

# CANADIAN WOLVES.

## A SURVEYOR'S STORY.

"No wolves left in the country!" cried the weather-beaten land-surveyor, echoing my remark. "Why, don't you know that they are still to be found in the backwoods of Ontario and Quebec? Wherever deer are plenty, wolves are. It's only last winter that I was working around the head-waters of the Madawaska and Bonnochere, where I had a lively time with the ugly brutes one evening."

"How was that?" I inquired.  
"Well," said he, after a pause to collect his thoughts, "It was on a soft day in February last. A night's steady drizzle had made surveying impossible, because the rain, clinging to the spruces and balsams and hemlocks and cedars, came down with every stroke of the axe in drenching showers, on the men cutting out the line. My French-Canadian had gone to work cheerfully, but after a quarter of an hour were wet to the skin. So I knocked off, and sent them to camp, leaving the mistreached there, chattering and steaming before a huge fire. After dinner I tramped away on an old brushed-out road, that led to a distant lumber-shanty."  
"At the distance of perhaps half a mile from camp a slight noise to the left attracted my attention, and there stood two startled deer at gaze, not twenty yards away."

"Drawing the small revolver that I carried to shoot partridges, I fired three shots as they ran, but followed their tracks to the top of a hemlock ridge near. I could not see that I had wounded either of them. On the ridge the deer had jumped into a clearly defined 'pad,' or path, which had certainly been tracked by a deer herd within a short time."

"For some little distance I walked slowly along the 'pad,' but could see nothing of the animals. A fog that had been drifting about the high ridges all the morning now lifted a bit, and looking across the spruce, and cedars of the deep valleys on either side, I made out three deer on the southern heights. There they stood, placidly idle, or poking their noses in the soft snow, all unconscious of the human eye."

"I was hungry for venison, as we had not had any in camp; so I turned and hurried back to camp for our only weapon of efficiency. It was a double-barreled fowling-piece, of number ten bore, very long

without horns at that season, I determined to carry it to camp, that it might be sent for stuffing to the settlement. So I cut it off and started. The night was beginning to get dim.

"More than half the distance to the camp must have been left behind me, when a cry came to my ears that was anything but pleasant. Very far and faint I heard a long, strange cry. Then, as I sped on, the singular and melancholy howl was again borne on the wind through the murmuring of the trees. This time it seemed to come from another quarter."

"Up the long slope I strode to my best pace. It was, I believed, the ascent on the other side of which the ground sloped down to Lake Wislenskoom, by whose shore my tent was pitched.

"As I hurried on, it seemed to me all of a sudden that I reeked and smelled of blood in the most astonishing way. The dripping head that I carried had on it red, half-frozen pendants from the raw and jagged neck. Perhaps it was mere excited fancy, but the head seemed so redolent of blood that the most distant wolves could not fail to get the strong scent."

"Somewhat tired, I reached the summit of the long hill and stood still to breathe and listen. Not a sound. What, none? Yes, directly behind, and unmistakably the confused, eager, intermittent yell and yelp of pursuit. I broke into rapid flight, leaving the head of the deer where I had been standing."

"I reckoned, however, on soon getting within hail of my men; the tent, I thought, could not be more than a third of a mile away. Certainly the lake was at the foot of the long slope before me, for I had seen from the summit where its broad expanse stretched away under the now brightening moon. Could I get within hearing of camp before the demon wolves could overtake me, all would be well. But the snow-shoosing was still very bad, though the night was getting colder, and I often went crashing down because the slowly forming crust gave way at the edge of some huge prone log or covered bush.

"Suddenly a furious yelling broke out on the hill high up behind me. The pack had rushed over and halted and stopped at the buck's head. I was not so far away but that I could hear the separate snarls and yelps of the brutes as they struggled with each other for the morsel. But that was for a few moments only. Again they were silent and swift upon my track. Every in-

stant I expected them to break into the cry of full view.



stant I expected them to break into the cry of full view.

"There was but one way of escape left now, and as I ran, I looked anxiously from side to side for a favorable tree, when suddenly I saw through the wood, a wide, clean expanse of snow—the surface of Lake Wislenskoom. With loud shouts for my men, I ran out, looking to either side for some familiar point. Hearing my cries so near, the demons behind broke into a chorus of exultation."

