

"Oh! Waiting for Apache Kid."

"Well—where is Apache?"

A door at our end of the corridor slammed, as if in answer to our question, and Apache passed along the corridor whistling, with ruffled hair, and a towel in his hands.

"Come in here, damn you," whispered Pete. Apache started, and was inside our room on the instant.

Hurriedly Pete told him of the peace officer in his room. We made no attempt to greet him, or to ask him what he was doing in the city, why he risked visiting the sports.

"Oh!" he said, and paused, and gave a frown of thought. "Is the window open?"

"Can't call to mind." Pete considered. "Yes—for sure—I remember the little dinky cover on the table in the window was waving in the wind."

Apache walked to our window and looked out.

"No," he said, "I'm not a Rocky Mountain sheep. I wonder—I wonder——"

"What?"

He sat gently down on the edge of the bed and began to towel his hair.

"I see your arm is working again," said Yuma.

"Eh! What? Oh yes, sure! I wonder——"

"Can we help you out of it?" said Pete.

"Well, what I'm wondering is this: do you remember the pardon?"

"Sure," said Yuma.

"Yap—heard of it," said Pete.