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# WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

Ernest Thompson Seton



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# WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

Ernest Thompson Seton



THESE STORIES ARE ABOUT REAL ANIMALS. ALMOST ALL MEET A TRAGIC END, FOR THIS IS NATURE'S LAW CONCERNING WILD THINGS BUT IN EACH IS THE STAMP OF GREATNESS.

# LOBO

**L**OBO WAS A GRAY WOLF, THE LEADER OF A PACK THAT RAAGED THE CURRUMPHAY VALLEY IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO AROUND 1890.



**A**LL THE SHEPHERDS AND RANCHMEN KNEW HIM WELL, FOR WHEREVER HE APPEARED, TERROR REIGNED SUPREME.

ISN'T THAT LOBO HOWLING UP IN THE HILLS?



YES, I WONDER HOW MANY COWS HE'LL KILL TONIGHT.



SO DESTRUCTIVE WAS THE PACK THAT A GREAT PRICE WAS SET ON LOBO'S HEAD THIS BROUGHT A WOLF HUNTER NAMED TANNERREY GALLOPING UP THE CANYON OF THE CURRUMRAW.



"YOU AIM TO GET LOBO WITH DOGS?"

"THAT'S RIGHT, THEY'VE KILLED MANY A WOLF. THEY'LL GET THIS ONE, TOO."



HE SET OUT THE NEXT DAY SOON

"THEY'RE ON THE SCENT!"



WITHIN TWO MILES, TANNERREY SIGHTED LOBO AND HIS PACK



THE CHASE GREW FAST AND FURIOUS



**L**ORD QUICKLY MADE FOR A ROCKY CANYON.



**B**Y CROSSING IT, HE GOT RID OF THE HORSEMAN.



**H**IS BAND THEN SCATTERED, THEREBY SCATTERING THE DOGS.



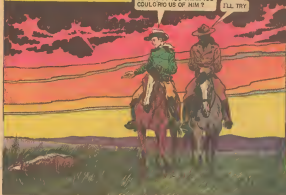
**T**HE WOLVES, NO LONGER OUTNUMBERED, TURNED ON THEIR PURSUERS AND KILLED OR DESPERATELY WOUNDED THEM ALL.



SEVERAL YEARS LATER, I MADE THE  
ACQUAINTANCE OF THIS WILY MARAUDER.

THAT'S LOBO'S WORK, MR  
SETON. DO YOU THINK YOU  
COULD RID US OF HIM?

I'LL TRY



KNOWING PURSUIT WAS  
USELESS IN THIS COUNTRY,  
I SET TO WORK WITH POISON.



TIME AFTER TIME I LEFT  
POISONED MEAT WHERE LOBO  
WOULD BE SURE TO FIND IT.  
THE RESULT WAS ALWAYS THE  
SAME.

HIS TRACKS LEAD UP  
TO THE MEAT, BUT HE  
HAS NOT TOUCHED IT.



AND SEE, HE WOULD NOT LET  
ANY OF THE OTHERS IN HIS  
PACK TOUCH IT EITHER.



**I** THEN TURNED TO TRAPS. I WORKED A WHOLE WEEK TO GET THEM PROPERLY SET OUT.



**B**UT WHEN I WENT OUT TO INSPECT THEM...

SEE, LOBO DETECTED THE TRAP INSTANTLY. HE SCRATCHED AROUND IT UNTIL HE LAID IT BARE, ALONG WITH THE CHAIN AND THE LOG IT WAS ATTACHED TO.



HE'S TOO SMART FOR US.



MAYBE. BUT SEE THE WAY HE STOPPED AND TURNED ASIDE AT THE FIRST SUSPICION OF DANGER.





IF I SET MY TRAPS IN THE FORM OF AN H, WITH A TRAP ON THE CROSS-BAR, WE MAY CATCH HIM AS HE TURNS ASIDE.



BUT AGAIN LOBO OUTSMARTED US. HE CAME TROTTLING ALONG THE TRAIL, AND WAS BETWEEN THE PARALLEL LINES OF THE H BEFORE HE STOPPED.



THEN, WITHOUT TURNING AN INCH TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT, HE GAUTROUSLY BACKED ON HIS OWN TRACKS UNTIL HE WAS OFF THE DANGEROUS GROUND.



RETURNING AT ONE SIDE, HE THEN SCORCHED CLODS AND STONES WITH HIS HIND FEET UNTIL HE HAD SPRUNG EVERY TRAP.



**B**UT IN SPITE OF LOBO'S CLEVERNESS, ONCE OF TWICE I FOUND SIGNS OF IRREGULARITY IN THE PACK.

SEE, HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF A SMALLER WOLF WHO HAS RUN AHEAD OF LOBO.



IT IS THE WHITE WOLF, BLANCA, WHO IS LOBO'S MATE. IF ANY OTHER WOLF DID THIS, LOBO WOULD KILL HIM AT ONCE.



