

To which Mr. Wentzel replied, 'No, indeed, Archie.'

By the afternoon of the second day they had reached the locality indicated by the Indians as that where the bison were to be found, and the expedition moved forward with the greatest care, sending out scouts in all directions, lest they should come suddenly upon the herd, and stampede it before they were ready to deal with it. They made no fire in the camp that night, but stayed their hunger with cold victuals, and the following morning everybody was astir at day-break, and impatient for the fray.

They were entering upon a beautiful country. Away before them until they seemed to touch the horizon undulated the great plains of the Peace River, covered with the bunches of rich, thick grass that forms the bison's favourite food, and intersected at wide intervals by shallow valleys, along whose bottom ran lazy little tributaries of the Peace. The weather was perfect, and there was every reason to expect a successful hunt. Before they left camp there were some black dots to be made out toward the south, which were probably outposts of the herd, and toward these the hunters directed their way, spreading out into a long line, and moving as steadily forward together as the nature of the country permitted. Far in advance of the others were old Akaitchko and another Indian, whose very appropriate name when translated was Long Legs, the two most experienced hunters in the country, and these two the

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