

word from his master to leap at the throat of the strange being whom he had seen and known before.

"Why don't you call off your dog?" demanded the Moose, in an angry voice. "Do you keep him to bite your neighbors when they drop in on you?"

These questions recalled Pierre to his senses, and showed him that, incredible as it might seem, he was still face to face with real flesh and blood. He noticed, too, that the wild man appeared considerably changed in dress and appearance from what he formerly had been.

Instead of being attired in skins, he was dressed in heavy, coarse garments, that had an unmistakably civilized cut. Besides, his long, straggling hair and beard had been trimmed, and a sort of coon-skin cap seemed to help civilize him—at least so far as looks went.

He still held his long rifle grasped in one hand, but no other weapons were visible on or about his person.

Had the Canadian failed to recognize him at the first glance, he would have taken him for some ordinary hunter of the woods, who had paused to rest in his cabin. But the last glimpse he had had of him was when he saw him stretched in the snow, as he believed, with the