

"It's a jolly place," said Cashel approvingly. "I'd no idea you could be so comfortable here. I'll make it my headquarters as long as you let me. Till I can find something to do."

"I'll go and see about sellin' Sam to-morrer," said Billy, "an' then you'll have a little money. Oh, things ain't so bad but they might be worse. I feels awful mad, though, when I think o' him stealin' Sinker and cuttin' off."

Cashel listened and watched, grateful in his weariness to have reached even this strange haven, a smile in his tired eyes. But Billy's queer consolations could not lighten his heart.

He ate the food Billy had prepared, and then threw himself on the sweet pine needles to rest. Billy blew the lantern out, and went and sat on a stone at the mouth of the cave, communing with himself. Sam stamped softly, and filled the cave with a warm, friendly smell of horse. The stars looked in upon Cashel as with shining eyes, more beautiful than plains-people ever see them. A little bar of cloud rose from the east and floated slowly past the stars. "Perhaps it's from Cehultzœn," thought Cashel drowsily. And before the shining cloud had floated out of sight, he was deeply asleep.

He slept all night, motionless, dreamless, upon the sweet pine needles. Billy crept in, saw how it was, smiled well pleased, and made himself comfortable elsewhere with a blanket. At the first pale beginning of dawn, Billy awoke, and slipped out softly to get water. But Cashel did not stir.

He was aroused at length by warm, triumphant beams of sun shining full upon his face: by a tumult