

"I believe it is all that," replied the trapper, uneasy and nervous.

"Ten years—ten years," repeated the visitor to himself. "It is a long time, and I have grown a good deal older. I can feel it; and you have a good many more wrinkles than when I met you last."

"Time spares none of us, Jared," said the Canadian, venturing to pronounce the name of his visitor for the first time in many years; "but you still look strong and well."

"I believe I am," he returned, musingly; "and what a strange lot has been mine! Ten years ago—it must be fully that—Fitz James Landon and I became involved in a law suit, in which I thought he was all wrong and I was all right, though I can see now that it was the other way. He beat me, and I was so wrought up over it that I determined on suicide. I had no relatives in the world, and one night, down at Portland, I walked off the dock on purpose. Instead of falling in deep water, I struck upon some obstruction, and hurt my head in such a way that it robbed me of the little sense I had, and I became crazy—crazy as a loon. From that time until about a month ago I cannot recall the slightest incident. When I came to myself, I was lying on my face in the snow, with my old