There's that Cray but sound for Now? grundled and living streak of white doubled and straightened, doubled and Jake.

straightened, along the faint line of the road and faded into the moonlight. The silence of a desert evening stretched taut to the breaking point
down the sagebrush slope and away and away over the dim reaches. Only the
brittle sound of a porcupine gnawing the bark of a stunted sine in the little
grove broke the stillness. The drooped, inert figure of a woman sat on the
cabin doorstep, her eyes following the flight of that white shadow down the
road. On the ground against a log, a chunky man sprawled. At his feet ley
a battle-scarred, old airdale, and a little way off a mild-eyed sheep dog
sat with pricked-up ears, also intent upon that soundless sea of sage. No living
thing could be out there. But yes. That hollow dearth of sound and moon
mystery veiled phantom shapes astir, for night is the play time of the desert
folk. And into that luminous stillness Flach, the white coyote had disappeared.

The air was breathless, ready to be shattered by sound or motion.

Presently two round, furry shapes with puff-balls bobbing at the rear like corks and big ears set high like sails to catch every pressure of the wind, came happing up and down, one behind the other, as softly as if the breeze were billowing them along. And two more silent sprites came to life out of the sage and hobby-horsed into the open. Half protruding from a deceptive bush, a corpulent one squatted with ears flattened back and a placid look in his round eyes. This magic meeting electrified the assemblage. One thumped a challenge with his hind feet. Another sprang into the air to his fullest height, lifted higher by the long ears, twisted in mid-air and snapped down again into a round ball with all four pads as one. So, after long hours of "freezing" close in the heat of the day till they were a very part of the sage that sheltered them, the jack-rabbits were gathering under the moon. Every bush gave up its little ghost till the desert danced and dervished.

Down in the waste sink of the valley below the rabbits' playground other forms were moving. The antelope had come in from the high mesas and rimrocks to the waterhole for their evening drink. Twice a day only did the shy prong-horns visit the trysting place, in this pale, eerie night light, and again at the break of day when the red sun shot slanting shafts across the bluish wastes and the "plopping" of the strutting sage cocks sounded fitfully. Now night and the moon had calmed the withering wind of noonday and laid the stinging alkali dust to sleep. Lithe bodies with spindle legs, slim heads and hooked horns padded softly about in the crusted salt grass or out upon the scabby, cracked shore of the dwindling lake, the nauseous water thick with sediment. Here and there about the margin the up-turned horns of starved steers told the story of a struggle for bere life. But in this ghost-garden the antelope played and pushed, ever pushed head against head, legs braced, sinews taut, in the oldest game of the desert. supremacy to the strong bucks. Just now it was play, or practice, for the season of battle for mates was over. Already behind them and for miles around in the sage, fawns a few days old lay sleeping or nursing at their mothers' sides. Or alone, the little, lank, wobbly-kneed forms lay frozen flat in the bare, open spaces, peaceful under the wide skies; protected only by life's luck, and that the slenderest thread of chance. For hark! A long, quavering, dog-like cry, eerie, mournful, full of longing, mellowed across the moonlit stretches -- no, not sinister nor savage in sound, but a brute tongue telling his communion with the night and the tormenting moon. But brute he was, the melancholy prairie wolf, and death to others in the desert.

The clicking of horns at the water hole ceased abruptly. All heads lifted in the direction of the cry; sounded a dull thudding of front feet as a challenge. Out over the whitening expanse not a movement. The baby antelope still slept peacefully in their moonlit beds.

Flash, low to the ground, slid back up the road toward the cabin. The hair bristled along his back and rose stiff on his neck. A half hour

He couldn't be still under the moon. Here and there he flashed, a slim shadow like a moth befuddled by the night and the white light. But he wasn't befuddled. He was at his keenest at night, but young, and aimless, and bewitched. Later when the night would become his day, his time of tracking, killing, gorging, he would be swifter, deadlier, under the moon.

