you?" Bill's eyes clouded as he turned away.

"Ain't yer got nothin' ter say ter me—afore—afore"— Jim Haskins held out his hand to Steve.

"Boys," Steve mumbled, "you ought to know that it wasn't me—why, I wouldn't harm a hair of the old man's head. I never touched old man Seton, so help me God!"

The men all turned away but Tony. He was to strike the pony with the quirt, making him jump from under Steve and leave his body dangling from the tree.

Tony saw that the men were not looking and grabbed Steve by the arm. Steve writhed in pain, A love affair of Steve's had aroused the Mexican's jealousy. Now was his hour of triumph.

When Tony let go Steve's arm a few drops of blood were on the brown, rough hand. He shuddered and started to wipe it off on his shirt.

A ghastly shrick came from the Mexican and he fell to his knees. The men all looked at once. Tony's eyes were rolling.

"Here, yer dirty hound, get

up!" shouted a man.

"Santa Maria! Santa Maria!"
moaned Tony, "eet was nota
heem! Eeet was nota heem who
killa de ole man! Et wts I—I
Tony!" and he tried to shrink
away from the bloody hand. The
away from the bloody hand. The
stains had formed a cross on
Tony's hand and superstition had
wrung from him his confession.

Steve was lifted from his horse that the cat's asleep.

tenderly. Then there was a smell of rawhide burning against dried wood. A shot rang out. A tiny hole, with a halo of red, appeared between the greaser's eyes as he was jerked upward, and Big Bill shoved his gun back into the holster.

ABOUT PEOPLE



This little boy with the black eyes and black hair, is Rene, one of the best little horsemen at Washington. Rene is the son of Senor Ballivian of the Bolivian legation and the grandson of the minister from that country. He was born in Bolivia and came to America when a little baby; now he's all of two years and six months. His dearest possession

George H. Lorimer says nothing makes a man so polite as a little competition. Grocery business, yes; love affairs, no George.

is a dapple-gray hobby horse,

The wise mouse never assumes that the cat's asleep.

deale grows, must, "A ben the un carbet