"All at once, looking ahead, I perceived that this was not Lake Wislenskoom, but a long beaver meadow on the further side of which a low wooded shore rose about two hundred yards away. Beyond that doubtless was the lake, but before I could get across the meadow the wolves would of a certainty have pulled me down. The position was an appalling one. To regain the shore I had left and climb a tree was a desperate but the only hope.

"Instantly I turned and ran for a well-branched dead hemlock that I remembered a few yards inland on the back track. Now the pack were in full cry; they had caught sight of me. To run straight at their mouths was about the loneliest kind of thing that I ever tried. With every step I became more certain that they would be first at the hemlock. Still I ran my best, but on reaching the tree, could hear their gallop and panting amid the yells of their onset."

"Thank God, who had put the mind into me not to throw away my gun! Standing at the foot of the tree and twisting my feet out of my snow shoes, I raised the weapon and fired into the demons at ten yards' distance. At the flash there was a mad yell from the wounded, and a dismayed howl from the pack. Instantly I fired the other barrel into them, threw the gun among them, and, springing upward, caught firm hold of a branch. But before I could get out of reach several had dashed at me, one coming so close that I kicked my foot downward violently against his jaw, so that he yelped with pain as he fell. Then I went up higher, and felt safe from the wolves,

but was so used up that I could hardly cling to the tree.

"My clothes were wet with sweat, the weather was every minute growing colder, and to freeze to death was a not a pleasant alternative to being eaten. Remembering that I still had my revolver at my belt and cartridge in plenty, I secured myself by my sash to the trunk of the tree, and drawing the weapon, fired rapidly into the gnashing and leaping pack. With each shot I shouted. The wolves broke apart and howled. The wounded drew aside and yelped and licked their hurts. Again the brutes drew together and leaping with loud, wild fury, fell back in struggling masses under me,—never was such a pandemonium!

"Perhaps I might have killed most of the pack and scared the rest away, but that a loud shouting across the beaver meadow attracted their attention."

"Swinging bright brands of fire, my men came running into view. Away went the wolves with frightened howls into the depths of the forest, and I was saved."

"How many had you killed?" I asked.  
"Nine lay around the tree," answered the surveyor.

"I thought wounded wolves were always devoured by the pack," said I.  
"You did, did you? So did I. But this experience of mine gave me another view of the matter. Not a wounded wolf was attacked by his companions while they were howling and doing their best to get at me while I sat in the tree."

### PEOPLE.

Ex King Theebaw should be happy, for his nominal prison is right next door to a large distillery.

Baron Adolphe Rothschild, of Paris, has a collection of rare postal and other stamps which is valued at \$60,000.

Mrs. Polk has never visited Washington since she left it the wife of a retiring President, nearly forty years ago.

Pittovkahanapuywiy, alias Poundmaker, chief of the rebel Crees, has been baptized in the Manitoba penitentiary, with twenty-eight of his companions.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, has recently met and made friends with her husband, Don Fernando, from whom she has been separated seventeen years.

"A woman is a good deal like an accordion," says Lawrence O'Riley. "You can draw her out all right, but the music begins when you try to shut her up."

The Princess Amelle d'Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, on her marriage with the Duke of Braganza will receive a dowry of \$2,000,000 from her uncle, the Duc d'Anguleme.

Prof. Huxley says it would require nearly a million barrels of herrings to supply the cod on the Norwegian coast with one breakfast. No wonder some restaurants do not give bread with one fish-ball.

To every caller who requests an interview Arabi Pasha sends out one of his own cards with a line written on it saying he has much pleasure in granting the request, but begs the visitor not to mention politics.

When a fair maid was wed by Col. Gough of the Hussars in London the other day, his deep-voiced, hearty "I will" made the bride jump so noticeably that everybody smiled. He was a man of Mars who talked in tones of thunder.

The maximum assessment of Gen. Robert Toombs' estate, made a few days ago, is only \$60,000. It was generally thought that the General was worth at least \$250,000. Gen. Toombs, by power of attorney, is on \$287,000 of Kimball House notes.

Cincinnati has some citizens who are classical in name if in nothing else. It is reported that Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar and another Cæsar, who are partners in business there, recently brought a suit in one of the courts to recover a bill of \$109.

