

'Now, I have never been a very easily scared man, somehow, but I can tell you that when I recognized that howl, knowing, as I did, all that it meant, a cold shiver ran through me that had nothing to do with the state of the thermometer.

'I looked over my shoulder in the direction from which the sounds came and saw the black moving body of the pack coming on a steady and very rapid lope, straight towards me.

'It was no time for thinking. It was no time, Mr. Melville, for "fancy skating." There was only one thing to do, if I want-

yet I have won a good many races against fine skaters in my time. Those races, however, were for glory or gain. This one was for dear life.

'It was not long before I realized that, in spite of all I could do, the wolves were slowly but surely gaining on me. I gave up all hope of shaking them off, and the perspiration—the dank, cold sweat of fear—streamed down my face, as I despairingly calculated with my eye the distance I had to traverse before reaching the cabin, and saw that I only had the barest chance of making it, as Job said, 'by the skin of



(Drawn by J. C. Innes.)

The Camp in the Foothills.

ed to save my bones from being picked clean and then crunched for the marrow between the powerful jaws of those wolves, and that was to put my best foot foremost and skate for my life to the cabin. There was no other way of escape possible, no other shelter within reach. I must get there or die.

'That is something like the supposed condition of the majority of those to whom you propose to preach to by-and-by. is it not, Mr. Melville?'

Melville replied by a nod of acquiescence.

'Well, I went like the wind. I am quite sure that I never skated nearly as fast in my life, either before or since, and

my teeth,' before the foremost wolf should overtake and pull me down.

'I thought for a moment of unslinging my rifle and taking a shot at the leader or at the body of the pack on the chance of dropping one of them, but I dared not waste the time it would require to do so, for the result might very easily be that I would be overtaken by my pursuers before I could get up my speed again. So I raced on.

'I was going at a tremendous speed. The wooded shore of the lake, which lay at no great distance to my right, seemed to be spinning past me at such a rate that