

WRECKS OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST

By Percy M. Cushing

IN THE department of the life-saving service at Washington they sometimes speak of "a night's work on the Jersey coast," which, to a casual listener, carries no especial significance. It is only when one is curious enough to probe behind the matter-of-fact attitude of the department officials, or dig into the time-yellowed reports of the coast patrol that one obtains a glimmer of what this branch of government service expects of its servants, and of the unemotional heroism that is concealed in that casual phrase—"a night's work."

From Washington, if you go down into the life-saving stations along the Jersey shore, you will find the same casual indifference to the story of one night which is now history—an indifference that might lead to the belief that the occasion was a trifle, were it not for the fact that in the memories of the old men of the service its details are still vivid.

It was the third of February, 1880. Two storms were rushing along the Atlantic coast. They met off the Jersey shore, a howling, roaring conflict of wind and weather, snow-vent and sleet-vent.

As darkness settled the life-saving crews in the stations along the wind-swept coast watched the sea with foreboding in their hearts. At midnight the storm was at its height.

In the next twelve hours during its continuance the apprehensions of the Jersey patrol found realization. Within those twelve hours there were five wrecks within the scope of four consecutive stations, while another disaster engaged a station a short distance beyond. The men of the stations rescued forty-three persons, killed hungry and half-frozen in darkness and tempest, established a standard of bravery and fortitude that is unique and went through the ordeal with that offhand carelessness of personal risk which characterizes those of their calling.

At one in the morning Keeper Charles H. Valentine of Station No. 4 lay gravely ill of pleurisy. At 1:30 Surfman Van Brunt, staggering into the drift of the gale on the west patrol, caught the red gleam of a light in the breakers. So fierce was the wind, filled with driven sand and sleet, that he could not look into its teeth, but by shielding his eyes and looking across it he saw the outline of a large schooner. She was the E. C. Babcock of Somers Point, and she was on a bar close to shore.

Van Brunt ran for the station and gave the alarm. Despite his illness, Keeper Valentine rose from his bed and in person led his crew to the rescue. Baffled by the snow which lay thick along the beach, by the gale that tore seams in their faces, and by the intense cold which froze shot line and beach apparatus, the life savers fought for two hours to get a line aboard the stranded vessel. At length they succeeded, and a man came ashore in the breeches buoy. He said that the captain of the Babcock had his wife and two small children on board. The breeches buoy was sent out again and the captain came ashore in it, his six-year-old daughter in his arms. His wife followed. Then came the mate with the other child. Last came the rest of the crew.

The life savers went back to the station, and in the early hours of the stormy dawn were hastily rearranging the apparatus when one of the men saw a large brig coming head on for the shore. Keeper Valentine had gone back to bed, but once more he arose and insisted on leading his men again to the scene of danger.

Before the crew could get the half-prepared beach apparatus to the surf, the brig, running furiously before the tremendous sea, her sails split and tattered, struck with terrific impact. The tide was very high, and the brig, the Augustina from Havana, came up close to the station and well inside the breakers. Just before she struck the life savers could see a man at the wheel, apparently steering composedly, his face emotionless, a pipe in his teeth.

When the shock came a torrent of frothing seas broke over the vessel's stern, covering the helmsman; but a moment later he could be seen standing at the wheel, unmoved. Then the brig swung broadside to the full force of thundering surf, and her crew fled forward to the bits.

By this time the life savers were on the beach with their gun, while a crowd of some hundreds of persons watched from the shelter of the higher dunes. The brig was so close to shore that Surfman Garrett White, following a receding sea down the beach, succeeded in throwing a heaving stick and line on board her.

This the crew secured, and hauled the whip-line on board, but, getting the tailblock, did not know what to do next. In vain the life savers signaled and shouted to them. They were Spanish, and the directions on the billet attached to the lines were in Italian and English only.

