

CHAPTER II

A BRUSH WITH THE BISON

ARCHIE'S first feeling was one of terror, and wild anxiety to save his own life. But so soon as he had risen to the surface and cleared the water from his eyes, he thought of his sister. Fortunately they had fallen close together, and at once he saw her struggling frantically not a yard away. Two eager strokes brought him to her, and catching her by the arm, he shoved her towards the canoe, crying out—

'Take hold of the canoe, Rose, quick!' Rose-Marie put out her little hands more by instinct than by understanding, and happily caught a good grip of the bow of the canoe, to which she clung desperately.

Archie came close beside her, and sought to cheer her by saying bravely—

'Don't be frightened, Rose darling; we'll be all right soon.'

Poor little Rose, all the colour fled from her plump cheeks, her curly hair clinging lankly about her neck, and her heart beating as though it wanted to break loose, made no attempt to answer him, but clung