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were presently marching across the snow waste bearing the unconscious man to the fur-trading post, which was reached in a short time.

There Red Mackintosh laid Radley upon his own rough bed, while Grand and the red men were told to go and sit down about the fire that was still going. Hal, acting upon Red's instructions, soon had hot water in a bowl to hand by the time that Mackintosh had unfastened the clothing of the wounded man. Red made a close examination of the wound, which he found to be a bullet hole in the back. He inspected the man's chest, to see if the bullet had made a clean passage, but there was no sign of it having done so.

"It's inside him, Hal," he told Newlands. "And pretty poor chance he's got of livin' it out up here."

He was bathing the wound now with a solution that he had made up from the medicine chest that was part of the equipment of the post. Rough surgery it was, indeed, for Mackintosh knew no more of the science than the average trader who wrested his living from the wilds, and who had to be ready to do most things that came along. A finger probed into the wound searched for the ball—but did not find it, and although Red had made that experiment as gently as he could, it was so painful to Radley that it caused him to twitch even in his unconsciousness.

"We'll have to get him round now," said Red, after he had padded the wound to stop the bleeding, and thereupon fell to work administering restor-