

THE WORLD

KILLING WOLVES BY HUNDREDS.

Queer class of men who hunt with strychnine and are sure for business. There is a class of hunters on the Yellowstone Basin, whose only ammunition is strychnine, and who hunt from November until April without taking a day off. They hunt for the money they can make, and they make a lot of it. If they make ten times as much nobody would begrudge them a cent of it, for the only game they hunt is wolves, and the wolf has got many friends out there. I guess there must be at least 300 professional wolfers that scour the Big Horn country in the Yellowstone Basin above the Bad Lands, and probably as many more work the Mill River region. They are known as wolfers, and they are different from any other class of hunter or trapper.

In the autumn of the year the wolfers begin to gather at the frontier posts where they do their trading. They dispose of all the furs they may have on hand, and then fit themselves out for the winter's campaign against the wolves. They take supplies enough to last them a long time, for they seldom return from the wilderness before spring. The principal item in their outfit is strychnine. The wolfers always travel in parties of half a dozen or so, and before they go into the wilderness they divide up the entire territory into sections, the boundaries of which they know as well as if they were run out and staked by a surveyor. Each party is assigned or draws a section, and on that alone he hunts. One party of wolfers would no more think of working on another party's section than they would think of putting strychnine in a comrade's mess. They are enabled to keep within their bounds by landmarks which years of successful hunting in the same territory have made as familiar as their own names. One party, for that matter, hasn't much excuse for getting over on another's territory, for a wolfing section will cover as much ground as the biggest county in Canada.

The first thing a party of wolfers do on reaching their section is to put up their cabins or repair their old ones. These cabins are chinked with mud, and their stoves are always in the centre of a good "wandering" locality, so that there will be no danger of a scarcity of fuel, for one such winter as they have out there can make one good albed-floored fire place out of an area of forest that would fire a whole Eastern town in five weeks. Every cabin has a stove pipe that will take in a log ten feet long, and so you can imagine how much of a fire can be built in one of them. Bonanza Mackay's palaces couldn't house a wolver for the winter more comfortably than one of these mud-daubed cabins in the very heart of the Bad Lands. There is no excitement about these wolfers, no hunting, either. Every man's cabin is free to his neighbor. It often happens that a wolver in a day's tramp may find himself at night nearer some other party's cabin than his own, and he seeks its shelter just as freely as if it were his own. But he never asks more than shelter. It is a matter of privilege to always carry plenty of provisions and to draw on your own store wherever you may be.

A good saddle horse and a pack horse or two goes with every wolver's outfit. If he does not care to use them for the time, they are turned out on the range, where they know how to provide for themselves, no matter how deep the snow lies. A large store of the most provident of the wolver's of an entire territory is always cached, and the location is known to all. Everything for the welfare and safety of the wolfers having been done, the real business of the winter begins. Each party is provided with hundreds of long, slender pine sticks sharpened at the ends. An ax, or as many as are needed to make the sticks, are used above the snow. Two days later the wolfers go over the same route again with pack horses, skin the wolf carcasses that they pick up by the hundred, and fetch them into the cabins and prepare them for market. How many thousands of wolves are thus gathered in the Bad Lands by these persistent hunters in the course of a single season it is difficult to estimate, but the wolfers make from \$150 to \$300 a month apiece in the sale of the pelts they secure. Yet, so rapidly do the wolves increase, there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers.

A wolver never hunts anything else unless he needs game to supply his cabin. A dozen all deer, antelope or any other game animal might pass within gunshot of him every hour and he would pay no more attention to them than if they were so many cows. He is out after wolves, for business. That is all he thinks of, and all he wants.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIKHLER," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN EYE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.) He guessed that the populace, having by this time discovered the Khedival carriage at the gates of the Ras-el-Tin palace, or in other words, as far as they could go, would now be returning into the town, ripe for any species of mischief, and he knew that a considerable portion would come streaming back through the Bazaar.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE PRISONER OF THE HUNTER. Matters were at this point when the coach containing Frank Donnelly and his wife, with the coachman, started off as if it were a ramrod on the box behind the driver, entered the Bazaar, and fell over in her present condition thankful that she had not ventured to call to them for aid, whilst Osman Ogion seemed to read her thoughts.

But soon the once gay Place Mohamed Ali is left behind, and then the governor's palace is flashed past on the right, and a momentary glance is caught of the blue and white lights of the Ras-el-Tin Palace. The well-known form of the gigantic sun-disk in the gorgeous livery of his agaship (uniform he would doubtless have called it) was so well known to the centries at the gates that they did not even trouble to challenge the vehicle, but let it pass in without any seeming notice, though doubtless they wondered what female was being brought to the palace in a common hack cabriolet.

