

find officers waiting for him. That is all. He paid too much attention to the gods of the San Marcos, and not enough attention to business. Ah, yes! Now, I am very curious to find what made so much blood upon the arm of Abel Dorales. I wonder, now!"

He beckoned to Thomas Twofork. The two men walked away, their eyes intent upon the stony ground of the hillside.

Mrs. Crump went into the cabin, bearing the baby. Somewhat to her surprise, she found Thady Shea sitting at the table, enjoying a hearty meal by the aid of Gilbert and Lewis

"My land, Thady. I thought ye was plumb laid out. So ye've come back at last, huh? Well, set steady a while till I get some water on the stove—got to fix this here baby up a bit. Pore little critter! Don't know when I've seen a baby chortle like this here one."

Presently she had disposed the baby upon her own bunk, and found that the two men had gone. She was alone in the shack with Thady Shea and the baby. She went to the table and extended her hand.

"Thady," she said, her blue eyes moist, "have—have ye forgiven me that blow?"

He stood awkwardly, gripping her hand, a glow spreading over his face as he read the message in her eyes. Seldom had he seen her eyes look so tender, so womanly.