

Sitting Out With "The Howler."

The "buffalo wolf," now extinct, was a large variety of *Canis occidentalis*. It was known in our northern woods as the "timber wolf," and in the southwestern states as the "lobo." In size and ferocity the buffalo wolf was in its day easily the king of its kind. Individual animals were caught that weighed more than one hundred and twenty pounds—the weight of a large mastiff.

This wolf was lighter in color than other varieties—so much so, indeed, that at a distance an old animal often appeared nearly white. It preyed largely upon the old and weakened members of the buffalo herds and upon the calves. The animals were never numerous and never ran in packs. When the game-herds vanished, they were a white great nuisance to the settler.

Our isolated settlement on the Little Sioux River had at one time and another to deal with four of these pests. All of them were destructive and cunning, but the second and biggest one, known in our neighborhood as "The Howler," seemed to have an almost human intelligence in evading traps, guns and poison.

This animal was a huge dog wolf, as bold as it was cunning. It seemed able to gauge accurately the range of our muzzle-loading guns, and would pay little attention to a shot unless the bullet struck its ears. So dogs were encountered to go to it that we soon learned to claim up valuable animals whenever we heard its voice on the prairie.

At times it would come within plain view of a dwelling, and sitting up on its haunches, with eyes alert to guard against surprise, it would give vent to prolonged and deep-toned wails.

At such times the owner of the house would keep close watch on his colts and calves. Often he would go out with a gun to guard his stock, and sometimes he would have to spend a whole night in his yards or pasture. Such lonely and unwelcome vigils were known among us as "sitting out with The Howler."

In the spring of the second year of this wolf's depredations "Old Charlie" Weeks, a trapper who had vacated his Little Sioux "grounds" when our first homestead entries were made, visited our settlement. We offered him twenty-five dollars to trap or kill The Howler; but when he heard our tales of the beast, he declined to undertake the task.

"When a buffer wolf gets really cunning," he said, "the wiles o' man is useless. Let the writer alone; don't put out traps nor poison nor watch his moves. In three or four months the critter'll walk right into your yard some mornin'." Then shoot him. It's the cheapest way to get rid of such a beast."

For a time we followed Old Charlie's advice. Although young stock was kept as close as possible, two or three calves were killed before the warm weather. Then for many weeks we heard no more of The Howler, and began to hope that the creature had left our neighborhood.

About the middle of October James Michael, a near neighbor, and my father joined their cattle-herds, in order to run them on the Ocheyedan overflow lands, where the late fall feed had followed a summer's mowing.

As this herd ground was more than a mile from any house, "Young Jim" Michael and myself, lads of sixteen and seventeen years, were ordered to herd the stock. I went with the cattle in the morning, and Young Jim—as he was called to distinguish him from his father—relieved me at dinner-time.

We had our guns, of course. I had a bird-dog and Young Jim

a collie—that is, we had them when they did not race away from us after grouse or rabbits.

One day I had the luck to kill a fat badger with a fine pelt. After I had skinned it and put by its fat for oil, it occurred to me to use the carcass as bait for wolves and foxes.

One of Old Charlie's log traps stood in an ash grove across the Ocheyedan. This trap had been baited at times by one or another of the settlers; and several swifts, or kit foxes and prairie-wolves had been caught in it.

The trap was made by digging a rectangular ditch, lining it with hardwood logs, and rearing about it a pyramidal structure of small logs. These timbers were notched together and drawn in to form a "turkey pen," seven feet high, with an opening at the top four feet wide by seven or eight feet long.

Non-climbing animals could easily scramble up the sides and jump in after bait; but few, indeed, of them could get out. Several of the neighborhood dogs had been caught at one time or another, and I remember that one poor hound had nearly starved to death before the negligent trapper happened to go on his rounds and release it.

Dragging the bait at my heels, I approached the trap, and I threw the badger into it without touching the logs. I said nothing to Young Jim, for I feared he might be carrying out some of the mornings, carrying my woolen hat filled with water to wet down my tracks, I visited my lure. I caught nothing, but as the weather was cool, my bait kept well.

On the fourth day I was sent to help a neighbor with his threshing, and Young Jim herded in my place. Not long after he reached the herd grounds, his collie ran off in chase of a jack-rabbit and later some of the cattle crossed the creek and headed for the distant uplands. Having no dog at hand, Jim was obliged to go after them himself.

