

of shrill, familiar neighs and squeals; by a confusion of voices outside the cave. He sprang to his feet lightly, feeling his strength in him once more. But Billy ran into the cave before he could leave it.

The boy's face was pale, his eyes were shining excitedly.

"It's them two," he cried—"it's them two! No, ye needn't touch th' gun. It's them all right, but this time, doc, they're comin' as friends. This time they mean ye well."

"Ay, we do that," said a rough familiar voice outside.