

anyway." I felt considerably disappointed that there was not a greater chance of our meeting another wolf, and when Jack let out one of the horses, and handing the halter and an axe to me said, "If you lead this one down to water I will follow with the lantern," I immediately started down to the spring, thinking of anything in the world but wolves.

"Come along, you brute!" what's the matter with you? Whoa! what the devil are you snorting at? Where in the deuce is Jack and the lantern? Whoa! whoa! d—n." There I was standing up to my knees in snow, and the horse careering up the hill to the stable. My reflections on the conduct and actions of that horse were anything but flattering, I assure you. I walked back with a feeling that things were not as agreeable as they might be. Presently my friend appeared, and I asked him why he had not come, and why the horse had scampered off to the stable, nearly wrenching my arm from the socket by the jerk he gave me.

"Oh, he smelled a wolf, I guess!" "Smelled a wolf," I said?

"Yes, I thought you would have some fun with him, so I did not come down at once. See, he will go without leading, if we take the lantern."

Sure enough that horse followed us down to the spring, and waited patiently until we had chopped a hole in the ice, and given him a drink, then followed us up the hill, until Jack put out the light, when away he went, as if all the wolves in Christendom were after him. There were wolves there, though, but we had not sense enough to realize it. As I entered the stable, Jack called from outside, "Say, old man, you forgot the axe, and I shall have to go back for it; you need not come. If you tie the horses, I will be back by the time you are through."

I had just finished lighting the lantern when I was startled by the most unearthly howl I ever heard. You know what it feels like when you have your last cent "up" on "two pair," and the inexorable "I'll call that," comes across the table, and the cheerful smile on the individual's face when he produces "three little ones," my feeling was worse than that.

The lantern went out, as if it had been "sent for," and I stumbled to the door just in time to open it for my friend, who rolled in as if he had been struck with a two-ounce glove. Breathless and panting he began—

"Well!" pant—"by all that's holy"—"pant, pant,—if they did not,"—pant,—"shove me,"—pant—"right up the hill." "There's a million of them between here and the spring; they tumbled over each other trying to catch me."

I could readily believe there were some wolves there by the howls I heard every moment or so, but I could not imagine there were so many or that they were so close. One thing I was sure of however, that they had given Jack a very serious fright, and I felt even with him for the joke he had played upon me. I am afraid I am not coming to the best part quickly enough. We soon fixed up the horses and retired to bed in order to get a good night's rest, so that we might be up in plenty of time to enjoy the sport of the following day.

I was awakened in the morning by hearing a prairie chicken calling, and it seemed to me as if the bird was in the chimney. I slipped out of bed and soon had my clothes on; picking up my gun I crept quietly out of the door and looked for the chicken. I could not see it any place, and had just about made up my mind I had been mistaken when "whir," and away he went from the roof of the house. I had a splendid shot at him as he went scooting through the air, and had the pleasure of seeing him tumble into the snow. We soon had breakfast over, and away we went for chickens. We had splendid sport, and by dinner time had as many birds as we could carry home. After dinner we changed off from chickens, and before dark had about forty rabbits. We had not seen a single wolf all day although there were plenty of foot-prints, and my friend remarked that the shooting had probably frightened them all away. After supper (it being Christmas night), Jack proposed that we should walk over to a neighbour's and have a game of whist. This I very readily agreed to, and off we went. I wished to take my rifle but was persuaded not to as it was a mile to the next house, and the "trail" through the woods was very rough and uneven, and the less we had to carry the better. I took my revolver along, however, and Jack carried the lantern. We reached the neighbour's in good time and spent a most enjoyable evening. Our host remarked several times that there were a great many wolves that year and asked me if I was not a little afraid to travel through the woods after dark. I answered that so long as the