

blows struck upon the river-drivers and mill-hands of this valley. Take care! Behind me is the law of the land—her police and her soldiery.”

He paused. There was almost complete silence. He continued:

“This man is my prisoner; I arrest him.”—He put his hand upon the Indian’s shoulder.—“For the crime he committed this morning he shall pay: but to the law, not to you. Put up your revolvers, men. Go back to Viking. Don’t risk your lives; don’t break the law and make yourselves criminals and outlaws. Is it worth it? Be men. You have been the aggressors. There isn’t one of you but feels that justice which is the boast of every man of the West. You wanted to avenge the crime of this morning. But the vengeance is the law’s.—Stand back—Stand back!” he said, and drew his revolver, as the leader of the river-drivers stepped forward. “I will kill the first man that tries to lay his hand upon my prisoner. Don’t be mad. I am not one man, I am a whole country.”

I shall never forget the thrill that passed through me as I saw a man who, but a handful of months before, was neck deep in his grave, now blossomed out into a strong, defiant soldier.

There was a pause. At last the leader of the river-drivers spoke. “See,” he said, “Sergeant, I guess you’re right. You’re a man, so help me! Say, boys,” he continued, turning to his followers, “let him have the Injin. I guess he’s earned him.”

So saying he wheeled, the men with him, and they tramped up the slope again on their way back to Viking. The man who had achieved this turned upon the fishers.

“Back to your homes!” he said. “Be thankful that