

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

wheeled and when his finger pulled the trigger, Daws sank limply, his grinning, malignant face sickening as he fell.

The tall fellow in blue snapped his pistol at Dan, and as Dan, whose pistol, too, was empty, sprang forward and closed with him, he heard a triumphant yell behind him and Rebel Jerry's huge figure flashed past him. With the same glance he saw among the Yankees another giant—who looked like another Jerry—saw his face grow ghastly with fear when Jerry's yell rose, and then grow taut with ferocity as he tugged at his sheath to meet the murderous knife flashing toward him. The terrible Dillon twins were come together at last, and Dan shuddered, but he saw no more, for he was busy with the lithe Yankee in whose arms he was closed. As they struggled, Dan tried to get his knife and the Yankee tugged for his second pistol—each clasping the other's wrist. Not a sound did they make nor could either see the other's face, for Dan had his chin in his opponent's breast and was striving to bend him backward. He had clutched the Yankee's right hand, as it went back for his pistol, just as the Yankee had caught his right in front, feeling for his knife. The advantage would have been all Dan's, except that the Yankee suddenly loosed his wrist and gripped him tight about the body in an underhold, so that Dan could not whirl