

WHEN THE WOLF-PACK HUNTS.

BY H. A. BLILER.

Have you ever heard a wolf-pack? No? Then you have never lain awake and wondered what they were chasing and if they would be successful. You might if you should lie flat on your back in a bunk in some northern logging-camp to-night, listening to the many noises—noises so strange that unless you were accustomed to them sleep would be long in coming.

Little spots and patches of light coming through cracks in the top or sides of the great box heater, crowded full of green wood, dance and flicker on the roof boards, dying in one place to appear in another. You lie and listen to the heavy breathing of many tired men; some of them are snoring or even talking in their sleep, driving horses in dreamland. You hear the horses in the stables; one is kicking, perhaps, but you feel sure he will do no harm. An owl in a nearby tree hoots and is answered from the distance. A screw worm is diligently boring in a log near your head. He has been there every night for so long that you would really wish him should be not work.

Then there is a lumberjack who has been in camp just a day; he came in with that dry, brown taste in his mouth which usually follows a visit to the thirteenth parlor in town. He is awake and rolls from his bunk to the deacon seat, where he sits for a moment, then moves quietly to the water keg, where you can hear him drinking with great noisy gulps, followed by a sighing "Ahi!"

You begin to feel that sleep will soon come to you, and you are less conscious of the noises, when from just back of the cook camp, in the alder thicket, comes that long-drawn shriek—it can hardly be called a howl. There is no echo; only stillness follows. Even the heavy breathing of your companions seems to cease, and you find yourself holding your breath. In a few moments another cry, almost human, sets your heart pounding. You don't wonder what it is, even if you never have heard it before; instinctively you know it is the cry of the great gray timber wolf. He will not hurt you, would not even should you meet him face to face on the trail; he would simply show his teeth and slink off into the brush. Should he be out of your sight he would sit quietly and let you pass, then noiselessly follow you, perhaps for miles, now and then getting ahead so he might sit and grin as you pass.

The lone gray wolf who was trotting down the tote road, miles away, when you climbed into your bunk, scented a deer that lately crossed. If the snow were loose and deep it would be useless to follow. To-night, however, the crust is firm enough to bear him; the wolf swung off at a lops, covering ground fast. His chase led him into swamps, among thick young spruce and balsam, their branches bent far down with the weight of snow, and large tamarack trees thrown in a tangled mass by strong wind after having been killed by fire during a dry spring.

On top of a snow-covered hummock, almost as white as the snow itself, a rabbit squatted; it bounded away in terror. No time now for rabbits; this big wolf was after big game. His progress was slower here and more difficult. The crust was not so strong, and continually breaking through worried him, and, whining like a dog, he spread wide his toes, taking advantage of sticks and fallen trees, his bushy tail jerking from side to side in an effort to balance himself. Jumping from one fallen tree toward another, he landed short, and disappeared in the snow, crawled out, shook himself and resumed the chase. The footing improved as he neared the edge of the swamp, and swiftly passing through thick alders he was surprised to find himself in the very dooryard of the logging camp. What did he care, though? Stopping quickly he again sniffed the air, then voiced his defiance, to you and all the others with you so warmly housed.

Just now you heard that blood-curdling cry go booming out across the wintry night. And if you could peep out you might see the wolf standing motionless, contemplating your stronghold. You hear his cry answered far to the north. This means assistance in his chase—and again he thrills and chills you with his wild, savage call. Immediately he takes up the trail, for he is out for meat, not to serenade a lumber camp. Running fast, but with caution, pausing now and then to catch the scent, he is soon joined by a companion. The chase is on in earnest, and they send forth cry after cry—wild music it is which comes to you, mellowed by distance as the pair draw away.

No necessity for stealth now, for the deer knows the game and how to conduct his part. He also runs easily and with speed, even though the crust does bruise and cut his slender legs. But he thinks only of the two pursuers; he has no thought for others who might soon join them. And so terror fills his heart as he now hears ahead of him the eager yap, yap of another enemy.

The deer changes his course and is now running his best. Coming out upon a marsh where footing is good he makes great headway. If only this would last escape would be easy; and with new hope he bounds along to the north. At the end of the marsh is a logging road leading back into the heavy timber—unexpected luck. Looking back he can see his pursuers running fast and silently up the frozen meadow. They seem to drift along as though blown by the wind, now close together, now spread out, but surely coming, and with but the desire to kill.

