

But the angel of the wild things had not deserted old Crouch. A rifle bullet is piercing and deadly and swift. Its very speed will sometimes defeat its purpose. A tiny swaying obstacle will deflect its course. Today a little hemlock twig had a mission of mercy for Crouch. A small tuft of fur flew from the back of his neck, but Death had sped onward and passed him by.

He bounded from his couch on the hemlock, for he knew that rifles speak again. To wait for even one blow at the hound would be fatal. No retreat of the wooded wild offered shelter from the tragedy that seemed to enmesh him. In desperation he took an unwonted course, and plunging into the waters of the gulf, struck boldly from shore while he heard the execrations of the disappointed huntsman heaped upon a rifle that had jammed.

Vancouver Island knew Crouch no more. Safe from his fangs were the dogs and the deer. Never again did he wander the woodlands and canyons of Technami. The settlers in social assembly rejoiced that he had found a watery grave but regretted that no bounty had been collected for his royal skull. But, not too fast! Where, oh where was Crouch?

Late on the night of Finn's disappointment, under the rays of a midnight moon, there clambered unto the rugged rocks of the shore of Arbutus Island, a majestic dripping cat. Six miles of salted wave rolled between him and his kingdom that was. Six miles separated him from home and hound and Cougar Finn.

Hours had he toiled and struggled on his watery way. Onward, ever onward, urged by the dread of the speaking death that so nearly had reached him on the shore of the vale of Technami.

Now, chilled and sea-soaked, weary and hungry, he climbed to a sandstone shelf, shook the water from his fur, stretched his limbs,

