

crushed, something that glittered like broken needles in the sunlight.

"It was the head of a rattlesnake," said Thomas Twofork, meditatively, "and not long dead. You see? The fangs caught in his arm. The two men fell and ground into the stones the arm and fang together; the fangs were ripped along his arm——"

"Ah, yes! It is very wonderful." Coravel Tio began to roll a cigarette. He gazed down the cañon where the running figure of Abel Dorales had disappeared, and speculation filled his dreamy dark eyes.

"Was there any poison in the fangs? Very likely, Thomas Twofork. Perhaps it had been there in the moment of death; beyond doubt, it had been there. Was it dried up, too dried up to take effect? Well, we do not know. Soon, in a day or two, we shall know. One thing I do know, however—I know that *I* would never meddle with the gods of the San Marcos. Eh?"

Thomas Twofork was a college graduate, but he was first an Indian. To this last word of his companion he nodded solemn affirmation. The two men turned and started toward the shack; but a few yards from the doorway, they halted and glanced at each other. From the building had come a sudden low sound of a woman softly sobbing. Into the eyes of Thomas Twofork leaped a mute question. Coravel Tio answered