ago running, running down through the sage, his ears streaking back, his eyes unseeing, the ecstasy of the wide night carrying him on, he had come close to the realm of his own race, the coyote clan, as dim and unfathomable to him as the prairie that hid them. Running abandoned, a sound had shocked him into a paralysis of fear and he had frozen into the sagebrush not far above the Hyperaining eyes lost themselves in phantom parade on the lake shore. He visioned the dim shapes below. His shadows as ears cocked tense for every small stirring, a scratching on one side, a cautious padding on the other,, or a soft swish of some body coming through the air toward him. Every eagebush concealed something, he didn't know what. Perhaps the bushes themselves were alive. He tingled until he could hardly hold himself. Then came that unearthly, wailing cry just below him. His hele reflex muscles catapulted him into the air and the next instant he had found himself fleeing back up the hill with that awful thing ready to clutch him from above.

The open space in the front of the cabin came into view and he felt the presence of the two people! These were his own folks, the only ones he had ever known. There they were, sitting solidly as he had left them. The man's light shirt shone in the moonlight. Flack scuttled low and skirted the circle cautiously, coming up behind the still figures. Low voices came to him. dotte marcaran Yes, everything was all right again. He stood tense a minute, then pounced out of the stillness and with manaical glee leaped toward the shirt near him. A sidelong slash- a tearing. He had jumped his victim, cut a throat and gone. It was the hunting instinct, the beginning of the keen, cruel killer, he who himself in generations behind had been met with human cruelty, trailed and persecuted to the extinction of his race. His sharp teeth penetrated deeper than the cloth shirt and took a nip in the man's ribs. A back-handed cuff upset the little tormentor, who, all worries and troubles forgotten, trotted about for something new to tease. But he was young, and it was late; so he curled up in a ball in the grass and went to sleep. That fleeting, moonlight glimpse

wary, agrical?

of the freedom and fear of the great desert had touched him lightly. But could he forget that chilling cry of his kind? He had never heard it before, could not even dream what it meant to him. Though it made his flesh creep and his hair bristle, and terror-stricken, sent him flying to his only known refuge, his human family, yet it would come back to him out of the dark and haunt him until he followed it.

The subule to de of Jake's household for three weeks, an unlawful respite of life that didn't belong to him according to the sheepherder, but one that was due to the lonliness of a woman. No varmint should live that long and make himself so cussed and knowin' under foot. Jake said. He spat emphatically with his back to Maggie, who was as silent as the sagebrush plains. She had looked across these far, forsaken wastes everyday, every day, until their wild distance and despair had settled in her dark eyes. Inevitably those burning eyes compelled Jake to turn and look at her with a furtive worry in his own. For many days now she had stared at him, and straight on through him, as if seeing strange things in a world far beyond his own. visions that held her suspended in a hollowness of sound and motion, watching, waiting. as of comething a It made Jake feel creepy and as if some one was spying on him Maggie sure was queer these days. So irrepressible, romping Flash, the only thing to break that distraught gaze in Maggie's eyes, still played about the dooryard to the increasing irritation of dog and master. Jake was peeved, too, because he couldn't collect the bounty on Flash's "yaller" head.

And thereby hung the key to the secret, only part of which would ever be unlocked. Flash's head wasn'y yellow, nor any other part of him; and from all indications he never would become the tawny-gray of the ordinary coyete. For he wasn't ordinary at all, as the callous coyote killers had recognized that early morning in May when, gunny sacks clanking with shovels and traps, they had ridden across the evaporated alkali flats and jerked up before an old badger burrow. One man had knelt and examined the hole while

the other walked around it, tapping the ground as if following its hollow descent.

About nine feet back from the mouth, he stopped and begun digging. Soon a big mound of dirt piled up and the two were spelling each other at the perspiring task as they stood more than waist deep below the surface. For it was a long, hard way through that baked soil to the bottom of the coyote den. But it was worth while for there might be ten or a dozen fuzzy, yellow pups down there, a feather in the cap of the government hunters.

Some time after noon the hunters had appeared at Jake's sheep ranch, the only source of food and shelter for many miles. Jake's band having been rid of this coyote menace, he wasn't surprised when the two men decided to stay with him for a few days. He had been grateful, of course, even if they did let the old female get away and brought this pestering, pale pup onto him. He hated the coyote tribe more than they did, for he knew well that he had lost a lot of lambs by them.

