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were in a corner, as he had left them. He shovelled the snow from the hearth and kindled a roaring fire of bark and dead-falls, then set to work to clear the drifts from the door. Evening was upon him when his labour was done and the room made tidy. A wolfish hunger possessed him. Returning to the town, he brought coffee, bread, and bacon, cooked his supper over the coals and ate his fill, taking a long time to it. When he had finished, he flung off his boots, wrapped a blanket about him and lay down upon the warm hearth-stones, where he fell at once into deep, dreamless sleep, waking only when the morning sun was high. The rivulet running near his cabin was still banked with snow in the sheltered hollow where the timber stood thick, and the water was icy-cold. Stripping to the skin, he splashed about in the stream until the shock of its bitter cold brought reaction, making his body glow. Plunging into a snow-bank, he rolled like a colt, coming out tingling to his finger-tips. He break-