

whom followed a saddled pony. The pony was very weary.

It was not the man at whom Mrs. Crump looked, however. It was the bundle in his arms which drew her startled attention—that bundle was unmistakably a baby! She realized that Thady Shea had not been wandering in his mind after all. It was a baby, a little brown baby who was cooing and laughing in the face of Coravel Tio.

Hastily, Mrs. Crump stepped forward, Coravel Tio turned to meet her.

"Señora, this is my friend Thomas Twofork, of whom I told you. He has been following those gods of the San Marcos, and now he has found them."

Coravel Tio gestured toward the earth, where lay the seven stone gods sprawled in grotesque attitudes, one alone being upright, grinning stonily. But Mrs. Crump paid no heed to him or to the smiling Thomas Twofork. From the latter's infolding arms she seized the baby with a sudden and fierce gesture.

"Where'd ye get it? Where'd Thady Shea get it?" she demanded, sharply.

Thomas Twofork, standing there in the sunlight, told his story, while Mrs. Crump fondled the baby with admiration and kindness growing in her keen blue eyes.

Thomas Twofork had located that battered yellow suitcase at the Hotel Aragon, had seen