

'Yes, indeed, father,' replied Archie promptly, much relieved at this turn in the conversation. 'I shot a young bison right behind the shoulder, just where you told me to.'

'Oh, ho! I'm glad to hear that,' said the factor. 'Suppose now we go back a bit, and see if there is anything left of the gun.'

They accordingly rode slowly back over the turf, torn up by thousands of furious hoofs, and had not gone far before Archie exclaimed joyfully—

'There he is; I know him by that queer tuft of hair on his hump. That's the fellow I shot.'

Lying on the ground at their feet was a splendid young bison, who had evidently died hard.

'So that's your prize, Archie?' said Mr. M'Kenzie. 'Let's see if we can find your bullet. On which side did you shoot him?'

'On his right side, father,' answered Archie.

The bison was lying on his left side.

The factor scanned him carefully.

'Right you are, laddie,' he cried, touching with his finger a spot just behind the shoulder. 'Here's your mark. Your pop-gun has been good for something after all. This is as fine a piece of meat as we shall get to-day.'

While they were talking the Norwegian had gone on, keeping a sharp lookout upon the ground, and presently he called out—

'Hurrah! I've got it, and I don't think it's injured