

so. He was across at the bed on which still lay the dead body of Radley. Hal was at his side and watched him unbutton the leathern jacket, fumble in the pocket of the woollen shirt, and bring out his hand—empty!

For a moment or so he stood staring down at his dead chum, and Hal was as much amazed as the factor himself. They both realized now what had happened and why le Grand had been missing when the fight was in progress. He had evidently climbed in at one of the windows, and having heard Radley tell Mackintosh where the paper was had taken it out, buttoning up the dead man's clothes again. Then, coming out at the end of the scrap, he had dealt, as he thought no doubt for good, with his two enemies, and would have gone off with his Indians, but for the fact that they had resented his not having helped them when they had done so much at his behest.

"It's gone, Hal!" Mackintosh said quietly at last, and, despite his anger at having been fooled by the breed, he yet held himself in hand, in reverence for his dead friend.

"Perhaps Radley made a mistake and the paper's in another pocket!" Hal suggested as quietly, and Mackintosh, acting upon the suggestion, searched every pocket. There were many pieces of paper, but none of them coincided with his description of the piece they sought. Mackintosh placed all the contents of the pockets in a little heap tenderly and sadly.