

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898.

WOLVES IN A DEER YARD

MAINE HUNTERS WHO HAD THEIR KILLING DONE FOR THEM.

A Pursuit of Savage Beasts in a Labyrinth Made in the Deep Snow in the Forest—Three Wolf Pelt and Plenty of Venison Secured in a Streak of Luck.

It is more than fifty years since Dan Remick and Cy Towns had their famous afternoon with the wolves in a deer yard. They were up in the main woods north of the Katadin Iron works crust hunting, and had been having the poorest sort of luck—ten days out and not a moose nor a deer to show for their pains. On this day they made an early start to look for a deer yard somewhere about the foot of a mountain ten miles from camp. They were anxious to find it as soon as possible, for on two nights past they had heard wolf howls, which meant that if the hunters did not secure the venison in short order the wolves would get to the yard ahead of them. It was late in March and there was fully four feet of snow in the woods, with a crust that froze hard at night and softened so much at midday that it was none too easy for a man to get about upon it on snowshoes.

As toward noon the two hunters patted along the mountain's base, their snowshoes slumping three inches at every step, a deer, very much frightened, broke out of a thicket ahead, wallowing along in the snow. It did not try to avoid the men, or, indeed, seem to notice them until they were close upon it, and they easily overtook the animal and shot it.

"This deer has been scared out of a yard," said Remick as he blew the smoke out of his gun barrel before reloading the piece. "We haven't heard any gun, so it wasn't hunters that did it. It looks like wolves work."

They strung the deer up to a tree limb, out of reach of skunks and foxes and followed back the furrow the creature had made in the snow. A mile or two's travel brought them to the deer yard, which covered some twenty acres of hardwood and hemlock trees with a great deal of smaller growth among them, such as deer feed on in winter. Within this space the snow was cut in every direction by the deep paths the deer had trodden in moving about to browse on bark and twigs. Only one deer could be seen—the head and antlers of a buck appearing above the snow as he ran about along the paths.

"There's something chasing him—wolves said Towns. As he spoke the buck stopped and reared, and as it threw back its head he saw that a wolf was at its throat. Another wolf sprang on its back from behind, and as the buck was pulled down in the path they saw other wolves crowding upon it.

The two hunters looked at each other doubtfully. There was no telling how many wolves there were, and the snarling and snapping the creatures made as they fought over the deer had an ugly and discouraging sound. On the softened snow, which would not hold up a wolf, the men were safe; but if they ventured into the yard, and the wolves were to show fight, it would be hard getting away from them. But they had had hard luck up to now—and here was good venison going to waste; wolf skins were high in the market, and the State paid a bounty for the scalps, besides.

"We'll risk it, Cy, eh?" said Remick, and the two men slid down into the nearest path and started for the wolves. The paths, barely wide enough for one man, wound and curved in all directions, so that the hunters had to turn and double about a great many times before they could get to where the wolves were. They came suddenly upon them at about twenty paces away—five big, shaggy brutes, all tearing at the buck's throat and flank. So eager were the wolves that they did not notice the hunters until both fired. Then they yelped and ran, leaving one dead wolf by the deer, while another went off limping. The hunters set a mark at the surface of the snow, so as to be able to find the deer and wolf again when they were ready, reloaded their guns, and set out to find the other wolves. If they could drive them out of the yard into the deep snow they could overtake and kill them without trouble. But they soon found that the cunning beasts would not leave the yard, but dodging about in the labyrinth, kept easily out of reach and view of the hunters, who only once in a while could catch so much as a glimpse of them.

