

Wolves and Girls.

WOLF GLEN.

By Edward S. Ellis.
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CHAPTER III. THE FLIGHT OVER THE ICE.

The same minute that Monteth Sterry saw the new peril which threatened them, he darted out beside the brother and sister, who had slackened their pace at sight of the furious wolves in front. "What shall we do?" asked Fred. "We cannot push on; let's go up stream." "You cannot do that," replied Jennie, "for they are gathering behind us." A glance in that direction showed that she spoke the truth. It looked as if a few minutes would bring as many there as in advance.

"We shall have to take to the woods," said Fred. "And there's little hope there." "I won't do that," the sister said, "I am used to thinking faster than either of her companions. The instant we start for the shore they will be at our heels. Make as if we are going to run into the water, then turn and dash through them." "The maneuver was a repetition of the one she and her brother had executed a few minutes before and was their only hope." "I will take the lead with my pistol," said Monteth, "while you keep as close to me as you can."

Every second was beyond value. The ravenous wolves were not the creatures to remain idle while a conference was under way. In a moment they were upon the middle of the course they rent the air with howls and came trotting toward them with that light, springy movement shown by a grant hound, to whom the gait is as easy as a walk.

Monteth Sterry shot forward on his right foot, his revolver in his hand, and charges tightly gripped in his naked hand. This was to be called into play only in the last extremity. The killing of a couple of wolves from such a horse could produce no effect upon the rest, unless, perhaps, to furnish some of them a lunch, for one of the curious traits of the lupus species is that they are cannibal so to speak.

His hope was that the flash and report of the weapon would frighten the animals into opening a path for a moment, through which they could dart into the clear space below. Having started, Monteth did not glance behind him. Fred and his sister must look out for themselves. He had his hands more than full.

With a swift, sweeping curve, he shot toward the bank, the brutes immediately converging to head him. The sister, who had been scraping on the ice told him that Fred and Jennie were at his heels. He kept on with slackening speed, until close to the shore, and it was not until he was within an overhanging limb brushed his face.

But his eye was on the wolves further out in the stream. The place was one of the few where the ice was not so thick, and a shadow was along either bank. The moment the bulk of the creatures were drawn well over toward the right shore, Sterry and his friends cut across the ice, skimming abruptly to the left and almost back over his own trail, and then darting around the pack. The ice was so thin that it was several rods beyond the last of the wolves swarming to the right.

"Now!" called Sterry, at the moment of turning with all the speed at his command. Critical as was the moment, he flung one glance behind him. Fred and Jennie were almost high enough to touch him, and he stretched his hand. No need of shouting any commands to them, for they understood what he was doing or rather trying to do.

Monteth gave it only a glance when he skimmed past at the same furious pace as before. It looked as if there was hope at least for those first seen were all at the rear. If new danger came, it would be from others that ran out on the ice in front.

"It seems to me that all the wolves in Maine are on this little river," was his thought, "but there may be a few left that will try to get into our path." "The cry came from his friends and he glanced toward them. Not only that, but believing his help was needed, he sheered over to them as quickly as he could.

The course of the ice had changed, so that a ribbon of shadow extended along that bank, partially obscuring the form of the brutes. The wolves were clinging to it, as though the ice lay his safety.

The brutes were now so far to the rear that there was little to be feared from them, though they still kept up the pursuit. Being able to follow in a straight line, were doing so with more speed than would be expected of them as quickly as he could.

It struck Sterry that his friend was not skating with his utmost skill. He was puzzled and alarmed.

"What's the matter, Fred?" he called, drawing quickly near him.

"O, Jennie! Jennie! what will become of her?" Fred Whitley it was now apparent was alone.

Forgetful of the savage brutes, Monteth Sterry slackened his pace, and in a scared voice demanded:

"What has become of her?" Where is she?

Now, they ought to be able to take care of themselves." She sat down on the bank and removed her hat. The snow on the ground was not so deep as it had been, and she was not so fatigued as she had been. She was not so tired as she had been, and she was not so fatigued as she had been.

"I think I will go home," she said, "and before the stroke of midnight all these brutes will be at my heels." "I'll just try you with a little one," Mr. Thimblefinger declared. "I'll tell you one I heard when I was younger. I want to see whether Mr. Rabbit will keep awake, and I let it have all the milk."

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When you want me to go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill and whisper to me, I will go. "Who are you?" asked Johnny, forgetting to be polite, if he ever knew how.

"The Keeper," the woman said, "is the name of the poplar that stands on the hill and whisper to me, I will go. "Who are you?" asked Johnny, forgetting to be polite, if he ever knew how.

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On her horn, Johnny waited to see if the keeper of the cows that room in the night would make her appearance, but he waited in vain. Then he drove the cow home, turned her in the lot and went in the house to get his supper. His father and mother were sitting very close together.

"Have you brought the cow?" the woman asked. "She's in the lot," replied Johnny. "Thanky, ma'm," exclaimed Johnny. "So it went day after day. The woman would make the cow wander farther and farther away from home, and Johnny would go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill, and call for the beautiful lady, the keeper of the cows that room in the night, and the cow would come running and lowing. Then Johnny would drive her home by the light of his little lantern. This happened so often that the neighbors and indeed the people in all that country, when they saw a light bobbing around at night, would shake their heads and say, 'There goes Jack and his lantern,' and then after a while they called 'Jack of the lantern.'

"One day he heard two of the neighbors talking about him, saying it was a pity that Johnny should have such a good wife, and that he should marry her. Johnny was not at all displeased at the thought, and he went to his father and told him that he wanted to marry the woman who was so good to him, and that he wanted to marry her. His father was not at all displeased at the thought, and he went to his father and told him that he wanted to marry the woman who was so good to him, and that he wanted to marry her.

"I have a lantern to light her along with," Johnny said. "You wouldn't call me, and so I came to light her along with, to light her along with." "I forgot," whispered Johnny. "Don't forget any more," said the lady. "Take this lantern and run to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill, and call for the beautiful lady, the keeper of the cows that room in the night, and the cow will come running and lowing. Then Johnny would drive her home by the light of his little lantern. This happened so often that the neighbors and indeed the people in all that country, when they saw a light bobbing around at night, would shake their heads and say, 'There goes Jack and his lantern,' and then after a while they called 'Jack of the lantern.'

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"YOU HAVE COME FAST AND FAIR."

Little or no time to devote to his family. He worked hard in the fields all day, and when night came he was too tired to trouble much about his son. His wife, too, having no servant, was always busy about the house, sewing, washing, cooking, cleaning, patching, milking and sweeping. Day and night it was always the same. The man was always working and the woman was always working. They had no rest except on Sunday, and then they were too tired to pay much attention to their son.

"The consequence was that while the boy was a very bright lad, he was full of mischief, and to all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness. By hook or crook, or maybe by hook, he had learned to do all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness. By hook or crook, or maybe by hook, he had learned to do all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness. By hook or crook, or maybe by hook, he had learned to do all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness.

"I don't suppose any such country as Peru had been found on the map when that book was written. But ever since then, the boy had read only that book and he became rather wild in his mind. He wanted to be a proofer, whatever that was, and so he armed himself with a stick and a knife, and called them pikes, and he tied a shingle to his side and called it a cutlass, and he got him a broken hand and called it a horse. "That boy's name was Johnny, but some times they called him Jack for short. Some people said he was as mean as he could be, but I don't say that. He was fond of scampering over the country than he was of helping his mother.

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