

Brothers of the Wild

"The beggar's all in!" said Red, as he began to crawl over to where Radley lay. A hurried examination showed the man was unconscious, evidently exhausted by his severe struggle forward and the blood that he had lost from the wound in the back.

"Is he——" Newlands began, but Mackintosh shook his head.

"No," he said, "he's not dead, but he'll die, sure thing, unless we kin get him to the post. Listen, lad, you'n me don't know anythin' 'bout this business, 'cept that I'll swear the right's on Radley's side—he said so. But we've got to do something for him, and that can't be done out here in the open without any cover while those fellows are 'way back there waitin' to pick us off. Pierre le Grand's one o' the toughest breeds in the Company's service—an' a downright skunk. But we've got to play up to him—for Radley's sake."

"How?" Hal asked quietly.

"This way," was the reply. "I'm goin' out to see him—you'll keep your gun ready in case of treachery, and you'll have to have your eyes skinned, an' shoot at the least sign of treachery. Get me?"

"I get you!" Hal told him. "But, Red, you'll be pickied off as you go!"

"That's got to be ricked!" was the reply. "Even le Grand may respee' a flag o' truce. Anyway, we'll see!"

He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket as