







WOLVES AND FOXES.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WOLF.....	7
HABITS OF THE WOLF—EATS EVERY- THING—WOLVES GO IN PACKS—EAT QUICKLY—SEVERAL KINDS—“SCARE WOLVES”—HOW A TRAVELER ES- CAPED FROM WOLVES.....	7
WOLVES AND BEARS	15
THE WOLF THAT PLAYED HE WAS DEAD	18
THE TAME WOLF.....	21
WOLVES IN A TRAP.....	24
THE SAVAGE GRAY WOLF.....	28
RED WOLF AND THE HUNTER'S SUPPER	32
THE FOX.....	36
SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOX.....	36
FOXES THAT COULD NOT BE CAUGHT.....	39
THE WONDERFUL FOX.....	45
HOW A FOX WAS CAUGHT BY A LIMPET.	50
THE TAME FOX.....	52
FOX AND GEESE.....	56
THE FOX AND THE PARTRIDGE.....	61

WOLVES AND FOXES.

THE WOLF.

HIS HABITS.



HE wolf is one of the most snappish, cross, and ugly creatures living. He has large and heavy jaws, and sharp and strong teeth. He does not take hold, and hold on as many other

animals do, but he bites with a fierce snap of his cruel jaws, and then lets go and bites again, each time driving his teeth deep into the flesh of his prey.

Wolves will eat almost anything they can get hold of. They will eat a man up if they get a chance, which they sometimes do. They also attack horses, buffaloes, and deer. When they cannot do any better they eat frogs, lizards, and insects, and sometimes they eat some of their own kind. If a wolf is sick, or weak, or wounded, the rest fall on him and soon eat him up.

Wolves hunt together in large

numbers that are called packs. When they are running after an animal, one or two of them follow right on his track, while the others go on either side, so that if the animal they are after turns to the right or to the left he is sure to be caught. No matter how fast he runs, the wolves are sure to get him. He may run faster than they, and even get out of their sight; but if once they are on his track they keep on until they tire him out. 96

When they come up to their prey they make short work of eating. The whole pack, or as

many of them as can, get on the poor animal and tear him in pieces with their sharp teeth, and eat him up. In a few minutes there is nothing left but the bones.

Their sharp teeth will go through almost anything. They can eat the toughest hide of an animal, and have been known to tear in pieces thick and strong leather harness and eat it all. How would you like to have such teeth? You would never then complain of tough beef steak.

There are several kinds of wolves, but they are all alike in

their fierceness. Some have gray fur sprinkled with black hairs, while others are nearly all black.

Though the wolf is very bold, he is also sometimes very cautious, and easily frightened by strange objects. If a hunter should leave unwatched any animal he has killed, the wolves would soon eat it. But if he puts any strange thing near it, the wolves will keep away.

You have seen "scare-crows" that are put in a corn-field to keep the crows away. If the crows see an old hat and coat on a stick they are afraid to come near the corn. It is in a way

like this that the "scare-wolf" is made.

When the hunter has killed any game that he wants to leave in the woods all night, he puts a stick or two in the ground near his game, and on the stick a piece of rag that will flutter in the wind. The wolves scent the game after a while, and come running up to eat it. But when they see this strange-looking thing, they are frightened and keep out of the way. *x 3 1/2*

It is no uncommon thing for hungry wolves to follow travelers a long distance. If they cannot by some means be kept off, they

will jump on the poor traveler and eat him. If he has good fast horses he may get away from the wolves, if he has not too far to go. But if he is in a place where it is a long distance to a house or a village, the wolves will get up to him when his horses are tired.)

Travelers have sometimes been saved by throwing out something to scare the wolves. A piece of rope dangling behind the carriage or sleigh, or dragging on the ground, will often frighten them off. When they come too near, the traveler throws something at them. They stop a

moment, and when they find that the strange thing does not hurt them, they come on again. Then something else must be thrown out.

A traveler was once chased by wolves, and as they came snapping their jaws, and showing their white teeth around his sleigh, he threw something among them, which frightened them for a moment. But they soon came on again, and he had to try something else. Thus he kept on until he had thrown out of his sleigh almost everything in it, and a good part of his clothes. By thus scaring the

wolves a few moments at a time, he made out to reach a place of safety.