That night the leader of the raid had spat tobacco into the low beginning fireplace above a row of stretched-out boots. There was a gloating look in his bloated, red eyes, and a black-stained ring around his thick, puckered mouth.

back against the dirt, their eyes almost poppin' out at sight of me. Then I seen something light and furry in a corner. I thought it was a dead rabbit they'd drug in. But I seen its eye wink, a funny lookin' eye, pale bluish-gray with a black ring around like the watch eyes of them old polka-dot hounds that used to run under the wagons. It was a empty, stary eye, and give me the creeps. Come out, you little cuss, says I snatched him out by the back of the neck. Without a sound, he turned and grabbed me with them devlish sharp teeth. I thumped him on the head and threw him down with the other carcasses. Then I took another look at him. He was pure white, the first one I'd ever caught or seen in my life. And I been trappin' for fifteen years. And them blue eyes—then I knew: he was a albino, one of them freaks that ain't got no color, and

see if he'd come to life, and I thought I seen the quiver of an eyelid. He was plenty stunned, all right; but he didn't want to wake up too soon with me lookin' at him. Well, I chucked the dead ones into a sack and him on top, and toted'em up here. And see what I done for myself-- got the only record for a albino coyote in the state. And as soon as he is old enough to travel, he's goin' back to live among them fed-up animals in the government park. No starvin' for him, or snarlin' and fightin' with a badger over the carcass of a ground-digger. No traps or poison; just a pasy, happyy life with everybody lookin' purty at him."

The firelight flickered on Maggie, huddled in a corner. She had heard the sentence of lonliness for her when Flack should be taken away, and her eyes glowed almost green like a wild animal's. She would find a way to keep the white pup. The thought of his coming so short a time ago, sick and lifeless from mistreatment and disagreement of the only food she had for him. I he was a lop-eared, bleary-eyed runt with a limp rag of a tail, insensible to everything but hunger, and cold, and pain. For a week the little pathetic white

form had lain feverish and glassy-eyed, languid and indifferent to the sunshine of every new spring day. She had kept him warm, watched over him and fussed

with his food as if he were a human baby. Then one morning the tide had turned.

Rkank felt better and looked around on things about him. He pitched in and ate

he could conquer the world. And from that time on the called Floor

In three days he had found one of the main sources of his exhiliration in teasing the dogs. But there was a good deal of difference between tackling the opinionated old airdale and the good-natured sheep dog. From the beginning there was no brotherly love between Flash and old Bob, the one who, when a zaxata tortured, raging old prairie wolf was found fast in a trap, fell to and finished him properly. He agreed with his master that this measly mongrel from the sand and sage should have been dispatched immediately. From

Maggie set alone on the doorstep in the moonlight, thinking of flash, thinking as she had done for days now, seeing him every time there was a movement across the dim valley, feeling him in the lighted place on the ground beside her, his pass pointed muzzle lying on his slim pass, his pale eyes searching ever thee far places that held the mystery of his there life. Maggie could not see another spot out in the measuring sagebrush, where the moon fell softly on a sleeping, white dog who had paid the price of his friendship for a human being. Nor could Flash ever know that, not once, but twice he had saved Maggie's life.

Sometimes he was a pointed pared puppy, flying down the road, govern

frenziel frothing brute had luxed him off and frieled thim Searching, as bring where he was, she saw him in Jevery movement across the dim valley -

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that first merning after his recovery, when the wobbly wild dog had rushed, cringing low and fawning with flat ears, whimpering plump against Bob, and began to muzzle in his hair and nip here and there, the offended old dog had bared his teeth and with energy eyes snapped out a sudden warning. That had ended Bob's interest in the little upstart and settled once for all his status. Noteo with Flash. The world had suddenly become large and full of sunshine for him. The more dogs to play with, the better— even sore-heads. The little outcast accepted at once the whole playground for his own, trotting like a busy child from one surprising thing to another. The euspicious movement of the wind in a thick bed of leaves, at the mere rolling of a rock in the road brought a sudden shock of fear to him, a quivering suspicion that they might come to life and chase him. shocked

For Fleek wanted to be charged, and he wented to be abandance chased, perhaps with that sure intuition that nothing but the wind could catch him.

