

But hark! what music is that in the air? The honking, honking of a flock of wild geese on their way to their winter home in southern waters fell like sweetest music upon the ears of Sabattis. He crouched low in the bushes. Down pitched the flock into the open water for the night within easy range.

They had scarcely alighted when the sharp twang of his bow string is heard on the still night air, and there tumbling and floundering about are two fat geese pinioned together by an arrow which passed through the neck of one and was safely anchored in the body of the other.

He cut a long sapling with which he brought them within his reach and soon there was joy in the cabin of Sabattis, and fresh meat and good cheer for the Christmas dinner.

