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There came a quiet movement, and the breed stood in the doorway. Silence reigned—and Hal felt the tension of it. He wondered what was the next event in this drama of the wild. He was not left long in doubt.

“Grand!” It was Mackintosh’s voice, crisp though low in its reverence for the dead man lying on the pallet. “Your man is—dead. Whether you or one of your men killed him I do not know, and it is not for me to mete out justice. But ’way up at headquarters they shall know of this that you have——”

“My paper!” The words cut sharp from the breed’s mouth, and the great sacrilege of it stung Hal to the core. “You promised——”

It was evident that Mackintosh was only keeping hold of himself by a tremendous effort of will power, and Newlands felt that at any moment the restraint might go. Nevertheless, Red still held himself in, and when he spoke his voice was as low as ever.

“The promise stands,” he said. “What’s your yarn?”

The very words seemed to stun the half-breed, as though he had been expecting something very different; but he recovered himself instantly and began to pour out a torrent of words.

“He lied——” he pointed towards the dead man. “I heard him. The paper was mine—came to me from my—my mother. Look at it—’tis my people’s writings. Radley stole it from