In returning, he drove the cattle past the ash grove. He was removing his boots to wade the creek, when he heard a hoarse, anxious whine a little way out in the woods. Listening, he heard it again—an unnatural and quavering cry, accompanied by sounds as of scratching on timbers.

"Shucks!" he exclaimed. "Somebody's baited that old trap, and Shep's gone and got in."

He pulled on his boots picked up his light rifle, and hurried into the grove. He came up to the trap without hearing the dog again, and wondered if he had been mistaken.

Putting down his gun, he scrambled up the logs to a point whence he could look part way into the opening. A gray body shot upward, a pair of paws clutched at the upper log opposite him, and a long muzzle appeared between them. For an instant the animal hung suspended; then the bark gave way under its claws, and it dropped with a howl of distress.

Young Jim whooped with excitement, and delight. He had recognized the buffalo wolf—the veritable old Howler, trapped at last! Fearful lest the beast should escape at its next leap, Jim slipped to the ground, caught up his rifle, and crawled quickly back.

The wolf, which had squatted for a fresh leap, turned its slant muzzle and snarled fiercely. Young Jim aimed fairly between its eyes and fired. The Howler collapsed, fell, and kicked itself back under the roof of the trap.

With another whoop of delight, Jim slid to the ground, got the light pole that was used for getting in and out of the trap, limbed back, laid the pole across

the opening, and dropped through to the floor.

To have a better view of the wolf, he seized it by its still twitching hind legs and dragged it into the light. Then, as he stood exultingly over the beast, the creature raised its head, opened its jaws wide, as if in a huge yawn, and began struggling to its feet.

Astonished and startled, Jim stepped back and looked up at his pole, which was over the wolf and a little beyond it. Seeing that the brute was slowly regaining its legs, he took a running step forward and jumped.

He leaped high to clear the wolf, but the creature, tilting its head uncertainly upward, tripped the herder, who, striking the pole with one hand, but missing his grasp, stumbled forward and brought up with a hard bump under the slant of an end wall.

Before he had time to recover his balance, the pole rolled off the logs above his head. He was caged with the wolf!

He was not tall enough to leap and get a firm hold of the top logs.

The wounded wolf was writhing round, with rolling eyes and wabbling head. The herder saw that his bullet, glancing, had traversed the sloping skull under the skin and come out at the top of the head. The beast had been stunned, and was still dazed by the blow.

There was yet a chance to kill it. Jim took a clasp-knife from his pocket, opened the blade, and thrust at the wolf's neck. But the creature's movements were so erratic that Jim succeeded only in giving it a slash on the side of the head. This seemed to rouse the brute's faculties. It leaped about, and, seeing the herder snarled

an attack. Near at hand some trapped animal, trying to undermine the logs, had dug a shallow hole. Gladly would the boy have crawled into it had he been able.

For now the big wolf, fully recovered, raged back and forth. It crouched presently, as if about to leap over the barrier, and then, evidently afraid to jump, turned with fresh rage to threaten Jim.

It savagely leaped with fangs bared, and snapped them in the frightened boy's face with a click like that of shears.

This frantic search for a way out, the motion as if to leap at the opening, the fierce threat of attack were repeated again and again; and the click of the creature's teeth came a little nearer at each approach.

Jim dared not move, but sat in silence, with knife drawn for a stroke.

Suddenly, with every hair on end, the wolf crouched for a leap at his throat. Jim braced himself to meet the attack. But at that instant out in the woods a faint, inquiring yelp.

The wolf's savage snarl ceased, his hair fell upon his back, and he turned his head side-wise in a listening attitude.

Was it another wolf? Was The Howler's mate at hand?

Again the yelp of inquiry, nearer now, and with a cry of joy the herder recognized the voice of his own big collie. It was Shep, on his master's trail!

The wolf heard also, and stalked round in the open space with a low and menacing growl. Near at hand the collie paused to listen to this sound.

"Come on, Shep!" shouted Jim, eagerly. And with a whine of anxiety, the collie bounded upon the roof of the trap, and the next moment was exchanging fierce threats with the wolf.

Jim knew that Shep would fight with any creature on earth in his defense. He leaped out into the little arena and launched a kick at the wolf. The Howler answered with a snap that caught Jim by the neck and flung him headlong. And then a tan-and-white fury hurled itself into the fray.

