

of sharp command, "there's a row on. Constable Scott has been very badly handled in trying to make an arrest. You are to report at once for duty."

"All right, Sir," said Cameron, "I shall return immediately."

The Sergeant wheeled and was gone.

"You must go!" cried Mandy, quick fear springing into her eyes.

"Yes," said Cameron, "at once. Come, I shall take you home."

"No, never mind me!" she cried. "Go! Go! I can take care of myself. I shall follow." Her voice rang out strong and clear; she was herself once more.

"You are the right sort, Mandy," cried Cameron, taking her hand. "Good bye!"

"Good bye!" she replied, her face suddenly pale and her lips beginning to quiver. "I shall always remember—I—shall—always be glad for—what you said today."

Cameron stood looking at her for a moment somewhat uncertainly, then,

"Good bye!" he said abruptly, and, turning, went at the double towards his quarters.

The strikers had indeed broken loose, supported by the ruffianly horde of camp followers who were egging them on to violence and destruction of property. At present they were wild with triumph over the fact that they had rescued one of their leaders, big Joe Coyle, from Constable Scott. It was an exceedingly dangerous situation, for the riot might easily spread from camp to camp. Bruised and bloody, Constable Scott reported to Superintendent Strong lying upon his sick bed.

"Sergeant," said the Superintendent, "take Con-