

be the dickins to pay wi' the home folks, don't worry! "

"Aye, man, I reckon we'll be down fer mutiny an' all sorts o' things," Mackintosh said, with a grim smile. "But it'll be worth it, Ma. Tell ye what, I'm thinkin' o' makin' the v'yage home fer a change—and I know the lad would like it—eh, Hal?"

"I would indeed, Red," said Hal Newlands eagerly. He was thinking of what he would be able to do with the gold that he had discovered. "But we can't get there, Red!"

"Aye, lad, but we can," Mackintosh told him. "Bit o' a journey down th' coast an' 'e'll pick up a ship somewhere or t'other an' then——"

"Miss the next season out there?" Hal said, waving a hand indefinitely.

"Oh, reckon we can send someone to keep our word for us, lad," Mackintosh assured him. "We've smashed th' conspir'cy an' that's the chief thing—any white man'll do to keep faith fer us till we kin go oursel's 'nother time."

He told McTavish of what he had promised Red Feather and Wolf Fang about the next season's trading, and McTavish nodded as he said:

"Reckon we can fix up that all right, Red. An' there's no need fer ye t'go down coast fer a ship—there's one due in about a week wi' winter supplies. We kin go in that an——"

"Yew comin' tew?" Mackintosh asked.

"D'ye think ef there's trouble fer some o' us I'm