

"None the wuss if you ain't hit, mate," laughed Hank. "Joe, how do yer like bullets flyin' close beside you?"

To look at our hero it was an experience which he enjoyed, for he was smiling. But it was not because of the bullets. He was smiling at the sudden change in their fortunes, at the complete success of the special efforts which he and Hank had made, and at the thought that, instead of being chased by Hurley now, they might well turn the tables on him.

"We've a duty to do," he said so sharply, that the little hunter swung round upon him.

"Eh? Duty?" he asked.

"Yes; there's a murderer, a criminal wanted by the law. Our duty is to take him, so that he can do no more mischief."

"In course," came the ready answer, "that's what we're going to do. See here, Joe, I don't return to the settlements till we've got our man or rubbed him out entirely. It's the same thing to me whichever happens; only stop his game we will."

"Right! I'm with you," cried Joe.

"Then jest look spry and don't get standin' in the way of his rifle," grunted Hank, as he peered cautiously at the enemy.