from me, on the other bank of the river. I only perceived it indistinctly, as it entered the bushes, and I could not be sure that I saw it at all. I hastened at once as near the spot as possible, and examined the place from the bank on which I was. But I came to the conclusion that I had seen nothing, as on the grassy bank there was no mark, and the bushes looked as if they had not been disturbed. I did not connect this incident with the other, and they both soon slipped my mind.

About three o'clock, after a long tramp, having had only a little lunch, I started for camp, and at about four I found myself very near it. Passing through a pretty little glade, that I had often admired, I thought I'd stop for a minute, and take a good look at it for the last time.

Through the scattered trees on one side of the glade I could see the lake, about fifty yards off. The trees on the other three sides loomed up grandly, and their high tops, forming a canopy overhead, shut out the sky. How beautifully the shadows were cast by the sun coming across the lake, and the depths of the woods behind me looked sombre in their loneliness. I turned to look down the long aisles of the forest, and saw a sight that drove the half-formed words from my lips, and the fancies from my brain.

Creeping from one tree to another in a stooping posture, quietly, noiselessly nearing me as I had stood looking away, but now suddenly stopped by my seeing him, was the form of a man. A man it was, but in such a condition that but for his face, on which the sunlight fell full, I should never have known him. With a wild, matted shock of hair, and a beard falling down over his chest, which was half covered by the skin thrown over his shoulders, he looked like some demon of the woods creeping about on his malicious errands.

But he gave me no time to wonder. Straightening up he rushed right at me, uttering at the same time a roar, half human, half brutish. I brought up my gun to a ready, but as I did so he hurled at me the hatchet he held in his hand. It came so swift and true that I barely had time to throw up my rifle to shield my head. The missile struck it at the breech and shattered the lock. I can still see the look he gave as he leaped over a fallen log within ten feet of me. I swung my broken rifle round with both hands full at his head.

Catching the descending barrel in his palm he flung it aside, striking at me at the same time with his other hand, half open like a gorilla's. I caught the blow on my upthrown elbow, and then the weight of his onset carried me to the ground. As we fell, I dropped the gun and caught him round the body, twisting over so that we fell on our sides. His head struck a root, and for a moment he lay half stunned. I leaped to my feet. Then—I know not why—a sudden horror seized me, and I turned and ran. I made for the beach; it was good for running there. As I passed out of the glade I turned my head and saw him groping for his hatchet, looking like a goblin, with the sunlight striking on him and all the woods behind in shadow. Then he rose and gave chase.

Everyone knows that horrible feeling in dreams when, trying to flee from some awful thing, one cannot move, and is caught. Something akin to that I felt now as I ran along the little beach, and felt, rather than saw, that terrible creature gaining rapidly on me.

The beach curved round into a little cove now, and I plunged again into the woods. How close he was I did not know. I dared not turn my head. Something suddenly whizzed past me, and I saw his hatchet, hurtling onward, strike in a tree full thirty feet before me at the height of my head, such was the terrible force of the throw. The next moment I stumbled and fell at full length, shooting forward on my face. He rushed up panting like a dog, and threw himself on me, twining his hands round my throat.

Then how I struggled! I threw him off and gained my feet, but he grappled me again be-