

foot forward as an additional support. Then he raised his gun, struck the stock lightly with the palm of his hand to shake the powder down, and held himself in readiness. When the men came in sight Hildreth of Hall was slightly in advance of the others.

John Wesley slowly raised his rifle and was about to bring the barrel to a level with his eyes when he saw a flash of fire on the opposite bank, and heard the sharp crack of a rifle. He was so taken by surprise that he raised himself in the bushes and looked about him. Hildreth of Hall had tumbled forward in a heap at the flash, and the other men jumped over his body and ran like rabbits. Before the hatful of smoke had lifted to the level of the tree-tops they were out of hearing.

John Wesley crossed the road and went to the other side. There he saw Loorany Parmalee leaning against a tree, breathing hard. At her feet lay a rifle.

“You sp’iled my game,” he remarked.

“Is he dead?” she asked.

“E’en about,” he replied. She threw her head back and breathed hard. John Wesley picked up the rifle and examined it.