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sullenly; "but if you will have it here it is—whether Radley's your friend or not! That man stole somethin' o' mine when I trusted him with it and——"

"As sure as the snow's under your feet that's a lie!" snapped Red, and his hands clenched ominously. "Radley never stole anything from any man yet—leave alone from a—a——"

"Say it!" said Grand, and there was a tense anger in his voice and his face paled. "Say it—a breed! I know what you mean, Mackintosh, an' heaven help you if you dare say it!"

Mackintosh laughed cynically, mirthlessly.

"Tain't that I daren't, Grand," he said quietly then, "but after all I'd like to be courteous! And, anyway, it's true what I say. Radley never stole anything or else he's a changed man since I saw him last!"

"I tell you he did!" shouted Grand. "Feel in his pocket and you'll find it—my paper, mine, with Indian writings on it. It's mine—mine, I tell you, Red, and I'm goin' to have it, even if I have to kill of all you white devils! Here, let me get it!"

He moved as if to approach the unconscious Radley, but Red was quick, and got between the pair.

"If you put a hand on him," he said ominously, "I'll smash your face, Grand! Now, listen——"

"I'm listenin' to nothin'," the breed said angrily, "'til I got my paper!"

"Then you'll hear nothin' this side o' the time