WOLVES AND BEARS.

Wolves will sometimes attack bears. A party of gentlemen was out one day hunting a bear. The bear was not in sight, but their dog seemed to be on his track, for he ran ahead barking and yelping, and they hurried after. Suddenly a pack of wolves came rushing through the woods, and, pouncing on the dog, soon left nothing but his bones.

They then scented the bear and went on his track. After a

while they came up with him, and then there was a great fight. The bear struck at them with his sharp claws and killed several of them. The rest snapped away at him, and bit him very severely, but finally had to go away without killing him.

When the hunters came up to the spot the bear and the wolves were all gone, but the ground was covered with bear-fur and wolf-fur mixed together, while little pools of blood and several dead wolves showed what a great battle there had been.

A few days after this these hunters killed a large bear, which

had been severely bitten in many places. It was no doubt the same bear which had fought the wolves. When the hunters took his skin off, there were so many holes in it, made by the teeth of the wolves, that they threw it away as good for nothing.

At another time some wolves followed a bear and attacked him. He stood on his hind feet, with his back against a tree, and fought them for a long time. At last some of the wolves crept behind the tree, and while the rest were fighting him in front, they bit at him on either side.

They would no doubt have

killed him had not some hunters come in sight. On their approach, as they fired their guns, the wolves went one way and the bear the other.

THE WOLF THAT PLAYED HE
WAS DEAD.

There are many wild animals which, when they fall into the hands of hunters and know that they cannot get away, will try to make the hunters believe they are dead. They shut their eyes and lie stretched out at full length, and do not make the least motion with any part of their body. Then, if the men who

caught them think they are dead, and let them alone for a little while, they suddenly jump up and run away.

A wolf was once caught in a trap. When the hunters came to the trap and saw the wolf, he seemed to be dead. They picked him up, and one of them slung him over his shoulder, and took him on board a ship to which they belonged, and which was not far off.

After they got him on board, the captain thought he saw something about him that looked like life. He passed several objects quickly before his eyes, and he

noticed that the wolf winked his eyes a little. A rope was then tied to his hind legs, and he was hung up in the rigging of the ship with his head downward. When he found himself thus dangling in the air, he came to life very soon. He opened his eyes, and looked about him. He opened his jaws, and snapped at everything near him. He tried very hard to bite some of the men who were standing by. He also tried to curl himself up and bite the rope in two by which he was hung.

Everybody laughed to find the dead wolf come to life. The

captain said he was so fierce he must surely be killed. So the sailors hit him on the head with clubs a good many times; but there was so much life in him that they could not kill him in that way. Then one of them took a bayonet and thrust it in his throat, and killed him.

THE TAME WOLF.

Wild as the wolf is, he can be tamed with proper care if he is taken when young. He can be taught to follow his master like a dog, and to do everything he is told to do. He will also learn to love his master, and

every one else who is kind to him.

A gentleman once trained two young wolves until they were fully grown. They followed him everywhere just like dogs. One of them one day seized a hen, and would have killed it had not his master come up just in time to save its life. The man gave the wolf a good whipping, which he never forgot.

The other one behaved better. She played with her master, and licked his hands, and often went into the sleigh with him when he rode out. He gave her the name of Tussa.

One day he came home after a short absence and his wolf was gone. She had broken her chain while he was away, and had gone off and stayed three days. When he found this out he went to the top of a hill not far off and called out as loud as he could,

“Tussa! Tussa! Where is my Tussa? Come here, Tussa, come here!”

After a little while she heard him, and came running from a wood near by. She ran up to her master wagging her tail.

She licked his hands, and jumped up on him, and seemed

very glad to see him. She behaved very much like a dog.

WOLVES IN A TRAP.

Though the wolf is very savage while running loose in the woods, as soon as he is caught in a trap he becomes quiet, and often acts like a coward. Sometimes he lets the hunter drag him out and lay him on the ground, while the trap is set for another wolf.

