

As Hal came suddenly into the light he did not see Wah-na-gi, and she, as she caught sight of him, drew back and whispered to herself: "He has come! He has come back. My man has come back."

Then he saw her and, coming swiftly to her, took her in both hands and lifted her up clear of the floor as he might have lifted a child, while the rough men gave vent to their joy and excitement by cheers.

"Put me down, please," she begged. "Please put me down, Hal."

When her feet touched the earth, her first impulse was to go to the wounded man. Apart from her kindly instincts she could hide her emotions at a moment when she suffered at their exposure.

"I'm all right," said Cadger surlily. "I don't want to be fussed over."

"You let her fix you up," said Hal, in a tone that implied obedience, and Cadger submitted with a bad grace.

"Boys," he said to his retainers, "I can't tell you how glad I am to get home and how sorry I am to have broken up this party. Never mind, to-morrow is Christmas and I'll have a wagon-load of supplies here in the morning and we'll have a Christmas that you won't forget to your dying day." At this there was a lusty cheer. "For the present there's a little matter of business must be disposed of before we go any further. Get chairs all of you, all except Silent. Silent, you stand by the door, take my gun, and see that neither of the prisoners gets away or disturbs the proceedings. All the rest of you sit down and while