

night compelled them to break their journey. They bivouacked on a plain called the Beaver's Prairie, where they were plagued during the night by a swarm of mosquitoes that prevented them closing their eyes. During the next two days they travelled through a great solitude without meeting a single human being. Again was their progress intercepted by a giant river. Here they were not so fortunate as to meet with a friendly old tree, the hollow of whose fallen trunk would serve them as an improvised canoe, as had already happened. The instinct and experience of Sam and Charles, the Indian and the halfbreed, came to their aid in this dilemma. A raft was skilfully constructed by the two hunters, on which the whole party with their chattels, embarked. The opposite bank was not gained without considerable risk and effort. For a time they were borne helplessly along by the strong and rapid current. They had some moments of terrible anxiety, during which escape appeared to be almost impossible. Their frail raft was whirled around as a straw in the circling eddies of the rushing river. They felt at each moment as if it were about to be wrenched to pieces by the strain put on it amidst the battling waters of the angry flood. If it struck against any protruding object it would surely go asunder. Swiftly as the floating bubbles on the river's breast, were they being swept onward by the mad torrent, without seeing any means of checking their descent, or of gaining either bank of the river. At last a chance of escape offers itself in the distance. A great tree stretches out a friendly branch from the side of the river which they wish to reach. Will the current bear them near enough to it to lay hold of it and save themselves? Will the branch be found, as they approach it, bent down sufficiently low towards the surface of the river for a man to reach it? Such are the questions that flash in an instant across their minds. The eyes of the Indian and the Canadian are fixed upon the drooping