

The reporter and editor had made the most of it. There was a long account of the horse-thief's career, largely confined to facts, but some "items of interest" undoubtedly were evolved out of the writer's inner consciousness. Jack left that part of the report for final reading, and began at the point describing the capture.

"Last evening when the Indian, Moke, was returning home from work, he caught sight of a big man slouching into the town. The form of the man was familiar to him, and knowing he was a bad character, he went on the fellow's trail, with the craft and stealthiness of his forefathers, instinctive, because he had not dwelt among his people since his childhood."

As Jack paused for a moment amazement was depicted on the faces of most of the listeners, on that of Jim Brown especially. Bossy assumed a critical air, as if he were about to listen to a story that would have to be closely scanned, weighed, and if found wrong in the balance, to be promptly relegated to the region of untruthful things. Jerry gruffly asked him if he felt unwell, and was told to mind his own business.

"Moke's bein' ther is suspicious," said Bossy. "Sich cove-incidences don't happen out of story books. You may depend that he and Blunt had chummed up, and Moke thought it better for himself to give the tother away."

A look from Jim Brown put an end to his premature comments, and Jack was permitted to read the report to the end without further interruption. It seemed that, in the town, Jake Blunt temporarily eluded Moke, but he was still near enough to him when he attempted to commit the crime he was charged with, to hear the assailed man cry for help. Moke rushed to the rescue, and with a blow dealt with a stick, stretched Jake Blunt senseless. The police were soon on the spot and Blunt was taken to prison.

"Bravo, Moke!" cried Jim Brown. "You did that job well."