

fighting, and there they saw a crowd of men firing at the windows of the governor’s house, and saw the vivid flashes of firearms coming from the house itself. A bunch of men were engaged on some mysterious operation in the gloom to the right, and just as Mackintosh had singled out McTavish from the crowd something happened that revealed the nature of the work in hand. With a “Heave-o, boys!” the men straightened up and set off at a trot towards the main door of the house, carrying what was a heavy tree trunk, which they were using as a battering ram. Shots whistled, and some of the bearers dropped to the ground; the others kept on—and with a crash the trunk struck the door. Several times this happened, and eventually the door gave way. Then the white men went rushing into the house and Mackintosh, followed by Hal and Brun, went in after them. It was a grim five minutes that ensued, grim and deadly, for the red men whom the governor had with him put up a plucky fight, and Morton himself was no coward, whatever else he was.

Into the very room where the “trial” of Mackintosh had taken place the fight led as the defenders retreated step by step, and at last Mackintosh, who had forced his way into the forefront of the attackers, stood face to face with Morton.

“You treacherous dog!” rapped Mackintosh; and Morton, who had not recognized him before, did then, and sprang for him with an upraised tomahawk. It would have finished Mackintosh there and then but for the fact that Hal had leapt at the same