It was Nellie who first exclaimed in terrified accents: "Oh, Frank, is it murder that is being perpetrated. These are screams of agony that are mingled with the shouts and cheers. Look! look! on further, over there by the Penitentiary and Oriental Hotel, they are running after and beating every European whom they can overtake. There, too, are some people being torn out of a carriage to be hanged. Oh, let us turn back, or in another minute their fate will be ours."

Frank Donnelly was about to issue the order, but it was already too late, for as he rose in the carriage the myriads of Osman Ogion, the Princes Zeman's sons, swarmed around it, prompted thereto by such white-hot passions as "That is the Foreigner, though it is degraded as an Egyptian." "A Kafir attempting to escape in the skin of an Egyptian lion." "Have at him in the name of the prophet, and when he and his servant have been dragged out of the carriage, I will get into it and take the girl straight away to the harem of my lord and master, the saviour of Egypt and the chosen of the gods."

Thus up to the very moment of the attack had the wily canon worked both upon the nerves and the passions, so that he surrounded and attacked the carriage with an excess of fury that convinced the young British officer that any attempt to parley with them would be waste of breath. He tried to get at his revolver, bidding Pat to do the same and the driver to force his way along.

Often she attempted to throw herself out of the carriage, not only because she ardently coveted the same fate which she imagined would befall her husband, but also because she even in her present condition recognized the millions, limiting compass of the sunnah plainly enough, and she was convinced in her heart of hearts that she was conducting her to a fate that would be infinitely worse than a sudden and untimely death.

There were no time to help her, and she was grimacing maliciously by the open door of a station house as she beheld a few Europeans, who had apparently rushed there for safety and protection, being massacred by these men, and their bloody and disfigured corpses flung forth into the street for the wandering dogs to prey upon, she shrank with horror and loathing from such a sight, and fell over in her present condition thankful that she had not ventured to call to them for aid, whilst Osman Ogion seemed to read her thoughts.

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The stolid indifference that was written in the countenance of the soldierly apparition poor Nellie almost as much as the barbaric which she had previously witnessed, it looked to her so much as though they were accustomed to see helms and European girls romped upon and brought to the palace in this manner, and she did not reflect that (as under momentary fear of Osman Ogion's dagger point) she was sitting quite still and also closely veiled, there was nothing about her to show them whether she was Christian or Moslem, or even whether she was yielding to force and threats or coming there of her own free will.

Neither did she know that nearly six-out of every hundred Moslem girls who were thought it a great honor to be brought prisoners to the Khedival seraglio by the age of seven, and as great a disgrace to be taken away therefrom, even to become the one wife of a lower man.

But there were many winding and serpentine paths to be traversed still, bordered by beds of moss and pastures of flowers, and everywhere, in and out, about and around them were the little terra cotta channels of murmuring water, without which all their greenness and freshness would soon be scorched and withered, so that at last when the palace is really reached it is neither the front nor one of the side wings thereof that they are opposite to, but a portion thereof where the windows are few and far between, and defended with strong iron bars, as though they were those of a prison, whilst deep sunk in the thick wall Nellie observes a low arched door, painted in brilliant colors, and covered all over with deep out and gilded Arabic characters.

Then, as her eye rests on windows and on door, by turns, she seems to see an imaginary fountain, throwing high into the air ambered waters, and the gleaming whiteness of her necks and shoulders within the darkness of one of the deep windows, she was Frank Donnelly standing beside her in his bright coat uniform, with the balafal opal ring glittering on his finger, and lastly her mother coming toward them to tear them asunder, and as this phantasmagoric vision vanished like a dissolving view, the painted door is opened and she sees standing in the aperture an unveiled woman with her face painted like a clown.

found herself in a kind of spacious vestibule that was illumined by three windows and thickly carpeted with mats and squares of Turkish carpets and piles of cushions.

On seeing the man Nellie saw half-naked black girls lying like nymphs carved out of ivory, for the negroes of the Sudan are of most perfect form in their early youth, though they get gross, sometimes elephantine, with increasing years.

But Nellie only cast a passing glance on these girls, for her attention was almost immediately attracted by the vast and heavy cloth of gold bullion fringed curtain that screened the whole of one side of the seeming vestibule, and by the two gigantic sunnubs with large and brawny limbs, and scarlet and white turbans and body cloths, who stood on each side of the door, with their black and naked sinners grasped in their monstrous hands.

