

stables Cameron and Scott, arrest that man at once and bring him here!"

In the village they found between eight hundred and a thousand men, many of them crazed with bad whiskey, some armed with knives and some with guns, and all ready for blood. Big Joe Coyle they found in the saloon. Pushing his way through, the Sergeant seized his man by the collar.

"Come along, I want you!" he said, dragging him to the open door.

"Shut that there door, Hep!" drawled a man with a goatee and a moustache dyed glossy black.

"All right, Bill!" shouted the man called Hep, springing to the door; but before he could make it Cameron had him by the collar.

"Hold on, Hep!" he said, "not so fast."

For answer Hep struck hard at him, and the crowd of men threw themselves at Cameron and between him and the door. Constable Scott, who also had his hand upon the prisoner, drew his revolver and looked towards the Sergeant who was struggling in the grasp of three or four ruffians.

"No!" shouted the Sergeant above the uproar. "Don't shoot—we have no orders! Let him go!"

"Go on!" he said savagely, giving his prisoner a final shake. "We will come back for you."

There was a loud chorus of derisive cheers. The crowd opened and allowed the Sergeant and constables to pass out. Taking his place at the saloon door with Constable Scott, the Sergeant sent Cameron to report and ask for further orders.

"Ask if we have orders to shoot," said the Sergeant.

Cameron found the Superintendent hardly able to lift his head and made his report.