

## CHAPTER III

### THE GREAT ACCUSATION

SOMETHING burning his lips brought Hal back to consciousness. He opened his eyes and saw Red Mackintosh leaning over him, holding the horn to his lips.

"'Lo, Red!" the youngster murmured, and he scarcely heard himself speaking for the din and the throbbing in his head. He found that he was inside the hut, and, raising himself, saw to his astonishment that there were several of the Indians there too. He looked questioningly at Mackintosh and the factor smiled grimly.

"Can you sit up, lad?" Red asked him. "Got a nasty knock, but it'll be all right, I think."

"Bit swimmy and jumpy, Red," Hal told him. "But I guess I'll not have to stay in bed!" He laughed a little as he spoke and looked across at the Indians again. They were helping one another wash and bandage wounds, and one of them came across to Mackintosh with a bowl of steaming water and a wad of stuff.

"Clean Red Fox's wound," the Indian said simply, and Hal marvelled more than ever at the change in the situation. What did it mean?

"Thanks," Mackintosh said, and took the bowl,