**T**HIS GAVE ME AN IDEA. I CAREFULLY BURIED TWO POWERFUL TRAPS AND ATTACHED THEM TO THE HEAD OF A HEIFER.

LOBO WILL PROBABLY DETECT MY HANDWORK, BUT PERHAPS BLANCA WILL BE CURIOUS AND INVESTIGATE.



**T**HE NEXT DAY...

I WAS RIGHT. WE HAVE HER!



**Q**UICKLY WE KILLED THE STRUGGLING WOLF AND TOOK HER BACK TO CAMP.

ISN'T THAT LOBO HOWLING IN THE HILLS?

HE MUST BE WAILING FOR BLANCA.



THE NEXT DAY I SET A GREAT MANY TRAPS AND DRAGGED THE BODY OF BLANCA OVER EACH.

LOBO'S IN A RECKLESS MOOD, PERHAPS YOU'LL SET HIM THIS TIME



WHEN I RECHECKED THE TRAPS TWO DAYS LATER, A GREAT GRIZZLED FORM ROSE TO FACE ME.

IT'S LOBO!



WE MANAGED TO TIE HIM AND PUT HIM ON MY TREMBLING HORSE.

SEE HOW CALM HE HAS BECOME. HE SEEMS TO TAKE NO NOTICE OF US NOW.



THAT NIGHT WE CHAINED HIM NEAR THE RANCH HOUSE. HE LAY CALMLY, LOOKING OUT OVER THE MESA WHICH HAD BEEN HIS KINGDOM.



THE NEXT MORNING DAWNED HE WAS STILL THERE, BUT HIS SPIRIT HAD GONE. THE OLD KING WOLF WAS DEAD.



# BINGO

SEVERAL YEARS EARLIER, I HAD LIVED IN ANOTHER WOLF-RIDDEN COUNTRY, MANITOBA. ONE DAY I SAW A NEIGHBOR'S COLLIE ATTACK A WOLF WHO HAD MENTURED TOO NEAR THE SETTLEMENT.



THAT'S A MARVELOUS DOG WOULD YOU SELL HIM ?

OF COURSE NOT! BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A PUPPY OF HIS



SO BEFORE LONG, I OWNED A ROLY-POLY BALL OF FUR. I NAMED HIM BINGO



WHEN HE WAS OLD ENOUGH, I SET ABOUT HIS EDUCATION. AFTER MUCH PAINS HE LEARNED TO GO IN QUEST OF OUR OLD YELLOW COW WHO PASTURED ON THE UNFENCED PRAIRIE.



ONCE HE HAD LEARNED HIS BUSINESS, HE BECAME VERY FOND OF IT. HE WOULD RACE OUT TO HER, BARKING WITH GLEE.



THEN BACK HE WOULD COME, DRIVING HER AT FULL GALLOP BEFORE HIM.



BEFORE LONG . . .

“DID YOU SEND BINGO AFTER THE COW?”

“NO, HE’S DOING IT ON HIS OWN. THIS IS THE TENTH TIME TODAY!”



SOON THE COW BECAME SO THIN FROM RUNNING THAT WE HAD TO FORBID BINGO TO GO AFTER HER AT ALL.



**B**UT THAT AUTUMN HE GOT ANOTHER CHANCE.

THERE'S A CONTEST AT THE CARBERRY FAIR FOR THE BEST COLLIE IN TRAINING. HOW ABOUT ENTERING BINGO?



WE COULD HAVE HIM FETCH THE COW. HE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO DO THAT.



**T**HE DAY OF THE FAIR THE COW WAS DRIVEN TO THE PRAIRIE JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE. SOON BINGO'S TURN CAME.

GO FETCH THE COW!



**B**INGO RACED OFF.



**B**UT...

HE'S NOT BRINGING HER HERE. HE'S DRIVING HER BACK HOME!



**T**HE LAST THE JUDGE SAW OF BINGO WAS HIS GALLOPING FORM DRIVING THE COW BACK TO ITS STABLE TWO MILES AWAY. ANOTHER DOG WON THE PRIZE.



SOME TIME LATER I HAD TO LEAVE MANITOBA, SO BINGO TOOK UP RESIDENCE WITH A NEIGHBOR. WHEN I RETURNED I DISCOVERED THE DOG HAD BEGUN TO LEAD A WOLFISH LIFE.



ONE DAY ON MY REGULAR ROUNDS, I CAME ACROSS A PRAIRIE WOLF CAUGHT IN ONE OF MY TRAPS.



I KILLED HIM AND PROCEEDED TO RESET THE TRAPS, WHICH WERE PLACED IN FOURS AROUND A BURIED BAIT THEY WERE FIRMLY FASTENED TO CONCEALED LOGS AND COVERED WITH SAND TO MAKE THEM INVISIBLE.



THAT FINE SAND OVER THERE IS JUST WHAT I NEED TO SPREAD OVER THIS TRAP.



I REACHED FOR IT, SUDDENLY . . .



