

Justin Wingate, Ranchman

At the door of the ranch house she fell forward on the neck of the horse and slipped in a limp heap to the ground; but she was up again, with hand pressed to her heart, when Pearl Harkness dashed out to assist her.

Behind Pearl came Lucy Davison and Mary Jasper. They had heard the thundering of hoofs, and but a minute before had seen Sibyl ride into view at that mad pace from behind the screening stables. She had outridden the stampeded cattle. The curving cañon wall had turned them at last, and they were beginning to mill.

There was blood on Sibyl's lips and a look of death in her ghastly face; yet she smiled, and tried to stand more erect, when she saw Mary.

"Help me into the house, please," she whispered faintly; "I—I'm afraid I'm hurt."

Supported by Pearl on one side and by Lucy and Mary on the other, Sibyl entered the house. Inside the doorway she reeled and put her hand to her eyes. She stiffened with a shudder, as she recovered.

"I must lie down!" she gasped; but when she took another step the blindness and faintness returned, and she fell, in spite of the supporting arms.

Pearl's cry of alarm and consternation reached the room where Philip Davison lay. It was a lower room and furthest removed from the mesa, but he had heard the rumble of the stampede. The sound of excited voices, Sibyl's heavy fall, and that outcry from Pearl Harkness, called back the wasted strength to his weakened body. He appeared in the