

her white arms to the myriads of stars twinkling in the great cold void overhead and burst into a kind of a song. It had no words, M'sieu, but flowed on with many changes in sound and melody, like rapids from a great distance. I felt that creeping of the scalp as I have told you, M'sieu, I had felt when first I saw her. I tried to move and couldn't. I wondered a little, whether my limbs had frozen while I waited. Still the woman in white chanted with her eyes raised to the stars. She stopped suddenly. The next moment, may the saints attest it, M'sieu, she had broken into the howl of a wolf!

♦ ♦ ♦

The next moment, M'sieu, that clearing was crowded with wolves! They came out of the woods, in every direction. They came silently, like so many gray shadows, and I would have thought them shadows, maybe, and I myself dreaming, had not their eyes burned so brightly in the darkness. They came in numbers, and squatted down on their haunches in a great semi-circle, facing the wolf woman. It was a strange spectacle, M'sieu. The moonlight wilderness, with its frozen snow and crackling frost-rimmed pines, the northern lights still wavering and beckoning with long pale tentacles overhead. The great crouching circle of wolves, with eyes gleaming, teeth glistening, and tongues lolling in the still bright light of the full moon. And in their center, silent now, but watching every movement with eyes that burned with a gleam like the animals before her, stood the wolf woman. She was still garbed in white, but wore no toque, and her black curls rippled down her back and glistened in a thousand high lights.

Soon the silence was broken. She pointed with her white arm toward the winding rail.

"After him, children!" she shrieked.

And every wolf in that fearful circle pivoted on his hind legs and was off down the trail, every throat vibrating with the great song of the wilderness.

Through a rift in the tree below I could see the lake, and Harvey Gale, now the

more and all had converged as a black spot far out on the lake. I heard his distant shriek, and so did the wolf woman. Her mocking laugh floated far out upon the still night air. She walked within the cabin and closed the door.

toward the cabin. In another minute I was pounding at her door. It swung open and I stared directly into the wide, dark eyes of the wolf woman. Her lips were smiling, but her eyes were not. How long I gazed, fascinated, I cannot say. But I seemed to lose will power and consciousness by degrees. As I fell forward upon the threshold I thought I heard a laugh ringing in my ears.

He turned abruptly, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her once. As he did so her hand quietly removed his revolver.



I was numb with cold when I opened my eyes. It was morning. The cabin was cold, chill and desolate. The iron beds and cooking range were mere piles of rust. I looked in vain for the woman in white, or the old creature she was said to have as a companion. I looked in vain, M'sieu, for even a lamp or candle. There was no evidence that the cabin had ever been occupied. Dreaming?

I give you my word, M'sieu, I do not think so. For they found Harvey Gale where the black spots had converged on the glare ice. And his revolver was missing. Nor was there any snow to conceal it, had it been there.

♦ ♦ ♦

And a month later an old Chippewa Indian, badly frostbitten, who had staggered into camp to die, told a fantastic tale about how he had seen, on a certain evening when the northern lights flamed coldly in the heavens, a great wolf pack, led

by a figure in white, whose long black hair and mocking laugh were those of a woman.

The men crowded about his bunk glanced from one to another and tapped their heads and winked. But, M'sieu, I did none of these. For I have seen queer things.

[Copyright, 1916, by J. Keeley.]

merest speck, out on the glare ice. In an incredibly short time the pack had broken cover and were at his heels. A moment

I am not a brave man, M'sieu. But an insane man will dare anything. In a moment I was running with stiffened limbs

BREAKING A BAD HABIT

THREE or four men were talking about breaking bad habits and giving their experiences.

"Did I ever master a bad habit?" responded a very active business man when the question was put up to him. "I did, but I had to have some outside assistance, though I didn't ask for it.

"Once upon a time I had the bad habit of eating three meals a day, and I had to have them or there was trouble for somebody. Then my coffee at breakfast must be just so or there was trouble; the bacon must be properly crisp or there was trouble; the toast had to be correctly brown or there was trouble; the eggs could not vary from standard or there was trouble. The other meals I was not so supersensitive about. But I must have my smoke after each one. It was trouble all around, going and coming, because I suffered no less than those about me.

"That was twenty-five years ago, and I was in control of the situation and insisted on having everything exactly as I wanted it. It was an extremely bad habit

and I didn't realize it. Then came changed conditions, and I was forced out into a world beyond my control.

"Everywhere I went I was called a crank, and my reputation in that line soon expanded all over, because I had a new eating place about every week or ten days. One morning, after I had been to all the feederies within a mile of my lodgings, a kind hearted waiter girl in a very nice little tearoom I had discovered came down on me like a thousand of brick for finding fault with the breakfast she had brought me.

"She said I wasn't old enough to be senile, nor young enough to be a baby, and looked like I might be a very respectable person if I were properly trained. She was Irish and she wasn't afraid. Well, you know some men would have raised a row about talk like that from a servant to a guest, but I didn't. It struck me as the light struck Saul of Tarsus, and I thanked her sincerely.

"After breakfast I took counsel with my better nature and resolved I would try

to live up to the waiter girl's suggestion. Next morning I went to the same place for breakfast and had the same breakfast. Breakfasts vary, and this wasn't really quite what it should have been, but I ate it without a growl, though I did want to growl. I could see the girl was expecting the usual manner, but I disappointed her.

"As I left she looked at me rather curiously and smiled. I told her I knew the breakfast was just a bit shy, but I wouldn't worry, because I was sure it would be better tomorrow. And it was. At least I thought so.

"And thus it went for meal after meal, at one place and another, some good and some bad, but I had my mind fixed to take things as they came, and I stuck to it. I went further. I resolved to give them up as they went, and if I missed a meal or a smoke or my coffee I consoled myself by thinking the next would taste that much better, and I laughed instead of whined.

"I will admit that it wasn't as easy to do as it is to tell it, for there was a thirty-year habit to overcome, and a habit grows

mighty tight to one in that time. It took me a year to become reformed, but I finally got there, and now whatever other bad habits I may have I haven't that one, and I don't have headaches or indigestion or a grouch, and there isn't a waiter girl I know who doesn't think I have the finest disposition she ever met up with, and what a lovely husband I would be if I would only marry."—[New York Sun.]

Unconvinced

"Now, to illustrate the roundness of the earth," said Columbus, "I will show you an egg."

"That doesn't convince me," replied the court astronomer. "If you had waited till the egg became an omelet, it would prove that the earth is flat."

Willie Wise

Parson—Willie, do you know where all boys go who play baseball on Sunday?

Willie—Yes, but I won't tell you; you'll tell a cop, and then we'll all get chased.