

towards the inner room of the hut just a second or so before Hal had peeped out, and he had seen reflected in a large mirror—one of the trade goods used in barter with the Indians for pelts—the door—the door with its hole, and, what amazed him for the moment, an eye at the hole. Then had come the shot, aimed, as Red realized, at the light which was just in front of the mirror—as if the intention were to darken the hut and so make the task of attack easier.

Very quietly he crept to the hole in the door, and, kneeling beneath it, took a look at the mirror. He had known he was taking a risk of being seen from outside, but to his relief he discovered that the light and the mirror were so placed that nothing could be seen from there.

He said nothing, but Hal obeyed the motion of his hand, which beckoned him to take up a position just underneath the hole in the door. Wondering what it meant, Hal did so, crawling round about to avoid being seen. Mackintosh, on his part, had also crept to the spot, and there he whispered to Hal what he had seen.

“Good for us, too, lad!” he said. “I’ll go back and watch; when I raise my hand, get up sharp—and fire through the hole.”

He did not wait for Hal to signify agreement; he took that for granted, and went back to the position from which he could see the reflection in the glass. Hal kept his eyes glued upon Mackintosh, waiting for the signal. Waiting—waiting——