Rembling around, he periodically cast his wierd, blue eyes upon Bob, comfortably dozing near the step with his hand nose on his crossed paws. The irrepressible bundle of perpetual motion, ambling sidewise in search of relief from boredom, dropped, sprawled-out, below Bob, his front and hind feet stretched as far apart as possible, his muizzically-pale eyes cast up at the shaggy, sleeping face as if to lure him out of the land of dreams by sheer, mesmeric power. But the lethargic old dog seldom responded to such subtleties; whereupon, becoming impatient, Flack suddenly cavorted straight into the air and came down plunk on Bob's back, at the same time pulling hair and worrying any accessible tooth hold. And periodically Bob came to life with a disgusted growl and put to rout the cowardly coyote scores of times.

A thousand trivial happenings each day, charged with burning curiosity, tempered with timely caution, furthered the growing pains of the reckless little wild dog. A spark of that national day in July flared even to this baked and bleached valley hung high between barren mountains when one night the camp crew gathered on the slope below Jake's cabin to show their patriotism.

From the deep darkness below at the water hole, and the surrounding sage spaces,

For bury the world had all at once become large and full of sunshine.

He accepted at once the whole playground for his own, trotting like a busy child from one surprising thing to another. The movement of the wind in a thick bed of leaves, or the mere rolling of a rock in the road brought a shock to him, a quivering suspicion that they might come to life and chase him. For he wanted to be shocked, and he wanted to be chased, perhaps with that sure intuition that nothing but the wind could catch him.

Luny was to learn that there was a good deal of difference between

Facing the opinionated old airdale and the good-natured sheep dog.

Who, when a tortured, raging old prairie wolf was found fast in a trap, fell to and finished him properly. He agreed with his master that this measly mongrel from the sand and sage should have been dispatched immediately. Of all this, Luny was innocently oblivious.

day that the pup had the run of the yard, he ran amuck of Bob. He feedily acknowledged him as the boss of the place. The wobbly wild dog rushed whimpering eagerly, as he cringed low and fawned with flat ears, plump against Bob and begun to nuzzle in his hair and nip here and there. There we profound absence of welcome from Bob. Instead he stood braced with a chip on his shoulder, his ears cocked over his smoldering eyes, his stiff tail hoisted as a danger signal. The small white thing grovelled about this new friend, till the offended old dog bared his teeth and snapped out a sudden warning. Shying back on short legs, the astonished pup cowered as if the whole world had fallen on top of him.

Slowly he backed out of the presence of this arrogant one, till he could slink out of reach. Here a back a remonstrance came and his fallen mouth, the world had fallen on top of him.

mere pore-head couldn't make a lastin uns A hundred trivial happenings in a day, charged with burning curiosity, tempered with timely caution, furthered the growing pains of the reck-He lost kis and old Dob, but not altogather his netere less little wild dog. One warm morning his quick ears caught the cries of old birds excited over something unusual. The sounds led him to the back yard. Splashing in a tub lured him to look over. "Bird for breakfast!" flashed over his face. Like a streak, a paw pulled a bedraggled fledgling out onto the ground. Life was almost gone; a few gasps would end the struggles. The little bathetenew what to coyote lay looking at it limp and quiet between his feet. He put one paw over it, Then he stretched his head out, covering it entirely, as he rolled his eyes about reconnoitering the yard. The old dog still lay asleep. Shep as usual was off with the sheep. The human being who had become a mother to him sat sewing in anyone's the door. He didn't feel inclined to call wax attention at the present time. So, with slanting eyes and slow movements, he took the bird in his mouth and noiselessly skirting the danger zone, thrust it under a leaf. A very whimsical burial it was, but it satisfied his instinct for storing something. I That off his mind, he sauntered out into the yard again. Maggie's tapping toe caught his eye. With a rush, he was upon it, nipping the ankle above. Then he grabbed the hem of the skirt, shaking and worrying it A movement from the electing dog tool him scampering in that direction, to pounce upon a hairy hind foot and tweak it sharply. When Bob woke up, it was too late. The pale imp was clear across the yard, his eye bent on moving trouser legs near a tent. With his pinched loins and dwindled rear parts side-stepping the track of travel of his poddy paunch and big head, he loped across the yard, the very essence of innocence and meekness. Coming to a tent rope, he butted head on into it, tumbled over and rooted his nose in the dirt. No matter: the trouser legs were close by now. Tackling one. he buckled both fore paws around it and took in as big a mouthful as he could atthe seme time. Needle teeth sank into the flesh and hung on as he worried his victim vigorously, practicing for future needs when he should pounce on a rabbit or squirrel in the lean desert.