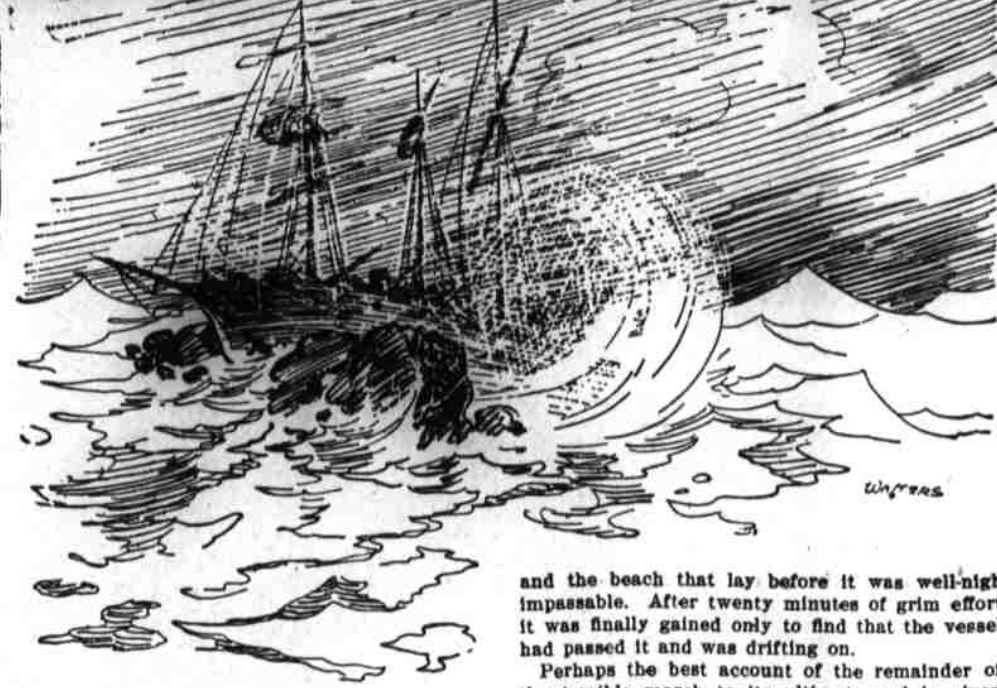
At this moment the life savers were filled with horror. The crew of the grounded brig, unable to solve the mystery of rigging the breeches buoy, were preparing to take a terrible risk. One of them seized the line and started the attempt of coming in on it hand over hand.

Meantime the wreck of the Babcock, a quarter of a mile up the beach, had broken up, and the fragments of the vessel, together with her cargo of cordwood, were being swept by the current down about the Augustina, filling the surf with tumbling debris which well-nigh insured the death of anyone who fell into it. In a moment the whip line, over which the sailors were preparing to come in, fouled in the wreckage. Disregarding the shouts to wait, the first sailor, clad only in a pair of trousers, seized the line and began working his way in on it hand over hand.

Rushing waist deep into the breakers, White seized the man, and as the brig rolled inshore and the line slackened he slipped the bight from the sailor's neck.

The next second both were caught in the inrush of wood and water and torn from the line to be hurled beneath the breakers. By a terrific effort White succeeded in regaining his footing and, still clutching the sailor, dragged him out of the surf.

While this struggle was taking place two more sailors had started down the line from the brig. Surfman Van Brunt sprang into the water to aid them, but was swept from his feet, his life hanging on a straw in the deadly mass of tumbling timbers. He was carried down-shore a hundred yards, where a friendly wave shouldered him up on the beach. At the moment Van Brunt's peril



was recognized by those on shore, Surfman Potter leaped to his assistance, only to be himself unfooted and flung on to a floating mass of drift. As he lay there struggling to get to his feet, the line suddenly fastened in the current and falling across his breast held him pinioned under water. For fully a minute he lay there helpless in sight of his comrades and slowly drowning. At last, nearly dead, a wave washed him free.

Meantime one of the two sailors was torn from his hold on the rope and washed ashore unconscious. Surfman Ferguson went for the other and brought him in. Surfman Lockwood rescued the fourth man.

