

minutes later, when all the loads were secured, and he and Joe had time and opportunity to look about them. "Beaver Jack never stirs a foot, but he watches everything about him, and I reckon that he knows nigh every foot of the country; knows it, too, whether it's fine weather or ef there's snow about and landmarks is wiped out altogether. He aer steering downhill, knowing as the big lake back behind drains along the valley to another, and that again to a third. It means quick travelling all the way, and ef we're to shake off them critters it'll be before we reaches the third lake. Ah! Guess that's Hurley. It's a pity it's stopped snowing."

It was necessary to cling to the sleigh tightly, for the going was fast and furious. There was no time to watch for obstacles ahead, while the snow covered the land so completely that deep brooks crossing their line of flight were not seen till they were on to them, and then there was a mighty shaking. The dogs, spurred on by the cracking whip, leaped across the hollow. The sleigh bumped across with a great jolting which tossed those aboard it to either side; but still they clung tight, while the little hunter, seeing that a sleigh was following, nimbly turned about, spread himself face downward on the top of the sleigh, and placed his rifle before him.

"You jest take and sit on my legs, Joe," he called; "then ef there's a bad jolt I'll still be here. It won't make no difference to my shootin', and it's likely to save delay. Ef I was to roll over you'd have to stop, and that'd be serious."