

wounded comrade, I reckon. We don't want *him*. Swing out and go for the horse; well forward, in the neck or shoulder.'

Demorest swung far out to the right of the road and raised his rifle. As it cracked, Steptoe's horse seemed to have suddenly struck some obstacle ahead of him rather than to have been hit himself, for his head went down with his fore feet under him, and he turned a half-summersault on the road, flinging his two riders a dozen feet away.

Steptoe scrambled to his knees, revolver in hand, but the other figure never moved. 'Hands up!' said Jack, sighting his own weapon. The reports seemed simultaneous, but Jack's bullet had pierced Steptoe's brain even before the outlaw's pistol exploded harmlessly in the air.

The two men dismounted, but by a common instinct they both ran to the prostrate figure that had never moved.

'By God! it's a boy!' said Jack, leaning over the body and lifting the shoulders from which the head hung loosely. 'Neck broken and dead as his pal.' Suddenly he started, and, to Demorest's astonishment, began hurriedly pulling off the glove from the boy's limp right hand.

'What are you doing?' demanded Demorest in creeping horror.

'Look!' said Jack, as he laid bare the small