

He crossed the next avenue, went through a vacant lot, scared many bow-wows from a terrified St. Bernard pup, and took to the lane leading him in the right direction, toward the great wild.

Soon he was out in the street again. Ahead, even with his half-seeing eyes, he could see the houses thinning out. Beyond was a stretch of prairie, and there away on the horizon was a dark line of timber. A fierce joy filled him, and he began to lope again. Three or four dogs were around him; but they lacked courage to touch him. Again he quickened his pace. Freedom and the land that he had yearned for for years were almost within his grasp. He would yet reach the land that called to him. Soon he would slip down along the bank of the river to the right and take shelter among the willows, till darkness would hide him.

Suddenly a great gray hound shot alongside of him; then another on the opposite side. They arched their lithe necks as they ran, and rather dubiously prepared to grapple. Behind him Shag heard the quick thudding of a fast horse's feet and shouts of encouragement from the driver. Ted Pentland, one of the city sports, was out for a run with his hounds. Big shaggy staghounds they were, the best that breeding and money could obtain. They had scars of many a dying coyote's teeth upon their bodies; and now their proud owner saw fresh laurels within his reach in the killing of this gaunt, pain racked cripple of a gray wolf.

"Take hold of him, Bobs! Victor! Hi! S-s-s-s-sick!"

And they took hold, one before and one behind, as they had done with many a coyote. But this time they were not dealing with a coyote. Shag went down before the onslaught; but he rolled over, and in spite of his assailants came up again. Victor had a cruel hold behind, and was worrying and tearing; but the other hound could not get a hold, for with that lightning neckwork which characterizes the chops of a wolf, Shag bit and cut and tore with his terrible jaws. With a six-inch rent in his shoulder, and a deep ragged tear in his neck, Bobs

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gave a howl of anguish and quit, to lie and gasp and cough bloody froth. Then the wolf doubled backward, and with another chop fastened upon his rear antagonist. This time he did not let go; for now he knew that his only strength was in his jaws.

The frantic Pentland was now out of his rig and using his whip unmercifully on both dog and wolf in a wild attempt to separate them; but the two combatants, with scarcely a sound, other

than their sickening, feeble worrying, rolled and guzzled.

Suddenly the hound lurched over, and with a gurgling gasp released his hold on the thigh of the wolf. The latter had bitten him through the neck and killed him. The great fierce brute lay on his victim and bit him again; then in response to the lashings he was receiving he propped himself up feebly on two legs, and growled. Pentland immediately made a rush and scrambled into

his buggy. Seeing the knot of onlookers gathering, he called for a gun. Some instantly volunteered one, and they drove off to get it. The destruction of two fine hounds called for vengeance.

Shag rose from his victim and, standing unsteadily on his two and a half sound legs, gazed with bloody eyes upon the half dozen onlookers across the road. His gray disheveled coat was very red, and the blood trickled steadily down his useless hind leg,

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