

undertaking. They were all in light marching order, for it was intended to lose no time upon the way either going or coming. The bison must be reached as soon as possible, and then, after the hunt was over, the sooner they got back to the fort with the results, the better would be the pemmican.

Archie was well mounted, his steed being a pretty piebald mustang his father had given him the year before, having first made sure that it was well broken in and of a trustworthy temper. It was a speedy, enduring animal, and while on its back Archie need not fear being left behind by any of the others.

He rode along beside his father, who was mounted upon a splendid black stallion of unusual size, whose impatient spirit he kept in check by means of a powerful Spanish curb that no horse could resist.

'You'll have to keep your wits well about you, Archie, when we sight the buffalo. It'll be every-one for himself, you know,' said the factor, smiling proudly down upon the boy at his stirrup.

'I'm sure I don't care, father,' answered Archie firmly. 'If Spot and I cannot keep out of the way, why, we're only fit to be run over; aren't we, Spot?' and he patted the mustang's neck fondly.

'But look here now, Archie, do you seriously imagine that you are going to kill a buffalo yourself with that plaything?' asked Mr. M'Kenzie in a bantering tone, pointing at the musket which hung from the boy's shoulder.

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