

The Winnipeg Wolf

By Ernest Thompson Seton.
Naturalist to Gov't. of Man.

I.
It was during the great blizzard of 1882 that I first met the Winnipeg Wolf. I had left St. Paul in the middle of March to cross the prairies to Winnipeg, expecting to be there in twenty-four hours, but the Storm King had planned it otherwise and sent a heavy-laden eastern blast. The snow came down in a furious, steady torrent, hour after hour. Never before had I seen such a storm. All the world was lost in snow—snow, snow—whirling, biting, stinging, drifting snow—and the puffing, monstrous engine was compelled to stop at the command of those tiny, feathery crystals of spolia puri.

Many strong hands with shovels came to the delicately crippled drifts that barred our way, and in an hour the engine could pass—only to stick in another drift yet farther on. It was dreary work—day after day, night after night, sticking in the drifts, digging ourselves out, and still the snow went whirling and playing about us.

"Twenty-two hours to Emerson," said the official; but nearly two weeks of drifting passed before we did reach Emerson, and the popular country where the thickets stop all drifting of the snow. Then forth the train went swiftly, the poplar woods grew more thickly—we passed for miles through solid forests, then perhaps through an open space. As we neared St. Boniface, the eastern outskirts of Winnipeg, we dashed across a little glade fifty yards wide, and there in the middle was a group that stirred me to the very soul.

In plain view was a great rabble of Dogs, large and small, black, white, and yellow, wringing and heaving this way and that way in a rude ring; to one side was a little yellow Dog stretched and quiet in the snow; on the other part of the ring was a huge black Dog bounding about and barking, but keeping ever behind the moving mob. And in the midst, the centre and cause of it all, was a great, grim Wolf.

Wolf! He looked like a Lion. There he stood, all alone—resolute—calm—with bristling mane, and legs braced firmly, glancing this way and that, to be ready for an attack in any direction. There was a curl on his lips—it looked like scorn, but I suppose it was really the fighting snarl of tooth display. Led by a wolfish-looking Dog that should have been ashamed, the pack dashed in, for the twentieth time no doubt. But the great gray form leaped here and there, and chop, chop, chop went those fearful jaws, no other sound from the lonely warrior; but a death yelp from more than one of his foes, those that were able again sprang back, and left his statuesque as before, untamed, unmaimed, and contemptuous of them all.

How I wished for the train to stick in a snowdrift now, as so often before, for all my heart went out to that Gray Wolf; I longed to go and help him. But the snow-deep glade flashed by, the poplar trunks shut out the view, and we went on to our journey's end. This was all I saw, and it seemed little; but before many days had passed I knew surely that I had been favored with a view, in broad daylight, of a rare and wonderful creature, none less than the Winnipeg Wolf.

His was a strange history—a Wolf that preferred the city to the country, that passed by the Sheep to kill the Dogs, and that always hunted alone.

In telling the story of *le Garou*, as he was called by some, although I speak of these things as locally familiar, it is very sure that to many citizens of the town they were quite unknown. The smug shopkeeper on the main street had scarcely heard of him until the day after the final scene at the slaughter-house, when his great carcass was carried to Hine's taxidermist shop and there mounted, to be exhibited later at the Chicago World's Fair, and to be destroyed, alas! in the fire that reduced the Mulvey Grammar School to ashes in 1896.

II.

It seems that Fiddler Paul, the handsome ne'er-do-well of the half-breed world, readier to hunt than to work, was prowling with his gun along the wooded banks of the Red River by Kildonan, one day in the June of 1880. He saw a Gray Wolf come out of a hole in a bank and

fired a chance shot that killed it. Having made sure, by sending in his Dog, that no other large Wolf was there, he crawled into the den, and found, to his utter amazement and delight, eight young Wolves—nine bounties of ten dollars each. How much is that! A fortune surely. He used a stick vigorously, and with the assistance of the yellow Cur, all the little ones were killed but one. There is a superstition about the last of a brood—it is not lucky to kill it. So Paul set-out for town with the scalp of the old Wolf, the serapls of the seven young, and the last Cub alive.

