

A DEVIL-WOLF'S LITTER.

RAIDS OF A COLLIE'S PROGENY ON HERD RANCHES.

Seven Tawny Hounds that United the Coming of Their Mother with the Intelligence of Their Father—Vain Attempts to Destroy Them.

It was in 1879, the year after my coming to Colorado, while I was learning the sheep business at the Rush Creek Ranch, that I first heard of the devil-wolf's litter, said L. G. Austey, who was for some years a ranchman in Colorado and Utah. I was riding in the dusk of the evening from the home ranch to a sheep camp when my horse picked up his ears and quickened his pace of his own accord. Noticing that he was uneasy, I looked about to find out what had alarmed him, and saw what I took to be a large yellow dog skulking along after me about a hundred yards in the rear. Thinking that he had strayed from some camp or wagon outfit I whistled to him. At this he stopped, cocked his ears and stood gazing at me, but would come no nearer. Then, as I rode on, he followed me as before, keeping at the same distance away, until I was within sight of the light in the sheep camp, when he vanished in the darkness. Twice I halted and tried to call the animal to me, but each time he stopped and waited until I started on. At these times, sitting on his haunches, the creature looked so much like a wolf that I should have taken him for one had it not been for his color and the fact of his following me in the way he did. It was not to be wondered at that a lost dog should be shy of a stranger, but what I could not understand was the fear shown by the horse, who would have bolted away from the creature if I had given him free rein. At the sheep camp where I stopped for supper, I spoke of the strange dog that had followed me. The two shepherds, who were new in the country, had no light to throw on the subject, but Cray, an old hunter, who was staying that night at the camp, asked:

"Was it a big, wolfish looking critter with shaggy yellow coat?"

"I said that it was."

"It kept just so near—wouldn't go away or come any closer—just tagged on behind keepin' you in view?" Cray continued.

"That's right," I answered. "You've described the beast to a dot. Now, where's dog is it?"

"It isn't a dog—and it isn't a wolf. It's a 'twixt and between the two, and wuss than either," the hunter said. "It's no good news for sheep owners that the devil-wolf's litter has struck into these parts again."

"After so much said I, of course, had to have the whole story of the devil-wolf and her progeny, and Cray, who had hunted the country in buffalo days, had plenty to tell. This wolf was a notorious sheep killer, and had hunted the ranches between Rush Creek and the Republican River for years, and as she drew other wolves after her and brought forth a litter of hungry whelps yearly, she had laid a heavy tax on the sheep ranchmen. No hunter could get within rifle range of her, and she would have no dealings with traps or poisoned baits, so her career among her enemies had been a long one. The name of demonio—the demon—which the Mexican shepherds gave her, because in the mouths of the American Ranchmen 'the devil-wolf, and the beast's cunning and boldness justified the title. The story of the devil-wolf's family began with the disappearance of a valuable collie dog from a sheep camp of the creek about three years before my coming to the ranch. The collie, one of the highly prized lemon-colored variety, in the pairing time of wolves was enticed by a she-wolf from the camp one night, and his romance had ended in tragedy—at least it was so supposed, for he never came back. Some months after this a cowboy, riding the range, reported that he had seen the devil-wolf playing with seven young wolves on the prairie, and that every one of the whelps was yellow. He was baffled and laughed at by his hearers, but he stuck to his story, and in course of time its truth was confirmed by others who saw the same oddly tinted wolf family.

"It was not long before the ranchmen along Rush Creek began to get unpleasant reminders of the devil-wolf's litter. These dogs-wolves a great appetite for mutton, and in their depredations on the ranches they showed a ferocity and cunning exceeding these traits in their mother. Instead of separating and going their different ways, as members of a wolf litter commonly do on gaining their growth they stay

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ed together, and the mother remained with them for two years at least, when she disappeared for good, as no one ever knew when or how. She had taught them her tricks, and with the superior sagacity derived from the collie strain they improved on her lessons.

Up to the time of the appearance of the dog-wolves the Colorado sheepman had suffered from little damage from wild animals. Wolves particularly had given the shepherds a wide birth, and the low rail fence around a sheep corral was a barrier that they were afraid to leap. The devil-wolf's litter, while taking every precaution against traps or ambushes, would invade the corrals and the very stamps themselves when they could safely do so. Those who had seen them work said that they always reconnoitered the ground before making a foray, and that one of their number acted as sentinel while the others slaughtered sheep. Toward domestic dogs they had a peculiar malice. Hounds that were put after them they led on in chase until they were well away from the hunters, and then turning they tore them to pieces. It was a favorite trick with them to come near the ranches of the shepherds to entice the shepherds' dogs from the camps. Romping, they would draw the sheepdog from the camp and, thinking them of his own species, he would join their gambols. By degrees they would lead him further away, and at last, when safe from interference, they would fall upon the luckless stranger and tear him in pieces.

