

# A PAIR OF WOLVERINES.

## THE STRANGE BEASTS IN THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

### The Terror of Trappers—Some Natural History—Fight Worse Than a Grizzly Bear—How This Pair of Rare Animals Was Obtained and How They Live.

Superintendent Brown, of the Zoological garden, is happy. Head Keeper Byrnes is radiant and every under keeper reflects the happiness and cheerfulness of their superiors. A pair of wolverines has been received at the garden and bid fair to live, grow and otherwise conduct themselves as well regulated wolverines should.

A visit to the garden brought forth a most interesting talk from Head Keeper Byrnes, which was supplemented by a long and accurate scientific description of the gulo luscus, as this animal is called.

What is particularly gratifying is the fact that this pair, now in possession of the Philadelphia Zoological garden, is the only pair known to be in captivity, and for that matter no other garden has even a single specimen.

### SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

The animal belongs to the badger family and is extremely shy and retiring in disposition. It is a habitant of the entire northern hemisphere and is not very plentiful in any locality. It has been known to zoologists for a long time, yet about it have been related more marvelous tales than even of the salamander or chameleon.

All over the world where it is found native hunters tell incredible tales of its ferocity and voracity. As far back as 1562 Olaf Magnus, a Scandinavian writer, mentions the wolverine and tells how, after gorging itself with food, it will try to squeeze itself between two closely growing trees to enable it to digest its meals, after which it will again return to devour more.

Every district nearly gives it a name and it is indiscriminately called the Indian devil, the glutton, the quick hatch, the carcajon.

Linnaeus describes the animal under the name of the one eyed glutton, and the term one eyed is supposed to have come from the fact that the only specimen he ever saw or heard described was blind in one eye.

The western trappers give the wolverine a reputation for craftiness, cunning and general devilishness equaled by no other animal. They claim that it will fight worse than a grizzly bear. In fact, a scout of Superintendent Brown's described to him a fight between a wolverine and a she grizzly with two half grown cubs, in which the wolverine conquered its opponents, and declared that he witnessed the whole battle from a tree.

Of course the shyness and suspiciousness of the animal has much to do with these tales, but there is no doubt that it is far more powerful than one would suspect from its size, which is about that of a half grown setter dog. It is a terror to trappers from the way it will steal the bait from their traps, and if caught will fight desperately.

The little ones at the garden now have already proved their ferocity by chewing the hands of two of the keepers who imprudently handled them.

### HOW THE GARDEN GOT THEM.

How the Zoo obtained the specimens it now has is a most interesting story. A specimen was sent to the garden some ten years ago which had been caught in a trap in Idaho, and had its foot badly torn.

This was never put on exhibition, as it died about half an hour after its arrival, but it was stuffed and is now on exhibition in the superintendent's private room. Some six years ago as superintendent Brown was returning from a hunting trip in the west, he stopped in a furrier's in Chicago, where he saw a wolverine's skin. One word led to another, and he made arrangements with the firm that if they heard of any live ones being captured to notify him.

The other day he received a telegram stating that the father and mother having both been shot he could obtain a pair of young wolverines if he desired them.

To receive such news was to a man of his energy and decision equivalent to having them, so in answer to his prompt reply expressing an earnest desire to get them the young animals were sent on. They arrived in excellent condition and are now occupying comfortable quarters near the aviary.

Their appetite for small birds, the food that is given them, has not as yet been anywhere near satisfied, and they seem to well deserve their popular name of glutton. In appearance at the present time they resemble a large skunk, having the same long body, long hair and short legs.

They have a habit of sitting up on their hunches and shading their eyes with one paw whenever anything attracts their attention.

Head Keeper Byrnes says that though they haven't been with him long enough to notice their habits correctly, yet he don't believe they are half as bad as they are said to be. "Though," he added, "they did nearly chew up the hand of a careless keeper."

He is confident that he will be able to raise them successfully, and even now trots around to their cage and gazes affectionately at the pets every ten minutes or so.

Superintendent Brown explained their habits and told many tales he had heard about these beasts and seemed delighted at having found specimens of an animal no other zoological garden has, or probably will be able to get for some time to come.—Philadelphia Times.

### Used to Roughing It.

Foreign Visitor—Don't you think the United States should have a great navy, to cope with the battleships of other powers in case of war?

American—Huh! With one-half the country annually swept by floods and the other half continually being kicked up by cyclones, what would we care for a navy bombardment?—New York Weekly.

