

The Wolves of the Barabos.

One of the most stirring encounters with wolves related in central Wisconsin is that of the two Barabos—father and son—and 'Liph' Jones. It took place among the big woods of the Baraboo Bluffs. The Barabos had a cabin in the woods at that time, and were making logs of the great white oak timber.

Heavy snows fell in February and about the first of March of that year, and when there was no crust the choppers often had to wade to their knees to and from the bluff. Anxious to get a lot of logs down the river in time to make a raft for the spring overflow, the choppers cleared a wide roadway, or rather railway, down the bluff. They began at the top at a point where a great many of the logs already cut could be 'drifted' down with 'handspikes' until they should be at the brink of the descent, which pitched off rather suddenly. From this point the logs plunged and slid and rolled some three hundred yards or more down a swift incline, lodging in a bayon-like depression, a sort of elbow from the river, at the foot of the bluff.

The stumps in the railway were cut so close to the ground that that they interfered only when the snow was light—barking and sometimes splintering a log. A week's rolling would clean off a moderately heavy snow, and when the stumps showed too bumpily, the rollers would quit that part of the work, and wait for a fresh snowfall.

One evening at sunset, when the men had just finished skidding the last log up on the pyramid at the brink of the bluff, Perry Barbour, a youth of seventeen years suddenly rushed for the flint-lock musket which leaned against a tree. The others saw that Perry meant to shoot a yearling fawn, which was plunging in the snow not twenty yards distant. It sank above its knees at every jump, and was nearly worn out with running.

The boy's shot killed it. 'Good for you, Perry,' 'Liph Jones shouted, for they needed fresh meat.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a sudden burst of yip-yip-yip-yip, and the astonished loggers saw, coming over the rise of the bluff, one, two, three, a dozen, a countless pack of big gray wolves running laboriously, tongues lolling and breath steaming. They were hot upon the trail of the deer.

Perry stared at the lunging brutes an instant, and then, dropping his gun, ran to the fawn and seized it by the hind legs. 'I'm going to have this deer!' he shouted. 'Shoo! shoo! Hi-yi-yip!' and he hurried backward, dragging the carcass after him.

But the big brutes, emboldened by their numbers and maddened by a long, fruitless chase, came on a full jump, yelping viciously.

Three of the foremost actually pounced upon the head and fore parts of the deer, and had nearly jerked the animal out of Perry's grasp before his father and 'Liph came up and beat them off with their spikes.

The boy luckily held to his game and dragged it back to the log-pile, while the two older men followed, holding back with their spikes the snapping pack, which increased in numbers every instant. Four wolves were knocked sprawling, and yet when the three men had reached the log-pile with the deer, the whole savage crowd was pressing upon three sides, snapping, yelping, bounding over one another, and back and forth as blows were aimed at them.

It began to look to the men as if it would be a fight for life. The biggest and boldest of the pack did not hesitate to leap directly at the loggers, with vicious snaps of the teeth that sounded like the clicking of so many pairs of shears, and yet the brutes were careful to keep beyond the swing of the clubs. Perry, however, while the others were fighting, succeeded in dragging his vension to the top of the pyramid.

'Liph and Perry's father then sprang upon the logs, and climbed to the top of the pile where the boy now stood. One hardy wolf immediately followed with a jump, alighting on the lower logs; but a downward sweep of 'Liph's handspike knocked him heels over head, and sent him limping and howling away down the bluff, probably with a broken leg. This had the effect of intimidating the pack from making any immediate attempt to rush upon the loggers.

The wolves—'Liph counted thirty-eight of them—scurried about, licked their jaws anxiously, or shifted back and forth as if tempted to make a leap upon the logs. The besieged stamped about upon the top of their pyramid, shouted, and waved their clubs to scare the beasts. But the gaunt horde, desperate with fasting, pressed about the log heap on all sides with snapping jaws and eyes that, even in the deepest twilight, glanced ferociously.

Aside from imminent danger at the jaws of the brutes, the situation of the men soon became most uncomfortable, for the night was coming on with a cutting wind from the north, and their outer coats were all hanging upon the stump of the first big log they had rolled down to the heap after dinner. Exposed as they were on the brow of a bluff facing the north, the cold wind pierced to their bones the more quickly because, in tugging at the logs, they had been sweating.