And so, one by one, in grim hand-to-hand combat with the storm, the crew of the wrecked brig were rescued. Hours later she was boarded in the surfboat. In the cabin, lying in his bunk, a pistol bullet through his head, they found the captain. He had been part owner of the vessel, and when he had seen that she was lost, he had gone below, scrawled a note in Spanish saying he was ruined, and shot himself.

While the men of Station No. 4 were battling at these two wrecks, those of Station No. 2 were rescuing seven men and the captain's wife from the three-masted schooner Stephen Harding. While five miles off shore the Harding had been in collision with the schooner Kate Newman, which had gone down with all hands, save one man, who, as the vessels came together, leaped over the bulwarks of the Newman on to the deck of the Harding.

At the same time Stations Nos. 11 and 12 were waging one of the grimmest and gamest fights against masterful odds in the history of the service.

This struggle was at the wreck of the schooner George Taulane. The night before the big storm she was off Navesink, running steadily in the growing wind. An hour found the snow shutting thick over the rim of the sea, and the gale increased to a hurricane. It was two in the morning when the craft found herself in distress. At that hour the deck load of lumber, piled high, broke loose. The terrific roll of the schooner in the high sea sent huge timbers tumbling about her decks, making it almost impossible for the crew to stay above hatches. Twenty minutes later fire was discovered on board. Flames shot aft from the forecastle, igniting the deck load.

With her progress somewhat arrested toward shore by the dragging anchors, the Taulane began drifting parallel to the shore, getting in close to it very slowly. At this time she was discovered by the life savers of Station No. 11.

This crew, leaving beach apparatus behind and knowing that no lifeboat could live in the breakers, followed the craft as she drifted along the coast, calculating that she would ground near Station No. 12 and depending on that station for apparatus. Shortly afterward the wreck was seen by Keeper Chadwick of Station 12, who ordered out his crew with beach cart and gun.

At this time the vessel was about half-way between the two stations. On one side the crew of Station 11 were following her along the beach; on the other the crew of No. 12 were coming in to meet her.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when the two crews met. The horses that had started with the beach cart of the men from Station 12 had refused to ford the sluices between the hills and had been left behind, the men dragging the cart themselves. The helpless Taulane was then still holding off the bar by her dragging anchors, and still drifting along shore. The two life-saving crews now joined forces in a strange and terrible battle.

The vessel was 400 yards off shore, her men in her rigging, the seas breaking and tumbling white all over her hull. But she was still moving, steadily, surely, alongshore, her keel free of the sand.

The life savers at once placed the surf gun and a line which was fired fell across the Taulane out of reach of her shipwrecked crew. Before another could be fired the vessel had drifted southward out of range.

Loading the gun and apparatus into the beach cart, the two life-saving crews started after her ashore, laboring manfully in the sand and flooded sluices to keep pace with the drift of the vessel to leeward. In order to do this they were obliged to proceed at what was almost a run. After twenty minutes of breathless work they were again opposite her, the gun was once more planted, and another shot fired.

At this portion of the beach the sand dunes were low, and the only point of vantage from which the gun could be shot was the top of the knolls. The knoll on which the effort was made was in an indentation in the shore, making it farther from the vessel, and, the line being wet and heavy, it failed to reach the Taulane.

Once more the crews of Stations 11 and 12 loaded the heavy beach cart and staggered on after the fast drifting schooner. As the chase led to the south, the conditions on the beach became worse. The surf washed in higher, the sluices became more numerous, and the dry sand-dune tops further separated.

The next dry hill was 400 yards farther on,

and the beach that lay before it was well-nigh impassable. After twenty minutes of grim effort it was finally gained only to find that the vessel had passed it and was drifting on.