Once a deep pit was dug as a trap for a wolf. In the evening a poor woman, who was going home from her work, unfortunately fell into it, and could not get out. She had to stay there

all night. Some time during the night a wolf also fell in, and he could not get out. The poor woman was very much frightened when she found herself in the wolf-trap, and knew she must wait until some one helped her out. But she was still more frightened when she found a wolf come tumbling in. She expected to be eaten up.

But the wolf was about as much scared as she was, and lay there all night as quiet as a lamb. In the morning a man passing by that way heard the woman call, and helped her out. He then went to his house,

and got his gun and shot the wolf.

A gentleman once visited a farmer in a part of the country where there were a great many wolves. They were very troublesome, coming into the barnyards, and killing lambs, and calves, and chickens. The farmers all tried to catch and to kill as many as they could. At the very time this gentleman visited his friend, some of the neighbors had got ready to make a big wolf-trap, and he, of course, wanted to see it.

He went out with the farmers and saw the trap made. It was

a large pit, broader at the bottom than at the top. Across the top was a thick stick or pole, and on this was fastened a plank, which nearly covered the top of the trap. On one end of this plank was a piece of venison, and on the other a stone.

The way the trap was meant to work was this: The wolf would come to the venison, and just as he got on the plank to eat it, the plank would turn, and down he would go into the pit. The weight of the stone at the other end would bring the plank up again, ready baited for another wolf.

After getting the trap all fixed they went home. The next morning they came back to the trap and there were three big wolves, two of them black, and one of them gray. They had stepped on the plank to get the venison, and down they went. They seemed to be very much frightened, and let the farmer get down into the pit and fasten their legs. They did not offer to hurt him.

THE SAVAGE GRAY WOLF.

An officer of the American army was one day riding over a prairie. He had a fast horse,

and there were with him four or five very ⁺fast, and brave, and strong dogs. One of these dogs was a great pet with him, and was named Cleon. He was a fine, large, black dog.

As the officer was riding by a clump of big bushes, a very large gray wolf suddenly sprang from them and ran across the prairie. The dogs started after him, and the officer rode as fast as he could. He wanted to have his dogs kill the wolf if possible. He could not do it himself, for he had no rifle, nor even a pistol with him.

In a little while the dogs

overtook the wolf, and a great fight began. The wolf was very savage, and hurt several of the dogs very much. Old Cleon sprang at him. The wolf opened his great jaws, and snapping them over the dog's head, held him fast. His master was very sorry to see this, but he had nothing with him by which he could kill the wolf. Poor Cleon was in a very bad way.

Then the officer, seeing that the wolf was likely to kill his dog, got off his horse, and went up to the wolf and caught him fast by his hind leg. The wolf instantly let go of the dog, and,

before the officer could let go of him, he caught the officer by his leg, holding it as fast in his jaws as he had just held the dog's head. He bit it very much, making a great wound in it.

Cleon, seeing this, made a spring, and seized the savage wolf by his throat, and would not let go. The wolf then let go his hold of the officer, and left him bleeding. Just at this time an Indian boy came up, and the officer called to him to help. They took the bridle off the horse, got it around the wolf's neck, while Cleon held him fast, and then pulled

it tight until they choked him to death.

THE RED WOLF, AND THE
HUNTER'S SUPPER.

A hunter was once out on horseback, to see what he could shoot for supper. By and by he saw a fine deer. He got up as near to him as he could, and fired his gun. Down came the deer, and the hunter took off his skin. He then cut a large piece of the deer, wrapped it up in the skin, and tied it on his saddle and rode away.

When the day was nearly gone he looked for a good place

where he might sleep, for he was a long distance from any houses or people, and had to sleep out of doors. He did not mind that, for he was used to it. But he wanted some supper before he went to sleep, and that was the reason he had shot the deer.

He made a fire of some dry chips, and leaves, and sticks he found, and then fastened the meat on some strong sticks right over the fire. It was not as nice a way to cook it as might be found in a kitchen with a good stove, but it was the best he could do, and he was hungry

enough to be ready to eat almost anything.

While his supper was cooking, he set to work to clean his horse, for the noble animal had carried him a good many miles, and needed all the care he could give him. As he was cleaning his horse, and thinking what a nice supper he would soon have, he heard a crackling sound, as of some animal stepping on twigs and breaking them.

