

Given—me—by—Sioux—out on—Barrens. Asked—Grand—with—me—partners—read it—couldn't—myself. Grand—read—know—he—did—look—in—his—eyes—but said—couldn't. Then—tried steal—it. Nigh—knifed—me. Stopped—him. He went. Then left myself—was coming—to you. Grand—trailed me—you know—rest—Red."

Radley stopped from sheer exhaustion, and his eyes closed again, so that Hal imagined the end had come. But even as Mackintosh bent over him the man opened his eyes. The words came weak and even more haltingly now.

"It's—yours—Red—in my shirt poc——" And those were the last words that Radley, son of the great wilds, spoke.

Hal Newlands gulped, and his eyes moistened. Half ashamed of the weakness he drew his hand across his eyes, then, catching sight of Red Mackintosh's face knew there was no shame in the tears even of a strong man. For Mackintosh, the taciturn giant, the rugged soul who lived and had always lived in a world of danger, and blood and bare desolation, was dashing away glistening drops as he bent over the form of the man who had been his friend, although the friendship had mostly been one of distance, rarely one of close companionship.

He laid the red handkerchief—the one time flag of truce—over the pain-drawn face, and then, swift as lightning, was round facing the door through which le Grand had disappeared a little while before.