

to draw back hurriedly. But something must be done, or he would speedily be at the land. So they signalled another canoe to make a feint to attack him from the other side.

The one in which Frank was paddling with his Indians soon came up, and when told what was desired of them, quickly responded.

The deer, thus worried by the two, had hardly a fair chance, but he gallantly kept up the unequal struggle. Sam's canoemen at length saw an unguarded place, and dashed in alongside of the big fellow, and at the right minute the Indian who steered called out to Sam, who was in the bow, "Now give it to him in the neck, close up to his head."

Sam was not quite quick enough, and so his spear, which he plunged into the deer, with all the force of which he was capable, did not instantly kill, but so cut down the side of the neck as to sever some large veins. Unfortunately for Sam, he could not withdraw the spear from the deer, and as he was in no humour to lose it, he hung on to it. Before he knew where he was, a great bound of the deer jerked him out of the canoe. He fell fairly and squarely on the back of the great deer, and he was not such a fool as not to avail himself of this opportunity for a ride. Speedily righting himself on this odd steed, amidst the laughter of Frank and the Indians, he prepared for a good time.

It might have fared badly with him if the deer had been able to use his horns freely, or to move with his usual speed in the water. But the additional weight on his back so sank him down that he was powerless to do harm. All he could do, after