The Queen of Italy has recently presented to the Roman Museum a necklace in silver gilt, a bracelet in massive gold, 400 grammes in weight—both presents from the Shah of Persia to her Majesty—and also a series of plates representing the costumes of Belvisia, given to her by the Italian Minister at Lima.

Mrs. Gen. Grant has surrendered her dower right to the property made over for the purpose of paying the debt of Mr. Vanderbilt, and it is about being converted into money. It is sufficient to pay only two-thirds of the amount borrowed by the General, and she will pay the other \$30,000 from the book.

Lord Aylesford was a well-known English peer of more than convivial habits, who some years since went to Texas on a cattle ranch, near Big Spring, a station on the western division of the Texas Pacific. His death was reported about two years ago. Now, Lord Aylesford had but little money or property, but there was a \$1,000,000 insurance on his life. It is whispered that perhaps Lord Aylesford still lives.

Bob Ingersoll recently gave the following illustration of his views regarding religion: "I am very much like an old Indian of whom I have heard. An enterprising missionary with the tribe was bent upon the conversion of this particular savage. One day out on the plains the good man plied the subject vigorously, till finally the red man, pinking up a stick, bent down and drew in the sand a small circle. 'That's what Indian know,' he said. Then he drew a larger circle around the first, and pointing to it, said: 'That's what white man know; but outside of that Indian know much as white man—know nothing.' The Indian's doctrine is my doctrine," ended the orator.

### A Child Wonder.

In the village of Mount Pleasant, in the potteries in Staffordshire, England, is to be found a child whose extraordinary growth excites great wonder. Little Alice, as she is humorously called, is but 4 years of age, yet turns the scale at 150 pounds, the circumference of her waist being no less than five feet, while her height is four feet, so that literally she is broader than she is long. She is bright, intelligent, and remarkably pretty, her head being crowned with a mass of golden hair. Her size does not interfere in the least with her activity, as she may often be seen playing with the other children of the village or wandering in their company through the country lanes. Her appetite is enormous.

Never speak unkindly of any one. There may be a time when you may want to borrow ten dollars from your bitterest enemy.

### THE TREACHEROUS SIOUX.

#### An Incident of the "Painted Rock."

On the Mississippi, about twenty miles above the mouth of Black River, Wisconsin, there is a somewhat singular out-cropping of a peculiar red rock, interesting from a geological point of view, but still more so from its historic associations. It is the famous Calumet, or Painted Rock of the Indians, prized by them for their pipe-bowls, and as a symbol of the Manitou. Hither came warriors, for hundreds of miles, from up or down the great river, or from far across the prairies, for bits of this coveted red stone, painted as they thought by the Great Spirit.

Among all these Western tribes a calumet pipe became a peace offering and a token of friendly intentions; and on their visits to the rock, or at least while near it, the bitterest foes sedulously restrained all exhibitions of enmity. That celebrated pioneer of early Wisconsin, John T. De la Ronde, whose life and adventures form so large a share of the folk lore of the northwest country, thus describes a chance visit which he made to the Painted Rock, in the year 1828:  
From Portage we journeyed across to the Mississippi. I had heard a great deal about the "Painted Rock," and so, while my two partners, McKenzie and Cadott, were looking for good places to set our traps, I went up to see it.

I found the place, and soon discovered the large rock, by the color and chippings round it. Being tired with my long tramp, I sat down behind a bush, under one of the bluffs near by, to rest; while laying there, I saw an Indian coming up on horseback.

Drawing back a little more out of sight, I kept hidden, that I might watch his motions: for I could see by his rigging of feathers, paints and weapons, that he was a chief of some tribe, which I judged to be the Sioux.

He was a powerful fellow, armed with a short but heavy bow, shield and quiver of large arrows; and his horse was a handsome proud-stepping animal.

When he arrived at the base of the bluff, he turned his horse loose, and then walked about upon the rock in silence for some moments, his lips moving and working as if engaged in prayers. Then drawing forth a quantity of tobacco, he broke it up, and scattered it upon the rock.

This ceremony finished he filled his own pipe and sat down for a good smoke, after which he began hammering with stones and his hatchet, until he had knocked off a large piece of the rock. This he began to break up into smaller pieces, each of about the proper size for a pipe bowl.

