

THE SLEEPER IN THE SNOW 271

it over, and assuring herself that it must be true, the warmth of that great body close beside her and the heavy smell of his fur at once drowned out fear and will alike. She knew only that she was comfortable, safe from the implacable cold overhead, and sleepy—oh, so unutterably sleepy. Nerves and muscles relaxing together, without realizing what she was doing she snuggled closer up against the great beast's flank—and went to sleep.

As if from a tremendous distance a voice came to her—mysterious, through hours and leagues of dreams—calling her name. With a great effort she woke up, cried "Jim!" and opened her eyes. There above her, clear in the moonlight, was the face of Jim Wright. He was furiously clearing away the snow from the mouth of the hole.

"Oh, girl! Are you alive? Are you all right? I'm comin' down to ye as soon as I kin see what I'm doin', so as I won't fall on to ye!"

At the ringing tones the bear stirred slightly, and whimpered.

"H'sh-sh!" said Melissa warningly. "Yes, I'm *quite* all right, but awful sleepy. *Don't*