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the factor's face that told him it would go hard, unless he obeyed that command. . . . And the breed, with humped shoulders, slunk by into the small room of the hut. As he did so Radley opened his eyes and lifted himself, painfully, chokingly, on to his elbow and glared about the room. Hal Newlands knew then the meaning of that crisp order of Mackintosh's ; he knew that Red had realized that the very sight of the breed would be sufficient to undo the work of the past ten minutes.

"Where—is—he—the breed?" gasped Radley, but Mackintosh put the horn cup to his mouth and made him drink of the spirit it held. Not much—just sufficient to bring a touch of colour to the face that had gone white beneath the tan of it. Radley dropped back on to the rough pillow then, and looked gratefully up at Mackintosh.

"Where is he, Red?" he asked again, but Mackintosh merely said :

"It's all right, Radley, leave the breed to me!"

For a while Radley, seemingly, had not the strength to answer, but at last, after another sip at the cup, the recumbent man said scarcely above a whisper :

"Red—chum—Grand's—after—my—secret—it's mine. It's mine—I—tell—you, Red. He'll swear—it's—his—but——" A spasm of choking stopped him and undid the work that Red was engaged on with wad and wash lotion. He went on again, however, after touching his lips to the cup. "As the God lives—above us—Red—he—lies.