"Let go my leg, you d--- little varmint! You're the meanest pest that's ever come on the place to harass a man!" The sheepherder's heavy boot lifted the furry ball high and landed it out in the road. Flack didn't stop to figure things out, but swinging low, his gangling legs bent, his big knees sticking out, his frowsy feet flattened for sunning, he raced for his mistress, fell into her lap and lay quiet with his head burrowed under her arm. She patted him and smoothed his soft coat, fingering the limber little body gently. He looked up at her and touched his pointed nose to her face in recognition of a haven in time of need.

But still he was a foolish, fanatic little pup that needed a guardian to watch his step for him. a/hair-brained spell of running nearly cost him his life. Pell-mell down the hill he sped toward the corral. mable to check himself, he plunged headlong into the deep little ditch that had cut its own path in the bottom of the gulch. As he was carried down with the swift current, he paddled from one bank to the other and tried to clamber out. But the sides of the ditch were almost perpendicular, and the coyote's short legs clawed It was just a matter of time till he would be exhausted and drown. frantically for the top, only to slide back. A But he wasn't going to die with-Conuly out a desperate effort. He did not whimper, but his breath came in quick puffs and his frightened eyes roved here and there for a way of escape. Shep, coming in from rounding up the sheep, took in the situation. His lifelong business had been to look out for foolish animals, and as a life-saver he didn't distinguish between a lamb and its traditional enemy, a coyote. Trotting sure-footed along the bank opposite Plash, his knowing eyes watching for the chance of a quick movement, suddenly as the current billowed the bedraggled pup inshore, he knelt over the water and grasping the limp bunch by the back of the neck, lifted it out on the ground. Flash was pretty well spent and flattened out without a the Alech Olog sound. Shep lay down beside him calmly as if taking up an accustomed vigil. By and by when Flesh had recovered his breath and shaken himself dry, they trotted up to the cabin for supper, as if life and death were only jokes anyway.

And thus it was that the strangeness had begun to happen around the place. From the very beginning, the white witch had woven a spell over Maggie, a good spell. Jake was a heavy sleeper and soon after nine o'clock the cabin was usually still except for his particular brand of midnight music. In his early days when the little coyote had been sick, Jake had become accustomed to be awakened by Maggie getting up in the night and covering the shivering little beast, or soothing its fretful whining with warm food. Once he aroused enough to see her sitting as still as the night itself in a chair by the low fire, the white coyote in her arms. It was as if she was afraid to stir for fear of waking it.

In the morning Jake had remembered and pundered in his dull way. The tension in the cabin had surely eased up. Maggie was as peaceful as the plains now and went about her simple housework as if moved by some hidden rythm. Although she was not talkative, the haunted look had left her eyes. It was evident that her whole day hung on the little waif. Jake was mystified that a scurvy varmint could mean so much to a woman. But the miracle had happened, and he didn't try to fathom it any further. It was certain that his wife wasn't "queer" now. It didn't occur to him to ask what might happen when Flash was not around the cabin any more and she was alone again.

But to Maggie, busy and contented as she was, it coccurred. At the sound of a horse's hoof in the dooryard, or a strange voice coming up the dusty road, she looked to see that Flach was close by and waited, afraid to go to the door. Then had some word from headquarters asking Jake if he would keep the coyote till fall, as they feared to have a young animal travel across the country in the heat of summer. The government office would, of course, pay for his care. Jake was glum, growling that he wouldn't get even the price of a three dollar bounty for the coyote's keep. But when he caught sight of Maggie's transfigured face, he bolted out of the cabin without another word.

