

free himself of the snow and debris of the lean-to with which he had been covered. Then shouts of rage and fierce orders burst from his lips; in his anger he dashed hither and thither, shouting at his men, and even striking those who seemed to be dawdling.

"Put the other team into the sleigh, quick!" he commanded. "One of you help here to find my rifle. Those men have made a sneaking night attack, and will get clear off if we don't move quick. Here, look for my rifle, I say. How in thunder did it get outside the lean-to?"

There were quite a number of little matters which he was likely to find difficult of explanation. But the gun was found eventually where Joe had placed it, while the second team of dogs were got into their harness. Then Hurley pressed two of the boldest of his followers into this special service, and putting them aboard the remaining sleigh, leaped there himself, and ordered the driver to set off in pursuit of our hero and his friends.

Beaver Jack never hesitated as to the course he ought to pursue once his fingers closed on the reins Hank tossed him.

"Clear back for the settlements," the little hunter had said, and the Redskin obeyed him to the letter. He steered his team over a portion of the lake, set them at the bank where it shelved very gradually to the ice, and, gaining a hollow, aimed directly for a huge patch of forest distinguishable with the aid of the moon's rays in the far distance.

"He war born cute, he war," grunted Hank, some