

why it was that le Grand had gone out so humbly without making a fight for the paper on which he set such store, and he told himself that it was because the man, cunning, crafty with all the craftiness of the red man's blood that ran in his veins, was sure of his ground. Alone there in the wastes Mackintosh and his assistant would be helpless against Grand and his half-dozen red men, if they chose the right moment to attack, and Hal had half feared that Mackintosh had overlooked the possibilities. It was, therefore, with great relief that he heard Mackintosh's words, and he knew that the Sioux would understand, for Mackintosh, famous among the palefaces as he was, had no less a reputation amongst the Indians, who knew him by the name of Red Fox.

The door clanged back as the last Indian went out, and Mackintosh turned to the youngster.

"An' that's that!" he said simply. He got down to business right away then. "Sorry, lad," he said, "but we've got to let Radley stay here for a while, poor devil. Can't go out to dig him a respectable grave until those skunks have had time to clear—if they do clear. Won't mind—er—sleepin' in the hut with *him*!"

A momentary shudder passed through Hal, but he plucked up and said: "No—not if you're here, Red!"

"Right," was the reply. "Now it's time to get a sleep, but we'll sleep one at a time. We've not done with Pierre ie Grand yet!"