The saloon-keeper, who got the dollars for which the scalps were exchanged, soon got the living Cub. He grew up at the end of a chain, but developed a chest and jaws that no Hound in town could match. He was kept in the yard for the amusement of customers, and this amusement usually took the form of baiting the captive with Dogs. The young Wolf was bitten and mauled nearly to death on several occasions, but he recovered, and each month there were fewer Dogs willing to face him. His life was as hard as it could be. There was but one gleam of gentleness in it all, and that was the friendship that grew up between himself and Little Jim, the son of the saloon-keeper.

Jim was a willful little rascal with a mind of his own. He took to the Wolf because it had killed a Dog that had bitten him. He thenceforth fed the Wolf and made a pet of it, and the Wolf responded by allowing him to take liberties which no one else dared venture.

Jim's father was not a model parent. He usually spoiled his son, but at times would get in a rage, and beat him cruelly for some trifle. The child was quick to learn that he was beaten, not because he had done wrong, but because he had made his father angry. If, therefore, he could keep out of the way until the anger had cooled, he had no further cause for worry. One day, seeking safety in flight with his father behind him, he dashed into the Wolf's kennel, and his grizzly chum thus unceremoniously awakened turned to the door, displayed a double row of ivory, and plainly said to the father: "Don't you dare to touch him."

If Hogan could have shot the Wolf then and there he would have

done so, but the chances were about equal to killing his son, so he let them alone and, half an hour later, laughed at the whole affair. Thenceforth Little Jim made for the Wolf's den whenever he was in danger, and sometimes the only notice any one had that the boy had been in mischief was seeing him sneak in behind the savage captive.

Economy in hired help was a first principle with Hogan. Therefore his "barkeep" was a Chinaman. He was a timid, harmless creature, so Paul des Roches did not hesitate to bully him. One day, finding Hogan out, and the Chinaman alone in charge, Paul, already tipsy, demanded a drink on credit, and Tang Ling, acting on standing orders refused. His artless explanation, "No good, neber pay," so far from clearing up the difficulty, brought Paul staggering back of the bar to avenge the insult. The Celestial might have suffered grievous bodily hurt, but that Little Jim was at hand and had a long stick, with which he adroitly tripped the Fiddler and sent him sprawling. He staggered to his feet swearing he would have Jim's life. But the child was near the back door and soon found refuge in the Wolf's kennel.

Seeing that the boy had a protector, Paul got the long stick, and from a safe distance began to belabor the Wolf. The grizzly creature raged at the end of the chain, but, though he parried many cruel blows by seizing the stick in his teeth, he was suffering severely. When Paul realized that Jim, whose tongue had not been idle, was fumbling away with nervous fingers to set the Wolf loose, and soon would succeed. Indeed, it would have been done already but for the strain that the Wolf kept on the chain.

The thought of being in the yard at the mercy of the huge animal that he had so enraged, gave the brave Paul a thrill of terror.

Jim's wheedling voice was heard—"Hold on now, Wolfe; back up just a little, and you shall have him. Now do; there's a good Wolfe!"—that was enough; the Fiddler fled and carefully closed all doors behind him.

Thus the friendship between Jim and his pet grew stronger, and the Wolf, as he developed his splendid natural powers, gave daily evidence also of the mortal hatred he

bore to men that smelt of whiskey and to all Dogs, the causes of his sufferings. This peculiarity, coupled with his love for the child—and all children seemed to be included to some extent—grew with his growth and seemed to prove the ruling force of his life.

III.

At this time—that is, the fall of 1881—there were great complaints among the Qu'Appelle ranchmen that the Wolves were increasing in their country and committing great depredations among the stock. Poisoning and trapping had proved failures, and when a distinguished hunter appeared at the Club in Winnipeg and announced that he was bringing some Dogs that could easily rid the country of Wolves, he was listened to with unusual interest. For the cattlemen are fond of sport, and the idea of helping their business by establishing a kennel of Wolfhounds was very alluring.

The hunter soon produced as samples of his Dogs, two magnificent Danes, one white, the other blue with black spots, and a singular white eye that completed an expression of unusual ferocity. Each of these great creatures weighed nearly two hundred pounds. They were muscled like Tigers, and the hunter was readily believed when he claimed that these two alone were more than a match for the biggest Wolf. He thus described their method of hunting: "All you have to do is show them the trail and, even if it is a day old, away they go on it. They cannot be shaken off. They will soon find that Wolf, no matter how he doubles and hides. Then they close on him. He turns to run, the blue Dog takes him by the haunch and throws him like this," and the hunter jerked a roll of bread into the air; "then before he touches the ground the white Dog has his head, the other his tail, and they pull him apart like that."

