

lantern was lighted that I did not think there was much danger. "Well," he remarked, "it is very dark and I would not waste any time on the way home." (We didn't.)

We started back about half-past eleven and for some reason we seemed to be able to talk of nothing else but wolves. It was beastly dark. "The trail was rough and uneven and to make matters worse our lantern commenced to flicker and dance as if it had the asthma. Just when we reached the most densely wooded part of our journey, where there might have been a wolf within ten feet of us without our knowing it, I was remarking to Jack that I had read that wolves very seldom attacked people when they were walking, but that if a person stumbled and the animals were close to them, that they fell upon the unfortunate traveler at once. I had barely got the words out of my mouth when my foot caught on a snag and down I went, knocking the lantern from Jack's hand in my fall! In a moment all was darkness. Boys, I shall never forget it!

In an instant the air seemed filled with howls and growls of wolves. I was completely paralyzed with surprise and fright. I expected to be seized and torn to pieces every moment. To add to my horror, Jack had left me and I could hear him ahead of me crying, "Come on—for God's sake, come on." I scrambled to my feet as best I could and grasping my revolver in my hand started up the trail again as fast as I could run, not caring for stumps, logs, or in fact anything. The wolves were there on each side of the trail and

every moment a fierce howl would cause me to make a greater effort to reach the clearing round the house. I seemed to be making no progress, however, and imagined every second that one of the beasts was going to spring on me.

Down I went again, head-over-heels! "Now I am done for," was my only thought. I tried to struggle to my feet, but somehow my legs seemed paralyzed. I could see a dark object close upon my right side. I fired two shots. The report of my pistol seemed to put new life in my veins. I was on my feet in an instant and started again—this time feeling determined to gain the house or make it as unpleasant for the wolves as I possibly could. I reached the 'clearing' without further mishap and met Jack at the door rifle in hand, coming to avenge my death, I suppose. I told him I thought I had wounded a wolf but we did not feel anxious to investigate the matter that night. Next day, however, we went down to the thicket and sure enough we found bloodstains on the snow which upon following led us to a ravine. The snow was all blood and trampled as if there had been a deadly struggle for life. We found the skull and part of the tail of a timber wolf so I was convinced that one of my two shots had taken effect. I suppose the wolf had been badly wounded and his companions smelling the fresh blood had fallen upon and devoured him.

I did not remain my full two weeks with Houston. I returned home at the end of the first week with over one hundred chickens and about eighty rabbits.

F. C. FLESHER.