**T**HE SAND HAD BEEN OVER THE NEXT TRAP! SECURELY HELD, I STRETCHED OUT FULL LENGTH ON THE GROUND AND BEGAN FEELING WITH MY FOOT FOR THE TRAP WRENCH WHICH WOULD RELEASE ME.



**T**HERE WAS A SHARP CLANK AS THE JAWS OF ANOTHER TRAP CLOSED ON MY LEFT FOOT.



**I** STRUGGLED VAINLY. THERE I LAY, STRETCHED OUT AND FIRMLY STARED TO THE GROUND.



**I'LL EITHER BE DEVoured BY WOLVES OR DIE OF COLD AND STARVATION.**





**NIGHT CAME ON SLOWLY. I COULD HEAR WOLVES HOWLING IN THE DISTANCE.**



**SOON I SAW THEIR DIM, SHADOWY FORMS SNEAKING NEAR**



**THEY GATHERED AROUND ME AND SAT ON THEIR HAUNCHES, STARING**



**THEY ONE CAME UP AND SNARLED RIGHT IN MY FACE.**



**I HAD ABANDONED ALL HOPE WHEN, SUDDENLY, A GREAT BLACK FORM SPRANG OUT OF THE GLOOM**



**FURIOUSLY HE SCATTERED  
THE WOLVES.**



**THEN HE BOUNDED AT ME  
--AND LICKED MY FACE.**

BINGO, IT'S YOU!



FETCH ME THE TRAP  
WRENCH, OLD BOY.



**HE BROUGHT IT, STIFFLY I  
UNSCREWED THE PILLAR-  
NUT AND THE TRAP FELL  
APART.**



**IN A FEW MOMENTS WE  
WERE HEADED FOR HOME  
WITH BINGO AS HERALD.**



**BUT TO THE END BINGO  
LIVED THE WOLFISH LIFE.  
HE LOVED. ONE DAY HE ATE  
POISONED BAIT AND DIED WITH  
HIS HEAD ON THE DOORSTEP  
OF MY SHANTY.**



# RAGGYLUG



**A** GENTLER, THOUGH NO LESS STURDY ANIMAL WAS RAGGYLUG, OR RAG, A COTTONTAIL RABBIT WHO LIVED WITH HIS MOTHER IN OLIVANT'S SWAMP.

**W**HEN HE WAS JUST A BABY, RAG LEARNED HIS FIRST LESSON IN SURVIVAL -- LAY LOW AND SAY NOTHING, WHATEVER HAPPENS.



**O**NE DAY HE WAS LAYING LOW IN HIS NEST WAITING FOR HIS MOTHER TO RETURN WHEN HE HEARD AN ODD RUSTLING SOUND. CURIOUS, HE STOOD UP AND PEEPED OUT INTO THE WOODS.



**H**E TOOK ONE STEP FORWARD AND FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH AN ENORMOUS BLACK SERPENT.



**I**N A FLASH THE SNAKE HAD HIM BY ONE EAR, RAG SCREAMED AS THE COLD COILS WENT AROUND HIM



**I**N THE WOODS RAG'S MOTHER HEARD THE SCREAM AND CAME BOUNCING TO HER BABY.



**S**HE HOPPED OVER THE REPTILE, GIVING HIM A STINGING BLOW WITH HER HIND FEET AS SHE PASSED.



**A**GAIN AND AGAIN SHE LEAPED, STRIKING HARDER, UNTIL THE SNAKE LET GO OF RAG'S EAR AND TURNED TO DEFEND HIMSELF.



**R**AG QUICKLY WRIGGLED INTO THE UNDERBRUSH, AND HIS MOTHER BOUNDED AWAY TO LEAD HIM TO A SAFE CORNER OF THE SWAMP.



**R**AG'S SECOND LESSON WAS FREEZE. IT MEANS TURNING INTO A STATUE TO KEEP FROM BEING SEEN.



**B**UT THE BEST LESSON OF ALL WAS THAT THE BRIBERBUSH WAS HIS FRIEND--THAT HE HAD ONLY TO SCURRY BENEATH ITS BRANCHES TO BE SAFE.



**W**HEN HE WAS A LITTLE OLDER HE LEARNED TO SIGNAL HIS MOTHER BY THUMPING ON THE GROUND WITH HIS HIND FEET.



**H**E LEARNED HOW TO DOUBLE ON HIS TRACKS AND HOW TO TAKE THE PLACE OF HIS MOTHER WHEN SHE WAS BEING PURSUED IN ORDER TO LET HER REST.



**B**UT THE BARBED WIRE TRICK WAS THE MOST BRILLIANT RAG LEARNED TO LEAD A DOG ON A STRAIGHTAWAY CHASE, LETTING HIM COME QUITE NEAR.



