

## CHAPTER XXX.

### *CASPER MAKES CONFESSION.*

AFTER a time the paralysis which naturally follows such a period of excitement passed away, and we proceeded to look about us. The place resembled a shambles. Three of the Indians and our faithful Muggins lay dead inside the shack, while in a corner lay Jack Bushby, still unconscious from the blow delivered by Ruth with the butt end of the rifle. I think Pierre would have been glad to take my sword and run him through and so relieve the world of an evil character, but I restrained him.

"In God's name," I said, "we have surely had a surfeit of bloodshed to-day. We will let the wretch live."

Then outside the shanty, lying about the door, there were three more dead Indians, and one still bleeding from a mortal wound that he had received in his breast. Casper lay about ten or twelve yards from the doorway. He was the last one that we examined, and we found that although the bullet had passed clear through his body in such fashion as to create a mortal wound, still he was not dead. While we were examining him he suddenly sat up. We were as greatly startled as we would be if someone had appeared to us from the dead. He gazed blankly around as if his mind had gone from him. We stood mutely by, no one caring to speak. After a little he rubbed his brow