

'bout like this. Will you come over and talk, or——"

"Or what?" was the half sneering answer. "Say, Red, we got you all covered, I guess, or 'tennyrate, we can rush you when we want ter. What's the parleyvous about?"

"Come over an' see," Red said ealmly, but Hal could see by the twitching of his face that he was full angry at the breed's words. "My word to you, Grand, that there'll be no shootin' up 'less your erowd plays dirty."

The half-breed did not answer for a moment or so, and Red was content to let him work out what he intended to do. Finally, the man spoke and young Newlands got upon his feet at the words.

"Right, Red," Grand said. "I'll come parleyvous wi' you."

He handed his musket to one of his comrades and Red gave his to Hal, after which Grand walked across the yards of snow and halted before Maekintosh.

"Now what's the high-handed game, Grand?" Mackintosh asked him, and the half-breed leered back at him as he said:

"It's my side to ask what is adoin', Red. You interfere between men and——"

"So would any decent man," rapped Maekintosh, "when there's a bunch snapping at a fellow's heels like a wolf pack. An' besides, Radley's my friend! Now out with the yarn!"

"Don't know why I should," said Grand