'Something's got to be done!' shouted Mr. Barbour to 'Liph, who was still making demonstrations at the wolves. 'Something's got to be done or I'll freeze plumb to death, let alone being eat up by these vermin!'

'Liph turned about. 'Tell ye what,' said he, 'let's fling that fawn down the bluff, and while they're chawing it up we'll run for home.'

Even Perry, who has been so fool-

hardly anxious to save his game, saw the wisdom of this plan, and seized the hind legs of the fawn to assist 'Liph. Together they swung the deer to and fro, once, twice, three times, and as it weighed not more than sixty or seventy pounds they flung it several yards down over the brink before it struck the smooth steep surface, where it slid rapidly for some distance.

The whole surrounding pack of wolves had been jumping back and forth with expectancy as they watched 'Liph and Perry heaving the swaying body of the deer; and now the horde rushed all together pell mell down the bluff in the wake of the carcass, overhauling it, pouncing upon it, and piling upon and over each other in their desperate eagerness and confused scrambling mass of jaws, legs and tails.

As the loggers, immensely relieved at the sight, craned their necks to look down at the turmoil, an inspiration came to 'Liph.

'They're square below us!' he cried. 'Let's give 'em a log. It'll smash the whole crowd!'

With the backwoodsman's quick instinct for action, the three sprang together back to the top log, a twenty foot cut nearly three feet in diameter. The elder Barbour and 'Liph thrust their handspikes into the crevice and got a 'bite' against the lower log, and Perry in his eagerness heaved with his shoulder for want of a spike. A steady pressure upon the ends of their levers raised the big log above the level of its opposite and lower neighbour, and an extra heave tilted it over.

From the top of the log pile the great trunk plunged, going over the brink of the bluff, straight down upon the struggling pack, as if discharged from a catapult. The clamour and struggle of the piled up mob of wolves prevented them from seeing and hearing, until the huge missile bounced directly among them. Then the destruction, the howls, the bounds of the survivors!

'Liph said it was 'like striking your fist into a tin plate full of parched corn.' Those animals which had escaped crushing leaped and scrambled in every direction, frightened out of their wits, some of them darting over the brush and debris into the woods on either hand, and others plunging with tremendous springs directly down the railway, the log bumping and booming close upon their heels, with a noise and rush that might well have scared the boldest of animals.

To the hindmost of these wolves a curious thing happened. He was overtaken, and the log rolled over him and left him kicking. Then he scrambled to his feet, and fled howling along the side hill. He had been overtaken just above a hollow that contained considerable snow, and into this he had been pressed deeply.

The triumphant logmen gazed long enough to discover that seven dead wolves lay scattered about the carcass of the deer, and that an eighth, severely hurt, was dragging itself toward a brushpile. Then they set to and heaved over log after log, until six had gone booming and crashing down the bluff. Then, fearing that the pack, which was still very numerous, might return when their logs were exhausted, they picked up their coats and the gun and hurried across the bluff, making a slight circuit to keep high, clear ground in getting to their camp. They saw no more wolves that night, however.

They did not return to the scene of their exploit until the next morning, when they found the pack had returned some time in the night, and cleaned the bones of the fawn. Seven dead bodies of big, gray wolves lay close about untouched, and the wounded one was also found dead under a brush pile.

LITTLE MUSIC-MAKERS.

Japanese are Fond of Listening to the Notes of the Insects.

In Tokyo small, exquisitely cut bamboo cages may be seen hung up in the verandas of houses, and in the bush of the dawn and at the close of summer days whistles and tinklings and trills proceed from them. Usually it is in the evenings that the people sit in their verandas to listen to the insects they have imprisoned there. The Wide World Magazine gives an interesting account of one of these mysterious singers.

Late one afternoon, toward the end of May, an Englishman was moving from a room in the quiet Buddhist temple which is his home, when his attention was arrested by a silvery trill, which at intervals filled the whole place. It was delicate and clear, like an etherealized bird's song. He called the priest's daughter, and asked what it was he heard singing.

'Come,' she replied, 'and I will show you where it is.'

She led him to the back of the temple, and pointed to the caves of a cottage opposite. There he saw a tiny reed cage hanging, and in one corner of it a small, black insect, hardly discernible in the dim light.