# Announcements of the Openhand.

Frequently I have expressed my pity for rich people. My pity was renewed when a gentleman said to me: "My wife and our children are to go abroad next week." "You've only just got back from Europe," I said by way of surprise and interrogation. "Yes, but my wife is just killing herself. Every morning before we sit down to breakfast there are from five to a dozen men and women at the house, telling pitiful stories of rent overdue, of hunger, and what not. My wife can't turn them away with 'No'; she has neither strength nor time to investigate each case, and she usually gives them what they want."

"But she knows that such giving is bad. She is so hemmed in by this circle of beggars that she must go to Europe. It's pretty hard," he added with a sigh; "we've been separated but little since we were married; but I don't see any other way than to close the house, and for them to go to Dresden, and for me to go to boarding."

I wanted to tell the generous man that if he and Mrs. Openhand would send the mendicants to me, I would investigate and report to them, that I could save them several thousand dollars a year and the necessity of going over the ocean to escape the cry of poverty, but I thought it would seem impertinent, and I desisted. But Mr. and Mrs. Openhand ought to have strength of will as well as generosity of heart. I know that such generous and unwise people do more to promote poverty than many a secretary of some associated charities can do to cure poverty.—Chicago Advance

# Not to Be Outdone.

Hospitality is the crowning virtue of the Turk. He would scorn to be thought behindhand in this respect when compared with any other race of men. Mr. Barkley tells a story in his "Bulgaria Before the War" which proves that the Turk will not allow himself to be outdone even by any of his countrymen.

A friend of mine was one day shooting in the vineyards at Ruskchuk, when he was stopped by an old Turk and told that trespassers were not allowed, and that he must clear off at once.

My friend turned to comply, but before leaving said in Turkish, "What manner of man are you? I have shot in these vineyards for years without a word being said to me, and today I have passed over many miles and spoken to many owners of vineyards, and you are the only one who has raised the slightest objection. The vineyard is yours, and you have the right to object to my being here, so I shall leave your ground, but I never received such treatment from an Osmanli before."

The Turk, who, up to this time, had been squatting on the ground, jumped up, and, with a marvelous display of energy, began protesting.

"My good fellow," he cried, "you shall not say so! Others have shown you hospitality, and I will not be behind them. Go where you like, eat what you like, carry away all you like, and all the vineyard is yours to do as you like with."

The Englishman thanked him, and it ended in the two squatting down and having a feast on grapes together.

# Are Women Careless of Money?

No woman, at least in America, has any such talent as a man has for spending money. She spends for what she believes to be beauty—for raiment, books, jewels, decoration, furniture, pictures, trinkets—rarely for what does her serious harm. He spends most for his vices, for the things that hurt him greatly. He is apt to speculate, to bring evil to others from his love of pleasure or of gain.

He will get rid of more money in a month than she would in years. She would, however ignorant of it, be appalled by the sums he dissipates. She is constitutionally conservative; big statements of any sort are likely to alarm her. Unless desperate or frenzied, she invariably stops short of extremes. She trembles and turns pale where he, in the flush of egotism, moves undisturbed.

Nearly all the talk of woman's carelessness of money is really idle. The opinion cannot be sustained. It is mainly the echo of misapprehension. Where she is even partially enlightened on the subject, she is prone to be very cautious in its use. Her temperamental tendency is to the opposite of carelessness.—Junius Henri Browne in Ladies' Home Journal.

# With One Arm.

"On the whole," said the one armed man, reflectively, "I am glad I lost my arm, even if I don't get a pension for it. I was never in any war in my life. I could have gone, but I did not want to do it. Isn't that good reason enough?"

"Still, I am not sorry I lost my arm. It saves me cuffs and sleeves and lots of other things you fellows have to buy. Do I miss it? Yes. But not so much as you would think. I have got used to doing without it, and I am quite happy. I was single when I lost my arm. I had just been jilted by a girl. After I got carried through the mill and maimed I paid court to another girl, and she took me as I was. Since then we have made money, and had eight healthy children."

As he spoke he reached to the top of the door and lifted himself up eight times in succession. Then he held by his little finger for two minutes and a half. There is not one man in 10,000 with two hands who can do that.—Boston Globe.

# A Problem.

A correspondent is going crazy over this problem: "Did you go to the circus?" some one inquired of him on Thursday morning. "No," he replied; "there was too much of a crowd and I hate crowds. If only one-third of the people went that go now I'd go myself."

"Yes," said the other man, "but did it never occur to you that the majority are like you are, and if only one-third as many went as go now, ten times as many would go as now? See?"

He didn't exactly see, but he caught a faint glimmer, and trying to see is what is now unsettling his mental balance.—Washington Star.

# LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

## The Pleasures of Keeping a Horse and a Cow in the Dooryard.

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, "we'll buy a cow and make our own butter! And we'll fence in the adjoining lot and keep a pony for the children! What's the use of living in the country if you don't keep a cow or a horse?"

To this outburst there came no answer save a maniac smile, for the doctor's only audience was a feeble minded woman, whom sad experience in suburban life had bereft of hope.

Perhaps she remembered the slow alienation of neighborly affection brought about by marauding fowls, and also those lurid months during which a blithe Newfoundland pup had devastated the land, but if so she made no sign. A long experience with men had taught this gentle being that the only way to get the best of men and hens is to appear to give them their own way in the start, so she smiled a slow, weird smile and consented to the insertion of an advertisement in the county paper for a superior cow and a tractable pony.

Scarcely a week had fitted by when one day there walked into the back yard a strange cavalcade. First came a dejected dwarf of a steed, whose head had evidently been designed for a Normandy draught horse, but whose legs had been sawed off short in a dream. His bust measure was all right, but he presented the general appearance of an oak that had started with the best of intentions from an acorn, but had suddenly changed its mind and decided to become a head of lettuce. There was a masterful look in his eye that bespoke decision and force, and the way his fore shortened members touched the ground was indicative of business. Behind the horse came a wrecked cow. I put it mildly when I say a wrecked cow, for she had no horns, no tail, and scarcely any hair. She had bones, however, and they showed and seemed to creak in the morning air like a week's washing frozen on the line. Back of the horse and cow strode a gigantic boy. He was evidently young, for he wore knickerbockers, but he was very large and powerful. I soon discovered he was a Swede, and neither spoke nor understood the language of the land of his adoption. He seemed resolved to leave the horse and cow. In vain I gesticulated, danced, expostulated. Sadly, yet resolutely, he cast off the leading strings from the two beasts and turned them loose in my dooryard. I followed him to the corner, and if I had had a shotgun I should probably have stained my innocent soul with boyslaughter, but he paid no attention to me and retraced his steps to the unknown country from whence he and his living menagerie had come.

I went home in tears and found the horse had regained his spirits and was chasing the cow around the yard. When he got tired of that he began to kick at the hired girl, who had gone out to the rescue of the cow, frightening the poor girl so badly that she fell in a fit upon the door sill, over which I dragged her at the risk of my own life.

After a time the horse wearied of his surroundings and started off at a tearing run down street, leaving a five barred gate as easily as a wind blown feather skims the air. Where he went I know not, for my eyes have never rested upon him since he disappeared in the direction of the lake bluff, but I am told that after a night's wandering he was taken up and returned to his owner.

Turning from the window where I had stood spellbound with delight to see the gentle beast vault through the crowd of helpless school children on their way to school, I turned my attention to the hired girl and the cow. They both seemed delirious. The former moaned something about taking the first train to town, and the latter was rubbing herself against the side of the house in a way that made the windows rattle. I went out and gave the poor thing a basin of water, which she absorbed with one loud inhalation and seemed anxious for more. The better part of the morning was spent in humanitarian service. I do not think the poor animal had tasted food since the preceding June. When the doctor came home at night he found the hired girl gone forever and the cow asleep on the garden walk like an emaciated watchdog on guard.

"Who brought that rack of bones here?" he asked.

I directed to say who I thought had a direct hand in it, but the children stood around too near, so I contented myself with a few gentle words, descriptive of the boy, the goblin pony and the cow.

Next morning the large and muscular boy came back and evidently wanted money. The doctor gave him the cow, and chased him upstreet with a hatchet, but that did not bring back the hired girl nor restore the lightness of heart of which such experiences are likely to rob an emotional nature.—Chicago Herald.

# The Fitness of Life.

"A few weeks ago," says a man returned from the west, "I was in Minneapolis. With me was a friend who himself had a friend in the city. This third person was taken suddenly ill and died in a few days, and to my friend were entrusted the arrangements for the burial. When we went together to the undertaker's to select a casket, one particularly pleased him, but there was some reason why it did not commend itself to him for his friend. Having finally chosen one, he ordered it sent up; 'but,' said he to me, as he gave the order, 'when you order one for me choose that other one.' We left the establishment and separated. So far as either of us knew he was in perfect health, but in two hours from that time I was back at the undertaker's and ordered that very coffin to be sent out for my friend. He had dropped suddenly dead on the street from heart failure. It's such a thing as this that makes a man feel eerie, isn't it?"—New York Evening Sun.

# How to Distinguish It.

"I don't like Wagner's music."  
"I inferred as much."  
"Indeed! How?"  
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