Perhaps the best account of the remainder of the terrible march to its ultimate end is given in the report of the service of 1880, which says of it:

"From first to last the difficulties of the life savers and the perils which beset them never slackened a moment. The wheels of the cart. In coast phrase, 'sanded down' so rapidly—that it sank so quickly in the infiltrated soil—that the conveyance had to be kept on the move lest it should be lost. Often the cart had to be partially unloaded and portions of the apparatus carried by the crews to lighten it sufficiently to make progress possible, and at other times the men would have to fling themselves upon the wheels and hold them with all their strength to prevent the cart from being capsize by the inequalities of the submerged ground or the overwhelming inrush of the sea rushing high over the axes.

"The escapes were numerous. It was with great difficulty that the men could keep their feet in this constant onslaught and pelting of drift-wood. But not a man fell away or flinched from the work before him.

"Not the least difficult of their tasks was that of keeping the lines, and especially the guns and powder, dry in the universal drench around them, and it is difficult to understand how they contrived it; for, aside from the number of actual firings, wherever a momentary pause of the vessel as she grazed bottom, or a slowing of her motion, offered an opportunity for action, at least a dozen times, and probably more, the cart was hurriedly unloaded on the nearest eminence, the gun planted and the shot-line arranged for the effort, when the wreck would suddenly roll away upon her course, and the men would have to reload the cart and roll on again after her. In this way and with these interruptions, they worked down along the beach to station No. 12 and a quarter of a mile beyond it, when a chance offered for another shot; but the line parted. The crew again moved stubbornly on. It was now noon, and suddenly the man so long seen hanging in the rigging fell into the sea and was gone. The crew still followed the vessel with unslackened activity. Half an hour later they saw another man drop lifeless from the railings.

"Laboring forward now for the rescue of the remaining five, they suffered a misfortune. In staggering and floundering through one of the worst sluiceways with the cart, the gun toppled off into the flood and was lost. A desperate search was made at once, and finally it was found in four or five feet of water, fished up and wiped dry, and carried thenceforth by the stout keeper on his shoulder. A man was dispatched back to No. 12 for a dry shot-line, while the crew moved on to a point three-quarters of a mile below the station, where they got another chance to fire a shot, which, however, fell short, the tide having forced the firing party farther and farther back on the hills as they advanced, and the line, too, being weighted with moisture.

"The cart was again reloaded, and the march resumed. A mile below the station the men overtook them with the dry shot-line and, chance offering, the last shot was fired. This time it was a success! The line flew between the forecastle and the jib-stay, and, the cut swooping the bight of the line in to the side of the vessel, the sailors got hold of it and fastened it to the fore and main rigging.

"As the schooner still continued to drift and roll, nothing could yet be done, but while the greater part of the force loaded up the cart and trudged on with it, three or four kept fast hold of the shore end of the shot-line, and kept pace with the wreck in leath. At the end of another quarter of a mile the vessel suddenly struck the tide setting north, stopped, swung head offshore and worked back to her anchors under the comb of the breakers. The time had come at last; and the whip-line, with its appurtenances, was bent on to the shot-line, hauled aboard, and made fast by the tail of the block to the mainmast head.

"The wreck now sluiced around broadside to the sea and rolled frantically. The hawser followed the whip-line on board, and the breeches-buoy was rigged on, but the vessel rolled so that it was impossible to set the hawser up on shore in the usual manner, so it was rove through the bull's-eye in the sand-anchor, while several men held on to the end to give and take with each roll of the vessel. The work of hauling the sailors from the wreck was now begun with electric energy. After two men were landed, the vessel took the ground, but the circumstances increased rather than diminished her rolling, and some conception of this powerful motion may be derived from the fact that in one instance the breeches-buoy with a man in it swung in the off-shore roll fully fifty feet in the air.

"The strain and friction upon the hawser were so great that the lignum-vitae bull's-eyes through which it ran at the sand-anchor, despite the hardness of the wood, was worn fully half an inch deep during 30 minutes of use. Within those 30 minutes, however, the five men were safely landed, the last man getting out of the buoy at half-past two."

And so closes the story of that which in the department at Washington, is spoken of casually as "A night's work on the Jersey coast."

NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Spray early and late.
Ducks prefer soft food.
Whitewash the hen house.
Concrete tanks are superior.
Keep the dairy utensils clean.

