

From the doorway of the shack came a sharp report; a fleck of dust lifted, slightly to one side of the running figure of Dorales. There came a second report, and a fleck of dust lifted from between the running feet of Dorales. Mrs. Crump was throwing down for the third and final shot when Coravel Tio wrenched her arm aside.

"For the love of Heaven, stop!" cried Coravel Tio. "No murder, señora! Go and look after Shea—quick!"

He tore the revolver away from her; then he watched Abel Dorales until the half-breed turned a bend in the cañon and was lost to sight.

Gilbert and Lewis had run to lift Thady Shea, and Mrs. Crump joined them. Tears shone upon her cheeks as Thady Shea came to his feet and faintly smiled at her. His lips moved, and a panting whisper reached her ears.

"The baby—look after—her! I—knew—you wouldn't mind——"

"Carry him into the shack, ye galoots!" snapped Mrs. Crump, crisply, one hand dabbing the tears from her eyes. "Can't you see his mind's wanderin'? Hurry up, now!"

Despite Shea's protest, they obeyed her mandate. She followed them as far as the shack doorway, then paused. Another man had come down from the hogback, had suddenly appeared from nowhere, and was talking with Coravel Tio; another man, tall and swarthy of face, behind