**T**HEN, KEEPING ONE HOP AHEAD, HE WOULD RUN THE DOG FULL TILT INTO A GREAT HIGH BARBED WIRE FENCE.



**YOUNG RAG NEVER SAW ANY RABBIT OTHER THAN HIS MOTHER. THEREFORE HE WAS MUCH TAKEN ABACK ONE DAY TO SEE A STRANGE RABBIT HOPPING TOWARD HIM.**



**A NEW FEELING RUSHED OVER RAG -- A BOILING ANGER THAT A STRANGER SHOULD DARE COME INTO HIS SWAMP.**



**FURIOUSLY HE RUSHED AT THE NEWSOMER.**



**BUT THE STRANGER WAS A BIG, HEAVY BUCK, AND LITTLE RAG WAS NO MATCH FOR HIM.**



**SEVERELY BITTEN, RAG WAS FORCED TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE.**



**F**ROM THAT DAY A REIGN OF TERROR BEGAN FOR RAG. A DOZEN TIMES A DAY THE BIG STRANGER TRIED TO SNEAK UP AND CATCH HIM.



**H**E DID NOT TRY TO KILL RAG'S MOTHER, BUT HE WOULD OFTEN KNOCK HER DOWN AND TEAR OUT MOUTHFULS OF HER SOFT FUR.



**R**AG WAS WEARING OUT WITH RUNNING AND WATCHING AND BAD FOOD. HIS MOTHER'S STRENGTH AND SPIRIT WERE BREAKING DOWN. THEN ONE DAY, RAG HEARD THUNDER, A HOUND, SNIFFING ABOUT.



**D**ELIBERATELY HE CROSSED THE DOG'S VIEW, AND THE CHASE WAS ON.



**T**HREE AROUND THE SWAMP THEY WENT UNTIL RAG WAS SURE HIS MOTHER WAS SAFELY HIDDEN AND HIS RABBIT Foe WAS IN HIS USUAL NEST.



**T**HEN RIGHT INTO THAT NEST AND PLUMP OVER HIM RAG JUMPED.



**T**HE STRANGER LEAPED UP, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF BETWEEN RAG AND THE DOG.



**T**HE BIG BUCK TRIED TO GET AWAY, BUT THE HOUND WAS UPON HIM.



**R**AG CROUCHED IN HIDEING UNTIL ALL WAS OVER AND HE WAS ONCE MORE MASTER OF HIS SWAMP.





THEN WINTER CAME AND WITH IT FREEZING WEATHER, ONE NIGHT RAG AND HIS MOTHER WERE Huddled UNDER A BRUSH PILE WHEN A FOX FOUND THEM.



THEY DARTED OUT INTO A BLINDING STORM.



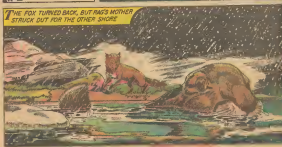
THE FOX CHARGED AFTER RAG'S MOTHER.



SHE REACHED A POND AND, HAVING NO CHANCE TO TURN, PLUNGED IN.



THE FOX TURNED BACK, BUT RAG'S MOTHER STRUCK OUT FOR THE OTHER SHORE.



**S**HE BRAVELY PUT FORTH ALL HER STRENGTH WITH WIND AND TIDE AGAINST HER



**S**HE HAD NEARLY REACHED THE OTHER SIDE WHEN A GREAT MASS OF FLOATING SNOW BARRED HER WAY.



**S**HE DRIFTED BACKWARD, AND NOW HER STRENGTH WAS SPENT. IN A LITTLE WHILE THE WEAK LIMBS CEASED TO MOVE AND THE SOFT BROWN EYES CLOSED.



**R**AG, MEANWHILE, HAD MET THE FOX AND LED HIM INTO A BARBED WIRE FENCE, BUT WHEN HE GOT BACK TO THE POND HE COULD NOT FIND HIS MOTHER, FOR SHE SLEPT IN THE ARMS OF HER FRIEND, THE WATER THAT TELLS NO TALES.

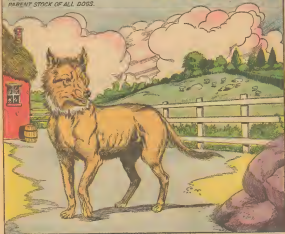


**R**AG LIVED ON IN THE SWAMP. HE FOUND A WIFE AND RAISED MANY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN WHO, PERHAPS, LIVE THERE TO THIS DAY.



**I**N ANOTHER PART OF THE WORLD, THE CHEVIOT HILLS BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, A LITTLE VALLEY DOG BREED, YET WITH HIS YELLOW COLOR AND POINTED EARS HE LOOKED RATHER LIKE A JACKAL, THE PARENT STOCK OF ALL DOGS.

# WULLY



**H**E BELONGED TO AN OLD SHEPHERD NAMED ROBIN, BY THE TIME HE WAS TWO YEARS OLD HE WAS THOROUGHLY TRAINED IN HERDING SHEEP.



