At Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound Baltimore express.\*

In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler.\*

Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed.\*

The two were handcuffed together.\*

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman.\*

Here the linked couple seated themselves.\*

The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand.\*

When she spoke her voice, full, sweet, and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.\*

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must.\*

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Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"\*

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.\*

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile.\*

"I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; it's otherwise engaged just at present."\*

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion.\*

The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror.\*

The glow faded from her cheeks.\*

Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress.\*

Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him.\*

The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.\*

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but, I see you're acquainted with the marshall here.\*

If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there.\*

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He's taking me to Leavenworth prison.\*

It's seven years for counterfeiting."\*

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color.\*

"So that is what you are doing out here?\*

A marshal!"\*

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something.\*

Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington.\*

I saw this opening in the West, and — well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but — "\*

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more.\*

He needn't ever have done so.\*

You ought to know that.\*

And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers.\*

That's different from the Washington life.\*

You have been missed from the old crowd."\*

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.\*

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man.\*

"All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away.\*

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Mr. Easton knows his business."\*

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.\*

"Not soon, I think," said Easton.\*

"My butterfly days are over, I fear."\*

"I love the West," said the girl irrelevantly.\*

Her eyes were shining softly.\*

She looked away out the car window.\*

She began to speak truly and simply without the gloss of style and manner: "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver.\*

She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill.\*

I could live and be happy in the West.\*

I think the air here agrees with me.\*

Money isn't everything.\*

But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid — "\*

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man. "This isn't quite fair.\*

I'm needing a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day.\*

Haven't you talked long enough?\*

Take me in the smoker now, won't you?\*

I'm half dead for a pipe."\*

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.\*

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly.\*

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"It's the one friend of the unfortunate.\*

Good-bye, Miss Fairchild.\*

Duty calls, you know."\*

He held out his hand for a farewell.\*

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style.\*

"But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"\*

"Yes," said Easton,\*

"I must go on to Leavenworth."\*

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.\*

The two passengers in a seat near by had heard most of the conversation.\*

Said one of them:\*

"That marshal's a good sort of chap.\*

Some of these Western fellows are all right."\*

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.\*

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why — Oh! didn't you catch on?\*

Say — did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his right hand?"\*

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