

wonder why I've stood for what I did, do you, you scrimp! Fire him, eh, to get a cowardly knife or shot in his back! You think I didn't know what would happen if I let him out, eh? Get out of here, you cur! And get out now—while you *can*!" Burton's voice rasped, hoarse with passion. He turned abruptly away and strode quickly in the direction of the camp.

"Hold on, wait a minute, Burton," cried the other, following him. "Don't get batty."

Unconsciously Munford had tightened his grip on McGuire's arm until the latter whimpered with the pain, and now Munford lifted him bodily to his feet making cautiously for the spot where the horse was standing. The two figures were still discernible, and Burton's angry voice continued to reach the listeners, though the words were now indistinguishable.

Munford's face in the moonlight was colorless, the muscles around his mouth twitched convulsively. "D'ye hear what they said? D'ye hear what they said? *My God!* d'ye hear it all?" he was mumbling incoherently in McGuire's ear, his eyes strained up the road.

"Ycs, I heard it. Let go of my arm, you're breakin' it!"

"He's comin' back," said Munford, hoarsely.

Burton had disappeared around a turn in the road and the man, after hesitating a moment, began to retrace his steps to his horse, muttering fiercely to himself as he came along. As he reached for the bridle, Munford leaped out and grasped him by the throat, choking back the man's cry of terror.