

"Hooray, boys!" cried Tapper. "It's the Mounted Police. Look at them coming over the bench¹ yonder! They'll be here in a few minutes. Let those beggars have it!"

But "those beggars" had had enough, and now all they thought about was to make themselves scarce. They made for a hillside at some little distance, and at the foot of which there was a chaos of huge boulders. Amongst these they scuttled like so many iguanas.

"Now then, comrades, after them; but look out for yourselves. Give them a chance to throw up their hands."

Next moment the besieged had left cover and were after the fleeing kidnappers, some of whom were seen to throw away their rifles in their eagerness to make good their escape. But the Mounted Police with their splendid horses came thundering on and cut off their retreat. Jim and Peter tried to keep up with Mr. Tapper, but that gentleman, with something evidently in his eye, soon outdistanced them, and made for a little group he saw hurrying away behind some rocks where the ground sloped towards the river again. Jim and Peter were now close together, and running for all they were worth, when a shot fired

¹ Plateau.