

Indians were not all scared of the Hoodoos coming out of the woods and sucking their life blood while they lay around that way. Never hunted in their own woods, them Siwashes; scared of Hoodoos; only fished in the creeks and in the inlets. Now—there was a waste of good liquor, Smith thought, as he saw one of the coons rush after an Indian who ran about crazed and screaming, and deluge the retreating back with a pailful of whisky as if it had been water. He reckoned there couldn't be much left, or the sloop was sure loaded heavy.

Where were the other two fellows? He must locate them all before he started in to arrest—just in case of being taken in the rear by one of them. Away through the bush he went, from tree to tree, till he was at the end of the straggle of houses that constituted the village. They were not the old solid style, but poor imitations of the white man's shack. He looked through chinks in one after another, and retired from one after another thinking of the Temperance lecturer. One screaming debauchee came rushing round the gable of a house and almost collided with him, leapt aside, yelled again, and fled to the woods.

The next shack offered no peep-holes. Smith stood and bit his ragged moustache in thought, then slouched round to the front, slouched on, slouched to the door, all huddled and imitating the uncertain steps of one far gone under the influence of whisky, or ammonia and blue-stone water—the concoction of poison that is generally brought up in smuggling boats. He came to the door. He lurched in and, on the instant, in a hard and determined voice he said: "Now you —, don't let a cough out of you, or your name is Dennis."

He had treed one of the men he wanted. And