Pausing only for a moment the deer leaves the open, and dashes up the logging road into the dark and silent forest. After a short run he comes to a fork in the road; here he hesitates; if he turns to the right it is toward the logging camp, so north he goes. Just around a sharp bend he comes to the end of the road. No use to stop, and worse than useless to turn back now, so bounding into the thick brush and deep snow he makes all possible speed—poor speed at best. Suddenly his enemies appear on all sides. He can see their shadowy forms and bright eyes, and hear their whimpering and whining and the clacking of their ivory-set jaws. They have taken the straight course while he followed the road. In a very few minutes it is all over except the feast.

You no longer hear the wilder chorus of the wolf-pack, so sleep comes to you at last. And in the course of a few hours you awake with a start, wondering if you have really been asleep. The unlovely music of a five-foot tin horn, blown by an early rising cookee, is not the most pleasant awakening a tired man can imagine. The men tumble out of their bunks with scarcely a word. Dressing is but a short task, for the lumberjack removes but few articles of clothing upon retiring. As soon as dressed they dip a tin wash basin full of warm water from a large can on the stove, place it in the long wooden sink, and their toilet is soon completed. About 6 o'clock, or half an hour after the first "horn," comes another—the call to breakfast. The first man to the door throws it wide open, and they pour out into the crisp morning air, to be greeted by the light of many lamps, streaming through a cloud of steam from the open door of the cook camp. Suspended from the roof are lamps with large tin reflectors, shedding an abundance of light on long tables covered with oil-cloth, and set with tin dishes, tin spoons and iron knives and forks.

Sitting in places assigned them by a cookee upon their first entrance to camp, they immediately proceed to devour coffee, flapjacks, beefsteak, fried potatoes and pastry in silence, except for the clatter of the dishes.

Going north from the camp, about two miles along the main logging road you turn into a short branch road on your left, and with four or five men begin cutting brush and trees to extend the road farther into the tall pines. The men begin where they quit the night before, and you go ahead, wading through the deep snow to see which way the road is to go. You notice the fresh track of a deer; that is not unusual, for when the snow is deep they often travel on the roads. A few rods in you come to a place where the crust is broken and the snow trampled as though some animal had been digging; you kick about and up comes a bone, stripped of every particle of flesh. "Wolves," you say to yourself; there are his tracks. You follow two or three rods through the thick brush, and suddenly you come upon a sight not often seen even in this north country.

The snow is tramped down hard and smeared with blood and hair, all that is left to tell of the tragedy enacted here but a few hours ago. Single trails lead off in every direction; you follow some of them. They are all short, and at the end of each you kick out the bone buried there. Not a bone was left where the killing was made. Such is the custom of the great gray timber wolf. He buries the bones for the same reason that the dog does. I cannot tell why. Can you? There is nothing left on them to eat, and anyway, he never returns to dig them out.

So this is where the music stopped last night, as you lay safe and snug in your bunk, wondering, vainly straining your ears to catch still another faint whisper of it from far away across the forest, in the hope of detecting a note of disappointment. Sad? Indeed it is; and still it is only evidence of the enactment of a law of Nature. It is simply Life and Death, and something to think about, if it will do you any good.—From Recreation.



THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.
A hen laid two eggs with exactness,
For which she's a true benefactress;
Cook the good one did bake
In a nice angel cake;
But the bad one got mashed on an actress!
—Lippincott's.

EXCITEMENT ALWAYS AT HAND.
"Why are women more subject to ennui than men?"
"Well, a man can always shave off his mustache or start to raising one."
—Pittsburg Post.

THE CRANK.
"You say there is nearly always something broke about your automobile?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, nervously.
"What is it, as a rule?"
"Me."—Washington Star.

ACQUIRED A JERKY GAIT.
"See that fellow walking with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter?"
"Yep."
"It don't take no Sherlock Holmes to guess that he summered in the mountains." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIKE JOHN D.
"Think how wealth is flattered and fawned upon."
"It is, eh?" replied Senator Sorghum. "Have you ever noticed the icy reception accorded to a corporation king when he tells some candidate he is going to vote for him?"
—Washington Star.

AMATEUR MARKETING.
"I don't know much about buying meat," admitted the young husband.
"How do the prices run?"
"According to location," explained the dealer.
"Then gimme a two-pound roast, best you have in the orchestra circle."
—Washington Herald.

WOULDN'T DO A MEAN TRICK.
Gateman (at the musical comedy)
—"Don't you want to come back?"
Castleton—"No."
"Well, take this pass check, anyway. You can hand it to some chap on the outside."
"My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world."
—Life.

