

of shoulder, broad of chest, with jaws like the iron fangs of a trap, and limbs that are so lean that the muscles stand out upon them like knots of rope. And his action is a signal to the crowd of savage poltroons behind. With one accord they send their fierce battle-cry out upon the still air, and leap, like the rush of an avalanche, to the lair of the mountain lion. Out from his shelter springs the royal beast, and close upon his heels comes his mate. Side by side they stand, ready for the battle though the odds be a million to one against them.

Their sleek bodies are a-quiver with rage, their tails whip the earth in their fury, while their eyes, like coals of green fire, shine with a malevolence such as no words can describe.

Again the wolves hesitate. Their outstretched tails droop and are pressed between their legs; their backs are hunched, and they turn their long, narrow heads from the green glitter of the two pairs of terrible eyes. But the pause is brief, and the noise has died only for a second. One wolf moves a step forward, hunger overpowering his fears. As before, it is a signal. The whole pack leap to the fray; struggling, howling, fighting as they come ripping at comrade and foe alike. The battle is swift; so swift that it is almost impossible to realize that it is over. The pack, leaping and baying,