

which were hurled down the stream and over the flats. A thing of brown water and sodden gray lumps tore the alders and swung across the meadow where the Beothic encampment had stood an hour before. The eastern stockade of the fort went down beneath its inevitable, crushing onslaught.

All day cakes and pans of sodden ice and snow raced down the river, and the air hummed and vibrated with their clamour. But the weight of the released waters had passed; and the fort had suffered by no more than an exposed side.