

## CHAPTER XVII

### DORALES RUNS AWAY

LOOK!" said the soft voice of Coravel Tio. "Look up at the skyline!" Mrs. Crump tore herself free from that restraining hand—but she looked. She looked up, beyond Abel Dorales, above Abel Dorales, at the line of the hogback that cleaved across the hot blue sky. She stood thus, looking, wonder upon her.

There, clear-cut and sharp against the quivering blue sky, appeared three figures. They were the figures of a horse and two men; one of the men carried a bundle in his arms. This last figure sank again from sight almost instantly, as did that of the horse. The figure of the other man came down the steep slope, came down swiftly and eagerly.

Abel Dorales saw Mrs. Crump look upward. He saw the others follow her gaze, saw the startled and wondering surmise that filled their eyes. He turned, catlike, and looked. He stared at that tall figure, whose clothes were torn and dishevelled, whose forehead was streaked by the raw, red brand of a hot bullet. He stared at that figure, which was coming down the hillside rapidly toward him.