**H**IS SIMPLE MINDED MASTER DID NOT MISTREAT HIM, AND WULLY REPAID HIM WITH AN EXAGGERATED WORSHIP.



ONE DAY ROBIN WAS ORDERED TO DRIVE HIS FLOCK OF 374 SHEEP TO THE YORKSHIRE MARKETS.

COME, WULLY.



THE JOURNEY WAS UNEVENTFUL, AT THE RIVER TYNE THE SHEEP WERE DRIVEN ONTO THE FERRY.



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED SOUTH SHIELDS, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, THE SHEEP BECAME ALARMED AND STAMPEDED IN 374 DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.



WULLY, FETCH THEM IN.



AMID WULLY RAN AFTER THE WAYWARD SHEEP.



**HE HEADED OFF AND ROUNDED UP ALL THE WANDERERS.**



**THE OLD SHEPHERD COUNTED THEM.**

371, 372, 373.

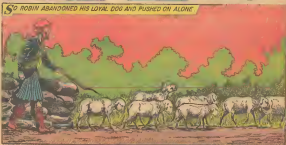


WULLY, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE'S NOT HERE.



**WULLY, STUNG WITH SHAME, BOUNDED OFF TO SCOUR THE CITY FOR THE MISSING SHEEP.**





**M**EANWHILE, WOLFF SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR A LOST SHEEP.



**A**T NIGHT, FIRMISHED AND WORN OUT, HE SNEAKED BACK TO THE FERRY.



**F**INDING HIS MASTER AND SHEEP GONE, HE RAN ABOUT WHIMPERING BOWNFULLY.



**H**E TOOK THE FERRY TO THE OTHER SIDE AND, FAILING TO FIND HIS MASTER THERE, RETURNED TO SEARCH IN SOUTH SHIELDS AGAIN.



**T**HE NEXT DAY HE SET TO WORK SYSTEMATICALLY SMELLING EVERYONE WHO MIGHT CROSS THE FERRY ON ITS FIFTY DAILY TRIPS.



**D**AY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK, WULLY WATCHED AND WAITED FOR HIS MASTER WHO NEVER CAME.



**H**E GREW THIN AND BIL-TEMPERED, AND NO ONE DARED TOUCH HIM.



**T**HE FERRYMEN, RESPECTING HIS FIDELITY, OFFERED HIM FOOD WHICH HE WAS FORCED TO ACCEPT TO STAY ALIVE.



**H**E RODE THE FERRY AS OFTEN AS HE FELT IT WOULD SERVE HIS PURPOSE.



**A**ND HE NEVER FAILED TO SMELL EACH PAIR OF LEGS THAT CROSSED THE GANGPLANK.





TWO YEARS PASSED, THEN ONE DAY, A STURDY DRIVER NAMED DORLEY STRODE DOWN THE FERRY SLIP.



INSTANTLY WULLY WAS ALERT.



HIS TAIL WAGGING VIOLENTLY, HE LEAPT ABOUT THE MAN



COULD IT BE YOU KNOW AN OLD SHEPHERD WHO CAME THROUGH HERE TWO YEARS AGO?

THAT MIGHT BE OLD ROBIN. YES, I KNOW HIM WELL. SEE, HE GAVE ME THESE MITTENS.



THAT EXPLAINS IT. WULLY HERE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR ROBIN. BUT IT LOOKS NOW LIKE HE'S GOING TO STICK TO YOU.



**D**ORLEY TOOK WOLLY ALONG WITH HIM TO HIS HOME IN DEBTSHPHIRE.

THERE, YOU CAN HAVE A FLOCK OF YOUR OWN AGAIN.



**W**OLLY GUARDED HIS CHARGES WELL.

HOW'S THE NEW DOG?

HE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS. I HAVEN'T LOST A LAMB ALL YEAR.



**B**UT SOON SHEEP ALL THROUGH THE AREA WERE BEING FOUND DEAD.

WHAT ANIMAL COULD HAVE DONE IT?



IT MUST BE A LARGE FOX, FROM THE LOOK OF HIS TRACKS

HE'S KILLING FOR THE LOVE OF IT. YOU CAN SEE HE'S KILLING MANY MORE THAN HE CAN EAT



THE ONLY FARM THAT ESCAPED THE KILLER WAS DORLEY'S.

YOU'VE LOST NO SHEEP, DORLEY?



NO, THANKS TO MULLY, HE'S WORTH ALL THE DOGS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



HE'S NOT OVERLY FRIENDLY, IS HE?



NO. HE LIKES ME AND MY OLDEST DAUGHTER, HULDAH, BUT NO ONE ELSE.

EXCEPT THE SHEEP, OF COURSE. HE'S VERY GENTLE WITH THEM.



YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE HIM. BUT WE'LL GET THE FOX SOON, ANYHOW, WHEN IT SNOWS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM DOWN.



**A**T THE FIRST SNOWFALL, THE FARMERS SET OUT TO CATCH THE FOX. THE TRAIL BEGAN AT THE WOOD BELT'S.

TWENTY SHEEP KILLED -- MY WHOLE FLOCK! OH, WHAT WILL I DO?



