

I was musing During this pause two or three of the vicious thieves I had not before noticed were wheeling around so as to get to the rear of my position Ah! monsieur, it was a sight to see—my countenance and theirs The old wolf especially, the largest of all of them, as one might call him the head of the family, wore an air of serene gravity and doubtless had an appetite calculated to cause terror "

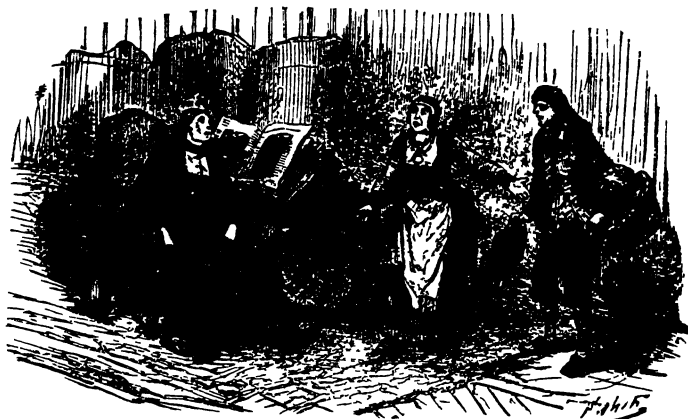
All at once Marion, who was growing impatient, inquired "Monsieur le Cure, how many covers shall be placed for supper?"

"As many as Beauport shall desire, Marion, for it is he who has given the invitations "

"Well," said Beauport, "put two on the table beside Monsieur le Cure's and a third in the kitchen for the postillion To conclude

turn, fortunately the dog wore a fine collar with sharp points, which broke the wolf's jaw in two

"The man was closely following his dog Ah! what a man, Monsieur le Cure! Six feet high at least, and shoulders to support a house With that, slender of limb like a deer, and strong and daring, a man who fears not to risk his life for his neighbor For the rest, you shall see him presently He was running toward me gun in hand, and making terrible strides At three feet distance he halts, fires at a wolf, and stretches the brute stark dead in the snow One of the pack tries to bite him in the leg, he kills it with a back sweep of his gun And all this without a word, except 'Ho! Phœbus ' ho! my good dog' to encourage the Newfoundland,



"OH, MISERABLE MAN!" SHE CRIED

my story, perceiving that the old wolf was about to spring on Fupiet or myself and that the others would follow his example, I pick up my line in my right hand and hurl it at him as if he were a trout or a pike In the twinkling of an eye, the wolf found himself caught in the snare and began to bellow and roar in a way to make the hair stand on the head of even a bald man His whole family, observing his condition, sprang upon Fupiet Immediately I hear a man's voice hallooing at about thirty paces distance "Courage, friend, hold on! we shall be with you in a second! Ho! Phœbus, ho! my good dog, at him! at him!" At the same moment I saw a great Newfoundland dog, black and white, spring at a bound into the centre of the path, seize by the throat one of the wolves, which was already holding me by the blouse, and strangle him with his teeth Another of the wolves tried to seize the Newfoundland in his

and also at intervals, "This way, Phœbus! this way!"

"Toward the close of the scene, that is two minutes after, Master Patrick came along A fine gentleman, too, but he does not possess the mien of the other, although (I must be just ) he has done me a good service, for he killed one of the wolves with two shots of his pistol and broke the jaw of another that took to his heels howling The rest of the pack, seeing that there was nothing to be gained, followed in his track, carrying away with them poor Fupiet half devoured. Phœbus wanted to chase them, but the gentleman, (for he is one, I am sure of that) called him back Then I desired to thank him. He interrupted me to inquire

"What is your name?"

"Beauport, sir, at your service."

"Are we far from Tulle?"

"More than two leagues."