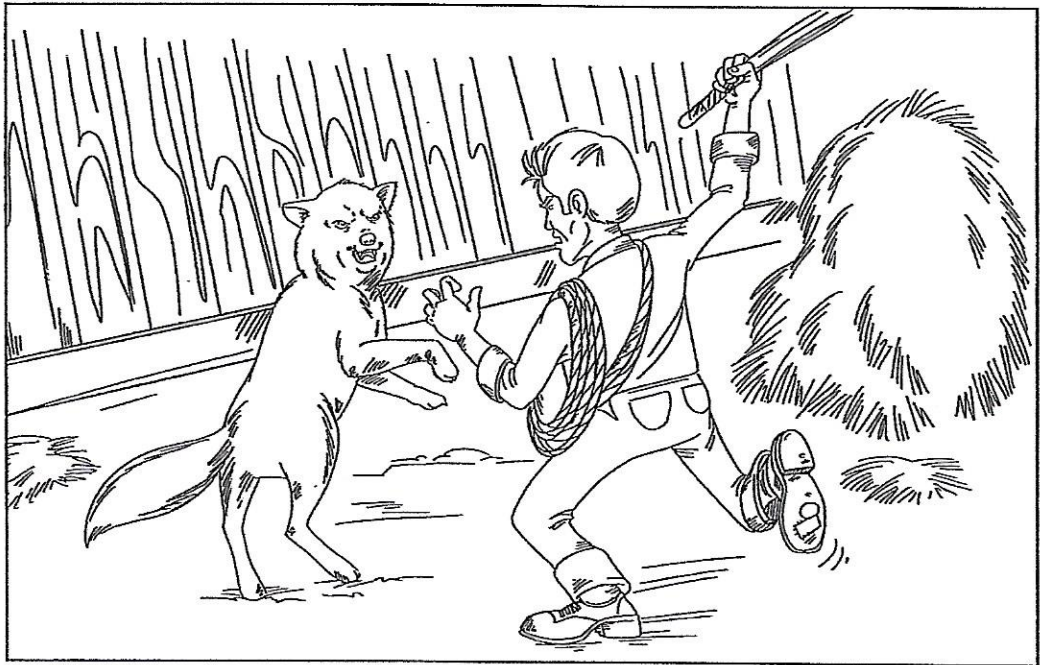


- 6 The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling at a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.



- 7 "Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure 'm."
- 8 Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.
- 9 "All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled; "an' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."
- 10 His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.
- 11 "How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.
- 12 "A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."