

follow his leader, Hal went sailing out with his axe and found himself mixed up into as pretty a hand-to-hand scrap as he could have dreamed of.

He was conseious of Mackintosh's figure—big fellow that he was—towering above all the others, swinging his axe, crashing it against musket and pistol, pounding it down upon axe blade; conseious, too, of the grim dread of those red men as they found themselves attacked instead of attacking.

But he was aware more than anything else of his own part in that fight. As he issued from the hut he had almost cannoned into a man who had sprung, as it were, from nowhere. Hal had a vision of him leaping at Maekintosh from behind—and the youngster went for him. The pistol that was raised went off, it is true, but the shot went wide because Hal's axe had gone down upon the hand that held it. The red man yelped with the pain and spun round, a shrewd blow that caught him on the knee sent him doubled up on the snow that was all trampled and churned up.

Hal left him there—and somehow the thought came to him to seek Pierre le Grand in that whirling mass. As he dashed for the fight, he looked for the breed, but he was nowhere to be seen amongst the four men who were engaged in the scrap—three Indians and Mackintosh. There had been six red men, Hal knew, but he remembered even then that one had had his hand smashed at the window, another had stopped the ball through the