

weight. Then I discovered that the last slide had blocked the creek-bed a little way above my cabin to a depth of sixty or seventy feet.

Toward evening, hearing loud snarls in that quarter, I climbed over the mass of broken trees and hard, lumpy snow, and saw four wolves, snapping and fighting over some half-buried object. Watching them a little way off, a mountain-lion lay crouched on an uptilted tree-trunk.

Taking my ax, and swinging round my head a long brand from my fireplace, I drove the wolves away. The panther also made off up the ravine. Then I saw that the wolves had been attempting to drag out a dead animal nearly as large as a deer, with a white coat of long hair and upright black horns. I suppose it was a mountain-goat that had come down the mountains in the avalanche. Cutting about it with my ax, I pulled it out of the frozen snow. As the flesh, although frozen, appeared to be in good condition, I carried about sixty pounds of it to my camp.

Going up to the place on the following day to see if the wolves had returned to devour the carcass, I heard a singular sound from the hard lumpy snow under my feet. It was not unlike the bleat of a sheep.

Again I brought my shovel and ax into use. After digging to a depth of seven or eight feet, I opened a kind of irregular cavity, formed by broken trees and brush. In this there was a young goat, evidently a kid of the previous spring.

The poor little creature had been roughly handled by the snowslide. One of its fore legs was broken, and it had received several wounds and bruises. To appease its hunger, it had gnawed deep into two or three pine and fir logs.

When I first opened the cavity to the sunlight, the poor kid seemed bewildered, or blinded; and so weak had it become that it offered little resistance when I drew it up from the hole. Its situation there was what my own would probably have been had the slide come off the mountain a few hundred feet farther down the ravine.

I carried the forlorn little beast to my camp, set the bone of its leg with splints, dosed it, built a warm pen for it inside the camp, and brought for fodder bunches of the smallest, juiciest twigs and brush that I could find. Such a pet must needs have a name, and I named my little goat 'Rastus.'

In the course of a fortnight he began to hobble about. The mended fore leg proved shorter than the other, and somewhat crooked. Still 'Rastus' found it better than no leg, and he never complained of it, to my knowledge.

I was well repaid by his company for my trouble and labor in foraging for him. Perhaps I attributed greater intelligence to him than he possessed,—people constantly do that in the case of pets,—but I really think that 'Rastus' understood the condition of affairs at our camp. He became wholly tame as regarded my presence, and ran out and in as he pleased.

It was a great comfort to me to hear him chewing his cud at night, after I had gone to bed. His habit was to lie down close to my bunk, for he was an arrant coward. Perhaps he scented mountain-lions; at any rate, he would not set foot outside the camp after dusk fell.

The spring gradually drew on. I had lost count of the days and weeks, but toward the end of March a great thaw set in. The snow settled and melted rapidly. Rain fell for a day and a night, so heavily that I became

uneasy about the blocked-up condition of the creek above my camp, where the snowslide had come into the ravine.

As soon as it was light the next morning I went up there to look at it, and I went none too soon. For I saw an immense accumulation of water, yellow with floating snow and ice, dammed up and on the very point of overflowing and guttering its way through the snowslide.

I ran back to my camp in haste, gathered up my peltries, old coats and some other articles, and carried them across the log bridge of the creek and a considerable distance up the other side of the mountain.

Although I was gone for but ten or fifteen minutes, I found so much water rushing under and even over the bridge when I returned that I dared not cross to the camp again. Even while I stood looking at it in dismay, the whole pent-up flood broke loose



'I CARRIED THE FORLORN LITTLE BEAST TO MY CAMP.'

with an awful roar, and went rushing down the ravine.

It was only by running back to the higher ground that I escaped drowning. My camp, with everything in and about it,—including poor 'Rastus,—was overwhelmed and swept away in a moment.

While I stood there, quite dumfounded by the catastrophe, I heard the distant whistle of a passing train. Previously the train whistles had awakened no desire in me to go forth into the world, but this one came to my ear like a summons to join in the affairs of men once more. I determined to be a hermit no longer.

Taking my furs, I ascended to the railway track, and walked on it for six miles to Summit Station. From this point the hands of a freight train going west good-naturedly took me with them to Vancouver. They jocosely christened me 'the old man of the mountains'—and, indeed, I had become a very odd, Rip Van Winkle sort of a person, with hair hanging thickly about my shoulders.

At Vancouver I sold my furs for enough to pay a barber, purchase a modest outfit of clothing, and buy a meal ticket at a

boarding-house. That was many years ago; and there have been times since, when the battle of life was going against me, that made me wish myself back in the sylvan peace and quiet of my old log camp in the great ravine of the Illiellwaet.

(The End.)

'Very Earnest Binks.'

(The Presbyterian.)

'I'm the strongest of all the fellows in our form.' So Harry announced, as he stood before the fire, with his hands in his pockets, his feet planted firmly on the rug, and his head held back as though defying anyone to contradict his remark. He had arrived home for the holidays that afternoon—a person of some importance in the eyes of his admiring sisters and two younger brothers, who surveyed his added inches with much envy. As the little circle looked at the sturdy form before them, so conscious of its own power, they felt that the big brother, whose home-coming always meant a jolly time, was a brother of whom they might be proud; whose like was not to be found in the wide world.

'Do the other boys think so?' asked Ella, though nothing doubting.

'I should think so—rather,' replied Harry. 'I've had a tussle with all of them, except one, during the term, and have beaten them. There isn't one who dare fight me, or give any cheek, either.'

'Oh! Harry, I don't think you should fight, should you?' put in Ella, gently reproachful.

'Was the other one a very big boy?' asked Teddie, without giving time for a reply to Ella's question.

Harry laughed as he answered Teddie:

'No; he's not big. But he's a good little chap is Binks—the sort you'd never dream of fighting. His name is Ernest Binks—"Very Earnest Binks," most of the fellows call him.'

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of their mother, who held a small packet in her hand.

'I have been unpacking your box and going through your belongings to see what you would require for next term; and I have, I am sorry to say, found this packet of cigarettes. I thought you knew, Harry, that your father and I were anxious that our boy should not acquire the habit of smoking in his school days.'

Harry flushed uneasily as he met his mother's serious, almost sorrowful, gaze.

'Now, don't trouble yourself, mother. I'm not learning to smoke. I have those to give to the other fellows. You see they all smoke, and if I didn't I should have a miserable time of it with them. So I just light one and take a puff or two and hand some round, and they are quite satisfied. They don't see that I am not using my own. I don't want to smoke, but if I did not do something like that they would say I was a coward and afraid of the masters; because, of course, it is against the rules.'

'Do all the boys smoke cigarettes?' asked his mother.

'All the boys in my form do, except Binks; and they give him a pretty time of it, I can tell you. I should not like to be in his shoes. But he doesn't seem to mind it much. He gets very little fun, though, for he's left to himself, except when they are teasing him. He's the only one of our fellows who goes to Carter's prayer meeting. That's one of the tutors, who has started a