

"Now, then," he said between his clenched teeth, "will you come?" So terrible were his voice and look that Hep's courage wilted.

"I'll come, Colonel, I'll come," he said quickly.

"Come then," said Cameron, reaching for him and bringing him forward with a savage jerk.

In three minutes from the time the attack was made both men, thoroughly subdued and handcuffed, were marched off in charge of the constables.

"Hurry, Scott," said Cameron in a low voice to his comrade. "I am nearly in."

With all possible speed they hustled their prisoners along over the bridge and up the hill. At the hospital door, as they passed, Dr. Martin appeared.

"Hello, Cameron!" he cried. "Got him, eh?" Great Cæsar, man, what's up?" he added as Cameron, turning his head, revealed a face and neck bathed in blood. "You are white as a ghost."

"Get me a drink, old chap. I am nearly in," said Cameron in a faint voice.

"Come into my tent here," said the doctor.

"Got to see these prisoners safe first," said Cameron, swaying on his feet.

"Come in, you idiot!" cried the doctor.

"Go in, Cameron," said Constable Scott. "I'll take care of 'em all right," he added, drawing his gun.

"No," said Cameron, still with his hand on goatee Bill's collar. "I'll see them safe first," saying which he swayed drunkenly about and, but for Bill's support, would have fallen.

"Go on!" said Bill good-naturedly. "Don't mind me. I'm good now."

"Come!" said the doctor, supporting him into the tent.