

Whispering Smith

The first shot of the cowboy at two hundred yards had passed, as he knelt, through both temples.

They laid him at Seagrue's side. The camp was made beside the dead men in the wash. "You had better not take him to Medicine Bend," said Whispering Smith, sitting late with Kennedy before the dying fire. "It would only mean that much more unpleasant talk and notoriety for her. The inquest can be held on the Frenchman. Take him to his own ranch and telegraph the folks in Wisconsin—God knows whether they will want to hear. But his mother is there yet. But if half what Barney has told to-night is true it would be better if no one ever heard."