After playing this sort of hide and seek with the wolves for an hour or more the hunters gave up the idea of running them down and began looking up the deer the beasts had slaughtered. The wolves evidently had broken into the yard not long ago than the night before, for all the deer found had been killed within a few hours. Five carcasses the hunters found that afternoon in the yard, and in every case the wolves merely had sucked the blood, without stopping to eat the flesh. Everywhere were the signs of the cruel pursuit of the deer and the struggles of the poor creatures to escape the wolves. Only one deer had left the yard, the one the hunter had shot. The two men spent the afternoon in taking the skins and haunches of the deer to the snow at the edge of the yard, where they could get to them with the moose sleds at their conveniences. As they worked about the yard they could sometimes hear the wolves scurrying away at their approach, but none of the brutes gave the hunters a mark for a bullet until just before sundown. Then the hunters got one covered. The beast made things serious for Remick for a minute or two, though.

In searching the paths for deer carcasses the men separated, and they chanced to come into the same path at the same time, cutting off the retreat of a wolf between them. They had the wolf hemmed in, but neither man dared fire at it while it was in the path for fear of hitting the other. The wolf made a jump to get from the path up upon the level of the snow, and, as it scrambled to get a footing beyond the edge, Remick fired and wounded it. The wolf dropped back into the path, came to its feet fighting mad, and started for Remick. The hunter barely had time to club his gun and strike once at the wolf, as the brute, dodging the blow, leaped upon him, striking him with the fore paws in the chest and knocking him down. The hunter threw up his gun to protect his throat, and the wolf grabbed the barrel with his teeth; the creature dropped it and tried again to get at Remick's throat, but the hunter managed to get the gun barrel between the wolf's teeth once more. A third snap and the wolf's teeth drew blood as they tore coat and shirt from the hunter's shoulder. Remick was yelling to Towns to hurry up. Whether his comrade would have got along in time to help if the wolf had stayed is a question; but the creature, hearing Towns' footsteps and seeing a clear path ahead, left the hunter and ran.

"Keep your head down, Dan," called Towns, and fired over the hunter's body. The bullet struck the wolf in the flank, killing it just as it was escaping around a turn in the path. It was more good luck, for Remick was not hurt to speak of, and the hunters had another wolfskin to their account.

Six deer skins, the venison, and two wolf skins, all taken since noon! The hunters felt happy as they cut evergreen boughs for a bed and shelter, broiled venison outlets for supper, and lay down on the snow, under the winter stars, to pass the night. There was only one trouble on their minds. The wind was from the south and the snow did not freeze at all that night, and without a hard crust they could not get their venison and skins to camp. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, they went to find out if the wolves had quitted the yard. They had, for there were the tracks of three, one of them limping, that led off toward a little lake two miles away. It was plain that the wolves were having hard work to get through the soft snow, and the hunters followed them. The lame wolf lagged behind the others, and the hunters overtook it and killed it. The other two wolves at sight of them made a spurt and got to the lake a long gunshot ahead of the men, and ran out to the middle of the ice. There they stopped and looked at the hunters. The snow that had fallen through the winter, exposed as it was to the sun and wind, had packed down and frozen into snow-ice, which would have held up a hoarse. On this the wolves could outfoot the men five miles to one. Towns and Remick followed them out to the middle of the lake—it was about half a mile across—to see if they could drive them into the woods, but the wolves had no idea of quitting the ice. They circled about, keeping just out of gunshot, until the hunters gave up the business and went back to the deer yard.

The wind veered to the north that night and the crust froze, making good sledding for two or three days. In that time they got the venison and skins to camp on the moose sleds, and from there took them home with a road sled and team. They had the best luck of any hunters in Maine that season. It was the winter when

wolves swept the deer yards in the northern Maine woods, and there were no more deer killed in the Katadin Iron Works region for a dozen years after.

KLONDIKE'S OUTPUT IN 1898

Miners Will Have to Hustle If They Make It \$10,000,000.

The gold output of the Klondike country for 1898, at the clean-up in June, will be between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000, according to the estimate of A. D. Nash of Portland, who has just arrived from Dawson. He is an old-timer in the Yukon country, having mined along the tributaries of the Yukon, in British territory, since 1895.