There were certain ways in which these dog-wolves showed strongly the traits inherited from the collie. One was the instinct that drew them toward the neighborhood of humanity. While they were as shy of approach as the wildest wolves, there was an attraction for them in man that led them to follow the traveller at a safe distance away, such as I had observed in my own experience. Strangers in the country usually supposed, as I did, that it was a shy dog that was trailing their steps and would go through the useless performance of trying to cultivate his acquaintance. One of these dog-wolves would sometimes attach himself to a shepherd on the range for an entire day, following the wanderings of the sheep and watching the process of herding with great interest. The superstitious ones among the shepherds, the Mexicans and old country men in particular, disliked these visits from dog-wolves exceedingly, looking on them as meaning some misfortune to themselves. This idea was strengthened by what happened in the case of a shepherd on a ranch fifty miles south of the Republican River. He was a raw Scandinavian lad, new to the business of herding, and he disappeared one day after taking his flock out on the range in the morning. A search was made for him and he was found three days later wandering delirious on the prairie, nearly dead from thirst and exhaustion. He could give no account of his wanderings except that in trying to catch a yellow dog that approached him on the plain he had lost sight of his sheep and had become lost himself. By what he said it was inferred that the creature had been his companion for the first day at least, and it was not doubted among the ranchmen that the visitor that so nearly caused his death was one of the devil-wolf's litter.

In another case the dog wolves showed a strategy such as one would attribute to human reason rather than brute instinct. A shepherd herding his flock was approached by one of these dog-wolves, who put on every appearance of a romping dog. By men herding on the lonely plains any companionship is welcomed, and the shepherd, in hopes of securing a pet and helper, was induced to follow the supposed dog over the crest of a ridge beyond the view of his flock. His advances failed to bring him any nearer the animal, and when at last he returned to his flock it was to find that in his absence it had been raided by the rest of the pack of dog wolves, who had killed or disabled more than twenty five sheep, and now were waiting a few hundred yards away for him to go from the place before beginning their feast.

"Although they were hunted and shot at and, in fact, passed their lives in a perpetual state of defence against the plots of man, these dog-wolves always preserved a certain deference toward everything in the human form. A thrilling instance of this was afforded at a ranch about forty miles northwest of the Rush Creek ranch. The owner's family were staying at the home ranch in the summer and one day the negro nursemaid strolled out on the prairie, wheeling in a baby carriage the child in her charge, a girl fifteen months old. Leaving the child asleep in the carriage, in the shade of a cottonwood tree by a streamlet, the maid, engaged in conversation with a shepherd, wandered some distance away. Suddenly recollect-

ing her charge, she looked toward the carriage to see that half a dozen tawny, wolf-like looking animals had appeared out of a side gulch, and were approaching it. The girl would have run to the rescue of the child, but the herdsmen, afraid, held her back. The dog-wolves circled round the carriage, surrounding it, and some came close to the sleeping child, sniffing curiously at her, but not offering to molest her. The girl at last broke from the herdsmen and rushed toward the carriage. The dog-wolves at first seemed too much absorbed in their investigations of the child and carriage to notice her approach, but at the sound of her screams they lifted their heads, looked at her a few moments and then cast her away, back into the gulch, leaving the child unharmed and unawakened.

"These dog-wolves, though often seen separately, were believed always to have a common rendezvous and to hunt together. For months or even a year at a time they would disappear from one locality to appear at another, but their operations as far as known were always confined to a tract a little more than a hundred miles square. They never consorted with wolves, and it was believed that they would not permit wolves to remain in any tract where they ranged. There is no evidence that they ever propagated their species. Their calls to one another were a howl somewhat modified from that of a wolf, and a yelping note suggesting the barking of a dog.

"After my first experience which I have narrated I twice saw dog wolves in the Rush Creek country. Once two of them appeared from some hiding place on the prairie to one side of the trail in which I was riding, watched me as I passed, and followed me for about two miles. On the other occasion I saw the full pack, then reduced to five in number, galloping along the side of a prairie swell a mile away. They were in full sight for perhaps five minutes, and then disappeared round a turn in the hill. Two of the original pack had been killed at that time—one shot at long range by an antelope hunter, and its skin sold to a tourist during the stopping of a train at the railway station at River Bend; the other, wounded by a bullet, had dragged itself beyond the reach of the hunter who shot it and was never found.