I had just made up my mind to show myself and make his acquaintance,—for I concluded that we should not quarrel,—when I saw another Indian coming rapidly on horseback from another direction. Anxious to see how the two would greet each other, I lay still.

The new-comer advanced at a gallop till he drew up at the foot of the same bluff where the first had halted. Here he, too, turned his horse loose, then walked out on the rock, scattering tobacco and muttering his prayers as the first had done.

Presently he filled his pipe, and then walking along where the first was hammering at his pipe bowls, took a seat quietly at his side. Having lighted the pipe, he drew a few whiffs and handed it to the first Indian, who received it, puffed at it for a moment or two, then handed it back.

They seemed by their actions to be on the best of terms; but as I did not see them speak together, I at length became a little suspicious of their true feelings towards each other. And I was not long kept in doubt; for the last fellow, having knocked off as much stone as he wanted, caught his horse and prepared to depart. He was not nearly so large as the Sioux; but he was even more splendidly dressed, after the manner of a Peyur, or Chippewa chief, and he had a certain fine style about him that betokened an Indian of note.

The Sioux, when he saw the Peyur preparing to go, made like preparations; and the two left the bluff together, riding up in company past where I lay hidden, until they were three or four hundred yards from the sacred rock. The Sioux then fell behind the other a little, as if to part company, and when the distance was increased to about twenty yards, he suddenly snatched his bow and shot an arrow at the Peyur, quick as lightning!

But he missed him. The shaft flew far ahead and stuck in the soil.

In an instant the Peyur wheeled his horse and had his own bow drawn. For some moments then they pirouetted around each other in beautiful style. But I saw at once that the smaller Peyur was the better horse-man, and knew best how to protect himself and his steed.

Never once did his horse stop swerving and sidling, always with his head to the other. It was a rare spectacle! Each Indian had his bow and arrow ready drawn, as they almost flew around each other. Then *whirr!* went both their feathered shafts. But again the Sioux missed his mark, while the Peyur's arrow buried itself half its length in the breast of the Sioux's horse. With a pitiful cry the beautiful animal fell to the ground; and before his rider could spring to his feet, another arrow from the Peyur's bow struck him, too, through the heart, stretching him lifeless on the turf.

It was all the work of a moment or two; and in even less time than that, the warlike Peyur had taken the scalp of his fallen adversary, and galloped away.

I cannot say that I felt much pity for the Sioux; his treachery found its punishment.

### Sodom and Gomorrah.

BY FRANKLIN B. DENTON.

Two cities there stood in the midst of the plain,  
And all that was their glory and wide was their reign,  
But sin was the path that their populace trod,  
And down on their heads fell the vengeance of God.

Ah, little they thought, as they towered in their pride,  
Of the wrath and the ruin so soon to bestride!  
Ah, little they dreamed, as the red morning cast  
Its beams o'er their temples, that day was their last.

The heavens were darkened, and forth from them came  
A tempest of brimstone, a whirlwind of flame,  
And the towers of their might and the halls of their mirth  
Were utterly swept from the face of the earth!

The prince with his wine the slave with his crust,  
All, all who dwelt in them—those mansions of lust—  
From revels aroused from slumbers awoke,  
To crumble to ashes, to melt into smoke!

Oh, dreadful the doom of the cities of sin!  
The noon saw no trace that their splendor had been!  
For none but the good shall inherit the earth,  
The wicked shall weep o'er the day of their birth!

### HEALTH.

#### A RAPIDLY GROWING HEALTH EVIL.

It is not generally known that coal oil and gasoline stoves rapidly vitiate the air of a room for breathing purposes by the development of large quantities of carbonic oxide. How much longer must this continue before manufacture of such goods will obviate this new danger by inventing some form of hood and pipe for conveying this poisonous gas to the outside atmosphere? Voluminous have been written concerning the ventilation of homes, and the injury that arises, especially to children and the infirm, from crowding too many people together in closed apartments, and now, with the introduction of oil and gasoline stoves in the household, a new difficulty presents itself, which is not easily remedied in the endeavor to provide for health and comfort. These stoves are frequently found with several large burners in full blast, in small kitchens hardly large enough to contain air to supply the healthful requirements of one person.

