

the bridge the crowd had recovered from their momentary panic and, with wild oaths and yells and brandishing knives and guns, came on with a rush, led by goatee Bill.

Already the prisoner was half way across the bridge, the Sergeant and the constable guarding the entrance, when above the din was heard a roar as of some animal enraged. Looking beyond the Police the crowd beheld a fearsome sight. It was the Superintendent himself, hatless, and with uniform in disarray, a sword in one hand, a revolver in the other. Across the bridge he came like a tornado and, standing at the entrance, roared,

"Listen to me, you dogs! The first man who sets foot on this bridge I shall shoot dead, so help me God!"

His towering form, his ferocious appearance and his well-known reputation for utter fearlessness made the crowd pause and, before they could make up their minds to attack that resolute little company headed by their dread commander, the prisoner was safe over the bridge and well up the hill toward the guard room. Half way up the hill the Superintendent met Cameron returning from the disposition of his prisoner.

"There's another man down there, Sir, needs looking after," he said.

"Better let them cool off, Cameron," said the Superintendent.

"I promised I'd go for him, Sir," said Cameron, his face all ablaze for battle.

"Then go for him," said the Superintendent. "Let a couple of you go along—but I am done—just now."

"We will see you up the hill, Sir," said the Sergeant.

"Come on, Scott!" said Cameron, setting off for the village once more.