

felt that he must see the spot where he had left George Harrington ; and to do this he doggedly set forth, making his way to the mouth of the gulch, and then spending half the day in getting round and back to the ledge, along which he and his companion had passed the day before.

It was nearly midday when he passed the spot where they had lain down and slept, and he would have given anything to have rested, but he contented himself with slaking his thirst at a trickling spring and doggedly went on.

"I must see him, and get his rifle," he muttered, as he trudged on, till at last, peering cautiously about the while, he reached the place where Harrington had stood gazing down, and he had delivered that cowardly blow.

For a moment or two he hesitated and stood panting, with his hand to his side. Then, taking a step forward, he peered down to gaze upon his ghastly work, and stood there, as if fascinated, before he made a terrible effort, and turned and fled.

For there below him, and interposed between him and that he wished to see, was his huge enemy of the previous day, bending down, and evidently licking the rock ; till, divining danger, it looked up suddenly, uttered a low fierce growl, and began to climb.

But by the time it reached the rocky path, Dan Portway was out of sight, and he did not pause till he reached the little camp, from which he took the few things he sought, refreshed himself, made ready a pack of necessaries, set fire to the rest, and mounting the horse left hobbled in a grassy hollow, rode slowly away.

"To seek my fortune," he said with a curious laugh ; and then, with bent head and thoughtful brow, he let the reins drop on the horse's neck, took a pin from out of his knife, and began to make experiments by pricking the skin of his wrist till it bled, and rubbing in gunpowder.

"Easy enough," he said, with a laugh. "Now we shall see what change of scene will do. Nothing like a removal when a place grows too hot."