

white hand. The two first fingers were merely unsightly stumps that had been hidden in the padded glove.

'Good God! Van Loo's brother!' said Demorest recoiling.

'No!' said Jack, with a grim face, 'it's what I have long suspected—it's Steptoe's son!'

'His son?' repeated Demorest.

'Yes,' said Jack; and he added, after looking at the two bodies with a long drawn whistle of concern, 'and I wouldn't, if I were you, say anything of this to Barker.'

'Why?' said Demorest.

'Well,' returned Jack; 'when our scrimmage was over down there, and they brought the news to Barker that his wife and her diamonds were burnt up at the hotel, you remember that they said that Mrs. Horncastle had saved his boy.'

'Yes,' said Demorest; 'but what has that to do with it?'

'Nothing, I reckon,' said Jack, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, 'only Mrs. Horncastle was the mother of the boy that's lying there.'

Two years later as Demorest and Stacy sat before the fire in the old cabin on Marshall's claim—now legally their own—they looked from the door beyond the great bulk of Black Spur to