



AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES



“The wolf was only wounded. He was kicking furiously about on the ice. Cudjo ran out to him. After a short struggle he killed the wolf with his spear.

“This was, indeed, a day of great excitement in our forest home. Frank was the hero of the day. Although he said nothing, he was no doubt proud of his skating feat.

He had every right to be. Without his skill poor Harry would no doubt have fallen a prey to the fierce wolves.”



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An Adventure with Dusky Wolves/Unknown

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“Frank called out to his brother to head for the shore. Instead of retreating himself, he stopped until Harry had passed. Then he dashed off, followed closely by the whole pack.

“Another slight turn brought him in our direction. However, there was a large hole in the ice. Unless he turned again, he would skate into it.

“We thought he was watching the wolves too closely to see it. We shouted to warn him.

He knew what he was doing. When he got close to the hole, he wheeled sharply to the left. Then he came dashing up to where we stood.

“The wolves were too intent upon their chase to see any thing else. They went sweeping past the point where he had turned. The next moment they plunged through the broken ice and into the water.

Cudjo and I ran forward, shouting loudly. We began using the heavy rail and the long spear to kill them.

“It was a short, but exciting scene. Five of them were speared and drowned. The sixth crawled out upon the ice and was rapidly running off.

“At that moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw the wolf tumble over.

“I turned around to see Harry with my rifle. My wife had brought it down and handed to him since he was a better marksman than she was.

The wolves were upon his heels! “O they will kill him!” I cried. I fully expected to see him thrown down upon the ice.

Then suddenly Frank wheeled and darted off in a new direction.

“The wolves gave up on Frank and started after Harry. He in turn, became the object of our anxiety.

“In a moment they were close upon him. Suddenly he followed his brother’s example. He wheeled in a similar manner.

The wolves were swept along by the force of their running. They were carried a long distance upon the ice before they could turn themselves.

“Their long, bushy tails, however, soon enabled them to turn about and follow in the new direction. They galloped after Harry, who was now the nearest to them.

Frank had turned back. He came sweeping behind them, at the same time shouting loudly. He was trying to tempt them away from Harry.

“They ignored him. He changed his direction again. He followed them, as though he was about to skate into their midst.

“He skated up close behind them, just when Harry had turned again. This gave him a chance to escape.

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES

“During the summer and winter, we had several adventures in the trapping and killing of wild animals. One of them was of such a dangerous kind, that you might be interested in hearing it.

“It happened in the dead of winter, when there was snow on the ground. The lake was frozen over, and the ice was as smooth as glass. We spent much of our time skating about on its surface. The exercise gave us health and a good appetite.

“Even Cudjo, our servant, enjoyed skating and was very good at it. Frank was fonder of it than the rest of us. In fact, he was the best skater among us.

“One day, neither Cudjo nor I had gone out. However, Frank and Harry did. The rest of us were busy at some carpenter work inside.

“We could hear the merry laugh of the boys, and the ring of their skates as they glided over the ice. All at once, a cry reached our ears. We knew it meant there was some danger.

“‘O Robert!’ cried my wife, ‘they have broken through the ice!’

“We all dropped what we held in our hands, and rushed to the door. I seized a rope as I ran. Cudjo took his long spear, thinking it might be of use to us. Within a moment we were outside the house.

“We were astonished to see both the boys, the farthest end of the lake. They were skating toward us as fast as they could!

“At the same time, our eyes fell upon a terrible sight. Close behind them was a pack of wolves!

“They were not the small prairie wolves, which either of the boys might have chased with a stick. These were of a species known as the ‘Great Dusky Wolf’ of the Rocky Mountains.

“There were six of them in all. Each of them was twice the size of the prairie wolf.

Their long, dark bodies were gaunt with hunger, and crested from head to tail with a high,

bristling mane. It gave them a most fearful appearance.

“They ran with their ears set back and their jaws apart. We could see their red tongues and white teeth.

“We did not stop a moment, but rushed toward the lake. I threw down the rope, and seized hold of a large rail as I ran. Cudjo hurried forward, armed with a spear. My wife ran back to the house for my rifle.

“I saw that Harry was in front. The fierce wolves were fast closing upon Frank. This was strange to us. We knew that Frank was by far the better skater.

We all called out to him, yelling shouts of encouragement. Both were doing their best, but Frank was most in danger.