COMFORTING
Husband—"It is a great thing, that accident insurance. I have taken out a policy so that if, for instance, I merely break my arm I receive \$2,500."
Wife—"Wouldn't that be nice! Then I could take a trip to the Riviera."
—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

THE EXPLANATION.
"There goes a man who has never spoken an unkind word to his wife," said Willoughby.
"Fine! Who is he?" asked Dorrington.
"He's a deaf and dumb old bachelor named Harkaway," said Willoughby.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

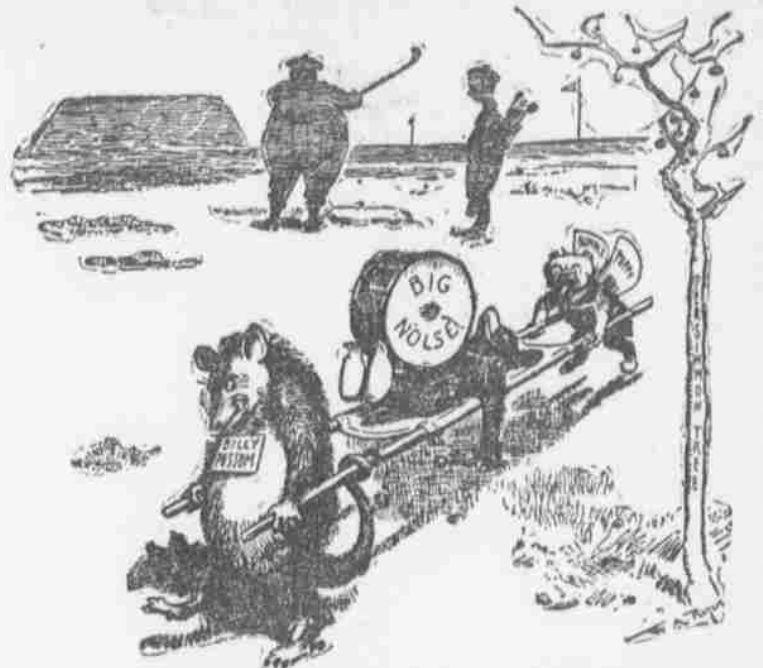
FEMINE OPINION.
Mrs. Hyker—"So you met my husband, did you?"
Mrs. Pyker—"Yes, I met him at my husband's office last week?"
Mrs. Hyker—"Well, what is your opinion of him?"
Mrs. Pyker—"I think he is badly heepped, but doesn't know it."
—Boston Post.

HIS GLASSES.
"I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning," said Luchman. "Perhaps it's my eyes; do you think I need stronger glasses?"
"No," replied Dr. Wise, meaningly; "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

SAVED AGAIN.
"Aha!" exclaimed Mrs. Jellus. "I was behind you coming up the street just now and you rubbered at every pretty woman you passed."
"At every stylish woman," corrected resourceful Mr. Jellus. "I was just taking note of the gowns, my dear, with a view to buying you a nice one."
—Washington Herald.

NO MORE DAMAGES.
"You want to get damages, I suppose," said the lawyer to whom Mrs. Donovan's husband escorted her on the day after she and Mrs. Leahy had indulged in a little difference of opinion.
"Damages!" echoed Mrs. Donovan, shrilly. "Haven't I got damages enough already, man? What I'm after is satisfactor."
—Youth's Companion.

THE PASSING OF THE TEDDY BEAR



—Cartoon by W. A. Rogers, in the New York Herald.

"Billy Possum" to Oust "Teddy Bear."

Georgians Preparing to Put Out Little Animals.

(Special Dispatch to the New York Herald.)

Atlanta, Ga.—All doubt has been dispelled that "Billy Possum" has permanently dethroned "Teddy Bear" so far as the State of Georgia and adjacent commonwealths are concerned. Already the Atlanta visit of President-elect William H. Taft has stimulated Southern industry, and to-day a factory in that city began the manufacture of toy opossums of the sizes and variety of the "Teddy Bears" that for an extended period have held infantile affection and adult interest. The "opossum grin" is now a term as widely used in this State as the "Taft smile."

SECRET JUST OUT ABOUT A DOCTORS' WEIRD FRATERNITY WITH A FANTASTIC RITUAL

Organization Never Before Heard of Has Chapters in Many Cities and Originated in Chicago—Members Give Bodies to Science, Then to Flames.

Chicago. — A strange secret of thirty-one years' standing was revealed when more than a score of prominent Chicago physicians and surgeons admitted that they were members of the Ustion Fraternity, a society having for its object the dissection of the bodies of its members after death and cremation of the remains.