It sounded all right; at any rate every one was eager to put it to the proof. Several of the residents said there was a fair chance of finding a Gray-Wolf along the Assiniboine, so a hunt was organized. But they searched in vain for three days and were giving it up when some one suggested that down at Hogan's saloon was a Wolf chained, and that they could get the value of the bounty, and though

little more than a year old he would serve to show what the Dogs could do.

The value of Hogan's Wolf went up at once when he knew the importance of the occasion; besides, "he had conscientious scruples." All his scruples vanished, however, when his views as to price were met. His first care was to get Little Jim out of the way by sending him on an errand to his grand-ma's; then the Wolf was driven into his box and nailed in. The box was put in a wagon and taken to the open prairie along the Portage trail.

The Dogs could scarcely be held back—they were so eager for the fray, as soon as they smelt the Wolf. But several strong men held their leash, the wagon was drawn half a mile farther, and the Wolf was turned out with some difficulty. At first he looked scared and sullen. He tried to get out of sight, but made no attempt to bite. However, on finding himself free, as well as hissed and hooted at, he started off at a slinking trot toward the south, where the land seemed broken. The Dogs were released at that moment, and, baying furiously, they bounded away after the young Wolf. The men cheered loudly and rode behind them. From the very first it was clear that he had no chance. The Dogs were much swifter; the white one could run like a Greyhound. Her owner was wildly enthusiastic as she flew across the prairie, gaining visibly on the Wolf at every second. Many bets were offered on the Dogs, but there were no takers. The only bets accepted were Dog against Dog. The young Wolf went at speed now, but within a mile the white Dog was right behind him—was closing in.

The hunter shouted: "Now watch and see that Wolf go up in the air!"

In a moment the runners were together. Both recoiled, neither went up in the air, but the white Dog rolled over with a fearful gasp in her shoulder—out of the fight, if not killed. Ten seconds later the Blue-spot arrived, open-mouthed. This meeting was as quick and almost as mysterious as the first. The animals barely touched each other. The gray one bounded aside, his head out of sight for a moment in the flash of quick movement. Spot reeled and showed a bleeding flank. Urged on by the

men, he assaulted again, but only to get another wound that taught him to keep off.

Now came the keeper with four more huge Dogs. They turned these loose, and the men armed with clubs and lassos were closing to help in finishing the Wolf, when a small boy came charging over the plain on a Pony. He leaped to the ground and wriggling through the ring flung his arms around the Wolf's neck. He called him his "Wolfe pet," his "dear Wolfe"—the Wolf licked his face and wagged its tail—then the child turned on the crowd and through his streaming tears, he—Well! it would not do to print what he said. He was only nine, but he was very old-fashioned, as well as a rude little boy. He had been brought up in a low saloon, and had been an apt pupil at picking up the vile talk of the place. He cursed them one and all and for generations back; he did not spare even his own father.

If a man had used such shocking and insulting language he might have been lynched, but coming from a baby, the hunters did not know what to do, so finally did the best thing. They laughed aloud—not at themselves, that is not considered good form—but they all laughed at the hunter whose wonderful Dogs had been worsted by a half-grown Wolf.

Jimmie now thrust his dirty, tear-stained little fist down into his very-much-of-a-boy's pocket, and from among marbles and chewing gum, as well as tobacco, matches, pistol cartridges, and other contraband, he fished out a flimsy bit of grocer's twine and fastened it around the Wolf's neck. Then, still blubbering a little, he set out for home on the Pony, leading the Wolf and hurling a final threat and anathema at the dog owner: "Four two cents I'd sid him on you, gol darn ye!"

IV.

Early that winter Jimmie was taken down with a fever. The Wolf howled miserably in the yard when he missed his little friend, and finally on the boy's demand was admitted to the sick-room, and there this great wild Dog—for that is all a Wolf is—continued faithfully watching by his friend's bedside.

(To be continued.)

YOUR HOUR

OF LEISURE

THE GRUDGE.