"The early bird" easily keeps down the weeds.
Great Britain's wheat fields cover 2,000,000 acres.

Too much sun for young chicks is as bad as too little.
The manager must supply the brains for the cow machine.

Don't wait for the weeds to appear before you begin cultivating.
Have everything neat and sweet about your milk and butter business.

The owner of the small farm flock is the man most likely to neglect dipping.
An alert carriage and a bright eye are necessary in a perfect carriage or saddle horse.

To teach chicks to drink, sprinkle a few grains of feed on the water for them to pick at.
The great majority of farmers do not know the value of the harrow, or if they do they do not use it.

Teach the lambs as early as possible to eat grain in a lamb creep to fit them for the early market.
If a horse sweats easily, take particular pains not to let him stand out in a draft, or drink too heartily.

It is expensive economy to do without a separator where cream is sold or butter made from five or more cows.
The best way to get rid of tuberculosis in dairy cattle is to follow the old precept about an ounce of prevention.

The little pigs seem to be wonderfully keen in detecting the small holes in the fence through which they can escape.
Success in the dairy seems to be most all "s"; separator, silo, scales—then the following letter, "i," test, is a close second.

Have all cattle that come into the herd tuberculin tested and then have a well ventilated barn that is kept scrupulously clean.
If a sow that has lost the use of her legs is in good flesh, it would be best to slaughter her for meat, as chances of recovery are poor.

The poultry business requires study and constant attention, the same as any other business. First efforts are rarely ever successful.
One of the silo arguments that appeals to every stock owner is that there is no such thing as cornstalk disease to worry the silage feeder.

The stomach of the little calf is very sensitive and easily ruined. Nothing will do it quicker than keeping the animal confined in a wet, dirty pen.
One of our readers recommends cream of tartar for chickenpox; one tablespoonful in soft feed for each twelve fowls, two or three times a week.

In growing a heifer for the dairy, muscular vitality is wanted rather than fat, and this is obtained very largely from the skim milk portion of its diet.
Filth on eggs under the sitting hen should be washed off as soon as noticed. This is one of the little things that help toward getting a good hatch.

This is the time of year when corn should be fed sparingly to keep hens laying and to ward off diseases to which the overfat bird is susceptible in warm weather.
One would hardly believe how it improves the roads to take a spade along when going to town and toes a few spadefuls of dirt into the low places at the approaches to bridges and filling in the sharp ruts. This soon levels up the track, rendering travel much more rapid and enjoyable and less damaging to the horses, vehicles and harnesses.

Be patient and gentle with the heifer when she comes in. If she is of your own raising and you have always treated her kindly she will not be afraid of you. And when you sit down with the calf by you and the heifer's nose in her feed you ought to have no trouble in milking. Having the calf near the first few days and talking to the young cow increases her confidence.

F. B. Mumford, dean of the Missouri College of Agriculture, says the silo will add from 20 to 25 per cent. to the profits of the corn crop. Some give even higher estimates. In 1909 the state of Kansas had only 63 silos, while now there are more than 2,000, and more in sight.

Keep the best calves.
The silo spells success.
It is never too late to prune.
The Jersey is a popular breed.
It takes brains to raise dairy cows.
Beware of frauds in buying trees and bushes.
Half way business doesn't pay in breeding work.
No animal suffers so much from neglect as the sheep.

There should be a good scratching post in every pig pen.
Eternal vigilance is the price of everything good in the stock line.
See to it that the work horse is well curried during the heavy spring work.
Comparatively few people realize the importance of drinking water for hogs.
Clean the calf pen often and bed it with a liberal supply of dry straw oftener.

The silo seems to be edging mightily near the cornerstone of successful dairying.
If you can't afford to buy a good bull get one with your neighbor, each paying half.
Fresh pasture is so relaxing that care must be taken that the cows do not lose flesh.
Many a farmer has drawn the greatest measure of prosperity from the dairy cow.
When spraying, if showers come and wash off the poison, spray those trees a second time.
Careful selection of the stallion is essential to the production of a uniform harvest of colts.
A fumigation with burning sulphur will get rid of both vermin and disease germs in the poultry house.

