

Killing Montana Wolves.

Last winter the Legislature enacted a law providing a bounty of \$5 on wolves and coyotes. It went into effect on March 1, and the pests are now so well thinned out that one can rarely be seen in a day's ride.

In old times the favorite method of killing wolves was by poisoning the carcass of buffalo, antelope or deer with strychnine, but in a very few years the animals became wary of anything they found lying around, no matter how tempting the meat looked and would not touch it. Many that were poisoned, of course, recovered and became wise, and old trappers believe that they taught their offspring to beware of the baits, until it has come to such a pass that a young one turned loose by its mother to hunt for itself will run as soon as it sees a piece of fresh meat lying on the plain.

Next dogs were tried, the running breeds such as the Russian wolfhound, the greyhound and the Scotch staghound. The very best of blue blooded stock was imported by the cattlemen and it was thought that in a year or two their calves would be as safe on the prairie as in a ten pole corral. The dogs ran well enough but very few of them would tackle and kill the wolf or coyote when overtaken, and then after a few runs their feet became so sore that they were laid up for a month. Many, after jumping into a bed of prickly pears in the excitement of the chase, would turn tail and go home at sight of another wolf and could never be induced to run again.

Some young men near here fair success by caging their dogs in a wagon and driving about over the prairie. Wolves and coyotes are not much afraid of a team and will often allow it to approach within a couple of hundred yards of them before they turn tail. When quite near one the driver opens the cage doors and the dogs pile out, generally catching and killing the animal in a few hundred yards' chase. In this way the young men secured twenty-three last week. Theirs, however, are not exceptionally fine bounds.

Men who have made such havoc in the wolf tribe recently, have done so by finding the dens of the animals, digging out and killing the young and then setting a trap and catching the mother. One week in May a man on the reservation dug out and trapped 210 young and old ones, which was a pretty good week's work. Like everything else, this requires some skill, and some knowledge of the ways of the beasts. Some men might hunt around over the plains and hills until they grew gray and never have any success.

Late in April the female wolf, or coyote, begins to look about for a place to bring forth her young. She may choose a spot on the level plain or in a coulee, or high up on a bare hill. If a badger hole is near by she enlarges it, digging down a few feet. If there is no old hole handy she makes one. Again, the den is made in crevices in cliffs or in soft dirt under a ledge of rock. These often run so far back that it is impossible to get at the young with pick and shovel, or by smoking them out.

Wherever the den is dug, it is never far from water. From the time, in February, when a pair mate they run around and hunt together and when it comes time to make the den the male does much of the work. Not only that, but he digs two or three more in the vicinity, perhaps a mile or less away in different directions, and at sight of a horseman he begins to yelp and run around endeavoring to lead the enemy to one of these false dens.

As soon as the female has borne her young the male watches diligently all day for the approach of man and at night he hunts, not only for himself, but for her and the pups. A prairie chicken, duck, prairie dog or a small cat, he brings to the den whole. The young remain about the den for several months, and after they are several weeks old the mother, as well as the male, goes out to forage for them.

Then finally comes a day when the old ones think that it is time to teach them to hunt, and some fine evening they are told to come along. First, they go to the watering place, which is already familiar to them, and then they strike out over the plain or along the course of a wooded stream. It is all new to the pups and they are prone to frisk and roll, and run heedlessly ahead and the old ones are constantly trying to keep them in check. It may be that the old ones have made a kill not far away and there they lead the young, teaching them to circle around and

come up to it against the wind. When they have had their fill, most likely they ascend the nearby hill and begin their evening concert. No doubt the pups look with astonishment at their staid parents pointing their noses straight up in the sky shutting their eyes and howling. Soon they begin to whine and then add their higher pitched key notes to the chorus.

One evening in May two wolfers grizzled old Ben and a younger man he called Sin-ak-i, which is Blackfoot for writer were camped on the borders of a stream putting out from the foothills of the Rockies. There was a full moon that night, and looking from the bright blaze of the camp fire they could see the bluffs which bordered the valley very plainly. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the few cottonwoods and presently through the still air came the mournful, long drawn cry of a wolf from the bluff behind them. It was very powerful and deep toned. Scarcely had it died away when from the bluff on the opposite side of the valley another one began the familiar cry. But this was in a higher key and not quite so prolonged. Evidently the pair were mates, a male and female. The two men laid plans for finding their den and then turned in, but somehow neither of them could sleep.