Fall came and with it an eating suspense for Maggie. How could the

day of doom for her be put off yet another time? Daily she scanned the thin line of road coming down the desert valley and her heart almost stopped beating for fear the shimmering heat waves might turn into dreaded human forms. had grown into a trim, self-poised young being, with ealm eyes watching everything that went on about him, conjuring the meaning of this or that. There was a disunderstanding tinct difference now between him and the dogs, a gentlemen's agreement. Bob was old and accepted the changed positions of the two by a studied indifference. Shep, mild-eyed still and puzzled, coming in from a long day's work with the sheep, gazed at this lordly chosen one from afar, once the silly little pup that he had dragged out of the ditch in the nick of time. Flash acknowledged a brotherly relation to the other two because all three still lived in the dooryard and were ministered to by the mistress. And Maggie, happy but half grieved at the growing change in her "white dog," was filled with a presentiment of things to come. For many a day now she had watched him steal out to a jutting ledge of rimrock and sit silently looking far away over the misty sage. He came back absorbed and restless, pacing back and forth like a caged creature. He was waiting for something. If only the quiet days would keep on going by till Flach was a full grown, wise dog of the desert, till he felt the call of his own fade into that kind and should finally disappear vacant vastness where no eye could find him! One listless, hazy day came the rumor of rabies started by a wandering sheep dog that had been bitten by a mad coyote somewhere up the valley. And on the same day came the order from the government office for Jake to take great pains in crating the white coyote and express him from the nearest railroad station on his long journey to his eastern home. But Jake was busy taking his turn at watching his prize band of sheep that pastured just below in the sink of the valley where a bottom seepage of water furnished green grazing. He had other gands that ranged out several days from the home ranch whose herders he could not even warn of the implined nd danger. He took the first watch of the night

and when he did come in, tired and duety, be dropped down on a blanket with

his boots on in front of the fire . The door of the cabin stood wide open inviting sounds.

Maggie, working in the eabin on that sinister day, saw only a neighbor sheepherder down at the corral, nor did she ever know of the rabies rumor nor see the long envelope with the government seal on it. For her the wide spaces were as soundless and serene as on the first day. It seemed now as if no evil spirit could pierce the peace of that happy valley.

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baked and bleached valley hung high between barren mountains when the camp crew gathered on the slope below Jake's cabin to show their patriotism. From the deep darkness below at the water hole and the surrounding sage spaces, startled eyes must have watched with a charmed fascination the mystery of the heavens as sizzling stars shot upward from the hillside as if fired from a pump-gun. Long gashes of flame curved into the sky to burst in showers of fire that fell sprinkling to earth, scattering the frightened beasts into a mad dash for higher lookouts.

The bonfire in front of the cabin was the scene of the innocent explosi sion whose lurid lights had cast a spell over the desert. Maggie had her accustomed seat on the steps, while the men clumped about the fire, lost in the fun of the crackers and their coarse jokes. They were a grotesque bunch, these Basque sheepherders, -- tousled heads and red faces, high-heeled boots and highwater trousers, legs bowed like barrel hoops meeting in pigeon-toed feet, --a wadling bunch of rioters. The dogs looked on suspiciously from a safe place in the shadows. Behind Maggie in the darkness of the doorway, Flash shivered in a panic of nervous fear, twitching as if each sputtering cracker hit him as it popped. Yet he couldn't take his eyes off that ned scene. A morbid curiosity forced him to see more. / A leering clown spied the trembling pup. Something flipped into the grass near the step. Flash peered down. Nothing stirred and the ground was dark. He crept town and stealthily approached the black spot. Suddenly a red hole opened up under him and a fiery thing hit him square in the nose with a deafening pop. His reflex muscles catapulted him into the air, and he didn't stop running until he was lost in darkness Now he was and as dark as a dungeon. in a deathly stillness. Even the pungent sage brushing his flanks filled him with terror. As softly as thistledown he took each step. He couldn't stop: something pulled him on into the pulsing, black void, until he began to feel that he belonged there, was at home.

