

## NEMESIS

poor Baptiste. Petrie's confederates had all escaped, having deserted and hidden in the bush when first the enemy was sighted. Joe had turned tail and fled, apparently divining that an end had come to his career.

"Now we'll have grub. After that we can discuss the next move," Bray had decided, and the whole party readily fell in with his views.

The rancher of the road had come well supplied with the necessaries for this function, and a hearty meal was soon shared by all. The boys, Bray, and the two chiefs were seated a little apart from the others; and when the pipes were lighted, and positions of ease adopted, Mark turned to Dan.

"Now, old man, give us an account of yourself! We had a bit of excitement about you, so the least you can do is to tell us exactly what it was all about, so that we can best decide what to do next. You need not be afraid of my confidence. I was once your father's best friend. My name is Mark Bray. I come from Beaver Creek."

Dan looked at the speaker with a puzzled expression.

"Bray—Mark Bray?" he questioned, and the man replied:

"I was your father's chum before—well, it does not matter what. But it is a fact that is easily proved."

"I understand," returned Dan.