'That is the insect you heard singing,' said the priest's daughter. 'It is called a 'Suzu-mushi, and its voice is beautiful and cool.'

In three days the next night fair at Mito came round, and Riyo, the priest's daughter, accompanied by a servant and the Englishman, went thither.

They passed innumerable stalls, as well as strange portable gardens and goldfish nurseries. At last they came to a stall from which proceeded a shrill babel of insect sounds.

There were so many eager purchasers crowding round the little stall that the Englishman gave up the idea of buying what he wanted that evening. The insect

fancier gave him his address, and the next morning the Englishman went to his dwelling.

It was the never to be forgotten chorus of insects that guided him at last down a little back lane to the spot at the end of row of one roomed cots. The cupboards full of insects, all shut up in their cages, were there, and the old fancier, opening one of the doors, soon found him a 'Suzu-mushi' for four sen, and a pretty cage in the shape of a fan for fifteen sen, or three-pence in English money.

The insect must not be hung up in a draft, the old man said, but in some quiet, cool corner, and furthermore, it must be fed on fresh cucumber every morning.

The Englishman carried home his insect, hung it up in a corner of his room, and waited for the serenade. But for two days the Suzu-mushi was quite silent. In vain the Englishman put in slice after slice of cucumber; in vain he whistled and trilled at the bars of the tiny cage. In despair, he called for the priest's wife.

'What is the matter with this insect? It won't sing for me!' he complained.

'Be patient,' she answered. The Suzu-mushi is in a new cage, and will not sing till it is accustomed to its surroundings. It feels full of fear and cannot sing.'

So the Englishman waited, and the next evening, when the cage was hung up, the little creature began to sing merrily, tinkling away like a tiny bell, as its name implies.

Quixical.

The late Sir John E. Millais, one of the most popular of modern painters, had a fund of almost boisterous humor, which delighted his friends, but with which the public at large was little familiar. Mrs. Jopling, a London lady of fashion, gives the following amusing reminiscences of this side of the artist's disposition:

The first time I ever saw John Everett Millais was at one of the private views of old masters at Burlington House. I was walking with a friend.

'Here comes Millais,' he said.

You can imagine my excitement. I stared with all my eyes. My friend turned to the artist:

'Good show of old masters!'

'Old masters be bothered! I prefer looking at the young mistresses!' said Millais, with a humorous glance as he walked off. My companion roared with laughter. 'There is only Johnny Millais who would dare to make a remark like that.'

I remember Millais' telling me of an incident that happened to himself at a dinner. He was sitting next the hostess, and on his right was a charming society woman who evidently had not caught his name when he was introduced to her; for presently, during a pause, she started the usual subject of conversation in May—the academy.

'Isn't Millais too dreadful this year?' she remarked, and then, seeing the agonized contortions on her hostess's countenance, she added, 'Oh, do tell me what I've done! Look at Mrs. —'s face. I must have said something terrible.'

'Well, you really have, you know,' laughed Millais.

'Oh, please tell me!'

'Well, you had better nerve yourself up.'

'Yes, yes, what is it?'

For answer Millais said nothing, but looking at her pointed solemnly to himself. When it dawned on her who her neighbor was, she was spared any confusion by Millais' hearty laughter.

The Princess of Wales said to him once, while looking at several pictures in his studio, 'I wonder that you can bear to part with them.'

'O ma'am,' answered Millais, 'when I finish a picture, I am just like a hen having laid an egg. I cry, 'Come and take it away! Then I start upon another picture.'

Unnecessary Hardship.

Striking instances sometimes occur to prove that men are creatures of habit. 'Experience is a great thing,' says a writer in the Washington Post, 'but it gets in the way sometimes; and he tell a bit of personal experience to illustrate his meaning.'

I have spent a good deal of time on the ocean, but my first shipwreck, so to speak, occurred on Lake Superior the first time I saw that great lake.

I was out in a small boat and lost an oar. The wind was offshore and the water rough, and I was soon adrift. It was three days before I was picked up by a steamer. I was without food or water for the whole time. Of course I suffered, but I believe my worst suffering was from humiliation after I was rescued.