But this estimate may be far too big, for everything is overrated in the Klondike country. Until recently the gold product of 1897 was figured at \$10,000,000. By degrees this exorbitant estimate suffered reduction. First it was cut in two. Now comes an official statement from Ottawa which places the output of 1897 at \$2,500,000. Estimates of this year's yield of gold run up to \$25,000,000. This is the figure given out by the combination having mines to sell. Since last fall over three hundred men have arrived from Dawson with "claims" to sell. It is estimated that they have over 2,000 claims to put on the market. Some of these claims are mythical. All the surveys on earth could not locate them. Others are as valuable for placer mining as is Central Park, New York.

All these men agree that the Klondike claims will yield \$25,000,000 in gold this year. They also say that the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Trading and Transportation Company hold in their safes at Dawson over \$7,000,000 of the yield of 1897. As a matter of fact the companies do not hold over \$1,000,000.

A little figuring will show how much work the Klondike miners will have to do to run their yield up to \$12,000,000. This winter 300 claims are being worked. To make the total reach \$12,000,000 the claims will have to produce an average of \$40,000 each. Now, these 300 claims are not of equal richness. Some may not yield \$5,000. Others may not pay for the wood burned to thaw the ground and thus make it workable. There are only 100 really rich claims in the entire district. These are on Bonanza, Eldorado, and Hunker creeks. All other rivers, creeks, and gulches in the Klondike country will be tail-enders when the spring clean-up is made.

Every foot of valuable ground, or ground believed to be valuable, within seventy five miles of Dawson, in any direction, is staked. It is staked to last water, even to the tops of the trees, as the old Klondikers express it. The miner's real mining work begins at Dawson. Unless he has money to buy a claim already staked, or to buy provisions and wood to enable him to get a lay from a claim owner, he must travel seventy five miles from Dawson in order to prospect on ground which has not been taken up. Buying is an extensive luxury, as claims are held all the way from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000. To get a lay the miner must have money enough to buy wood at from \$25 to \$65 a cord and provisions at an average of 75 cents a pound. The cheapest course open to the miner is to prospect on his own account. That requires, as has been said, a journey of seventy-five miles from Dawson, over a hilly and mountainous country. Then the prospector must take his chances. He may make a stake and he may not. It is all speculation.

The matter of food supply always is a grave one in the Yukon gold regions. Never since the miners began working in the country has a year passed when the cry of famine was not raised. This winter the miners had the closest call they have ever had. The men have not yet the quality and the quantity of food needed to sustain life in the sub-Arctic regions, but at the same time there has not been the least danger of starvation. The great danger is not from starvation, but from scurvy, caused by the constant eating of the same kind of food. This time next year there will be danger of starvation unless some way is found to get large quantities of food to Dawson, which is the distributing point. The Yukon is impracticable as a supply route, as it is not open to free navigation long enough to enable boats to make more than one round trip between Dawson and St. Michael. Nor can the mountain passes be depended upon. The miners now in the Klondike country have barely sufficient food to last them until the spring supply arrives. All available transportation agencies will not be able to land at Dawson this summer sufficient supplies

for the miners already in the country. The miners now bound for the Klondike are not taking, on the average, a year's supplies. It is therefore easy to see that a large number of people are likely to be short of food about a year from now.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

Thrilling Incidents and Daring Deeds on Land and Sea.

A number of sportsmen were recently talking over the good times they had had duck shooting last fall, when the conversation turned on hunting big game in the West. Some thrilling adventure was related by every one in the group but an elderly man, and he in turn was asked for a story.

"I don't suppose," began the silent man, "that any of you young fellows ever ran across a mountain lion, as they are becoming rather scarce now in the West. But early in the fifties, when I first went to Colorado to hunt for gold, these animals were quite numerous. I recall on one occasion having a little adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a partner I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray, and one day before the very cold weather of the winter set in we both went to town to get supplies leaving our little cabin on the mountain side alone.

