

the disposal of Brun, who otherwise would have been a drag on the progress of Mackintosh and his assistant. He whispered as much to the factor, who merely said with a grunt :

“ Reckon that’s so, Hal, but we’ve got to take the horse.”

Beneath the gruffness of the tone, Hal detected suppressed emotion. As far as the Frenchman was concerned, there was no suppression—he was giving vent, in characteristic national fashion, to what he felt—to the evident embarrassment of Red Feather. Mackintosh went to the latter’s rescue, and got Brun at work putting the finishing touches to the horses.

“ Good-bye, Chief,” Mackintosh said very earnestly, shaking hands; and the series of farewells being made, the three mounted men struck north-east, while Red Feather began his long lonely march to due east.

“ There goes a white man with a red skin,” muttered Mackintosh, looking behind and watching the Sioux figure disappear below the brow of the hill. “ An’ now we’ll hurry ’long. I want tew know what’s happened at th’ fort! ”

The news that they got when they did arrive at the fort was startling enough. They had ridden hard, in order to make up for lost time, and fortunately had met with nothing to hold them up. Each day had seen a marked improvement in Brun, and the result was that when they reached the fort the Frenchman was almost as fit as his two companions. They arrived in the twilight, having determined to