

"Never mind," he remarked to the crouching form at his feet. "We'll give them a warm reception, at any rate."

"O-o-o-ow. O-o-o-ow," came those awful sounds, at any time terrible to hear, but at night in the lonely wild, how appalling!

Keith strained his eyes through the darkness in an effort to catch a glimpse of the enemy. That they were bearing down upon him there was no doubt. But look as he might nothing was to be observed except the trees standing silently around. Presently the howlings ceased, and all was still. What did this signify? That the wolves had gone on some other scent? Ah, no. Keith was too well accustomed to the ways of these creatures to believe such a thing. He knew that the stillness was but a prelude to the storm; that the animals were stalking their prey; that gleaming eyes were watching his slightest movement, and that keen white fangs were bared, ready to tear him to pieces.

Not for an instant did he abate his watchfulness, and ere long he beheld savage eyes, glowing like fiery balls, peering out of the night. Nearer and nearer they drew, until the forms of the animals could be dimly discerned. Then he brought the rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and fired. Instantly a sharp yell split the darkness, followed by fierce, snarling sounds, which plainly told that the fallen