

HARD TO TRAP WOLVES.

Only For Their Great Curiosity It Would Be Still Harder.

Wolves are the most difficult of all animals to trap, and it is usually by working upon their uncontrollable curiosity that they are most easily deceived. The "campfire set" is one of the best. When a man makes camp in the forest the wolves, if there are any near, are sure to note his whereabouts. When he has gone they trot up to investigate the ground and with due caution pick up any scraps he may have left lying about. The "campfire set" is made as follows: First hollow out an oblong hole in the ground just large enough to take the trap and perhaps five inches deep. Cover the trap with a sheet of brown paper, and over this fill the hole with damp earth. Then light a fire on the top of it, and into the fire as it burns low throw a few scraps of raw meat.

Should a wolf come along to investigate the place he is sure to scent the cooked meat and will start scratching in the ashes for it, thus, of course, springing the trap.

One of the greatest difficulties in wolf trapping is to hide the afore-said telltale scent, so keen is their sense of smell. The traps must never be handled with the naked fingers. Old gloves soaked in oil or fat are used, and it is best to smoke the trap over a "smudge" fire before setting it and then inclose it in a paper bag.

Wolves are more easily done away with by the use of strychnine than they are by trapping. A trail of baits is laid, the central bait containing poison. Into this bait is stuck a black feather to warn passerby to keep their dogs out of the danger zone and incidentally to attract the notice of the wolf. Having picked up several of the baits, he has now lost suspicion and gulps down his dose of poison, which kills him almost instantly.

The wolf trap is never fastened to a permanent fixture, such as a tree or stake, as the captured animal is then able to pull and ten to

one will escape. It is fastened instead to a log or drag that the animal can pull along after him and that hampers his progress, though it does not prevent it. A wolf has been known to drag a heavy log, with the trap attached, for three months, during which period he traveled a distance of over 200 miles! — H. Mortimer Batten in Wide World Magazine.

One Little Example.

"You are the schpeaker?"
"Yes, sir; I am."
"Vell, vot you schpeak about?"
"My subject, sir, is this: 'Resolved, That I will never believe anything I do not understand.'"
"Oh, my! Is that it? Vell, now, you schpeak take von little example. There, you see that field—my pasture, over there. Now, my horse he eat the grass, and it come up hair all over he's pack. Then my sheep he eats shoot the same grass, and it grow wool all over him. And vot you think? My goose he eats the grass, too, and sure's I tell you it comes all over him feathers. You understand dat, do you? Heigh!"
—Exchange.

WAYS OF A BEAR.

Bruin Has a Curious Habit of Sitting Into Tree Trunks.

"A bear never gets tired," said a Pike county man full of the subject that has made that corner of the Keystone state somewhat famous. "No one ever saw a tired bear. A bear will travel a hundred miles over the roughest kind of ground and through swamps and thickets without ever thinking of resting if hard pressed and be just as fresh for another hundred miles as he was when he started on the first."

"If he has time he will sit down once in awhile to take a bite of something to eat, as the hunter can see if he is following bruin in a tracking snow. This and the curious custom the bear has of turning off his course when traveling, whether the dogs and hunters are after him or not, and going to certain trees on one side or the other of the course, where he bites viciously

at the trunk until the splinters fly, are the only digressions he makes from his route.

"The habit of biting trees in this way while traveling has never been satisfactorily explained. The trees may be two rods or they may be half a mile or more off from the bear's line of travel, but no bear passing that way ever fails to shiver off to them and bite off a piece, unless he is too closely pressed by the dogs or hunters. Any old woodsman can take you to trees of this kind that are almost bitten in two by bears that have stopped and chewed them in obedience to the custom.

"The bears must have some reason or purpose, of course, in picking out trees to be visited and bitten, but what it can be no one knows, any more than why bears never fail on coming out of their winter sleeping places in the spring to rise full length against some particular tree, reach up as far as they can along the trunk and scratch a mark in the bark with their claws.

"Natives of the bear country say that bruin does this to see whether he has grown any since he hibernated in the fall, while others declare it is a challenge to other bears as a test of their high reaching powers in competition. Perhaps neither is right." — New York Sun.

ATOP A LIVE VOLCANO.

A Peep into the Scorching Interior of Mount Kilauea.

I had always thought that Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world, was just back of the city hall in Honolulu, but when I got to Honolulu I found that a person had to get on a boat and ride all day and night to the island where the volcano has secreted itself. Instead of having to climb a towering cone, all we had to do was to sit still and be whisked clear to the crater.

All around was a deep, rich looking, black mud, all tumbled up as if an unseen hand as big as a state had squeezed it out between its fingers in rich, black streams, then gone on to a new toy. It looked as if we were going to step into forty acres of gumbo, but instead of being rich, first bottom mud, a few steps out showed it hard volcanic rock.

