

lest he should find himself incapable of it.

Still, he felt no serious pain. His head ached, to be sure ; and he saw that his left hand was bleeding from a gash at the base of the thumb. That hand still clutched one of the heavy traps which he had been carrying, and it was plainly the trap that had cut him, as if in a frantic effort to escape.

But where was his rifle ? Cautiously turning his head, he peered around for it ; but in vain, for during the fall it had flown far aside into the thickets. As he stared solicitously, all at once his dazed and sluggish senses sprang to life again with a scorching throb, which left a chill behind it. There, not ten paces away, sitting up on its haunches and eyeing him contemplatively, was a gigantic wolf—much bigger, it seemed to him, than any wolf had any right to be.

Timmins's first instinct was to spring to his feet, with a yell that would give the dreadful stranger to understand that he was a fellow it would not be well to tamper with. But his woodcraft stayed him. He was not by any means sure that he *could* spring to his feet. Still less was he sure that such an action would properly impress the great wolf, who, for the moment at least, seemed