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from behind a huge rock, and just missing Peter's head, made them change their course. Peter dashed round the rock in one direction with his rifle at the ready, and Jim ran round in the other. The latter ran right into a hatless and coatless man, who, with his rifle raised, was waiting for Peter coming round the other way. Jim was too close to him to fire, but he dealt him a blow on the side of the head with the butt-end of his Winchester that bore him to earth. His would-be executioner's rifle was jerked from his hands, but next moment he had struggled to his knees again, and was looking around for a means of escape. And then his eyes rested on Jim's face. The recognition was mutual. The enemy was Redfish!

The kidnapper glared at Jim wildly for a moment, and then, as he realised that the lad whom he had fiendishly caused to be tied up and left to perish in a walled-up cave stood before him, either in the spirit or the flesh, he uttered an inarticulate cry and fell senseless.

"You see, he didn't exactly expect to see me again," observed Jim as he knelt down to place his prisoner in a more comfortable position. "Fetch some water in the crown of my hat, Peter, for I see you've lost yours. Look, there's a spring over there. I'll take his knife and fire-