

they brought it out from beneath the smashed lean-to with a jerk which tossed snow and sticks aside, and sent the rascally leader of this band of cut-throats rolling backward from the end. Hank seemed to fly to his position at the fore end. Joe fell across the sleigh as it flashed past him, scrambled aboard, and found himself gripping the sides closely; for a sleigh is no easy thing to ride when a strong team pulls it at fast pace across ground which is broken. It jolts and sways abominably, while often enough it will glissade, just like a petrol car rounding a sharp and greasy corner.

"Hold tight," shouted Hank, "and get yer shootin' iron ready for 'em! When we comes up to Beaver Jack, I'll hand the reins over to him. You'll take the centre place, while I'll nip in at the back, so as to be ready to shoot that 'ere Hurley."

Not a word passed between the two from that moment until they reached the spot where Beaver Jack was waiting for them. Swinging along at a glorious pace, and swerving and rolling, sometimes dangerously, they finally dashed up to the heap of snow behind which the Redskin had taken shelter.

"Now, Jack, you take them dogs," said Hank quickly. "Give me a hold of the rope tied on to your sleigh. There! It's fast to this; you kin move off when you're ready."

"But——"

"What?" asked the hunter somewhat curtly, interrupting Joe.

"Why let the dogs haul two sleighs? Cut Beaver