

"I shot the condor. I'm afraid I shot you too, but I had to take the chance. Let me see your arm."

Sure enough there was a clean little puncture through the biceps. The scratches, many of them deep and ugly-looking, promised to give much more trouble than the bullet wound.

Rod rose unsteadily to his feet, and after several attempts tottered over to where the condor lay, still at last.

"He must weigh fifty pounds! And look at that spread of wings." He pointed to the one that lay half unfolded, the tip a good five feet from the body. "How far is it to the cave, do you suppose?"

"Nothing shaking on that cave noise. We leg it back to camp to have your wounds looked after."

"Those scratches? I should say not. We can make the cave before the King's muscles stiffen. I want him spread out and stuffed. And he's the King all right. There's the gold band around his foot."

Rod had his way, though Phil objected at every step. He carried the big bird, while Rod stumbled along at his side, more hurt than he