

and then, sank down upon the floor again, as if the cause of his disturbance, whatever it might be, had passed.

Stretching out his paws in an easy position, with his nose between them, he gradually let his eyelids close, and in a few minutes was to all appearances asleep, while the wrinkled old trapper resumed his work, which was now nearly finished.

But Towser was given short rest, when he uttered another growl, and rising to his feet, walked to the door like a canine that had given up all idea of slumber for the time.

"Some one is coming," said Pierre, stopping work again. "It isn't often I have visitors, but whoever comes to my cabin is welcome. Hello! I heard a man walking over the snow!"

The old hunter, as no doubt the reader has gathered, was a man who had faced nearly all manner of perils, and there were few scenes from which he was likely to shrink; but never, in all his life, was he so startled as when the door opened, and he saw standing before him the wild man who has been known in this story as the Great Moose of the Upper Kennebec!

At first Pierre thought it was a ghost, and he sat like one petrified, while Towser stood growling and showing his teeth, as if waiting only a