
IN THE DEEP OF THE SNOW

The wolves were now sitting on their haunches around the hut door. Their unusual behavior convinced him that there was a man inside. Well, there was no getting around the fact that he was in for a fight. He only hoped that the chap inside was some good, and would have "somethin' to say fer himself, darn him!" Dave gently lowered the bundle from his back, and threw off his thick coat to allow his arms freer play.

It was at this moment that the leader of the pack made up his mind to crawl into the hut.

As the wolf's head entered the low opening, Dave gripped his axe, thrust aside the hemlock branch, and silently darted forth into the clearing. He did not shout, for