

again, and once more the exchange of shots was repeated. Then he turned his head, to find that Hank and Beaver Jack had reached the trees and were waiting for him.

"I'll give 'em one more," he told himself, raising his rifle, "and then join the others. Hallo! What's this? One of Beaver Jack's pelts. Suit my purpose admirably."

Two shots rang out again in the distance, and Joe's followed swiftly. Then he placed the dark-coloured skin on the top of the bank, and within sight of the enemy, and at once sprawled on hands and knees and crawled along the hollow. He accomplished the distance to the rat-a-tat-tat of rifle shots, for Hurley and his comrade had found a mark to aim at. Then he took his place on the sleigh, on which Hank and Beaver Jack were already seated, and which they had hauled in behind the cover of the trees.

"Best get into position and comfortably settled afore we set out," said the little hunter. "Gee! What a racket they're making! They ain't spotted this business, I hope?"

"Shooting at one of Beaver Jack's pelts," said Joe dryly. "He left it behind. I thought he'd be able to spare it."

"My, you'll do!" exclaimed Hank, laughing outright. "I've known young chaps as could fight all right, but who were always mighty serious when bullets war flying, and couldn't think of things like that. You'll do, Joe. You aer got a sense of humour. Now, Beaver Jack, you get in at it, and