

when he allured his intended victims thither. But he made too sure of his game; staked everything on one bold move, played into the hands of his opponents—and lost.

The return journey to the camp was a slow and arduous one; but the Indians proved inventive geniuses. For when they arrived at the creek, they constructed, with the aid of some boughs, and the axe and rope that Reynolds had brought, a species of sledge on which the two worn-out ones were placed, and dragged them over the slippery crust of snow to the camp. With a little nourishment discreetly administered, Mrs. Tredennis, and Dick, were soon out of danger, although weak.

There was, indeed, reason for congratulation in the camp; indeed, it is vouched for by Briggs, that Cousin Ned, and "Young man-afraid-of-his-grandmother," were seen to go behind a tent and apply their lips, in succession, to a flask containing the deadly but not unpleasant fire-water. They camped in that spot for two days, before those who had suffered in the snow-storm were sufficiently recovered to proceed; and in that time a Chinook wind—the warm wind that finds its way over from the Pacific—had come and cleared away the snow like magic, making traveling possible again.

But Dick Travers was not to recover quite so easily; for when he got to the ranche it was discovered he had broken a couple of ribs, and received some other injuries when he had fallen