**T**HE MEN FOLLOWED THE TRACKS TO THE RIVER.

HE'S CLEVER, ALL RIGHT. THERE ARE NO TRACKS LEADING OUT ON THIS SIDE.



**A**FTER LONG SEARCHING, THE MEN FOUND THE TRACKS EMERGING A QUARTER OF A MILE UP THE STREAM.

HERE THEY ARE!



**P**ATIENTLY THEY FOLLOWED THE TRAIL UNTIL IT LED THEM TO DORLEY'S FARM.



**W**ULLY GROWLED SAVAGELY AND BOOLED OVER TO THE SHEEP.



LADS, WE'RE OFF THE TRACK OF THE FOX. BUT THERE'S THE KILLER!



JUST THEN GORLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER, HULDAH, CAME OUT OF THE HOUSE.

TOM, THAT DOG OF YOURS KILLED ALL OF WIDDY GELT'S SHEEP LAST NIGHT. I DON'T BELIEVE THAT IT'S HIS FIRST KILLING, EITHER.



YOU'RE CRAZY! I NEVER HAD A BETTER SHEEP DOG. AND BESIDES, HE SLEEPS IN THE KITCHEN EVERY NIGHT. HE NEVER GOES OUT UNTIL THE MORNING.



FATHER, I'LL SLEEP IN THE KITCHEN TONIGHT. IF MULLY HAS A WAY OF GETTING OUT, I'LL SEE IT. AND IF HE'S NOT OUT, AND SHEEP ARE KILLED, WE'LL HAVE PROOF HE DIDN'T DO IT.



THAT NIGHT HULDAH STRETCHED HERSELF ON THE SETTEE AND WULLY LAY DOWN AS USUAL UNDER THE TABLE.



AS THE NIGHT WORE ON, THE DOG BECAME RESTLESS.



FINALLY HE AROSE AND WENT OVER TO THE GIRL.



FEIGNING SLEEP, SHE MADE NO MOVE WHEN HE NUDGED HER GENTLY.



WULLY THEN SPRANG TO THE TABLE BY THE WINDOW.



**W**ITH HIS NOSE HE Pried up the sash and slipped out.



**A**MAZED, HULDAN WAITED FOR HIM TO RETURN. TWO HOURS WENT BY BEFORE WULLY SLIPPED BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.



**B**Y THE FIRE-LIGHT, HULDAN COULD SEE A WILD GLEAM IN HIS EYE AND BLOOD ON HIS JAWS AND CHEST.



**WULLY! WULLY! SO IT'S TRUE! OH, YOU TERRIBLE BRUTE!**



**H**E COVERED UNDER HER GAZE AND CRAWLED TO HER AS IF TO LICK HER FEET.



**THEN, WITHOUT A SOUND, HE SPRANG FOR HER THROAT.**

FATHER! HELP! HELP!



**DORLEY RUSHED INTO THE ROOM AND WULLY SPRANG STRAIGHT AT HIM.**



**A BLOW FROM A FASOP-HOOK SENT WULLY TO THE FLOOR.**



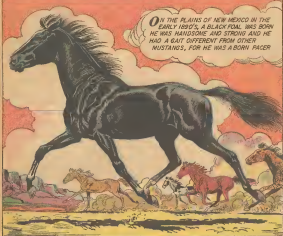
**A SECOND BLOW STRETCHED HIM LIFELESS ON THE HEARTHSTONE WHERE SO LONG HE HAD BEEN A FAITHFUL AND HONORED RETAINER.**





# The PACING MUSTANG

ON THE PLAINS OF NEW MEXICO IN THE EARLY 1890'S, A BLACK FOAL WAS BORN. HE WAS HANDSOME AND STRONG AND HE HAD A GAIT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MUSTANGS, FOR HE WAS A BORN PACER.



ONE DAY A COWBOY NAMED JO GALONE SPOTTED HIM.

LOOK AT THAT! THE BLACK ONE DOESN'T GALLOP, HE PACES!



JO RODE TOWARD THE HORSES, WHO GALLOPED OFF.

HE'S LEADING THE BUNCH AND NEVER BREAKING HIS GAIT. I'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE THAT HORSE!



BUT IT WAS A WHILE BEFORE JO WAS ABLE TO GO AFTER THE BLACK MUSTANG, WHO BY THEN WAS THE LEADER OF A HERD OF WILD HORSES.

HOW DO YOU AIM TO GET HIM, JO?

I FIGURE I CAN'T OUTFRISK HIM, SO I'LL WALK HIM DOWN.



JO GOT TOGETHER TWENTY GOOD SADDLE HORSES AND A MESS WAGON. WITH HIS "PARD" CHARLEY AND TOM TURKEYTRACK, A COOK, HE SET OUT FOR ANTELOPE SPRINGS, WHERE THE HERD WATERED.