By Bertou Braley.

I hate a pessimistic mortal
Who looks on life with cynic gaze,
And gives a rule and raucous exhort
At human thoughts and human ways;
Who sneers at talk of optimism
And thinks no honest souls exist,
I hold the creed of optimism,
And so I hate a pessimist.
I hate a pessimist who exalts
And seeks to make our joys disperse;
Who thinks whatever fate unravels
Is bad—and swiftly getting worse;
Who prophesies much woe and sorrow,
With lips that have a downward twist;
Who slams To-day and knocks To-morrow,
I sure do hate a pessimist.
I keep an attitude that's pleasant,
I look upon the brighter side;
But still the pessimist is present,
To grump and grumble and deride;
I have a fierce and fervent yearning
To punch him till his smile grows bright,
I hate him most because I'm learning
That nine times out of ten he's right!
There are not many happinesses
So complete, as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword.
A prudent man is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.

The Miracle Of It.

By Alice Garland Steele.

To-day was his birthday! She had dismissed it, that morning, with two or three tender kisses, that the whole day might heap up for him her little store of festivities. He should see, this big son of hers, how gay forty-four could make itself for twenty-two!
Last year she had let down the bars to his whole "crowd"—great, gawky, dear fellows home for the Easter vacation, and girls in short dance frocks who dealt out rose-bud coquetries as they piled around her dinner table—all in honor of twenty-one! That day he had belonged to his world. It was a mile-stone, white and joyous, but to-day was hers. He was only twenty-two, a year didn't matter to a soul in the world except his mother!
She stooped to light, with her own hands, the candles. They stood for her somehow as symbols of her ever-burning belief in his future. He was to be an engineer, the very biggest kind of one; he was to force a career from the earth itself, and the waters under the earth; he was to plan aqueducts, railroads, highways for the multitude. They had talked it over so many times when he was on the eve of leaving again for his college, and, though he had not said it in so many words, she knew that in this way she was to be repaid for all the little sacrifices—the lonely life, the dwindling account at her bank, the soaring sum of his college expenses. As if she cared for that—it was her part in the making of a man!
After all, she had given him the

supreme gift—Purpose. Being a woman, she called it a "Great Ideal." She remembered how, when he was a very little boy, she had talked in low tones about what Sidney should be when he grew up. It was she who had planned, dreamed for him. She had noticed even then her lover's husband's gentle disregard of this career or that.
"Let him work things out for himself, dear," he had said; and then, almost as if he had a premonition that he would not live to see them through, he had added slowly: "Give him the implements to work with, that's all."
"What implements?" she had insisted, with wide, wistful eyes; and, plain business man that he was, used to working with common, everyday tools, he had answered, looking at her with a straight gaze: "Courage, sweet-heart, and—honesty. The habit of looking things in the face, and—faith in his own visions. Ours for him might be shortsighted; he must work life out for himself."
The year after that he had left them!
And Sidney was working things out for himself. She had sympathized with each budding ambition, from the time when he had decided that to be a cupwearer out West was the supreme end of man. She had known he would outgrow that, just as he kept outgrowing his clothes, but the engineer-idea had stayed. It had become the "Great Ideal," and he was going out into the thick of it from the very best scientific school his country afforded.
She came back, smiling through tears, to the festive little dinner table set for two. There were gifts at his plate. A tie, gorgeous in texture, that wove into a bold

pattern, his college colors. And cigars, the kind he liked and could not afford—she had got Hicks, his chum, to get them for her. And a sapphire with a star sapphire that would take her surplus cash for months!
All at once she realized that it was late. He and that nice boy, Hicks, had gone over to the links at the South Club. She was just about to send an order to delay dinner when her maid came in, bearing a note.
It was from Sidney, and she felt, almost before she opened it, the full burden of disappointment. It was written on the club paper, as if in a great hurry:
"Dear Mater: Just a word to say I've had an invite for dinner. Some of them heard it was my birthday, and Mrs. Bertine has fixed up a little party. Isn't it jolly of her? She is taking Hicks too. Just as we are, without dinner-togs. She is waiting for us now with the car. You won't mind, mater? I am saving all day to-morrow for you."
SIDNEY.
She stood very still, not so much hurt as frightened. The name of Cicely Bertine had frightened her. She felt a flush mount to her forehead, then it receded, leaving her pale. Then that she would eat dinner upstairs, on a tray, she heaped her arms with his gifts and, still with that pale premonition, carried them up to his room.
Cicely Bertine!
She was not the kind of woman for her boy to know!
She got that far and stumbled, helpless, as one stumbles at the beginning of a dangerous and unknown trail. And then, mother-like, she called up little, commonplace comforts. He couldn't really know a woman of that sort; it would after all be just surface

things that he would get from her, he would not guess at the real Cicely underneath, nor learn what she had stood for in men's lives. She had tutored him for so long in the goodness of women!
She sat down, trying to recall Mrs. Bertine as she had last seen her, at a crowded picture exhibit, with nothing on the wall more painted than her eyes! They had been brilliant, masquerading, and that was the whole of Cicely—a huge spectacle, a masquerade. Her life was like a staged play, the first act an elopement from a girls' school with a man twice her age, who knew by heart every boulevard in Europe. The course they had run was admittedly tempestuous, with plenty of lurid turnings. Then, suddenly, he had dignified his life by dying at the Front after six months in the trenches, and Cicely had figured as "the beautiful American," Mrs. Bertine, at the Relief Bazaars, where she wore her rue "with a difference."
And then all at once she appeared among them again. She had come back to the little orthodox circle that she had known in youth, not as a penitent, but as one who still had a part to play and danced the old setting.
She played it well, with curious fascinations. Mrs. Travis, biting her lip, had honestly to admit it, but it made her heart beat all the quicker for her boy. There were haunting vestiges of youth about Cicely; like false fires they lit up the dark places of her being, flamed high in her moods, as if for her the torch of life must forever burn lurid. And Sidney and that nice boy, Hicks, had gone to this woman's house for dinner! It was not that she doubted Sidney. She knew by heart his white young

standards, but she could not bear his breathing the same air with falsity, deeping his knowledge of womanhood through this one woman!
(To be continued.)
ONE FAMILY UNDER ONE ROOF.
It is apparently very loving and dutiful to take into the home the aged parent or parents, but it should never be done except as a last resort. Neither should young married people with children recklessly "move in" with aged relatives, even though the relatives imagine they would like the plan very much. "One family under one roof" is a very good rule; and it is entirely out of the question to expect an aged housekeeper, who has managed her own affairs all her days, to be reconciled to new ways and plans, either in her own home or in the home of a dear relative. Except in the rarest instances, so rare indeed as to be almost negligible, you cannot teach old dogs new tricks. Children worry aged people more than young people can ever comprehend; and, while grandmother may dote on the infants and think them the most remarkable beings in the world, she cannot endure the noise and playing long at a time.
HOW PERFUMES WERE ORIGINATED BY THE ANCIENTS.
The ancient Medes were said to be the originators of perfumes and cosmetics. The people of Elhan, now called Persia, borrowed their taste for scents from them, and such was their predilection of perfume that they usually wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called

labysus. Then Egypt imported the fad from Persia, and soon the land of the Nile became the perfume centre of the old world.
In those days the Jews scented their beds with myrrh, aloes and cinnamon and perfumed their hair and beards with myrrh, cassia, aloes and frankincense. So indispensable was perfume considered in the bridal toilet, that the Talmud directed that one-tenth of a bride's dowry be put aside for the purchase of scents, and the path of the bride was strewn with roses and watered with essences.
Even the tattered cynic Diogenes did not disdain to enter the perfumer's shop now and then, leaving his tub at the door. With a praiseworthy spirit of economy he always applied the scents he bought to his feet, for as he justly observed to the young dudes who mocked him for his eccentricity, "When you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air and the birds only get the benefit of it, while I rub it only on my lower limbs, so it envelops my whole body and gratefully ascends to my nose."
The Grecian love of perfumes spread into Rome, where to the various odors differing medicinal properties were attributed. Jasmine was cheering, heliotrope inviting, thyme had a tonic quality and the perfume of white violets was declared good for the digestion.
The far-famed perfumes of the East were the favorite spoils brought home to their lady loves by the knights of the crusades, and no other treasure could have been more valued.
Virtue is in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as Patriotism or love of country.