

hurt in my forehead bleeding. No one can imagine the thoughts I had, and how the harder I tried to think the more I was puzzled. The tracks in the snow showed that I had had trouble with some one, but I had no more idea of who or what it was than the man in the moon. My dress, and the gray hairs in my head and whiskers, gave me an inkling of the truth, and I started to hunt up some one who could help me out. As luck would have it, I came across a wood-chopper that I had known, and after a long talk with him, I got the thing straightened out, and found I was a second Rip Van Winkle. Then I made my way down to Portland, and found some more friends. I stayed last night with Mr. Landon, and talked with him and his wife till after midnight. They insisted on my making my home with them, for the present at least, and told me to skate up here to see you to-day, and here I am."

And so the mystery was explained. The shot fired by Pierre in self-defense, and which he supposed had been fatal to Jared Muchman, struck the wound in his head in such a manner as really to restore his reason, and as it may be said, bringing him back to life.

The hero of this strange series of adventures had heard nearly everything relating to the