

a sea of forest rolling, wave upon wave, with a gleam of water between. The river, then—Bateese's river—was near at hand.

Fifty yards down the slope, which was bare of cover, he saw the two Indians. Muskingon led by a few strides, and the pair seemed to be moving noiselessly; yet, by the play of their shoulders, both were running for their lives. John raced past the lumbering Sergeant and put forth all his strength to catch up with Menehwehna. The descent jarred his knees horribly, and still, as he plunged deeper into the shadow of the plain, the stones and bushes beneath his feet grew dimmer and the pitfalls harder to avoid. His ears were straining for the Indian war-whoop behind him; he wondered more and more as the seconds grew into minutes and yet brought no sounds but the trickle and slide of stones dislodged by Barboux thundering in the rear.

They were close upon the outskirts of the forest. He had caught up with Menehwehna and was running at his heels, stride for stride.

In the first dark shadow of the trees Menehwehna checked himself, came to a sudden halt, and swung round, panting. Somehow, although unable to see his face, John knew him to be furiously angry—with the cold fury of an Indian.

“Englishman, you are a fool!”

“But why?” panted John innocently. “Is it the noise I made? I cannot run as you Indians can.”

Menehwehna grunted. “What matters noise, more or less, when *he* is anywhere near?”

“They have not seen us!” gasped Barboux, blundering up at this moment and almost into John's arms.

“To be sure,” answered Menehwehna sardonically, “they have not seen us. It may even be that the great Manitou has smitten them with deafness and they have not heard you, O illustrious!—and with blindness, that they cannot trace your foot-marks; yes, and perchance with folly, too, so that returning to a dead man whom they left they may wonder not at all that he has tumbled himself about!”