Watching until the wind lifted, we would edge in to the crater rim and peer over, down into the heaving depths. We could see nothing, when suddenly the smoke would rise, and down in the blackness of a million nights would come a glimmering light, wavering and feeling like a man with a lantern coming around the corner, beams reaching out and fingering the way. With numbers lending courage, the lanes of light would gather and spring up in a flare, would come tumbling and rolling up the sides as if the lava were seeking freedom while the guarding smoke nodded.

The light would shoot and reach blindly for a moment, to be suddenly cut off, as if massive firemen were coaling the world, shutting their doors behind every shovelful. Behind all, under all, came a snapping and a snarling, not like the complaint of waves, but like the charging of a caged lioness, a frenzied, trapped animal defiance. Just as silence was beginning to burden and one's heart ached for the lioness, light for a thousand temples would leap and a growling would come as if the creature were climbing the very sides.

Standing on the brink and peering over, peering down into the boiling bottom, one trembles and fear lays hold of him lest he go crashing, but when one stands long with only a few inches for shelter a wild desire comes to leap over. Only does the shout of a companion bring one to a realization, and then one turns guiltily away. — Homer Croly in Leslie's.

How a Picture Is Composed.

In examining such a picture as Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate" or Detaille's "Saluting the Wounded" you are inclined to think that the painter saw the scene as a whole—that he arranged his models and straightway proceeded to delineate the scene on virgin canvas. But, alas for this theory, were you to take a knife and commence scraping that same canvas you would find a pathetic record of figures once alive and now forever blotted out—the soldier of the Pharisees who once stood prominently here now stands obscurely there. This tree or house was yonder, and yonder figure's place was once filled by a post or a detail of landscape. — Strand Magazine.

The third crop of alfalfa is now being cut on many of the ranches in the vicinity of Baker, where conditions have been better for large hay crops than in many years. The third crop is proving to be almost as large as the first and second.

SCOTT AND CHIPPEWA.

Their Connection With the Cadet Gray Worn at West Point.

In the summer of 1814 General Scott, then stationed at Buffalo, made requisition upon the quartermaster for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word was soon received by him to the effect that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo and the lack of manufactures in this country, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth—now known as "cadet gray"—in Philadelphia.

Scott ordered it to be made up for the soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara river on the Canadian side in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. General Fiall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparing for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "Buffalo militia," and accounted for their fighting so well and driving him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa river by the fact that it was the anniversary of American independence that stimulated them.

On account of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray and in honor of Scott and the troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the Military academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets. — Washington Star.

Italy's Deep Blue Skies.

The sky of Italy is noted for its clearness. The blue is deeper not because the dust there is finer than in the northern countries, but because in the countries of the north, due to the greater coolness of the air, the vapor more readily condenses upon the dust particles. The dust particles thus become larger and consequently not so effective in turning back the blue rays alone, but others are also reflected, and a grayish effect is produced. In a single location the blue of the sky may appear bluer at one time than another. The sky is oftentimes said to be very blue when some white cumulus clouds are outlined against it. The sky is then a deep blue by contrast with the brilliant white. After a shower, when the lower stratum of air is washed of its coarse dust particles a deeper and purer blue is the result.

A Question of Authority.

The English Chief Justice Brampton's hatred of a draft in court was well known. On one occasion, while on the circuit, he ordered that all the windows of the courtroom be closed. On his entry the next morning he found one open. He called for an explanation and the high sheriff said:

"As high sheriff, your lordship, I consider it to be my duty to regulate the ventilation of the court. I directed the opening of the window."

Strength of Morning Light.

The morning light is from 10 to 30 per cent stronger than that of the afternoon, varying with the season. The light transmitting properties of different kinds of glass vary greatly. Thus the loss of light from glass as compared with outdoor light ranges all the way from 13 to 36 per cent or more. The practice of lapping the panes causes an average loss of light of about 11 per cent. The transmission of light naturally increases as the angle of the roof more nearly coincides with a right angle to the sun's rays.

Why Not?

Little Mildred had had a nightmare and was telling the family about it the next morning. "When I woke up," she said, "I was still scared, and my heart was beating a tattoo!"

Here her elder sister interrupted. "How could your heart beat a tattoo?" she asked sarcastically. "I guess it could do it on the drums of my ears, couldn't it?" demanded Mildred indignantly.

Very Like.

"You remind me of a burglar who broke into our house one night and stole my sister's front hair off the bureau," said the balloon to the giant cracker.

"In what respect?" asked the giant cracker.

"Because you always go off with a bang," said the balloon. — Pittsburgh Press.

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