

## THE DISCOMFITURE OF ROGUES 333

if he could only keep on the right side of him by warning him against some of his mates, he, Redfish, might in return favour him when disposing of the plunder. He had therefore suppressed his naturally discontented and fault-finding proclivities to fawn and humiliate himself before the man who in his heart he detested and despised—as even rogues can despise. Now, when he found that his leader had allowed himself to be trapped by one white man, two boys, and two Indians, his mortification and futile rage almost affected his reason. Despite the vigilance of the troopers and his own sufferings, he jerked Redfish's manacled wrist about so, and expressed his opinion as to his late leader's lack of foresight in such condemnatory and insulting terms, that the troopers momentarily expected they would fly at each other's throats. As, however, they would be less likely to give trouble by attempting escape, and it was all in the way of retributive justice, the specious alien, though checked, was not separated from his fallen idol.

It was found that the wounded would in all probability recover. They would be kept on the banks of the Saskatchewan until boats were brought up from Pasqua, when they would be embarked and speedily taken downstream to that point.