He turned, and there he saw a red wolf snatching his meat from the fire. He instantly got his pistol, and fired at the wolf just as he got out of sight in the

darkness of the evening. So the poor hungry hunter had to go to bed without any supper.

The next morning he awoke hungry enough. As he was getting ready to mount his horse, and go off without any breakfast, he saw something lying on the ground a little distance off, and on going up to it he found the red wolf dead and his half-cooked meat close by him. The bullet he fired from his pistol had killed him. Thus the hunter had gone to bed hungry, and slept all night, close by his supper without knowing it. Was it not provoking?

THE FOX.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOX.

The fox is one of the most cunning animals known. It is hard work to catch one either by dogs or in a trap. Foxes seem to know whenever a trap is set for them, no matter how skillfully it is put out of sight.

Foxes are of different colors, but mostly red, with a sprinkling of black and white hairs. Sometimes they are found of a pale yellow, and sometimes gray. One sort, which lives away up in the cold regions of the north, is

of a bluish-gray color in the summer, and beautifully white in the winter.

Foxes live in burrows, which they scoop out of the earth with their strong paws. They make long, winding passages under ground among the roots of large trees, or between heavy stones. At the end of these passages the nests are made, and here the foxes have their homes.

There is a very singular and a very strong smell coming from a fox. It is by means of this that dogs can chase foxes. The dogs run with their noses close to the ground, and they thus

smell out every spot where a fox has trodden. The foxes know this as well as the dogs, and try every means they can to keep the dogs from finding them.

A fox that is followed by the dogs will sometimes come back on the track he has made, and then jump a long distance on one side and run off. The dogs come up, and smell the track until they come to the place where the fox turned back, when they are puzzled to know which way he has gone. They run back and forth, trying to get the scent again, and while they are doing this the fox runs far away.

FOXES THAT COULD NOT BE
CAUGHT.

Some hunters were one day following a fox with their dogs. The dogs tracked him through the woods, and across the plain, and over the hills, until they came to a very steep hill. They started up the hill at full speed, and ran down on the other side to the bottom, but they found no fox. He had slyly hidden himself close to the ground, just over the crest of the hill. The dogs ran up the hill and over the top so fast that they passed the spot where he was hidden,

and before they could get back he had escaped.

Another fox was chased by dogs and hunters a good many times without being caught. They could track him up a very high hill, the top of which was the edge of a precipice. A precipice is the side of a hill that is so steep it is almost like a wall, straight up and down. When they got to the edge of this precipice the dogs could no longer smell the fox's track.

He had gone, but where had he gone? He could not have gone down this precipice, for it was too steep for him to walk

down, and too deep to jump, it being several hundred feet to the bottom. Yet every time the dogs chased this fox he came to the top of the hill and then suddenly disappeared. A few days after the dogs would find him in the woods several miles away, but they could not catch him.

One of the hunters thought he would study out this matter and try to find the fox's secret. So he hid himself near the edge of this hill one day when the dogs were chasing the fox, and waited for him to come. By and by the fox came and looked over the edge. He then let himself down

by his claws to a little shelf of rock about ten feet down the hill-side, and went into a hollow place where the man could not see him.

It was very plain now how the fox had got away from the dogs. But how could he get back from his hiding-place? He got down there easily enough, but he surely could not climb back again. One of the hunters said he meant to find out all about it. He would go down himself and see where the cunning old fox had gone.

He could not climb down to the narrow rock as the fox had

done. So the others got a stout rope, and tied it around his body just under his arms, and let him down. He first got on the ground and put his feet over the edge, and then let himself hang a moment by his hands, when he let go of the edge of the cliff, and took hold of the rope with both hands. His friends held on as tightly as they could, for he was now dangling in the air, and if the rope had broken, or they had lost their hold, he would have fallen to the bottom and been dashed to pieces.

He soon felt his foot touching the rocky shelf where he had

seen the fox go, and found that there was a wide gap or crack in the rock. He went into this, and found behind it a little cave, but he could not find any fox. On looking closely he saw that there was a hole at the other end of the cave, leading to the top of the ground, and through this the fox got out when he wanted to.

