

Cassy still lay upon the ground moaning pitifully and clutching convulsively at the tussocks that came in contact with her fingers. The spectacle that the fallen roof had hid caused the men to utter exclamations of wonder. Mistaking the purport of these, Cassy Tatum writhed on the ground in an agony of grief, and refused to answer when Private Chadwick called her.

The sight that met the eyes of the men was enough to carry them away with astonishment. The baby, unhurt, lay on the floor in the midst of hundreds of gold and silver pieces, and was trying to rub the dust out of its eyes.

“Dag-gone my skin!” exclaimed the tall Indianian; “that baby’s pyore grit!” Then he added, with a chuckle, “Liter’ly kiver’d with it.”

Chadwick went to Cassy, and, stooping over, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying gently: “Jest come an’ look at him, Cassy!”

Mistaking his tone and intention, she writhed away from his hand, crying out: “Oh, kill me! kill me before I kill myself. Oh, please make haste! Oh, me! He was all I had in the worl’!”