'What troubles you, Ben?' his companion asked, after the old man had rolled and tossed around in the bed an hour or more.

'Oh, I don't know,' he replied, 'unless 'twas the howling of the wolves. It made me think of the old days; days of the buffalo and the Indian, and the wild free life of it all. And wherever we went, wherever we camped, the wolves were always in sight. At sundown one would begin that melancholy, weird but to every lover of nature, most fascinating cry. And soon another would take it up, and then another; here three or four, there a dozen or more, until the air finally trembled with the deep refrain from a hundred throats. Oh, 'twas grand. Why, why couldn't it have lasted? Confound your civilization! The only happy people there ever were were what these educated brothers call savages.'

The next morning the men arose long before daylight and at sunrise they were lying up on top of the bluffs on opposite sides of the stream, scanning the country with their powerful glasses. No wolf was in sight; not even a coyote. After a little a small band of antelope wended their way in from the plain and descended the bluff west of Ben's position for their morning drink at the stream. Not long afterward a big wolf appeared on their trail, following it rather aimlessly to be sure, for he knew that unaided he could not hope to catch one of the fleet-footed creatures. He passed down into the valley and through the sage brush, stopping here and there to nose around and smell a bush or rock, until quite near the antelope. They had finished drinking and at sight of him trotted away, but seeing he did not follow them, soon dropped into a walk and started back toward the plain. The wolf also had come in for water, and after drinking went back on the plain, too.

As soon as he topped the bluff Ben began to follow him at a safe distance, and Sin-ak-i went down to camp and prepared breakfast. He was finally obliged to eat it alone. Ben did not return until noon, and there was a smile on his face which betokened success.

'I've found the den,' he said. 'It's only three miles back, but the old fellow I followed wandered all over the country before he finally went to it. I had a hard time to keep him in sight, and at the same time keep out of his sight. In his wanderings he picked up part of a calf and carried it to the den; the old she one came out with her pups and had a feast on it. The young ones are small, but there's a lot of 'em.'

After a good dinner the two wolfers started for the den; one carrying a pick and shovel, the other a higher power rifle. When still a mile from the place they made out the old dog lying on top of a hill and Ben began to approach it, while his companion sat down and awaited results. Ben had a large, tanned wolf skin strapped on him, and in the few places where he could not help but get in sight of the watchful sentinel he crawled along slowly on hands and knees, the hide covering him as naturally that he succeeded in passing them without awakening suspicion.

It was a two hours' stalk. Then all at once Sin-ak-i saw the wolf leap high in the air, fall headlong to the ground and crawl

slowly over the crest of the hill. The smokeless powder rifle could not be heard at that distance, but the waiting man knew that old Ben had bagged his game and he started for the place on the run.

'Got 'em both,' Ben said when his companion arrived. 'Old she one run out when I killed her mate, and by a lucky shot I keeled her over too. There she lies in that little swag. Now then for the pups.'

The den was in the side of a steep hill, but the soil was fairly soft, and in an hour the little fellows were sighted at the end of the hole, growling and backing away as far as they could. They were cute, fuzzy, broad-headed, wide eared little things, and it seemed a shame to kill them until one thought that in a short time they would grow up to be killers of calves and even grown cows and steers. One by one they were drawn from the hole and rapped on the head. There were nine of them.

How Corporations Are Formed.

With the view of adding strength and insulting performance, many small enterprises, as well as most of the great ones, are nowadays organized as corporations instead of being nominally conducted by individuals. To some persons the 'beginnings' of such a corporation are full of mystery. They have heard that the law of certain states—New Jersey, Maine and Delaware, for example—are specially friendly to men who wish thus to unite their resources; but they do not realize how simple—in almost any state—are the processes that precede the issue of a charter to a company.

Suppose one wants to 'capitalize' a retail business or a factory, a new patent or a mining property. The New Jersey law provides that three or more persons shall take part in the preliminary steps—although it does not require that any of them shall be citizens or residents of the state. The first thing to be done is to fill out the articles of incorporation on a blank form supplied by the secretary or state.

The opening paragraph gives the name of the new company and the object for which it is organized. It is at this point that a clever corporation lawyer earns his money; for to be on the safe side a corporation should have the right to do many things it may never wish to undertake—as, for instance, a mining company should be authorized to operate transportation companies as well as to dig for metal.

The ideal charter, from a promoter's standpoint, would permit a corporation to do almost any business within the scope of the law. As a famous attorney once jocularly expressed it: 'We can do everything but levy troops and coin money.'