He might have gone in that way, but if he had the dogs could have smelled his track, and followed him into the cave. As it was they could only follow him to the edge of the hill, and there had to give up the search.

THE WONDERFUL FOX.

There was once a gray fox that puzzled the hunters for a long time. It was a very easy matter to find him on almost any morning of the year by sending dogs into a large field, near which he must have had his burrow. They would soon start him from the briars and bushes, and set him running, but they never could catch him.

Fox-hunters from different neighborhoods heard about this wonderful fox and brought their dogs. They had no trouble in seeing him, but that was all.

They could track him always to one spot, the corner of an old field, but they never found him there, though it was certain he had been there. How did he get away, and where had he gone? Nobody knew, and nobody could guess.

This wonderful fox became quite famous for many miles around. Every one talked about him. The dogs seemed to be ashamed of themselves to think they could not find him. They did not care any more to run after him.

At last, one day, one of the hunters hid himself near the

corner of the field where the fox usually disappeared, and waited to see what became of him. In a little while he heard the dogs yelping, and knew the fox must be getting near. Soon he came in sight. When he reached the corner of the field he jumped to the top of the rail fence, and walked along it for some distance.

There was in the field, about twelve or fifteen feet from the fence, an old dead tree. When the fox got opposite to this tree he made a spring, and lighted on a large knot which was on one side of the trunk. He then ran

up the trunk until he came to a hollow place in the tree, when he went in and hid himself. The dogs soon came up, but, of course could not find the fox.

The man who found this out thought that this fox was too cunning to be killed, so he kept the secret to himself. The fox continued to puzzle dogs and hunters for a long time afterward, until another man thought he would watch. He found out the secret, and being less merciful than the first man, he cut down the tree, and took the wonderful fox prisoner.

HOW A FOX WAS CAUGHT BY A
LIMPET.

A limpet is a curious little creature that has a shell on its back, and lives like oysters, in the water and among the rocks. Limpets fasten themselves to the rock in such a way that it is very hard to get them off. Sometimes they raise the shell from the rock, and then if any one is quick enough, they may be suddenly taken off.

They are very good to eat. Men eat them, and so do the large sea-birds when they can get them. These birds watch

until the limpet raises its shell, when they quickly put in the sharp beak, and get it off the rocks.

A fox went one day to the shore to see what he could find to eat. He watched by a rock while the tide was down, until he saw a limpet gently raise its shell from the rock. He then put his tongue in under the shell to get the inside out. No doubt he meant to get a nice morsel for dinner. But, just as he was about to get the inside of the limpet out, down came the shell close to the rock, and held him fast by his tongue. Here was a

bad state of things. Instead of catching the limpet, the limpet had caught him ; and, what was worse, held on to him, and would not let him go.

The poor fox tried hard to get away. He tried to break the shell with his jaw, but he could not get it fairly between his teeth, because his tongue was in the way. He tried to push it off with his paw, but he might as well have tried to push the rock over. He yelped and cried out with the pain, but it did no good. The limpet held him fast. Soon the tide began to rise. The fox felt the water touching

his hind feet, as they stood upon the sand. It rose higher and higher. It covered his body and took him off his feet. Still the limpet held on. He wasn't afraid of being drowned. He could live as well in the water as out of it. But the poor fox could not. The water at last came up to his mouth and covered him, and he was drowned.

THE TAME FOX.

Foxes are often tamed, but they are then just as full of tricks as when they are wild. A tame fox was once kept in a stable-yard, where he became

very friendly with the dogs, but could not get any of the cats to come near him. They did not like his strong smell.

He soon found this out, and managed by means of it to cheat the cats out of their supper. Every day the servant poured out in a saucer some nice sweet milk for the cats. Now the fox was as fond of milk as the cats, but did not get it quite so often. As they would not give it to him he stole it. It might do for a fox to steal what he could not get otherwise, but it would not do for you and me.

One day, as soon as the serv-

ant poured out the milk for the cats, the fox walked round and round the saucer until the servant got out of the way. The cats would not come anywhere where the fox was, nor would they touch anything he had touched. So he got their milk every day, until the servant found him out, when the milk was put where he could not get it, but where the cats could.