The first thing I asked for was a drink of water. One of the men in the rescuing boat looked at me as if he thought me delirious; but when I repeated my request he took a tin can, leaned over the side of

the boat, and dipping up some water gave it to me.

Then I realized for the first time that I was on fresh water instead of salt, and that there was not the least excuse for a sane man's going thirsty a minute.

It seems incredible that I have not been so daff, but I was. Superior was so big and so ocean-like that I had simply assumed it to be salt without thinking anything about it. So I say experience is as likely as not to run a person into trouble if he hasn't common sense to steer by.

An Extended Experience.

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putman's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putman's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

BORN.

Windsor, July 7, to the wife of Wm. Nix, a son.
Moncton, July 8, to the wife of J. Harvey, a son.
Halifax, July 4, to the wife of Richard Stone, a son.
Brooklyn, July 2, to the wife of Capt. McLeod, a son.

LaHave, June 30, to the wife of Robert Shankie, a son.

Lunenburg, July 1, to the wife of Albert Mosher, a son.

Scott's Bay, June 15, to the wife of L. Huntley, a son.

Lunenburg, June 30, to the wife of Charles Smith, a son.

Yarmouth, June 26, to the wife of Clayton Smith, a son.

Westport, June 21, to the wife of James Morrell, a son.

Halifax, June 30, to the wife of J. Jost, a daughter.

Yarmouth, June 26, to the wife of Clarence Potter, a son.

Little River, June 27, to the wife of George Frost, a son.

Falmouth, July 3, to the wife of Herbert McDonald, a son.

Stellarton, June 27, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a son.

LaHave, June 16, to the wife of Hiram Oxner, a daughter.

LaHave, June 21, to the wife of Arthur Greaser, a daughter.

Scott's Bay, July 2, to the wife of G. Parrish, a daughter.

Gloucester, June 22, to the wife of Capt. McPhee, a daughter.

Port Greenville, July 2, to the wife of G. Elderkin, a daughter.

Halifax, June 30, to the wife of C. Creighton, a daughter.

Lunenburg, June 26, to the wife of Eugene Pyke, a daughter.

Keeweenaw, June 22, to the wife of Wm. Young, a daughter.

Bridgewater, June 29, to the wife of Noble Crouse, a daughter.

Scott's Bay, June 19, to the wife of Joshua Huntley, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 2, to the wife of Jos. Falkenham, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, June 9, to the wife of John Jones, a daughter.

Stellarton, June 15, to the wife of Wm. Conway, a daughter.

Dalhousie, June 20, to the wife of George Backler, a daughter.

Newport Station, July 1, to the wife of Percy Caldwell, a son.

Granville Ferry, June 30, to the wife of Horace Mills, a son.

St. Catharines, June 24, to the wife of Rev. N. Perry, a son.

Lunenburg, June 26, to the wife of Artamus Mosher, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, June 23, to the wife of Jos. Burgess, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, June 14, to the wife of James Cahill, a daughter.

Harvard, June 13, to the wife of Alfred Smith, a daughter.

Port Bevis, C. B. June 23, to the wife of Jam. McLeod, a daughter.

Mount Denison, June 30, to the wife of Arthur Elderkin, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, July 4, Isaac North to Adelaide Oakes.

Emmorton, Penn., June 25, Geo. Jones to Sarah Wiley.

Seattle, Wash., May 14, John Brydon to Meta Meadows.

Westville, June 27, Michael McNeil to Kate McDonald.

Wolverie, July 3, by Rev. E. Dill, Daniel Cochran to Annie Jenkins.

Richbury, Mass., by Rev. J. Dunlop, Margaret Glen to Jas. Ward.

Montreal, June 30, by Rev. T. J. Mansell, J. W. Forbes to Lena Rowe.

Charlottetown, July 2, by Rev. J. McConnel, Peter Innis to Lottie Munro.

Toronto, June 27, by Rev. J. Allan, Dr. J. Wilkinson to Millie Stephens.

Westport, June 30, by Rev. P. McGregor, Chas. Todd to Fanny Haycock.

Millville, June 20, by Rev. Thos. Cumming, David McDonald to Sarena Rae.

Springhill, June 26, by Rev. John Gee, Wm. McKelzie to Lizzie Adams.

