

A DEPUTY SHERIFF HITS THE TRAIL 275

"I saw it," said I.

"Well, I went to wash in my shirt, and I left my jacket in there. Now——"

"By heck! You're up against it if the pardon is in your jacket."

"Well, say!" said Yuma. "This ain't a matter for debate. This here is a matter for prompt action."

"Lend me your gun," said Apache. "Mine's in there too."

Yuma held his hand and Pete returned the gun to him. Then Yuma handed it over to Apache Kid.

"Easy now," I said. "You've to get away again without making a fresh crime."

"Sure," said Pete.

"It's dead easy," said Yuma. "I'll do it."

"Do what?" asked Apache.

"I'll run along and shout at the door: 'Say—you looking for Apache Kid? He's in the washhouse. He's climbin' out the washhouse winder on to the roof. He's on to you.' Out he comes at my excited hail, and then—" Yuma looked at Pete, at me.

Pete wagged his head, bent to our joint "grip," and pulled it from under the bed; produced two guns, took one, and gave me the other.

Yuma held out his hand to Apache for his gun to be returned.

"Now," said Apache, "I'm the only one shy a gun."

"Well—you want to be," said Yuma.