#### NEVER SURRENDER.

It is well to remember that the disease called consumption is not always a fatal disease, that many persons have recovered when very far gone in "last stages" of this usually fatal disease, yet the change of climate, or the getting possession of some particular food, and the rejecting of old medicines have caused many who have almost given up in despair to recover. These are facts which every physician and almost every family have seen. In a review of the English translation of a work by the justly celebrated professor of Medical Pathology to the Faculty of Paris, M. Jaccoud, entitled Curability of Phtisis, etc., it is announced that "the curability of phtisis is now a well-established fact." The same author then continues:

"To sum up what has been stated, pulmonary phtisis is curable in all its stages. This is the prolific notion that presides over the whole history of the disease, and which should unceasingly inspire and direct all medical action. The incurability proclaimed by Laennec and his immediate successors, is disproved by pathological anatomy and clinical observation. None should, therefore, allow themselves to be influenced by such a condemnation which is but a historical souvenir. When the existence of tubercles in the lungs is recognized, it should not be inferred from that moment that he who has them is doomed to death in consequence of their presence. Should it be found that the tubercles soften and a cavern forms, it should not be believed on this account that all is lost. It has been shown that this is not the case, and the natural tendency which tubercle has to fibrous transformation, that is to recovery, should not be forgotten. Before being discouraged, the physician should search and examine incessantly whether the patient is in the requisite conditions for such favorable evolution to occur. If all hope of absolute recovery must be abandoned, a relative cure should be wrought, and every exertion be made to place the patient in such conditions that he can live notwithstanding the lesions which are now irreparable; in a word, the plan adopted should be to strive and strive always, with the unshaken confidence which may be drawn from the notion that recovery is possible. The enemy can be conquered. This is the idea that should engender and sustain every effort. It is certain that conviction is the first condition of success; since it is absence of faith in the possibility of cure which prevents the adoption of all therapeutic treatment."

#### WHAT WILL CURE A COUGH.

A cough is a work of intelligence of a current of electricity in a windpipe. We don't want any mistake made about what we mean; an intelligent work of a current of electricity is performed in a cough. A cough is actually an attempt of a current of this almighty influence to cast off a gathering of gas and water on the surface of the wind pipe. The cough is only a spurting of a current of an almighty out of a chest with such violence as to throw out all the unnatural embourasement on the wind pipe. When a cough is made a contraction of the whole chest is made—just to the extent that a current of this worker is discharged by the cough.

The brain is not operated in this work. It often attempts to stop it, but it is a poor attempt, for it will most always fail. We are always in our senses when a brain is operated for an intelligent work. A cough is performed for a minute and sometimes for hours without consciousness on our part.

Mucous is a saturation of the water of a pipe by a gas from the stomach. It is but gas under water. A chance is offered in this understanding of the substance to obtain a remedy for a cough. A thousand doctors would see the remedy if it was known what mucous was.

Anything that will stop the generation of gas in the stomach will stop a cough. When a person is sick with a cold the stomach is sure to be out of order. The bad stomach permits a gas to be created. It can always be smelted. No cough is possible without a mucous in a pipe, or pus, and a mucous is impossible in a pipe without a gas from a stomach. Every cough other than that produced by a decomposition of lung, or bronchial pipe, is only a tickling of gas and water on a wind pipe.

What is capable of stopping the creation of gas? A good condition of stomach is sure to stop it.

A glass of soda water is the thing that will prevent a construction of mucous. It is all that is necessary, except to open a closed pipe if it is not opened, and it is capable of curing a cough, and preventing a cold continuing. Let our patrons try it. The gas discharged from a bad stomach passes through the nostrils and mouth. When a breath is inspired some of the gas is drawn into the wind and all the pipes of the chest and mixed with water in the pipes. If the gas is discharged for a great length of time it will create a sore nose and what are called canker or old sores on the mouth and lips. These sores are only a poisoned tissue. A cough will sometimes continue as a result of a cold or closing of the pores of the body for months, or weeks, and finally give a corrosion to the bronchial pipes and lungs. When this is the character of a cough, a constant disorganization of the process of digestion is possessed. Just the same condition of disordered digestion as was first produced by the cold. An opening of pores is still wanted, and it must be performed.