It was three days before Maggie laid eyes on Fleeb again, but if she had known where he had been and what he had seen, she would have rejoiced. For the first had come into his own and was a real dog of the desert. That thoughtless firecracker had broken in one blow the chains that had held him to human beings. He would not need Maggie so much any more. But out in this boundless region of freedom, food was not plentiful, and he was such a slow wit at stalking. The jacks follow laughed at him, sitting like staring stones on sagebushes till he was fairly upon them. Then, as he sprang, a deft movement, and the gray shadows shaded into nothingness before his eyes. Unexpectedly he found himself back at the cabin, his pointed muzzle poked in at the door, waiting for a bite of food till Maggie's stass felt him and turned with joy in her own.

ASSOCIATES

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They were alone, the the cabin. Jake was down at the sheds where he spent much time lately. She could hear a busy hammering, but she couldn't km w that a prison was being built for flesh a prison that once entered would never open for him except to usher him into another, more strong and eternal. There would be light and food for him in abundance, and many people passing by. But always within those four impregnable walls the maddening hours would be ticked off till bones grew weary with lying on a bed of straw, and eyes grew dull with waiting. Better the weltering wastes with an empty stomach, and the long-limbed freedom of the starry nights as from the high rimrocks he answered the call of his kin. Better the startling clank of a steel trap and the the agonizing hours under a blistering sun, perhaps with the frenzied anguish of gnawing off the paw that pinioned him, for freedom—freedom, almost the only boon in a coyote's life!

Something was coming up the road, a lean dog with a bushy tail. Maggit's eyes followed him questioningly. He was too big for a sheep dog. Straight up the road he loped, his head hanging low and swinging from side to side. Once at a turn, the sage melting into the sky in the shimmering heat, hid him, and she thought he had turned off into the desert. But all at once, the huge, dishevelled figure sprang out of the bushes almost in front of her, his jaw hanging, his frothing tongue lolling out, his blood-shot eyes half unseeing and full of savage misery— a mad coyote! All of his desert wariness, all of his shrinking fear of a human being were gone. His brain crazed and on fire, all he knew was to wender, biting dogs, or sheep, or men, torturing something as he was tortured.

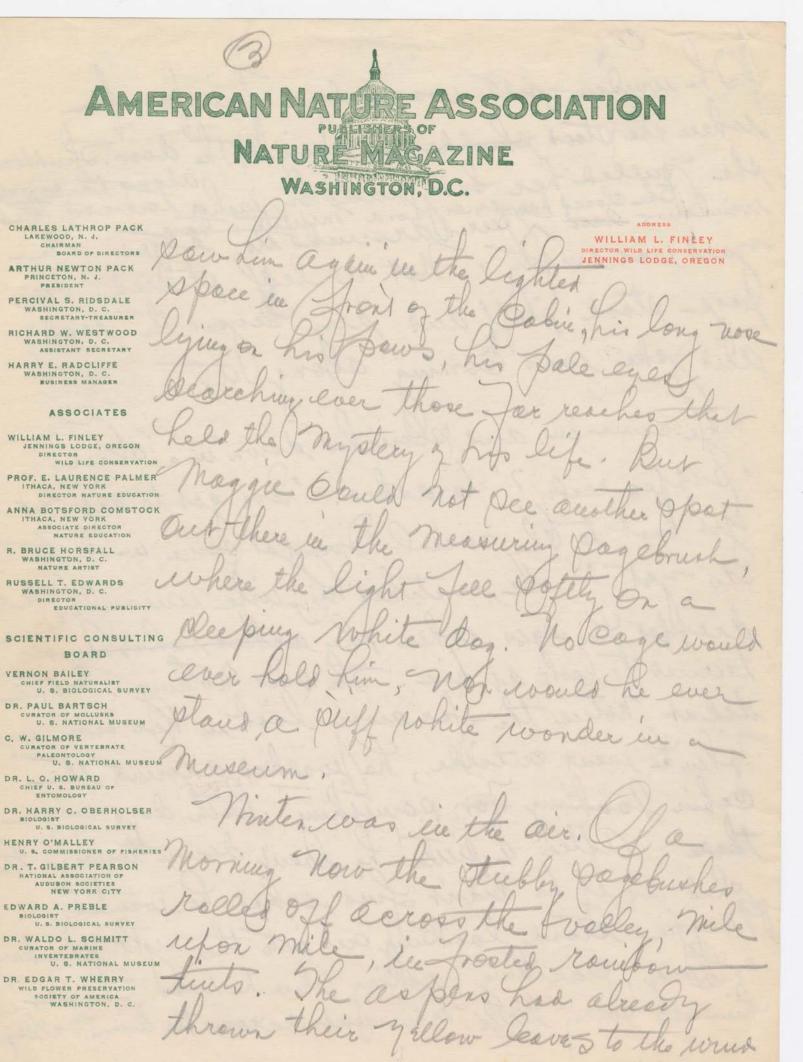
Maggie screamed, and rushed for the cabin, but the movement only drew this attention to her. Baring his Range, he hurled himself at her between them flashed a white form, hair brietling, sinews taut, all his angry soul flaming against this wild interloper. The impact of the two bodies almost knocked Maggie down. She stumbled over the sill, slammed the cabin door shut

