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had been Mackintosh's description of him, and in face of that, and in view of the cunning underlying all that the breed had said, Hal had no hesitation in making up his mind.

"The man who told the truth was—Radley!" he said, and, even as he spoke, he felt a thrill pass through him because of the look that Grand gave him. The effect upon the breed was tremendous: he seemed to become a demon, an animal lusting for blood, and his hand swept to his belt where protruded the stock of a pistol.

"Drop that!" barked Mackintosh, springing as he spoke, and he wrenched the pistol from the hand of the breed. "And—get out!"

With the pistol he pointed to the door, and for a moment Hal really thought that Grand would jump for the factor. That did not happen, however: instead, Grand turned on his heel, kicked upon the door, threw a curse over his shoulder at Mackintosh and was gone.

Mackintosh smiled grimly at the breed's words. Then, his face set firmly as he turned to the Indians who had been silent witnesses of the episode:

"Go, follow him!" he told them, and, sullenly, they trailed out of the hut. The last man took the pistol that Red held out to him with: "Give this to Grand—and remember that the Red Fox sleeps with one eye open!"

Hal's heart leapt to his throat as he heard the words, for they were but the echo of what he himself was thinking. He had been wondering