This weird fraternity, to which only members of the medical profession are admitted, is of national scope. Its headquarters are in a well furnished clubhouse at 2322 Lake Park avenue.

Chapters exist in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit and other cities. Its membership is taken from the ranks of the most prominent practitioners in different parts of the United States.

Each chapter is known as a vertebra. The Chicago chapter, being the first organized, is called the "Prime Vertebra." Its high officer is known as the "encephalon," and its next highest officer is the "medulla." Its other officers are named for other parts of the human body.

The members of the fraternity must undergo a preparation or apprenticeship of four years before they are admitted to full knowledge of its weird rituals. During this period each must study some physiological or medical problem entirely original in his own mind. If his faith and perseverance in the ironclad rules of the society are deemed doubtful he does not become a part of the "body."

If the showing is complimentary the fantastic ceremonials are administered. The society is divided into three "degrees," through which its members must pass. They are fraternity, autopsy and cremation.

Dr. P. M. Cliver, who lives in this city, is the supreme encephalon or national head of the Ustionians.

This strange fraternity had its inception at Hahnemann College, in this city, in 1878. During the thirty-one years of its existence its weird teachings and practices have been a profound secret. Its members at the end of their probationary period take an oath that silences their tongues forever.

The life on this earth is enjoyed to its utmost by them. At the end their colleagues, attired in long white surgical gowns, gather about the bier on which lie the earthly remains of their friend. The spirit they know has departed, and the clay that is left is given over entirely to science. Their theories are augmented by this grew some gift. When they have finished the rites are said. "At a crematory all that remains is given over to the flames. The doctor that was is reduced to a handful of dust."

Dr. Fred W. Wood, former supreme encephalon, acknowledged that the fraternity was for the purpose of autopsy and cremation. "We believe in three degrees," said Dr. Wood. "They are fraternity, which means the real fellowship on this earth; autopsy-after death, which helps all mankind, and cremation, which puts an end to the earthly shell that remains after the spirit has flown."

"What is done at the autopsy?" was asked.
"I cannot say," replied Dr. Wood. "Our oaths are solemn. What we do to the body is all in the interest of science. It does no harm and it advances our knowledge."

"What is the fraternity's belief in regard to cremation?" was asked.

"We believe that cremation is proper. The body is but clay, and sooner or later becomes but a handful of dust. When it is given over to the fire all is ended. The translation of 'Ustion' means fire."

WHERE THE BIG BASEBALL TEAMS WILL DO THEIR TRAINING.

New York City. — With the announcement by Manager Billy Murray, of the Philadelphia Club, that the Phillies will do their spring training at Southern Pines, N. C., it has been definitely settled where all National League.

the National and American League teams will prepare for the championship season.

Following is a list of the training camps of the big league baseball teams during the coming spring:

National League.		American League.	
New YorkMarlin, Tex.	New YorkMacon, Ga.
ChicagoShreveport, La.	BostonSan Antonio, Tex.
CincinnatiAugusta, Ga.	PhiladelphiaNew Orleans, La.
PittsburgHot Springs, Ark.	WashingtonGalveston, Tex.
St. LouisLittle Rock, Ark.	ChicagoCalifornia
BostonAugusta, Ga.	DetroitHot Springs
BrooklynJacksonville, Fla.	St. LouisHouston, Tex.
PhiladelphiaSouthern Pines, N. C.	ClevelandMobile and New Orleans

Facts About Suffrage For Woman.

Four States give equal suffrage to women—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.
Rhode Island, by legislative vote, and Oregon, by popular vote, have refused to adopt equal suffrage for women.
In Kansas women have educational and municipal suffrage.
Eighteen States have school suffrage for women.
Montana and Iowa permit women to vote on municipal bond issues.
Louisiana gives women taxpayers the right to vote on all questions submitted to the taxpayers.
New York allows women taxpayers to vote on village taxation.
In Great Britain women who possess the necessary qualifications can vote for all officials except members of Parliament.
Australia and New Zealand give women full suffrage, as do the Isle of Man, Iceland and Finland.
In Cape Colony, Canada and Sweden, as in parts of India, women vote under various conditions for school and municipal officers.
Last year the English Parliament refused votes to women, and there was a riot in the House, women chaining themselves to the grille-work of the gallery of the House of Commons, while they cried "Votes for women!" The grilles had to be removed to get them out.
There is a National American Woman Suffrage Association, with headquarters at Warren, O. The Rev. Anna H. Shaw is president.