

instant, and the arm that held the weapon dropped helpless as a clubbed musket struck it. Next instant somebody's pistol spoke, and Morton sagged to the floor, and did not move again. The fall of their leader took the heart out of his followers, who, although they fought for a while longer, seemed to realize their hopeless helplessness and at last threw down their arms.

"An' thet's thet, Red," said McTavish, thrusting his pistol into his belt. "Here, fellows, clear up this mess. Morton's dead, an' th' comp'ny an' th' country's well rid o' such carrion. Come on, Red, let's get out and see how things are there. By gar, Red, it's been no end of a time!"

Outside there was still plenty of bustle and confusion, but when the news reached the men that Morton was finished and that the fight was really over, something like order prevailed, although it called for a good deal of persuasion on the part of McTavish to prevent any excess. McTavish seemed to have assumed leadership now, and the next hour or so he was busy with one thing and another, so that the new arrivals had little chance of speaking with him. They accompanied him on his rounds, however, and it was during this that Hal found an old friend, who came leaping out of the gloom with a low bark of pleasure.

"Greycoat!" he shouted, and the dog went nearly mad with joy as he fawned and jumped and nosed at the master who had left him weeks, many weeks before. Hal was little less excited than the