

sides the first I counted six others. I called the attention of my companion to them.

"They are men!" exclaimed Ponoko. "Those six are of my tribe; they are in pursuit of the first! He must run fast, or before he can reach the fort they will overtake him. Already I see by his movements that he is fatigued."

I had little doubt but that the leader was Red Squirrel. I asked Ponoko, whose keen eyes could distinguish his dress better than the rest of us could do.

"Yes, he is your young friend," he answered. "See, see! he is increasing his speed, he may still escape, and my people will go back disappointed. They will not dare to come within range of your rifles."

"Then we will go out and meet them!" I exclaimed, hurrying down. I told Uncle Donald what Ponoko had said. Taking our rifles, and buckling on our snow-shoes, Hugh, Alec, Pierre, Corney, and I hurried out of the fort, and set off running faster, I think, than we had ever run before, to meet the hard-pressed fugitive.

Once more his pursuers were gaining on him; before long their scalping knives might be about his head. He was the first to perceive us approaching, and it seemed to add fresh nerve to his legs. Soon afterwards the Blackfeet caught sight of us. The instant they did so they sprang forward, making a last desperate effort to overtake our friend; but perceiving that we had rifles ready, they well knew that, even should they succeed, we should make them pay dearly for the act.

Giving up the chase, therefore, they stopped, and turning round, ran off at a rate which soon placed them beyond our reach.