

am thinking, friend, that this is my house,' said I, and springing upon him I placed my foot to his shoulder, and gave him a shove which would have sent most people heels over head. . . . But quick as lightning . . . he bounded from the ground, flung his mat away over his head, and struck a furious blow at my head with his tomahawk. I caught the tomahawk in full descent; the edge grazed my hand; but my arm, stiffened like a bar of iron, arrested the blow. He made one furious, but ineffectual attempt to wrest the tomahawk from my grasp; and then we seized one another round the middle, and struggled like maniacs in the endeavor to dash each other against the boarded floor; I holding on for dear life to the tomahawk . . . fastened to his wrist by a strong thong of leather. . . . At last he got a lock round my leg; and had it not been for the table on which we both fell, and which in smashing to pieces, broke our fall, I might have been disabled. . . . We now rolled over and over on the floor like two mad bulldogs; he trying to bite, and I trying to stun him by dashing his bullet head against the floor. Up again! another furious struggle in course of which both our heads and half our bodies were dashed through the two glass windows, and every single article of furniture was reduced to atoms. Down again, rolling like made, and dancing about among the rubbish—wreck of the house. Such a battle it was that I can hardly describe it.

"By this time we were both covered with blood from various wounds. . . . My friend was trying to kill me, and I was only trying to disarm and tie him up . . . as there were no witnesses. If I