"It came on to snow so hard soon after we arrived in Ouray that we did not get a chance to return to our claim for three days. On our return journey we noticed as we were climbing the hill's tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin. Presently, however, as we got nearer and nearer to our little home, we lost the track of the animal, and the sight of an open window which had been carefully closed on our departure for town, caused us to forget all about the lion and its presence.

"Well, I had reached the window and was just about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl and the next instant a great yellow body sprang through the opening right on my back, its claws catching my buckskin coat and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My partner took the dangerous situation in at a glance and whipped out his gun. Then the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could fire the infuriated beast was upon him, and seizing him by the slack of his coat, shook him as though he were but a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I screamed up and put a bullet right through his head. The animal groaned and fell back dead and my partner drew his breath freely once more. It was a close call, but neither of us was hurt, and the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug at the foot of my bunk."

Sparrows Eddie a Pelecat.

"You have often heard of the ferocity of birds, no doubt," said William Anderson, a hardy old woodsman, who lives on the lower Ohio, "but I doubt if you ever heard of birds attacking and killing an animal that one would imagine could whip three or four fierce curs. While hunting down in the flats near the mouth of Green River several years ago, I saw a large and fierce skunk beat an ignominious retreat after trying in vain to best several English sparrows, and later, when the skunk had screwed his courage up to the sticking point again, I saw those same insignificant-looking little birds tear the animal to shreds.

When my attention was first attracted the sparrows were flying from one side of the thicket to the other, twittering like mad. When I went to learn the cause the skunk, badly frightened, was dodging from one side to the other of a log, trying to escape the savage attacks of the feathered tribe. The birds didn't mind me, but kept dashing their little bills into the skunk's well-punctured hide. When the skunk started across an open space to the cover of a nearby driftwood his tormentors pounced upon him and riddled the poor cat's hide."

PUZZLED THE SAVANTS.

Wise Men of Washington Were Filled With Alarm.

In one of the many glass cases in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a stuffed owl. This particular owl is the one, in the words of the late President Hayes, "that jarred the Washington monument," and therein lies the story.

During centennial year Congress resolved to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the monument, which up to that time had been worked at only while the several smaller appropriations lasted. It was discovered, however, that the original foundation was likely to be incapable of sustaining the enormous weight of marble necessary for carrying the shaft 550 feet above terra firma. A new foundation was therefore needed, and architect's thought a solid concrete bed 100 feet square and nearly 14 feet in thickness would accomplish the strengthening desired.

During the operation of replacing the old foundation it was considered expedient to provide means for noting carefully the slightest vibration of the walls lest the monument might be in danger of collapsing. Accordingly a heavy weight was suspended by a stout thread from the apex to a pan of thick syrup located on the base, so that no chance draught of air would be likely to sway the weight. An ingenious contrivance was so attached to the weight that the slightest vibration of the shaft would be faithfully recorded, and its insecurity would at once be an established fact.

One morning a few months after these careful precautions had been taken there was a great commotion among the workmen. A complete record of numerous perturbations and tremblings had been written on the index, showing conclusively that the mammoth obelisk had jarred, swayed and settled during the night. Scientific heads were dubiously shaken.

After much persuasion one of the men finally consented to go to the top and examine into the cause. The astonishing report into the midst of the anxious throng below that an owl in seeking shelter in the lofty tower had somewhat managed to catch its wings in the thread and was still hanging there, suspended to the interior of the monument, and innumerable flappings and struggles of his owlish head had all been recorded by the index as testimony against the stability of plumbaid marble blocks and solid concrete.

The Scent of Flowers.

As a rule, the scent of flowers does not exist in them as in a store, or gland, but rather as a breath, an exhalation. While the flower lives it breathes out its sweetener, but when it dies the fragrance usually ceases to exist. The method of stealing from the flower its fragrance while it is still living is no new thing, and it is not known that when it was discovered that butter, animal fat, or oil would absorb the odor given off by living flowers placed near them, and would themselves become fragrant.

A trade journal tells of a man whose checked suit was so loud that it disturbed the nap of his silk hat.

Disease

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