

don't drive 'em too fast after the fust bust of speed. We aer got to draw that Hurley cuss close up to us."

Shouts of anger and disappointment greeted the party as they swung out from behind the cover and into the open. Shots were fired in their direction also. But Beaver Jack was a master of stratagem; he kept the patch of cover that had already helped them so much between the sleigh and the enemy, and Hurley, seeing that the men he desired to kill were rapidly increasing their distance, rushed for his own sleigh, leaped aboard, and bellowed to his driver to set the team in motion; and, thanks to the lighter weight the pursuing sleigh bore, and in no small degree to Beaver Jack's skill and cunning, Hurley slowly gained upon the three men flying before him. He leaned upon his elbow, for he had again adopted the position which Hank had first shown him, and, taking a long and careful aim, sent a bullet flying after them.

"Time we stopped!" cried Joe abruptly, gripping his elbow, for the missile had struck him. Not that it was a severe wound—on the contrary, it was little more than a graze—but even that causes pain and rouses a man to exertion. Joe was determined to put up no longer with Hurley's attempts upon his life and upon those of his comrades.

"Let's stop this business right here and now," he cried hotly. "There's a long patch of wood ahead; let's fix to pull in the team there."

"Good fer you, lad!" answered Hank. "Beaver Jack, you aer heard the order? Now, Joe lad, listen