Jim knew only that for a minute or two Shep held his own with a fierceness equal to the wolf's, that he himself plied his knife whenever he saw an open-

ing, and that at last the big beast went under, with the dog at its throat.

The collie was painfully but not dangerously wounded. The boy's clothes were sadly torn, and he had got two or three slashes that left scars on his hand and arm.

Getting out of the trap was not easy. He cut niches for his toes in several of the under logs, and piled up loose earth in a heap, on which he dragged the wolf's carcass. Then, standing on his dead enemy, he lifted the collie to the roof logs, threw his boots out, and after a hard struggle, got out himself.

FOUR TO BE HANGED

Boy Slayers to Suffer the Penalty for Quadruple Murder.

Chicago, Ill., Thursday, 21.—The first quadruple execution that has taken place in Chicago since the Haymarket anarchists died on the gallows in the late eighties is scheduled to take place tomorrow morning in the Cook county jailyard. The four men, or rather youths, who are destined for death by the noose unless an eleventh-hour respite is granted are Ewald and Frank Shibliwski, brothers, and Philip Sommerling and Thomas Schultz. The youngest of the quartette is 18 years of age and the oldest is scarcely out of his teens.

The crime for which the four were condemned to death was the brutal murder of a truck farmer named Guelzow on the outskirts of the city early last October. The man was driving a wagon full of garden produce when the boys set on him for the purpose of robbery. The boys were armed with a club, revolver and hammer. When the victim alighted from his wagon he pleaded for his life on his knees, offering the boys all his possessions, because he had a wife and baby a month old at home, but the answer of the youths was to beat him into unconsciousness. Then he was stabbed four times and was dead when found.

Three of the boys were arrested a few hours later while they were trying to sell the farmer's team to a horse trader. At that time the police did not know there had been a murder committed, having arrested the boys as horse thieves. Later the prisoners confessed and implicated the other defendants. Their trial and conviction followed within little more than a month. Two other boys, each sixteen years old, were implicated in the murder. On account of their youth the two escaped the death sentence and are now serving life terms in prison.

Statesville Air Line Rights of Way.

Statesville, Dec. 19.—Messrs. D. M. Reece, of Yadkinville, and W. T. Fletcher, of Boonville, are now engaged in securing the rights of way for the Statesville Air Line through Yadkin, along the survey of the road from the Iredell to the Surry county line. Civil Engineer Greenlee recently spent a week in Yadkin going over the survey with Messrs. Reece and Fletcher, directors of the road, and they are now taking up the rights of way. While away Mr. Greenlee also visited Mt. Airy, the terminal of the road.

The State convict force which is engaged in grading the Air Line is now working within a mile of the Yadkin river over seven miles of the road having been graded out from Statesville. The progress made is gratifying.

You will never succeed if you spend half your time telling what you are going to do and the other half in explaining why you didn't do it.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

PASTOR QUILTS ABRUPTLY.

Rev. G. E. Eaves Makes Public Document Explanatory of Action.

High Point, Dec. 20.—Rev. G. E. Eaves, former pastor of the South Main Street M. E. church, has severed his connection with his congregation and rather unceremoniously left here Sunday on train No. 36 for Chicago. In a letter which appeared in yesterday's Enterprise, Mr. Eaves gives his reasons for leaving so abruptly. He says it is his desire to do work of another nature but adds that he will not give up the ministry and will probably follow evangelistic work. He also states that he gives up his present work "because of financial reasons." That he can not do justice to himself and family with the salaries he has had. He further adds that he has accepted a guaranteed offer from a great house of \$1,500 per year, besides a chance to add more by commissions. That as soon as he gets on his feet financially he will purchase a large tent, get a fine singer and preach to multitudes, etc.

Mr. Eaves evidently believes that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and continues: Preachers have preached so much against money, that their people have been trained to think that pastors can live on nothing!

Yet, he concludes this letter by saying that there is absolutely no friction between him and his church. "It is like giving up a wife to give up the pastorate. It makes my heart bleed. But I do it of my own will."

There is no need to disguise the fact that this sudden turn has given much rise to discussion pro and con, not only among the other ministers and churches of our city, but generally.

