

he find here a living grave: the hemlock neath. But no; it came stronger and to frame his coffin and resting place, louder and fuller. Oh, could it be possible with the canopy of heaven above as a shroud? "God can not be so cruel," thought he; yet, had he not been acting foolishly, in attempting to bridge the canyon with his tree, and knowing full well his heavy weight, to cross on it? The punishment did not seem unjust; he had richly deserved it. The miracle to him was how he had escaped being dashed to the rocks below, and at that moment being but a mass of quivering flesh. Perhaps he might get dizzy and fall yet; who could tell? His great, throbbing heart seemed to still and refuse to beat. And then thoughts of home flashed before his now thoroughly aroused imagination. How bright and joyous everything must be there! The supper must by this time be cleared away, and his father must be smoking in the chimney corner, now and then shifting uneasily in his chair, and saying to his wife: "I no can yust dell vot dot poy means. I fear him be lost already, and never back cooms."

And he could see the anxious look of his mother, as she went back and forth to the door and watched for him, and imagined she heard her son's cry on every wail of the wind. They would surely go and search for him; but would it occur to them to look in the canyon? How could he make them hear? His trail in the snow—they could see that. But what if a storm should come up and cover his tracks? As he looked at the matter, he became more and more convinced that it would be at least twenty-four hours until they should find him.

Suddenly he heard a noise; afar off at first, so faint that it seemed he must have been asleep and dreaming, and had awakened with a start. Again he heard it, more loudly. This time he thought it the echo of the noise caused by the fall, reverberating from the depths be-

neath. But no; it came stronger and louder and fuller. Oh, could it be possible! The wolves had found his tracks and are coming pell mell up the mountain to where he lies buried alive. "Oh, God!" he moaned. "And to meet death in this awful place!" He trembled as the aspen trembles when kissed by the summer's breeze, and his cheek was white as the snow that covered him in his fall. Nearer and nearer they approached, and their baying was more and more distinct. Summoning all the strength that was in him, Heinrich gave a cry for help which fairly deafened him, and for a moment stopped the dreadful beasts above him. Again it was renewed. He lifted his eyes toward the opening. There, on the brink, were innumerable eyes, seemingly balls of fire, and the blood-thirsty animals snapped their teeth, as if in very delight, at their prospective meal. Now they seemed to be fighting each other, and could it be, one of them more bold, and perhaps more hungry, than the rest, had leaped downward, or perhaps had been pushed in by the now insane pack. Heinrich offered a prayer to heaven, and calmly awaited the death which seemed inevitable. But, with a heart-rending yell, the poor beast swept on past him and was mangled to death on the sharp edges of the rocks below him.

Then there was a lull in the noise above him. Apparently realizing the utter impossibility of reaching their prey, they seemed to be quietly discussing as to a mode of procedure. Taking advantage of this, Heinrich halloed again for help. The tree shook beneath him and warned him to desist. But his cry was heard. Several gun shots reached his ear, two more dead wolves were hurled past him, and he heard the shouts of voices above. He was saved.

"Well, well, well!" came to him from above.