After this he tried another plan. One day as the milkmaid passed him in the barn-yard, he rubbed himself against the milk-pail and tainted the milk with a

strong foxy smell. Of course the milkmaid soon found that the milk was unfit to be used in the house, and, not thinking that the fox had done it purposely, she gave it all to him. This was just what he wanted.

But he tried this trick so often that the milkmaid found him out, and then she gave the foxy milk to the pigs. When the fox saw that he only helped to feed the pigs, he did not care any more to rub himself against the milk-pail.

He sometimes cheated the dogs out of their dinner. He hated the sight of ragged beg-

gars, and always drove them from the door. The horses did not like him, and whenever he came into the stable they became very uneasy, and could not be quieted until he went out.

FOX AND GEESE.

A gentleman was once walking near the bank of a river where some geese were swimming. Presently he heard a great noise among the geese, and saw them flap their wings and go off, gabbling as loud as they could, all except one, which suddenly went under water.

In a moment more he saw a

fox come out of the water, holding a goose by the neck. He had gone quietly in, swimming under water with nothing above it but the tip of his nose. Thus he paddled along until he came up to the geese, when he suddenly seized one in his strong jaws and swam to the shore.

By the time he got to the shore the goose was dead. It was either choked by the fox, or drowned by the water. The fox went to a place under the shadow of a rock, where he scooped a hole in the soft ground and buried the dead

goose, covering the body with leaves.

He then went into the water again and swam as before, and tried to get another goose; but this time the geese were wide awake and watching for him, so that he did not get any more. He only frightened them off.

When he came to the shore he trotted off into the woods. What he went for, or why he left his buried goose, the gentleman did not then know, though he found out afterward. As soon as he was out of sight the man went to the spot where the goose was, took it out of the leaves, and put

it in his basket, and started off with it.

He had not gone far before he heard a noise, and on looking around he saw the fox coming out of the woods and bringing another one with him. No doubt he had gone to ask him to dinner. He had told him in the fox language, whatever that may be, that he had killed a goose, and they would both get a nice dinner.

So these two foxes came gayly on, as happy as foxes could be. They jumped high up in the air, they swung their great bushy tails on high, they smacked their

lips, and playfully patted each other with their paws. Soon they came to the place where the fox had left the goose, but no goose was there. There was the hole, and there were the leaves, but where was the goose?

The first fox now looked very mean, as if he had been caught in a trick. His tail fell until it touched the ground. He hung his head, and shyed away from the other one. The second fox, which he had asked to dinner, looked at him for a moment, and then went up to him and boxed his ears, and gave him a good beating for having cheated him.

But, poor fellow! it was he himself that had been cheated. That was an unfortunate day for him. He lost his dinner, and got a beating in place of it.

THE FOX AND THE PARTRIDGE.

A man who was out hunting once spied a gray fox moving slowly along in the tall grass. The gentleman thought he would not shoot the fox until he had seen what he was about, for he suspected from his motions that he was up to some mischief. He thus had a fine chance to see how foxes hunt. They have no guns or pistols, yet they can

catch birds more easily than some men who have a gun to shoot with.

The cunning fox was moving against the wind; that is, the wind was blowing in his face as he went along. In this way he could tell if there were any animals ahead of him, for the wind would carry their smell to his nose. After a while he stopped, and squatted on his haunches. No doubt he began to get the scent of something.

Now he moved on very slowly, holding his nose up very high, and wagging his head from side to side. After going on in this

way for some time, he stopped, and pointed his nose right toward a clump of grass which was not far from him. He stayed perfectly still for a moment or two, steadily looking into the grass. Then he made a sudden spring, and instantly there was a whirring and fluttering sound of birds. A partridge and some of her brood flew out of the grass, and the next moment the fox appeared, holding in his mouth a plump partridge, which was struggling for its life. But it was of no use. Mr. Fox had him by the neck, and soon killed him and ate him for his supper.

Many other stories might be told of the cunning of the fox if there was room for them in this little book. A fox was once known to drive another fox out of his hole when he himself was chased by dogs and was getting tired. Thus the second fox was followed by the dogs, while the first one went into his hole and stayed there until the dogs had passed.

THE END.

