

hurt, though, being at the rear of the sleigh, he had been thrown over the heads of his comrades and had come down sprawling amongst the dogs. He picked up himself and his weapon instantly and crept to Joe's side, still grinning widely, while Beaver Jack, undisturbed by the upset, his gravity of demeanour and his native dignity not in the least degree ruffled, coolly turned the sleigh the right way up, dragged it backward, and called hoarsely to the dogs to lie down.

"We war jest meant to stop and have it out with them critters," said Hank, when he had shaken the snow out of his eyes and mouth. "Gee! that war a tumble. Lucky fer us there's soft snow. Ef it had been on bare ice, there's some of us would have had cracked heads. Ha! Hurley ha' thought better of coming along towards us. Guess this business is gettin' a little more serious than he wanted. Yer see, he had jest three at fust, three as didn't know he was following. Now he's got the same three, and only one to help him agin them. You sit low, lad; bullets has a way of striking jest when they ain't expected."

His own head went down of a sudden, while a bullet buzzed above them. Evidently it must have gone extremely near to the Redskin, who was then crawling towards them, for Beaver Jack's impassive face broke into a smile. His sensitive lips actually curled, those deep-set, penetrating eyes twinkled, while his curious chin went up and seemed almost to embrace the tip of the hooked nose.