

"Hello ! Hello !—are ye all dead ? Loo ! Thor ! Margat !"

He had no strength to answer, but there was a trampling of horses outside, a heavy step, the door was forced open, and in strode Corney, handsome and hearty as ever. But what a flash of horror and pain came over his face on entering the silent shanty !

"Dead ?" he gasped. "Who's dead—where are you ? Thor ?" Then, "Who is it ? Loo ? Margat ?"

"Corney—Corney," came feebly from the bunk. "They're in there. They're awful sick. We have nothing to eat."

"Oh, what a fool I be !" said Corney again and again. "I made sure ye'd go to Ellerton's and get all ye wanted."

"We had no chance, Corney ; we were all three brought down at once, right after you left. Then the Lynx came and cleared up the Hens, and all in the house, too."

"Well, ye got even with her," and Corney