

dog. It brought back the memory of days that seemed so far away to have the dog trotting at his heels as they went round the fort, and later, to see him lying stretched at full length on the floor of McTavish's house when the temporary leader of the factors at the fort was sitting round with his friends and talking about the thrilling events that had taken place during the previous weeks.

"What's th' mess, Red?" McTavish asked, as he puffed at his pipe, and Mackintosh told him briefly what had happened.

"'Tis better news than even ours this end, Red," McTavish said. "I was more afraid o' what the Injuns out yonder might do than those out here. Heard, y'know, o' the medicine fellow, but never thought 'twas thet blackguard le Grand. By gar, Red, 's been an affair, eh? Wherever we went we heard thet Morton was in the conspir'cy, an' I tell ye we had the dickins of a fight tew get th' Injuns out of it all. But we did it, an' when we came back t'day we just went an' bearded Morton, the rogue. He got high an' mighty, an' it seems he'd been expecting somethin' of the kind 'cos he'd got a lot of Injuns an' half-breeds up here. Thought we'd not dare anythin'—but we jest told him he'd got tew quit. What did he do? Jest had us pitched out 'fore we knew what was happening—and thet begun the fun. We'd been fightin' fer three hours 'fore yew came. Cleaned up all Morton's Injuns an' breeds that was outside, an' left Morton 'lone a bit. Then we started in on him—an' the rest yew know. . . But there's goin' to