

approached. In a few minutes they were clearly made out to be a party of three horsemen driving pack-horses before them, and *some* which some of the hunters guessed was a buffalo calf.

Young Marston guessed too, but his guess was different. Moreover, it was uttered with a yell that would have done credit to the fiercest of all the savages. "Crusoe!" he shouted, while at the same moment he brought his whip heavily down on the flank of his little horse, and sprang over the prairie like an arrow.

One of the approaching horsemen was far ahead of his comrades, and seemed as if encircled with the flying and voluminous mane of his magnificent horse.

"Hah! ho!" gasped Marston in a low tone to himself, as he flew along. "Crusoe! I'd know ye, dog, among a thousand! A buffalo calf! Ha! git on with ye!"

This last part of the remark was addressed to his horse, and was followed by a whack that increased the pace considerably.

The space between two such riders was soon devoured.

"Hallo! Dick, — Dick Varley!"

"Eh! why, Marston, my boy!"

The friends reined up so suddenly, that one might have fancied they had met like the knights of old in the shock of mortal conflict.