

Both Wentzel and Mr. M'Kenzie saw this clearly, and urging their horses to the utmost, they fought their way from different directions through the surging rabble of beasts. Fortunately they were mounted upon very powerful animals, to whom a buffalo hunt was no novel experience, and, tremendous as the task seemed, did succeed in making progress towards their goal. At length, almost at the same moment, they gained their point. They came up on either side of Archie, and each grasping one rein of his horse's bridle, they drew close together until the three horses were touching. Then came the struggle for escape. The bison, crazed with terror, their noses almost touching the ground as they lumbered furiously forward, pressed them on every side. To halt was out of the question. The utmost that could be done was to slacken speed somewhat, and thus gradually work back to the rear of the stampede. Happily they were not very deep in the herd, and when the vanguard was brought to a standstill by the deep mud of the pond's margin, the whole mass began to slow up, until finally it was possible for the three riders, whose united strength had enabled them to hold their own much better than if they had been separate, to edge round and force their way out into freedom, just in time to save themselves from being carried by the mob into the mire, where hundreds of unfortunate creatures were already engulfed.

Archie's face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes