

were numerous, and being ambitious to kill some of these fierce brutes, that he might adorn his wigwam with their warm skins, he took his traps and camping outfit and set out for that region of country. It was more than two hundred miles away. He soon found tracks in abundance, and ere he made his little hunting lodge in the midst of a spruce grove, he set his traps for the fierce wolves in a spot which seemed to be their rallying place. As they are very suspicious and clever, he carefully placed two traps close together and sprinkled them over with snow, leaving visible only the dead rabbits which served as bait. Then scattering more snow over his own tracks as he moved away, in order to leave as little evidence of having been there as possible, he returned to his tent-like lodge, prepared and ate his supper, smoked his pipe, and then, wrapping himself up in his blanket, was soon fast asleep.

Very early next morning he was up and off to visit his traps. His axe was slipped in his belt, and his gun, well loaded, was carried ready for use if necessary. When he had gotten within a few hundred yards of the place where he had set his heavy traps, he heard the rattling of the chains which were attached to them. This sound, while it made his heart jump, was very welcome, for it meant that he had been successful. When he drew near the traps he found that a fierce old wolf, in trying to get the rabbit from one of them without springing it, had been caught in the other, and although both of his hind legs were held by the sharp teeth of the trap, he had managed to drag it and the heavy log fastened to it quite a distance.

When Oowikapun drew near the wolf made the most desperate efforts to escape; but the strong trap held him securely, and the heavy log on the chain made it impossible for him to get far away.

Oowikapun could easily have shot him, but ammunition was dear, and the bullet-hole in the skin would be a blemish. Then the sound of the gun might scare away the game that might be near, so he resolved to kill the wolf with the back of his axe. Better would it have been for him if he had shot him at once. So putting down his gun, he took his axe out of his belt and cautiously approached the treacherous brute. The sight