Several weeks ago Mrs. Eaves with her two children, left High Point for Oklahoma. It is said that Mr. Eaves will connect himself with some publishing house in Chicago. In the meantime the South Main Street M. E. church suddenly finds itself without a shepherd. Rev. J. H. Barnhardt of the Washington street church kindly came to the rescue on Sunday night when the South Main Street congregation gathered and tried to explain the situation. The church has a good, strong membership. It is well and centrally located and with a tactful, well-balanced pastor, and the hearty, intelligent co-operation of its members, it is in a position to do a splendid institutional work.

His letter in full follows: My Dear Sir: Knowing that the step I am today taking will be noticed by the papers, I desire to make a public statement myself. I will thank you very much to give me the space to do so.

1. I resign my pastorate because it is my desire to do work somewhat of another nature; and has been for five years. Several times I have been on the eve of doing so. I expect to do evangelistic work. I have not the remotest idea of giving up the ministry. I will preach to more in my new undertaking than I would for some time were I to remain in pastorate.

2. I give up in second place because of financial reasons. I cannot do justice to myself and family with the salaries I have had. To many Methodist preachers expensive circumstances come over which they have absolutely no control. I want to see the glad day when I can say, "I owe no man anything but to love him." And, too, I believe in the Scripture, "That he that provideth not for his own house has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." So I have Scripture in wanting more money. Preachers have preached so much against money that their people have been trained to think that pastors can live on nothing.

I have accepted a guaranteed offer from a great house of \$1,500 the year. In addition to this I have a chance to make more by commissions. So soon as I get on my feet financially I will

purchase me a large, well constructed tent, get a fine singer, and preach to multitudes. (This is needed). I go forth in this with no cranky idea but with the old naked Gospel of our Lord.

3. I want to say that there is absolutely no friction between me and my church. It is like giving up a wife to give up the pastorate. It makes my heart bleed. But I do it of my own will.

With great respect and high regards, I am, Yours truly, G. E. Eaves.

Greenville County, S. C. Lad Gets \$100 for Growing Porker At Least Cost.

Greenville, S. C., Dec. 20.—The first successful pig club contest ever conducted in South Carolina came to a close today in this city, when Master Terry T. Dill, a 14-year-old farmer lad, was awarded a prize of \$100 for growing the biggest pig, at the last cost, of any of the forty odd members of the Greenville County Boy Pig Club.

Briefly stated, this lad raised an Essex pig, 6 months and 11 days old, weighing 308 pounds at a cost of .038 cents a pound.

The pig contest lasted for twenty weeks, and the Dill pig gained an average of 14.50 lb each week during that time. During the last month of the contest the lad's pig gained its weight at the rate of 3 pounds a day.

The prize was awarded not to the boy growing the biggest pig but when it came to cost, the lad outstripped them all. The total cost of raising a 308-pound pig was \$11.75.

The contest was presided over by Prof. C. B. Hester, of the

onstration work, and other authorities of Clemson College. The pig club came into existence through The Greenville Daily News offering a cash prize of \$50 to the winner. Later this amount was supplemented by an offer of \$50 for the prize pig's carcass from the real estate firm of Goldsmith & Agnew. The contest was a thorough success, and it is believed that a great impetus has been given the hog raising industry in Greenville county.

Preacher in Jail Cuts his Throat

Boston, Dec. 20.—Cries and groans from the county jail early today led to the discovery that Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, waiting trial charged with murdering Miss Avis Linnell, had mutilated himself severely with a piece of tin. So serious was the wound that it was found necessary to perform an operation immediately. Later in the day the surgeon said the operation was successful, and that unless poisoning developed the prisoner would probably recover in two weeks. County authorities, jail officials, and the counsel for Richeson refused to comment upon the possible mental processes which led the accused man to the determination to injure himself or what influence it might have upon the future legal proceedings in the case, and when Richeson came out from under the influence of the anesthetic he would say nothing.

William F. Patton Dies in a Philadelphia Hospital.

Durham, Dec. 21.—William F. Patton, son-in-law of Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, died this afternoon at 1 o'clock in a Philadelphia hospital. He had been ill many weeks and General Carr spent most of that time with him, leaving him Monday.

Mr. Patton was a lawyer of Philadelphia and owned an estate of more than \$1,000,000. The widow and one child survive. Funerals and burial will occur Friday in Carwensville, Pa., the old home of Mr. Patton.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.