

about him, then leap on the sleigh and look out fer fireworks."

Joe grinned; he couldn't help doing so, in spite of the danger of the situation. "If there's not a row?" he asked.

"Ef there's not a ruction with them dogs and the other men, and things go nice and smooth and easy, I'll lift my hand when I'm ready. Then you get a grip of that thar Hurley, bash him over the head ef you like with your open hand, and, as he rises, bring the whole shanty down on him—eh? You're there, ain't you? It aer a clear and straightforward plan."

"Got it," answered Joe promptly, moistening his lips, and tingling with excitement and anticipation. "Do we start now?"

"This very instant. But supposin' Hurley suddenly rouses as soon as we get close, and afore you kin bring the shack down on him——"

"Leave that to me," answered Joe tersely. "I've had one innings with the ruffian already."

There never were two who understood each other so well and so easily as did Hank and our hero. Their discussion had taken them but a few bare seconds, and now they were creeping back. Joe halted when close beside the lean-to, while the little hunter sat down on his knees and whispered to the dog Jimmy. The hound seemed to have gathered his meaning too as rapidly as had Joe, for he went slinking forward and lay down beside his comrades. As might have been expected, his coming caused many of the beasts to open their eyes, though they