

position by storm—rose in a body and poured their last round into the wavering Indians.

That settled the matter: one or two of them, with the well-known intrepidity of the Sioux, made a bold dash at the new-comers, and strove by voice and action to rally their comrades; but it was a foolhardy and futile endeavour. They had not advanced many yards before they fell headlong to earth, and their riderless steeds went careering over the prairie. They drew together in a little body and prepared to resist the police—for even now they outnumbered their adversaries by three to one; but, before they could do any harm, their antagonists with a wild cheer charged in amongst them and scattered them right and left. It was the old story of the disciplined few against the undisciplined many.

One trooper in the meantime had run up the horses of the cowboys; a supply of ammunition was speedily served out to them, and mounting their horses bare-backed, the cowboys joined their allies, the police. The Sioux warriors were so much amazed at this sudden rallying of their intended victims, that the inevitable demoralisation set in, and soon they were in full flight. But their ponies were now tired, while the mounts of their pursuers were comparatively fresh. Never were braves on the war-path so thoroughly discomfited and routed as they were.

Away they went helter-skelter with the police and the cowboys at their heels. Away, over