

"Huh!" grunted the trapper. "But we'll see as they don't get quite up to him, unless, of course, there's a hollow which will give them cover all the way. Lad, this aer likely to get serious."

"Then why not make a bolt for it?" asked Joe. "I don't mean run away altogether," he added, as Hank flashed round upon him, "but make a rush and draw him after us. If Beaver Jack steers so as to take us into broken country, where there are patches of trees and undergrowth, we could select a suitable place, stop suddenly, and then shoot as Hurley came after us."

Hank struck the butt of his rifle violently. "Ef that ain't a wheeze!" he cried exultantly. "Ef he follows us—and it ain't dead sartin—but ef he does, Beaver Jack'll manage the move for us easy. Let's see; yes, there's trees 'way ahead—only to reach 'em we've got to run the gauntlet."

"Well? What matters?" asked Joe. "Better that than have all those rascals close up to us and shooting."

"We'll do it," exclaimed Hank. "Beaver Jack, you aer heard this proposition?"

The Redskin hardly deigned to answer; instead, he swung his dogs round, pulling them by means of the reins, till he had them lying in the hollow itself.

"Not do mount here," he said. "P'raps bullet hit us. But creep away down there till we reach trees. Leave one here to fire now and again; then, when all ready, jump on the sleigh and get away behind cover."