

If Sabattis could only make them destroy one another! Sabattis will try. His bow was safely upon his back and his quiver had suffered the loss of but a single arrow since he left home upon his self imposed task.

Placing one foot upon a projecting limb and twining the other leg around another a little higher up and nearly at a right angle with the first, he braced himself against the tree, took careful aim, and the twang of the string told the power it gave to the arrow. An intense howl of pain, clearly heard above the general din, and spouting blood, told that the arrow had found its mark in the heart of the most ferocious dog wolf of the pack.

At the smell of blood he was pounced upon and torn limb from limb by the others. In their blind frenzy they attacked one another and the woods echoed and re-echoed with the unearthly noise.

The arrows of Sabattis flew thick and merrily until to his surprise and regret he discovered that but one remained in his quiver!

The ground was strewn with dead and dying wolves and still the carnage went on. The unusual excitement and terror of the scene occupied all his thoughts, but now as night descended and the cold increased he found himself nearly freezing. He ascended to the thickest branches near the tree top for greater protection, wrapped himself in his caribou skin and bound himself to the trunk of the tree by his blanket lest he be overcome by sleep and fall from his lofty perch among the devouring wolves.

When the moon arose it revealed dead and dying wolves in all directions. Some of the badly wounded were slowly dragging themselves to the cover of the woods, while from the few remaining came feeble whines and moans as if overcome by the dreadful carnage, satiety, and wounds.

Exhausted by fatigue and hunger Sabattis passed a troubled night, and in his dreams he lived over again the adventures, excitements, and dangers of the day. Again and again he had met with success; again and again did his squaw and his papooses run forth to meet him, laden with the spoils of the chase; again and again did the earth rise up beneath his feet and all became dark and noisome!

Day at last dawned and arousing himself from his troubled slumbers he discovered that the last wolf had taken its departure,—only the sickening sight of the blood stained snow and of dead wolves torn asunder and scattered about, remained to tell of his peril and the deadly encounter.

Carefully scrutinizing every possible place that still might screen a lurking enemy Sabattis slowly descended from the tree. It was the day before Christmas. He must be home that night. He could not turn back. He had but a single arrow in his quiver. He had no fresh meat. Would *la bonne sainte Vierge* disappoint?—oh, no! no! no! Did she not say "Sabattis will succeed!" "Sabattis will succeed!"

He would get his fresh meat, his heart would be glad, his cabin would have good cheer, his Christmas would be merry.

He hunted around amid the scene of conflict to find some of his arrows, but, alas! not a sound one did he find, only the broken shafts of some, the flint arrow heads gone from others, the feathers to ensure accuracy of flight stripped and torn away from others.