

forward as quietly as possible until they were beside Akaitchko. The old man was fairly palpitating with excitement, as he said in a hoarse whisper to Mr. M'Kenzie—

'Thousands of 'em! um—um! Fine—fat—good,' and he rolled his tongue expressively in his mouth.

Creeping cautiously to the summit of the hill, the factor, lying at full length, looked over into the valley below, and beheld a sight that did his heart good; for there, within easy reach and utterly unsuspecting of danger, was as noble a herd of bison as he had ever seen in his life—bulls, cows, and calves, all fat and in fine condition.

Without a moment's loss of time the order of attack was arranged. One half of the party, with Wentzel as leader, were despatched to make a wide detour, and if possible get on the other side of the herd, while those who remained would not move until this had been done. The rolling nature of the ground made this manœuvre easy of accomplishment, and twenty minutes later the signal came from the crest of the opposite slope that showed Wentzel's division had fulfilled their mission.

The bison were feeding down towards a large pond that filled the valley at the farther end, and Mr. M'Kenzie's scheme was to stampede them into this pond, where they would be entirely at his mercy. When all was in readiness, he called to his men to mount and see that their guns were all right; then,

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