There was no more expression on their faces than if they had been carved from wood, nor would there have been, even if the most naked girl in the seraglio had been stripped and lashed to death in their presence. Osman Ogion made to these seeming statues a rapid sign, which remained unanswered. Perhaps, however, in this case as in others, silence and stillness gave consent, for without more ado the aged raised the centre of the curtain and passed thereunder, dragging Nellie after him, and she being closely followed in turn by Elmarr.

They now passed along corridors after corridors, having curtains on brass rods here and there at regular intervals, and which seemed to be the entrances to different chambers, in the floor of doors.

Sometimes a pretty little pair of yellow satin slippers or red heeled shoes would be lying just outside one of these curtains, and Nellie remembered to have read that this was a sign that the lady within was engaged, and that even the Khedive himself did not dare to intrude upon her privacy in the face of such an intimation.

Behind some of the curtains music and singing could be heard, and in the rear of others weeping and wailing or anger came from any direction, and Elmarr, the buffoon, drew Nellie's attention to the fact and bluntly told her to make herself happy. But our heroine made no answer, for she knew that all replies would be equally vain.

HOUSEHOLD.

Table Linens.

There is a sort of fascination among most women for fine table linen, and its silky lustre and graceful patterns are like pictures to the housewife's eye. If it is beyond the housekeeper's means to possess fine, heavy damask, she can console herself by thinking of the havoc which the laundry-man would make in it with his chemicals, soda and lime. If nice table linen can be carefully laundered at home, the possession of it is an enjoyment, and it may even pass through several stages of usefulness, before being put away for good and all.

Do not buy cheap thin table linen; it will wrinkle and soil easily and it would be wiser to economize in something else. An under cover for the dining table of cotton flannel or an old blanket will make table cloths last longer and appear of a better quality. Hand made items should be chosen, and the reserve stock of linen place little bags of dried rose leaves or sweet geranium leaves at your grandmother's use to place bunches of lavender and sweet clover among the home-made linen they stored away in the great chests with ponderous lids which served them in place of the modern linen closet.

God Recipes. POVERTY DODGINETS.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, two teaspoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Do not mix hard, roll thin and out in squares. To be eaten while warm. GOLD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tarar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Fruit may be added if liked. SILVER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tarar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with extract of lemon.

COOKIES.—One egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sweet milk; use flour in which baking powder has been sifted (in the proportion of three teaspoonfuls to a quart of flour) until stiff enough to roll out. Careway seed may be added if liked. EMILY'S ROLL CAKE.—Two eggs, one-half cup of powdered sugar, two-thirds cup of flour in which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Watch closely while baking. Turn out on a cloth spread with jelly what was the under side of the cake when in the pan and roll up at once while very warm. INDIAN TOAST.—Make a toast gravy of one quart of milk thickened with a spoonful of flour or corn starch, adding a small lump of butter, a table spoonful of sugar and a little salt. Have ready in a deep dish several slices of light corn bread or brown bread toasted. Pour the gravy over them and serve hot.

Household Hints. The best way to buy lamp-wicks is uncut at 3 cents per yard. To ventilate and dry a damp cellar run a four-inch tin pipe from near the cellar floor into the pipe of the kitchen stove through a hole out in the floor. Whole cloths are now used to exterminate the mercurial and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a de-stroyer than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings. Rub your black-walnut sewing machine, your table, your cabinet organ, or any other piece of solid furniture you may have with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil, and you will quickly see an improvement; but keep it away from varnish. To use stockings fast after they are past mending out off within an inch or two of ankle and slip over your shoes when the walks about the yard, are top the floor is cold. Suspend putting on and fastening overalls a great many times. Sleeping with the head to the north, and physical and mental advantages to be derived therefrom; is a subject in which interest is being revived. A German physician of note was quoted many years ago as saying that he believed he had added at least a decade to his life, besides keeping his health perfect, by this practice. Best way to prepare clothes for washing easily is to put a pound of warm soft water into your tub, set in your washboard and soap clothes, one garment at a time, all over; giving extra soap to extra dirty places; roll up each piece as fast as soaped, like damp clothes for ironing, and put into the warm water behind your board; let lie an hour, if done on washing-day morning, otherwise do it the evening before. Saves two-thirds the rubbing. A grocer calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in wait. A photographer should always take the negative side of the question in a debate. Lord Fife has deserted Gladstone, but it doesn't matter. The g. o. m. doesn't need a teeter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)