

Brothers of the Wild

who risks his life for his brother. But, so surely as the paleface gets the writing, so surely will the Sioux end this truce which I make—unless the paleface gives it up. We shall go hence, when our wounds let us, and trail the traitor.”

“You’re welcome to stay here until then,” said Mackintosh quietly.

The chief thanked him, and so there, amid the scene of the great fight, there was a temporary pact arranged between paleface and red man—a pact that was to lead to many strange adventures and to end in a way that neither of them dreamed of on that day.

Things being settled, Mackintosh and Hal, after a hot drink, set about repairing their broken door and windows. They worked all through the rest of that night in order to get it done, and had the aid of one of the red men, less injured than the others to watch while they worked, lest the half-breed should be lurking somewhere with intent to pick them off. Nothing of the kind happened, however, and they had finished the work just before the winter’s dawn. Then they performed the last rites over Radley, whom they buried in a deep snowdrift some distance from the hut.

That done, they had breakfast in the hut, with the Indians sitting there too, partaking of the frugal fare, and then, tired out, they went to bed, to make up for the lost night’s rest. They slept on until well after midday, and when they awoke it was to find that one of the Indians had prepared a