

others anxiously watched for the signal which would mean that the bison were in sight.

Up one slope and down another, across narrow *coulées* and broad intervals, splashing through the streams that now had shrunk to half their size, and avoiding the mud-holes in which their horses might have stuck fast, the line of attack moved steadily forward, every man holding his gun across his saddle before him, ready for instant use.

Archie, who rode at his father's left, trembled so visibly with suppressed excitement, that the factor became concerned lest his gun should go off accidentally, and give a premature alarm.

'Keep cool, my lad, keep cool,' said he. 'If your pop-gun goes off before it ought to, it will play mischief with us.'

Understanding his father's meaning at once, Archie blushed as if he had betrayed himself, and sitting up very straight in his saddle, grasped the gun firmly, saying—

'I will keep cool, father, never fear; this won't go off until it's told to. But look, father, isn't Akaitchko signalling?'

The factor glanced quickly at the old Indian. Sure enough, from the hither slope of a near hill, he was making gestures that said as plain as words—

'The bison—I see them. Come on, but take care.'

The others soon saw the signal also, and all moved