I'LL TRAIL THEM FIRST YOU CAN TAKE OVER WHEN I SIGNAL



THEY SIGHTED THE HORSES, AND JO ROSE QUIETLY FORWARD.



THE FACIER TOOK ALARM AND LED HIS BAND OUT OF SIGHT.



JO FOLLOWED. WHEN HE ONCE MORE SIGHTED THEM, HE QUIETLY WALKED HIS HORSE TOWARD THEM.



AS THE HERD GALLOPED OFF, JO TOOK A SHORT CUT WHICH AGAIN BROUGHT HIM NEAR.



**F**OR FIVE DAYS JO AND HIS PARTNERS KEPT UP THE SLOW CHASE. FINALLY . . .

THEY'RE EXHAUSTED. IT SHOULD BE EASY TO ROPE AND HOBBLE THEM NOW.



YES, ALL BUT THE PACER, HE LOOKS AS FRESH AS HE DID WHEN WE STARTED.



I'LL CATCH HIM NOW. YOU'LL SEE.



**J**O MOUNTED HIS FASTEST HORSE AND SET OUT AT A GALLOP TO CATCH THE BLACK MUSTANG.



**B**UT THE PACER WHIRLED OFF AND, THOUGH PUSHED TO THE UTMOST, JO'S HORSE COULD NOT CATCH HIM.



**OLD TOM TURKEYTRACK MADE THE NEXT ATTEMPT TO CATCH THE PACER.**

HE USUALLY COMES TO DRINK BY THIS TRAIL... IF I DUG A PIT



**HE DUG A DEEP HOLE AND CAREFULLY CONCEALED IT. THEN HE HID AND WAITED.**



**ABOUT NOON THE PACER CAME, BUT INSTEAD OF TAKING HIS USUAL TRAIL, HE CHOSE ANOTHER.**



**AS HE DRANK, TOM STOOD UP AND FIRED INTO THE GROUND BEHIND HIM.**

IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE.



**AWAY WENT THE PACER, STRAIGHT TOWARD THE TRAP.**



**BUT SOME INCOMPREHENSIBLE THING BLINNED HIM, AND WITH A LIGHTY BOUND HE CLEARED THE TREACHEROUS GROUND AND WHIRLED AWAY UNHARMED.**



THEN JO CALDINE MADE ANOTHER TRY-- THIS TIME USING THE RELAY CHASE. FIVE MEN AND TWENTY GOOD HORSES WERE STATIONED 50 AS TO COVER ALL POINTS THE PACER MIGHT PASS.



JO SIGHTED THE BLACK STALLION AND THE RACE BEGAN.



AS ONE HORSE AND RIDER WERE EXHAUSTED, ANOTHER CONTINUED THE CHASE.



ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT THE PACER FLED BEFORE HIS PURSUERS.



THE NEXT MORNING JO CAME SADLY BACK TO CAMP.

EIGHT HORSES DEAD, FIVE MEN WORN OUT, AND THE PACER IS STILL SAFE AND FREE.



SOON OLD TOM TURKEYTRACK HAD ANOTHER IDEA. HE GOT ON HIS MARE AND SET OUT FOR ANTELOPE SPRINGS.



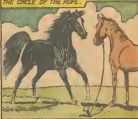
THERE HE TETHERED THE MARE AND DUG A HOLE TO HIDE IN. BETWEEN THE TWO HE SPREAD HIS OPEN LASSO, WHICH HE COVERED WITH DUST AND GRASS.



THEN HE WENT INTO THE HIDING PLACE TO WAIT. ABOUT NOON THE BLACK MUSTANGS CAME.



HE PINNACED UP TO THE MARE AND, FOR A MOMENT, HIS HIND LEGS STOOD WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF THE ROPE.



TOM TURKEYTRACK GAVE IT A DEFT TWITCH, AND THE STALLION WAS CAUGHT.



**S**IGHTING WITH TERROR, THE STALLION BOUNDED INTO THE AIR. BUT THE MAN GOT ANOTHER LASSO OVER HIM AND SOON THE RAGING HORSE WAS HELPLESS ON THE GROUND.



**S**TROUGHLY HOBBOLED, HE WAS ALLOWED TO STAND. TOM TURKEYTRACK STARTED TO DRIVE HIM TO THE RANCH, BUT THE HORSE WOULD NOT DRIVE. AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH MAD BOUNDS, HE TRIED TO GET AWAY.



**T**HEN, WITH HIS LAST STRENGTH, HE MADE FOR THE TOP OF A CLIFF.



**T**HERE HE SPRANG INTO THE VACANT AIR TO LAND UPON THE ROCKS BELOW -- LIFELESS, BUT FREE.



THE END

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## ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



**E**RNEST Thompson Seton was born in South Shields, Durham, England, on August 14, 1860. His real name was Ernest Seton Thompson but soon after he began to write, he transposed the last two names.