The amount of the capital stock, the number of shares, and the par value of each, are next set forth. If the stock is divided into preferred and common, the terms are named on which each class is issued. Here it is also particularized whether the charter is to continue for a definite time—since some states limit the life of a charter to twenty years or so—or is to be perpetual, as other states permit.

Succeeding clauses fix the powers of the stock holders and directors,—such as the circumstances under which the officers may mortgage the company's property and give the location of the company's principal office and the title of the agent upon whom legal papers may be served. Then the incorporators subscribe the amount—in New Jersey one thousand dollars—with which the state requires a corporation to begin business, and they sign and swear to the document.

The New Jersey law provides that a copy of these articles of incorporation shall be filed with the Secretary of State. Then the incorporators meet and adopt by-laws, elect officers and authorize the issue of stock. Within twenty-four hours from the time they first came together the corporation may be a 'going concern.'

Technically its home is New Jersey, and there it must maintain an office; but none but stockholders' meetings are obliged to be held there; the directors—the real rulers of the corporation—need never go near the state, and the corporation may do business not only in New Jersey but in every other state, territory and colony of the United States, and in every foreign country.

There is one little provision in the New Jersey law, however, which tends seriously to the discourage 'wildcat' corporations and those that might be formed for the fun of the thing. When the charter is granted, the state collects a fee of twenty cents for each thousand dollars of capital stock—every corporation being required, however small its capital, to pay a fee of not less than twenty-five dollars. Thanks to this law, the great new steel combination will pay New Jersey a charter fee of almost two hundred thousand dollars.

Natural Disadvantages.

'Taking into consideration the things Sharp has had so contend against, I think

his success as a lawyer has been remarkable.

'Why, what did he ever have to contend against?'

'Everything. He came of a wealthy family. He didn't have to work his way through college. He never studied by the light of a pine porch, never had to drive dray, never walked six miles to school, and wasn't compelled to borrow his books. He had every possible facility, and yet he has done well from the very start.'—Chicago Tribune.

"Old Horse."

'Old Horse' was the nickname of a quaint character of the Civil War, a robust, self-reliant six-footer from a farm in central Ohio, who joined Company C in April, 1861, and remained with it to the end. He was responsible for his own nickname, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. In Company C's first skirmish the boys were greatly excited, but they blundered by squads into a pretty square fight. In relating his experience afterward each man was inclined to take at least a charitable view of his conduct; all except our hero. He said bluntly:

'This old horse was scared. Why, boys, I had no more sense than Tom Lillard's bull. That bull, you know, broke a leg trying to jump a staked and double-ridered fence when there was a gate open not three yards away.'

'When the rebels began to shoot, I was as crazy as a wagon horse that had walked into a bumble bees' nest. I didn't care what broke, so I got away. But after a whirl or two round an old tree, I pulled straight in the breeching, by gum, and came down to work with a tight rein on myself. That's the way this old horse is going to drive hereafter.'

After that he was always called Old Horse.

On the first day of the battle at Stone River Old Horse was with a part of Company C that was carried away by a stampede through the lines of another Federal division. When the other part of the company, which had stood fast in spite of the stampede, came up with the flag, Old Horse said:

'I was like a thief caught in a smoke-house with a ham under each arm. I have no remarks to make no excuses to offer. When the stampede struck me I thought the world had come to an end and I ran like a steer. I had lots of company, and I ran like a steer. I had lots of company, and the longer I ran the more I felt like running. But I've had all the running I want for one day, and I'm ready to do my share of the fighting.'

And he did it.

The third day of the battle Old Horse wandered over to a division on Company C's left to find a boy who had lived on the farm next to his at home. When he came back his eyes were large with excitement, and he sat down to explain to the men waiting in line that when the division on the left broke, 'Old Pap Thomas' rode out in front of the retreating men, ordered them to stop, and when they did not drew his revolver and shot a man down.

This did not create as much of a sensation as the narrator had expected, and when one of the boys remarked that if the man was running away from duty 'Old Pap' was right to shoot him, Old Horse answered good naturedly:

'That's all right, but I didn't think the old codger could hit him! I want all you fellows to understand that after this, when Pap Thomas is around, Old Horse is going to be very quiet.'

Almost at the close of the fierce battle of that day, and when the brigade was in fierce pursuit of the retreating enemy, they came up suddenly on a battery that pounded them with shot and shell at short range. They dropped down in a muddy corn field, knowing by the groans of the wounded that in the gathering darkness the gunners were getting their range.

