

at all.' Jumping to the ground, he picked up the gun, and turned it over in his hand.

'No,' he declared, 'not injured a bit, only some slight dents and scratches.' And he handed it to Archie.

Greatly relieved, Archie took his gun, and patting it tenderly, said to it—

'You're not broken, are you? You'll kill many a buffalo for me yet—see if you don't.'

In the meantime the work of death had been going on fast and furious, until the factor, unwilling that there should be needless slaughter, shouted to the men to stop, an order which, being pretty well tired out, they were not loth to obey. On reckoning up the results of the hunt, they were found to be entirely satisfactory. Over one hundred bison had been killed, the majority being fat, tender young animals that would make the best of pemmican; and it now remained to cut their meat up into long strips and dry these in the sun before returning to the fort.

This work occupied several days, during which Archie, who had no relish for it, amused himself exploring the country round about, riding upon Spot and accompanied by a pack of dogs that were always getting very much excited over something, but in the end not accomplishing much. The prairie dogs afforded him some fine practice in shooting, so that he did not find the hours hang heavily upon his hands.

The homeward journey was a sort of triumphal progress, everybody feeling that the expedition had

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