

let go the other Indian. His fate now seemed sealed. The small Indian ran for a tomahawk which was lying on the ground; he durst not use a rifle for fear of shooting his own comrade. The chief held Andrew as in a vice, and the other came up to knock him on the head like a sheep at the shambles. But Andrew had his feet free, and just as the small Indian was about to strike, he gave him a kick which sent the tomahawk flying from his hand and the man himself sprawling into the river.

Bigfoot uttered an exclamation of contempt for his comrade's awkwardness, and kept shouting to him to come and finish the business. It was hard work holding his struggling prisoner, who was determined not to be butchered thus if he could help it. Up came the Indian again, brandishing the weapon, dodging about, and feinting in a style which showed that he was not very sure about dealing with Andrew even in his present helpless condition. At last he struck at his head, but the quick-eyed backwoodsman, shackled as he was, contrived to catch the blow on his arm, with no worse injury than a cut across the wrist. Then with a desperate effort he broke loose, and before he could be seized again, snatched up a loaded gun and shot the small Indian dead.

Bigfoot leaped to his feet also, just an instant too late. He threw himself on the white man, one hand on his shoulder, another on his leg, and once more hurled him down. Before he could do more, Andrew was up and at him again. Neither was able to reach a weapon; they took to their fists. The Indian was likely to get the worst of it at this game, so he closed and they locked their arms about each other's brawny forms. Muscles strained to the utmost, furious eyes starting out of their heads, and lips set in the agony of desperation, the two heroes wrestled together in such a struggle as that of Scott's famous champions:—