

"He's dyin'," said Jerry. "I wunst saw a man who'd been squeezed between a engine and a thresher, and his face took the colour you see there."

Silva de Gama's face had assumed a leaden hue, and his piercing cries soon subsided down to faint moans. His eyes were turned upward and fixed. Jerry was right. His last moments had come.

Nothing could be done for him. When spoken to, he did not seem to hear what was said to him. Jack was sent back to the homestead to fetch brandy, kept for cases of sickness, and when he returned with a little of it in a tumbler, all was over.

"I don't like to say hard things of the livin', much less of the dead," said Jim Brown, "but I feel called on to say that he died as he lived, by vi'lence."

Leaving his men to lay out the dead decently, until the morrow, the worthy farmer, with the youths, returned to the homestead to spend the rest of the evening quietly, with the one disturbing thought, that Jake Blunt, the leader and most dangerous member of the gang, was still abroad.