

breath of life gone from his body, sent out by his own pistol; and here he was, a month afterward, standing in front of his door! Who wouldn't be startled under such circumstances?

Pierre had gone back, weeks before, in the hope of finding and interring the body, but he could discover nothing of it. A slight fall of snow had hidden all signs, and he believed the wolves had destroyed it utterly.

The sharp words of the visitor roused Pierre from his stupor, and speaking to the dog, the latter retreated to the corner, where he lay down, with his face toward the door and his eyes on the strange man.

"Come in and sit down," added the Canadian, rising to his feet and pointing to a chair, while at the same time he managed to pass his hand within his coat, and make sure his revolver was at instant command.

"I don't care if I do," said the visitor, suiting the action to the word.

Seated in his chair, with his rifle resting against the wall, he looked steadily at his host a moment, and said:

"Pierre, it is a long time since we saw each other. Let me see, it is ten years and more ago that I met you in Portland, isn't it?"