—he needed it to take advantage of the results of his other killing—and he saw young Stanton deposit a money belt with Pat Murphy in the Killarney Bar for safe keeping.

Barkus was aware that men thought him dumb. He was a warped, squatty individual with long arms that dangled loosely as he shambled with a tired forward slant. He had small, dull eyes, a sharp mouth—and the remainder of his face was lost in an inch-long mess of greasy whiskers that were never trimmed, and yet never seemed to increase their length.

They had tacked that nickname— Smart—on him because Barkus, in an