

But the whites were by this time a hundred and fifty yards away, and were already disappearing in the gloom.

"Stop!" Mr. Hardy cried. "Steady with your rifles! Each man single out an Indian. Fire!"

A yell of rage broke from the Indians as fourteen or fifteen of their number fell, and a momentary pause took place again. And then, as they were again reinforced, they continued the pursuit.

But the two hundred yards which the whites had gained was a long start in the half a mile's distance to be traversed, and the whites well knew that they were running for their lives; for once surrounded in the plain, their case was hopeless.

Well was it, then, that Ethel was so accustomed to an out-of-door life. Hope and fear lent speed to her feet, and running between her father and brothers, she was able to keep up a speed equal to their own.

Scarce a word was spoken, as with clenched teeth and beating hearts they dashed along. Only once Mr. Jamieson said, "Can Ethel keep up?" and she gasped out "Yes."

The whites had this great advantage in the race, that they knew that they had only half a mile in all to run, and therefore put out their best speed, whereas, although a few of the Indians saw the importance of overtaking the fugitives on the plain, the greater portion believed that their prey was safe in their hands, and made no great effort to close with them at once. The whites, too, had the advantage of being accustomed to walking exercise, whereas the Indians, almost living on horseback, are seldom in the habit of using their feet. Consequently the whites reached the narrow mouth of the gorge a full hundred and fifty yards ahead of the main body of the pursuers, although