Most of the men were greatly excited. Old Horse, however, seemed to be interested in the shooting. He called attention to the fact that the gunners were throwing fuse shells so as to have them drop right down in the Union ranks, and he declared that any man who said you couldn't see a cannon-ball in the air was a liar.

Just then a shell with a short fuse came down between Old Horse's shoulder and that of the man next to him. On the instant Old Horse caught up a handful of mud, clapped it on the sputtering fuse, and said quietly: 'Boys, ten to one she don't bust!' And she didn't.

If this had occurred over seas and long ago—in Wellington's day, for example,—Old Horse might have been a hero for school readers. As it was, he was one of many brave, resourceful, frank, droll Americans who did their duty in hard times.

A Substitute For Wool.

It is averred that the destruction of birds in France has produced disastrous effect,

upon agriculture, horticulture and the grape industry. In the department of Herault alone, it has been calculated, the destruction of birds accustomed to feed upon insects costs a loss of more than 2,000,000 gallons of wine every year. Some birds consume about 600 insects each daily, and a single insect-eating species, Monsieur L'vat estimates, may be the means of saving 3,200 grains of wheat and 1,150 grapes per day.

"We Can Do No More"

SO SAID THREE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.

Yet the Patient Has Been Restored to Health and Strength through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among the many persons throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps even life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Alex. Fair, a well known and highly esteemed resident of West Williams-township, Middlesex Co., Ont. For nearly two years Mrs. Fair was a great sufferer from troubles brought on by a severe attack of la grippe. A reporter who called was cordially received by both Mr. and Mrs. Fair and was given the following facts of the case: 'In the spring of 1896 I was attacked by la grippe for which I was treated by our family doctor but instead of getting better I gradually grew worse, until my whole body became racked with pains. I consulted one of the best doctors in Ontario and for nearly eighteen months followed his treatment but without any material benefit. I had a terrible cough which caused intense pains in my head and lungs; I became very weak; could not sleep and for over a year I could only talk in a whisper and sometimes my voice left me entirely. I came to regard my condition as hopeless, but my husband urged further treatment and on his advice our family doctor, with two others, held a consultation the result of which was that they pronounced my case incurable. Neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after having already spent over \$500 in doctor's bills I did not have much faith left in any medicine but as a last resort I finally decided to give them a trial. I had not taken many boxes of the pills before I noticed an improvement in my condition and this encouraged me to continue their use. After taking the pills for several months I was completely restored to health. The cough disappeared; I no longer suffered from the terrible pains I once endured; my voice became strong again; my appetite improved, and I was able to obtain restful sleep once more. While taking the pills I gained 37 pounds in weight. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I feel that I cannot say enough in their favor for I know that they have certainly saved my life.'

In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act directly on the blood thus reaching the root of the trouble and driving every vestige of disease from the system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Unnamed Monster.

The Field Columbian Museum in Chicago possesses some of the bones of a gigantic dinosaur, which apparently exceeded in size the famous *atlantosaurus*, heretofore regarded as the largest land animal known ever to inhabit the earth. Professor Marsh thought the *atlantosaurus* might have attained a length of 80 feet, and have been more than 30 feet in height. The as yet unnamed monster whose bones have been recently measured in Chicago, and which, like the *atlantosaurus*, dwelt in the Rocky Mountain region, had a thigh bone six feet and eight inches in length. The bone of its upper arm, the humerus, is even larger than the thigh bone, exceeding by 23 inches the largest humerus hitherto known to science. Prof. Elmer S. Riggs remarks that the extraordinary length of the humerus suggests that the animal had something giraffe like in its proportions. In that case, its height must have been truly gigantic.

To Preserve the Color of Flowers.

An interesting suggestion for the preservation of the colors of pressed flowers comes from the workrooms of the New York Botanical Garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two, lay them in papers heated in the sun until the drying is complete. In this way, it is said, colors are preserved better than by any other process.

NO HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-around medicine ever made. Use as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c and 50c.

'I'm living in the country now,' said the playwright. 'There's quite a plot of ground around my house and it makes additional expense. I'll have to hire a gardener.'

'Of course,' remarked his rival, 'you don't know how to handle a plot yourself.'

Young Cheekleigh—Sir, I wish to marry your daughter.

Old Gotrox—But she is only a school-girl of 12.

Young Cheekleigh—I am aware of that sir; but I came early to avoid the rush.