Yarmouth, June 27, by Rev. B. Hills, Octave Payzant to Daisy May Jewell.

Boston, Mass., June 21, by Rev. C. Spalding, Wm. Lynch to Emily Dockrell.

East Boston, July 2, by Rev. Fr. Macaulay, John Lavie to Mattie Cantwell.

North Bedque, July 4, by Rev. R. Whidden, H. Johnson to Mary Barberie.

Hyifax, June 26, by Rev. J. Mackay, Alex. MacDonald to Wilma Lynch.

Bridgewater, June 15, by Rev. H. Burgess, Elam Wesgie to Sevilla Fisher.

Dartmouth, June 28, by Rev. F. Wilkinson, Robert Murray to Isabel Mumford.

Lunenburg, June 26, by Rev. G. Haslam, Lizzie Whitney to W. Emmerson.

Yarmouth, June 27, by Rev. H. Giffin, Joseph Thibault to Sarah Bourdo.

Eel Creek, June 27, by Rev. A. McIntosh, Harold Fraser to Lizzie McIntosh.

Upper Stewiacke, June 26, by Rev. J. B. McLean, George Smith to Mary Cox.

Charlottetown, July 4, by Rev. R. Whiston, John MacDonald to Lizzie Jewell.

Newport, June 20, by Rev. D. Henderson, Robert Brown to Margaret Brimmer.

Clementsport, June 20, by Rev. Mr. Ryan, Forbes MacIntosh to Olivia Randall.

Summerside, July 5, by Rev. W. Smith, Robert McDougall to Bessie Enman.

Charlottetown, July 4, by Rev. R. Whiston, Henry Gurney to Charlie MacSwam.

Tasket Wedge, June 19, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Geo. LeBlanc to Miss C. Boudreau.

Charlottetown, July 4, by Rev. G. Raymond, Prof. Jordan to Miss Minnie Wellner.

Hampshire's Mills, June 27, by Rev. J. Goudge, Thomas Smith to Beatrice Carroll.

Brandon, Man., June 20, by Rev. E. Henry, Rev. Wm. Simons to Edith Cameron.

Chelsea, Mass., June 27, by Rev. R. MacFadden, Clifford Luxton to Robina Ross.

Mount Herbert, July 4, by Rev. W. Howard, Ernest Lund to Gertrude Myers.

Granville Ferry, July 1, by Rev. J. Hart, Thos. Harwick to Mrs. Bertie Hudson.

Goshen, June 26, by Rev. J. Forbes, John Franklin to Mrs. A. Rose Lutherland.

DIED.

Amherst, July 2, Tobias Cooke 66.

Amherst, July 3, Hon. A. R. Dickey 46.

Cardigan Bridge, July 3, John Alley 37.

Fort Augustus, June 27, Philip Beard 19.

Pictou, June 6, Matthew S. Cameron 10.

Bayfield, July 1, Mrs. Angus Macphee 79.

Pembroke, June 29, Alfred Tomlinson 86.

Charlottetown, June 30, John Cameron 71.

Pictou, June 26, Alexander McMillan 51.

Antigonish, June 11, Elzabeth McDonald 98.

Centerville, N. B., Mrs. Sophia Cronkhite 66.

Grand River, July 4, Mrs. Joseph Chaffey 43.

Halifax, Minnetta P. child of John P. Lyons 2.

Notre Dame, Kent Co., Mrs. Sam Robichaud 96.

Windsor, July 1, Ernest G. son of James Conn 3.

Debyshire, England June 16, Edward D. Meynell.

St. John, June 30, Jessie, widow of Donald Currie 80.

Yarmouth, June 26, Maria, wife of William Jones 68.

Carter's Point, N. B., June 29, Mrs. Martha Fowler 81.

Benton, June 26, Russell E. son of Charles Mullis 11 months.

Lunenburg, July 1, Christianna, wife of O. A. Cossman 45.

Charlottetown, July 4, William B., son of William Bevan 2.

Middle Simonds, June 28, Martha, widow of James Ebbe 71.

Yarmouth, June 13, Nora B., daughter of Charles Chymist 22.

Charlottetown, July 1, Angelina, daughter of William Lea 14.

Charlottetown, July 3, Annie M., wife of George MacEachern 32.

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