

Hal had been out with Mackintosh at his post for a couple of years cutting his teeth, as it were, in the business of fur-trading, a career that he had chosen for himself when he was left fatherless in England. His mother had enough money to pay his passage to Canada, where he had applied for and obtained a situation with the Hudson Bay Company, and those two years had taught him enough for him to realize that when the red men started in on a thing it was generally a case of keeping at it until they achieved what they set out for. He knew too that with Pierre le Grand to urge them on they would use every effort.

"Eyes on the windows, Hal!" muttered Mackintosh, breaking in on his thoughts. "Listen, youngster, you never know what may happen, so you may as well be prepared. First off: take it from me again that poor Radley wasn't lyin'. Never known him tell a lie yet. Second: that paper, whatever it is about, once upon a time belonged to the Sioux. Radley told me a Sioux gave it to him, but more than that, it has Sioux writing on it—Grand let us know that. Then, again, it's evidently somethin' the Sioux want. Now, however, it's mine—ours, Hal, and——"

"Yours, you mean!" said Hal, but Mackintosh frowned at him to keep his tongue still.

"I say what I mean, lad," the factor said. "That paper's ours and there's somethin' to it. Therefore, if anythin' happens to either of us it's up to the other, as if't was a trust, to see that