He was reared and received his early education in Canada. He attended the Ontario Art School and later was a student at the Royal Academy in London, England. He also studied art in Paris.

Seton arrived in New York in 1893 with ninety cents in his pocket and a portfolio filled with ideas. His first and greatest success came in 1898, with the publication of *Wild Animals I Have Known*. This book was soon followed by others dealing with wildlife.

Seton believed that the average boy should know something about outdoor life in order to become a good citizen. In 1902, he organized the Woodcraft Indians. Eight years later, he helped form the Boy Scouts of America. He was chief scout from 1910 to 1916. He wrote the first handbooks for both of these organizations.

Seton felt strongly about animals and people. At the beginning of *Wild Animals I Have Known* he wrote a note to the reader which reads in part...

"Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals in this book were all real animals. They lived the lives I have depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly by far than it has ever been in the power of my pen to tell...

"The fact that these stories are true is the reason why all are tragic. The life of a wild animal always has a tragic end.

"Such a collection of histories naturally suggests a common thought—a moral it would have been called in the last century. No doubt each different mind will find emphasized a moral as old as Scripture—we and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of, the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share..."

Ernest Thompson Seton died on October 23, 1946, in New Mexico, where his last years were devoted to the conservation of American Indian lore.

Books written by Seton include *Biography of a Grizzly*, *Lives of the Hunted*, *Wild Animals at Home* and *Wild Animal Ways*.



# NOAH AND HIS ARK

*This is part of the story of Noah and his ark, as it is told in the book of Genesis in the Bible.*

And Lamech... begot a son:

And he called his name Noah, saying, This name shall bring us comfort...

And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh:...

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

And it repented the Lord that He had made man on earth, and it grieved Him at His heart.

And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord...

And God said unto Noah... Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch...

And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.

But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee.

And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female...

Thus did Noah according to all that God commanded him...

And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth...

And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights...

And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man:...

And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged;

The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained;

And the waters returned from off the earth continually; and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated...

And Noah sent forth the dove out of the ark;

And the dove came to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth...

Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark...

And the Lord said in His heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake... neither will I again unite any more every thing living, as I have done.

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

## BOLD ADVENTURERS

**F**RANCISCO PIZARRO was a bold Spanish adventurer who was fascinated by stories he had heard of enormous wealth to be found on the western coast of South America. In 1524, he led an expedition which set sail for the continent. When he saw his first Peruvian city, he was overwhelmed by its wealth and splendor. He returned to Spain and the king appointed him governor of Peru. On his second voyage to South America, he was accompanied by his brother Gonzalo.

Gonzalo was a bold soldier of fortune. When he arrived in South America, he learned from the Indians of a great and rich country toward the east. He decided to go on an expedition in order to find this country and claim it for Spain. He was joined by another adventurer named Francisco de Orellana. The expedition was a large one, made up of Spaniards and Indians.

In order for the expedition to reach the east, it first had to cross the Andes mountains. After a long and hazardous journey, the men reached their destination, but there was no wealth or splendor. None had ever existed.

The trip had been long and fruitless, and the men were weary and sick. Their food was practically gone. It was finally agreed that Francisco de Orellana should go downstream with part of the company in search of food and provisions. Orellana took fifty men and went down the Napo, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon river.

Many months passed and Orellana did not return. Pizarro's men were starving and many of them died. Detachments of men were sent out to look for Orellana but they all returned without any word. Finally, Pizarro decided to take the rest of the expedition and proceed in hopes of finding a place where they could get supplies. On this trek they came upon a feroce-stricken Spanish cavalier alone in the woods. He knew what had happened to Orellana and told the story

to Pizarro and his men.

Orellana had gone down the Napo and reached the point where it met the Amazon river in less than three days. But he found no place where he could gather supplies. He barely had enough for himself and his men to live on. He soon discovered that it was impossible for him to return to Pizarro against the strong current of the Amazon. When he knew this, he made other plans.

He decided to launch his vessel on the Amazon and descend to its mouth. He would then visit the rich nations that supposedly lined its borders and return to Spain to claim the glory of discovery.

Many times Orellana's vessel was almost battered to pieces in the furious rapids of the Amazon. He was in even greater danger of being killed by warlike tribes that bordered the river. When he finally emerged from the Amazon he found many rich lands. Then Orellana decided to head for Spain and claim the lands he had discovered.

The man who related this story to Pizarro had been one of Orellana's party who had been abandoned after an argument and left to die of hunger. What the Spanish cavalier did not know was that in Spain, Orellana obtained a commission to conquer and colonize the lands he had discovered, but he died before he was able to accomplish his mission. The lands fell to Portugal. Francisco de Orellana was the first man to navigate the entire length of the Amazon, which made him the first person to cross the South American continent.

Pizarro and his men headed home. Their only food along the way was shrubs, grass and herbs. Many of the men died of starvation, disease and exposure and many were abandoned. Eventually, the expedition reached home, without the wealth or glory of which the men had dreamed.

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