

with his family; a sheep-herder. Shea had come and had drunk mescal. He had become drunk, beastly drunk. I am not certain of what took place, because unfortunately I arrived too late—but the woman was dead, and Shea had fallen over the edge of a gully, breaking his neck. He had been shot, also. I think the woman must have shot him—first.”

Under the lash of these slow words, delivered with a frightful appearance of truth, Mrs. Crump had gone quite livid. A hoarse, inarticulate growl came from her throat. The mortal pallor of a fury beyond all control came upon her; she trembled with sheer passion.

Then she started forward—but the hand of Coravel Tio gripped into her wrist.