
CHAPTER XIX

So began a tense triangular game which Keleepeles played with all the skill he could muster. The thing was to reach the team before Sachinnie. Taking advantage of every snow flurry, he worked his way westward, dropping when the air cleared ever so little, that the sky-line might betray nothing. But Sachinnie's legs were long and he moved fast. The big boy put on all the speed Cunayou could stand, who panted close after him, his lips puffed out. Once Sachinnie raised his rifle and they heard the muffled report while a bullet cut a little trench in the ice at Keleepeles's feet. The sound of the dogs became louder and with it there drifted in the cracked voice of Keepatis, who was screaming with excitement. They were now only half a mile away, but Sachinnie was nearly within range.