The chickens like rape. A little patch of it near the barnyard will keep them busy and contented.
Chickens will not die of gaps if they are fed proper food and plenty of it, and are kept free from lice.
Not only the flavor, but the keeping quality of butter is injured by keeping the cream until it gets very sour.
Usually, a careful dressing of market fowls will draw a little premium from the buyers. It pays in the long run.
The quality of the egg can readily be established by a ration that will add sweetness and good flavor to the contents.
The sow should be in moderate flesh when bred, but when safely in pig she should have a strong ration to build her up.

Do not expect satisfaction from Bordeaux mixture that has stood for as much as twenty-four hours. It deteriorates quickly.
Next to good feeding the thing that will make the horses look sleek and comfortable is elbow grease and a curry comb and brush.
Some people think that the dry cow needs no care, but those that make the best records have the best care during their period of rest.
See that the half-grown chicks have plenty of exercise, especially at feathering time, if you are trying to push them forward by heavy feeding.
Never speak harshly to a cow nor strike her. She is of a highly strung disposition and will easily become unmanageable through rough handling.
To feed too much soft food is unnatural. This is particularly true and harmful if overfed so such food lies around to sour and become unwholesome.
Feed the small chickens often, and if wet and cold, and the old hen is overly active, better confine her for a short time each morning or all of a rainy day.
The farmer who can tell just what it costs to produce and market a crop is not so very common but when you do find such a man you find one who is a success.
Cottonseed meal should not be fed too liberally, as it then acts rather disastrously on the reproductive organs. It is really not advisable to add it to the bill of fare for laying hens.
Many farmers are making the mistake of pasturing their meadows this spring, and when hay time comes these same fellows will be grumbling about their short hay crop. It is only reasonable to think that, if stock make a living grazing on the meadow, that meadow cannot possibly yield as it would if it had not been pastured.
Cheap green food can be made to take the place of one-third of the high priced grain, and the flock do better for the change. We saw a woman recently selling large hard cabbage heads for three cents each, while she was preparing to feed her poultry wholly on high priced grain for the winter. This was literally throwing money away.
A good roost is a 2x4 scantling placed broadside over two 12-inch boards. These two boards form a platform which catch the droppings, and these are worth from 75 cents to a dollar a barrel. Do not place the roosts too high, for the hens will jump, and in so doing will have leg weakness or perhaps bumblefoot.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLENS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 9
HEARING AND DOING.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 8:9-16.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves."—James 1:22.

Last week we had from the lips of Jesus three illustrations of that false righteousness which he will not countenance in his new kingdom. Today's lesson is the last of the present series which has to do with the fundamental teachings expressed by Jesus in his manifesto and it is emphasized by the Golden Text taken from James' epistle.

Jesus begins with a short parable which, though not recorded by Matthew as being used in this same connection is here used to introduce and to explain what was said about the mote and the beam. Parenthetically Jesus informs us that we are not above our Master. We must teach principally in the same manner he taught, e. g., by our lives. He has been setting forth the manner of life to be followed by his disciples. He is the incarnate truth, and in that fact lay his power and success as a teacher, so as we incarnate his life, live his life before the world, we shall most successfully teach. His sight was unimpaired, hence his ability and power. Jesus, however, guards against any self-assumed righteousness upon the part of his followers by telling us that "everyone," that is every disciple, "when he is perfected shall be as his master." (v. 40.) No leader or teacher has ever made any great and lasting contribution or impression upon history except as he has in a measure emulated the life of Jesus or followed the principles he taught of the world.

