

cruel beasts! Their howlings and the snap of their teeth seemed to grow louder and more frequent. Suddenly they sprang at Jack's throat. Jack had swung his order to guard me; this caused his shoulder to remain unprotected. Devil took it in his fangs. Fortunately Jack was able to throw up his left elbow to protect his neck, but over he went. Quick as lightning the other two were on him.

I lighted the birch bark, and with it in my hand, dropped into the midst of the raging, struggling pack. Oh! the glory—to rescue the man I loved—and, incidentally, to save my own life, for I did not know then that Napoleon was on his way to my rescue.

First in the face of one, then in the face of another I flung the flaming bark, and screamed and shouted. The smell of singed hair sickened me, but it frightened them. Although they had tasted blood, dear Jack's blood, they drew off. And then I remembered I placed the flaming bark against the trunk of the tree; it burst into flames; the forest round about was lighted up, and then I knelt by the side of my lover.