

"And are you willing?"

"Yes."

Thayor paused a moment, then he said thoughtfully: "There is only one thing that worries me and that is how to get him clear of the woods and across the line. Somebody must help. The question is now whom can we trust?"

"That need n't worry ye a mite," answered the old man in a decided tone. "He's got all the help h wants."

Thayor looked up. "Who?" he asked in some surprise.

"Me and the old dog. We'll git him thar."

THE END