Beam and Mote.
It is as we are being perfected, follow on after perfection in Christ Jesus, that we are effectually able to see for ourselves and to lead others. Jesus by means of this teaching about the beam and the mote shows us how impossible it is for a man who is himself disobedient to the truth to be able to do anything that will help others who are in a like state of disobedience. He plainly implies that it is not only impossible but actually a sin for one who has a beam, a "splinter" in his eye to attempt to remove the mote—a light speck of dust—from the eye of another. The sin of attempting to teach that which we ourselves do not obey is greater than the sin of him who is not obedient but makes no attempt to teach the truth and called forth the emphatic "thou hypocrite" of Jesus. How many fathers desire their sons to walk in the path of truth and yet they make no effort to remove the beam from their own eyes—hypocrites—is it to be wondered at that they both fall into the ditch?
Jesus emphasizes all of this by use of the figure of fruit-bearing. The preposterousness of our looking for figs upon thorn bushes, or to look for grapes upon a bramble bush is patent to all. We know that corruption is not so much a matter of infection as it has to do with inward purity. If the tree of life is pure it will yield perfect fruit, for life always reproduces its own type, in the same manner the influence man exerts is the influence of what he is in his own life. If he is good, his influence will be good; if he is evil his influence will be evil.
In verse 46 Jesus adds further light upon this matter of hypocrisy. He has already told us we are to build upon his words, which were the truth. Now he shows us that to call him "Lord, Lord" with lips only, and not because of a heart conviction, even though it be known and heard of all men, will not avail. This sort of crying aloud shall be tested by him who knows the thoughts and the intents of the heart and it, too, shall receive the just reward of all hypocrisy. To cry "Lord, Lord," to judge others by different standards from those by which we judge ourselves, is but another evidence of the sin of selfishness.

Obedience the Only Proof.
If we will read Paul's epistle upon love (I Cor. 13) daily it will clarify our vision and correct the motive of our lives so that its fruit will be acceptable to God. Obedience is the only one and only acceptable proof that we are friends of Jesus (John 15:14). To further add light and significance to this whole matter Jesus tells us of the two kinds of foundations upon which men build. That upon the solid rock may be severally tried, as shall all the works of man's hands, but being rightly founded the storm breaks and not the house.
house. Not so he who builds upon the sand; there we see the house going to pieces amid the storm. Who is the man who builds so safely? Is it not he who comes to Jesus? That hears his word and that doeth his word as well? But there is also another builder who does not dig down to the rock, is satisfied with loose soil which amounts to no foundation at all. His house meets the same storm but with vastly different results. Outwardly these structures may look alike. Which are you, a hearer only, or a hearer and a doer?
Is your house founded upon the living word or upon the speculations of science? Face this question we must.

Lesson outline:
I. False and True Teachers. v. 23-45.
1. Danger, v. 23, 40.
2. Like teacher, like pupil, v. 41, 42.
3. The Test, v. 43-45.
II. Final Exhortation, v. 46-49.
1. Profession, v. 48.
2. Testing, v. 47-48.
3. Practice, v. 49.
4. Testing, v. 49.

Wolf as a Bell Whether

Canadian Settler's Experiment Didn't Work Out as He Had Expected.

A settler on the upper Mattawa river in Canada caught a wolf. He had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them. Accordingly, it seemed to him that in a similar manner he might rid the ad-

acent woods of wolves. He therefore fastened a bell on the wolf's neck and turned it loose.
When the snow had disappeared practically the settler allowed his flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near his house. While he stood watching the gambols of the lambs, the sheep pricked up their ears, as if intently listening. Then, with a great deal of bleating, the whole flock took to the woods. The settler wondered at this strange freak on the part of the lambs, but he went about his work. When, an hour later, the sheep returned, he discovered that one of the lambs was missing. The next day the same thing occurred—again a lamb failed to return. The settler's children tried to keep the sheep in the fields. When they could not do this, they followed the animals into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance.

All at once it dawned upon this settler that the bell he had fastened to the neck of the wolf was the same that had been borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick-eared sheep had recognized the sound of the bell and, true to their instincts, had hastened to join their last year's companion. The result was that they found, not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf with a sheep's bell, ready to dine on a spring lamb. The settler did not release any more belled wolves.