

"We'll send 'em up to headquarters," he said. "They can perhaps find someone who'll like to have 'em. Paper's not there—but—I wonder!"

He turned upon the Indians at the far side of the hut, and Hal was not left long in surmising what had struck the factor.

"Red Feather!" he said. "The paper for which the half-breed and your people came is gone. Either Grand has taken it or one of you! Which?"

Red Feather lying on the floor instantly vowed that neither he nor any of his men had touched the dead body.

"I knew," he said simply, "when that traitor came out of the hut that he had it—but what could I do? He lied to you, Red Fox, when he said that that man there"—he pointed to Radley—"stole the paper, and now he has played the traitor to us—to whom the paper rightly belongs! Well for you, Red Fox, that he has, because no paleface shall have that writing and be safe."

"Why then did you let that half-breed get it?" demanded Mackintosh.

"Because he promised it should be ours when he had it, and we were to pay him well for his work," was the reply of the chief. "Came to us and told us that he had seen the great writing of our fathers, and would help us get it. He——"

"Wait a bit, Red Feather," said Mackintosh. "What's this writing about. Where's it come from?"