"Not the least remarkable thing in the history of this strange hybrid pack was the manner in which they came to an end. An inheritance probably from their collie strain of ancestry, they had an inordinate liking for milk, and would take great risks to obtain it. This in the lambing season on the ranches made them particularly destructive, for they would bite the udders from sheep, and would tear open the unwashed lambs in order to drink the milk that their stomachs contained. A man owning a little ranch, on a tributary of the Republican River, who had suffered from their ravages, hit on a plan for revenge. He had several milk cows at his place, and he baited a trap for the dog-wolves for weeks with a tin pan of milk, set in the ground so that it could not be easily upset. He filled the pan daily, and when he found that they were visiting it regularly he put a dose of strychnine in it one day. He was called in another direction the next day and did not visit the place until the morning after. Then he found all the five dog-wolves dead around the pan. His device had accomplished what all the efforts of hunters and trappers during three years had failed to do, the wiping out of the devil-wolf's litter. It would have been of interest if a specimen of this hybrid stock had been preserved, or a skin prepared for mounting. But it was mid-summer, and the animals when he found them, were past skinning, so he left them on the prairie."

A Kind Monkey.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. Monsieur Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. This monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burrs and thorns, sometimes to the number of two or three thousand, from the goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace.

On coming in from the pasture, the goat



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regularly went in search of his light-handed friend, and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reassured themselves after the prickles were removed; he would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes, and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.

MANILA FIRE ENGINES.

An Imported Engine Caused Great Excitement.

In "Yesterdays in the Philippines" Mr. Stevens gives an amusing account of the testing of a new fire-engine which had been imported from the United States for a wealthy resident of Manila. El Capitan was delighted with the appearance of the machine, glistening with brass and nickel, and invited all the prominent people of the city to witness its trial. The important day came and a crowd assembled, curious and expectant, to see what the great American fire-engine could do.

The engine had been placed out on the quay; all around stood groups of open-mouthed natives.

My associate and I felt fairly important as we gruffly bade the police clear the ground for action, and blew the whistle to scare the crowd.

The huge motion-house was run into the river and ten natives were stationed at the nozzle of the four-inch hose, which was pointed up the small plaza running back from the quay. The bell rang and the steam turned on.

It worked well, and the big steam went so far as to soak down a lot of baled tobacco lying on a street corner at the next block, supposedly beyond reach. The owner of the tobacco came to the door to see what had happened, and as the engine began to work better, the steam of water knocked him over and played around the entrance of his storehouse.

To avoid complications of this sort, we shut off steam long enough to shift the hose over for a more unobstructed spurt along the river.

A few minutes later an open throttle caused a huge torrent to blanch from the long nozzle with such a force as to make the ten horsemen feel nervous, and in their excitement they turned the steam toward a lighter which was being poled down the Pasig by two Malays. The foremost of these were washed backward into the lighter and the hindmost swept off into the river. A Chinaman who was peddling a load of vegetables in a hollow trunk-tree suffered a similar fate.

Then suddenly, as we opened the throttle to its last notch, the excited hoseman tried to turn the torrent; but with its force of fifteen hundred gallons to the minute, it was too quick for them, and with one mighty kerchoog, it broke away and sent the nozzle flying round like a windmill.

Before they knew what had struck them the ten men holding the nozzle were knocked prostrate, and two small boys were whisked off into the river like so much dust. A dozen lightning wriggles of the hose, and the frenzied catarract shot a third boy into the office of our friend, Don Capitan.

Inside the door, on a wooden settee, were sitting some of the family servants holding their infants, and the same stream on which the boy travelled through the door washed the whole party, settee and all, across the hallway into a heap at the foot of the stairs.

The crowd stampeded, and then, before further mischief was done, we managed to shut off steam.

Cigarettes and Crime.

The relation of the cigarette to crime was the subject of some startling statistics presented before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections at Cincinnati. Of the boys in the Illinois State Reformatory between the ages of ten and fifteen, ninety-two per cent. were confirmed cigarette-smokers, and eighty-five per cent. so addicted to the habit, at the time of their conviction, as to be termed 'cigarette fiends' by the court.

The superintendent who compiled these figures asserts that the cigarette works ten-fold more injurious to the boy under fifteen than do intoxicating liquors, and more than any other one factor starts him on the road to criminal life.

While it is true that not every cigarette fiend becomes a criminal, the fact remains that the habit is acquired through evil associations; it involves demoralizing decep-

tion on the part of the boy at home; and by establishing health and will makes the lad an easy prey to temptation.

Professor De Motte, of Bryn Mawr, visiting a tobacco house in Brazil, noticed a black fluid trickling slowly into the vat of tobacco about to be made into cigarettes. Upon asking what it was he was told, "Rum, molasses and opium"; to give spice to the cigarette. These are specific facts, which admit of no controversy. Deductions thereupon can be easily made by every reader.

Tobacco Trug.

Appropos of the proposed "Anglo-American alliance," the story of Horace Greeley's neat rebuke of the Englishman who once agreed with him too literally may be worth telling. Mr. Greeley was discussing in a general company, the faults and needs of his own nation.

"What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good licking!"

It happened that there was an Englishman present, and he promptly said, with unmistakable English accent:

"Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.'"

But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction, or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone.

"But the trouble is, there's no nation that can give it to us!"

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