

inspire. At length, when his musings were assuming that indefinite and dreamy state which precedes a sound slumber, he was startled by a distant cry, which thrilled on his ear, and roused him into instant watchfulness. He listened with breathless attention, and in a few minutes again heard the cry, keen, long, and piercing. The dog gave a plaintive and ominous howl. Ko-way-hoom-mah felt uneasy. Can it be a lost hunter? was the inquiry which suggested itself. Surely not, for a true hunter feels lost nowhere. What then can it be? With these reflections our hunter stepped forth, gathered more fuel, and again replenished his fire. Again came a cry, keen, long, and painfully thrilling, as before. The voice was evidently approaching, and again the dog raised a low and mournful howl. Ko-way-hoom-mah then felt the blood curdling to his heart, and folding his blanket around him, he seated himself by the fire and fixed his eyes intently in the direction from which he expected the approach of his startling visitor. In a few moments he heard the approach of his footsteps. In another minute, a ghastly shape made its appearance, and advanced towards the fire. It seemed to be the figure of a hunter, like himself. Its form was tall and gaunt, its features livid and unearthly. A tattered robe was girded round his waist, and covered his shoulders, and he bore an unstrung bow and a few broken arrows.

The spectre advanced to the fire, and seemed to shiver with cold. He stretched forth one hand, then the other to the fire, and as he did so, he fixed his hollow and ghastly eye on Ko-way-hoom-mah, and a slight smile lighted up his livid countenance, but not a word did he utter. Ko-way-hoom-mah felt his flesh and hair creep, and the blood freezing in his veins, yet with instinctive Indian courtesy he presented his deer-skin as a seat for his grim visitor. The spectre waved his hand, and shook his head in refusal. He stepped aside, plucked up a parcel of briers from an adjacent thicket, spread them by the fire, and on his thorny couch he stretched himself and seemed to court repose.

Our hunter was petrified with mingled fear and astonishment. His eyes continued long riveted on the strange and ghastly being stretched before him, and he was only awakened from his trance of horror by the voice of his faithful dog. "Arise," said the dog, suddenly and supernaturally gifted with speech, "Arise, and flee for your life! The