

giving Archie an affectionate clasp on the arm, he said in a low, tender tone—

‘Look well out for yourself now, Archie. Don’t get in the way of the herd, or anybody else.’

Before Archie has time to make any reply, his father roars out at the top of his stentorian voice, ‘All together now—Charge!’ and the whole party as one man start on the gallop down the slopes, and joining line in the level valley, bear down upon the startled herd like an avalanche, the Indians giving vent to the most blood-curdling whoops as they urge their mustangs to their utmost speed.

So sudden is the onset that the hunters are right upon the bewildered bison ere they get fairly started in flight, and the sharp report of the guns tells that the work of death is begun. Each man chooses his animal, and seeks to bring it down. Archie is soon separated from his father, and, determined to show his mettle, he singles out a fine yearling bull, and sends a bullet into him behind the shoulder, as he had been told to do. But, much to his surprise, his quarry refuses to fall, and he is just wondering whether he could manage to reload on horseback, when he discovers that he is himself in too much danger to give any more attention to the bison, for his horse, to whom this hunt is an entirely novel experience, has become frantic with fright, and is carrying him right into the heart of the herd, now fully started on its mad stampede towards the pond.