

must hire a couple of Indians to help me, and get along just as fast as possible—and we must start at daybreak.'

'You're right,' assented Bruce, after a moment's reflection. 'It's the only way it can be done, and now you must rest as comfortably as you can for the night.'

There was not much comfort in that squalid, dirty Indian camp, but Bruce made the most of what there was, and spent nearly the whole night applying cold water to Arthur's ankle, so as to reduce the swelling and inflammation, in which he succeeded remarkably well.

With the dawn of day they began their toilsome journey, the offer of a dollar a-piece having quickly secured the services of two sturdy Indians, who agreed to act as crutches for poor crippled Arthur, and help him on with the utmost possible speed.

If ever the resolution, endurance, and courage of the two boys were put to the test it was during that fearful journey in the cool calm hours of the early autumn morning.

The condition of the old ruined road was bad beyond description. At best it was sufficiently rough and stone-strewn to give trouble to the stoutest pedestrian. But in many places it had been altogether carried away by winter avalanches and spring slides, leaving only a treacherous slope of *débris* to serve as a means of passage.

Here it would be necessary to descend right to the edge of the roaring, foaming torrent, and there to ascend high above it, and then maybe to cross a deep gorge on a trembling bridge, whose rotten timbers threatened to break asunder at every step.