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ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK ITHACA, NEW YORK ABSOCIATE DIRECTOR NATURE EDUCATION	Just aling
R. BRUCE HORSFALL WASHINGTON, D. C. NATURE ARTIST	out there,
RUSSELL T. EDWARDS WASHINGTON, D. C. The Brew it noft. Bus	+ the never
SCIENTIFIC CONSULTING Told Jeke, for the Oxoled	Drison
VERNON BAILEY  CHIEF FIELD NATURALIST  U. S. BIOLOGICAL SURVEY	solo Och
DR. PAUL BARTSCH CURATOR OF MOLLUSKS U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM	( res, cen
C. W. GILMORE CURATOR OF VERTEBRATE PALEONTOLOGY U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM  LETE  THE LURY LANGE  LETE  THE LURY LANGE  THE LURY L	part with
DR. L. O. HOWARD  CHIEF U. S. BUREAU OF  ENTOMOLOGY  The other Jees Or at mile	AM-SI
DR. HARRY C. OBERHOLSER BIOLOGIST U. S. BIOLOGICAL SURVEY	the prong-
HENRY O'MALLEY U. S. COMMISSIONER OF PISHERIES  OCHE OCHERS Therefiles	their hardy
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES NEW YORK CITY	
EDWARD A. PREBLE BIOLOGIST U. S. BIOLOGICAL SURVEY	11.000
DR. WALDO L. SCHMITT CURATOR OF MARINE INVESTEBRATES U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM  O	markeny,
DR. EDGAR T. WHERRY WILD FLOWER PRESERVATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA WASHINGTON, D. C.  FIELD  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O  O	e, pouruful,
From Lin O Slod is to the	mint to sugin
and the same	my n.

Dans stood fare and defiant. He knew every coulee and ravine running into the hills in the Country. He knew every trick of the wolf tribe that he flot the pose studeing over ness, eyes cool and incomorable unwavering tell a horselver all but trampled on him, loken De For two mosths Jake had used all the eviler of a willy hunter for and wirde, and not even the ghost of the lake coyde had he been. Phoning about her work or pilling in the door of the cabie, neggie had returned to har old abil Jack pitating places. Here eyes were fuely



The window pill was only a few feet from where the stook shallering against the door, shuddering when she cloved her song the speed for a multiple the sowered that yard was empty. Not a left stiered. The page stood stell and dry Deyoud the road; ales Jake was Coming along Vit, Le come in and plouched down in a chair. " Suffer ready?" he asked. "Too got to eat Ex get back to the correct, In got Jone work to do yet." He wetched this wife weardy, End droffed his eyes when the arked what don'ts turned to look as him. The said nothing, Easte didn't notice the for away look in Her own eyes, When he went outside, he/fevalked, around the cabin looking for powething. Both dogs were there. after a little he bent down toward the shed as if he didn't find what he wanted. Maggie stood looking out into the night thinking him it every little movement across the dring valley.

No Coga would hold him now nor would be ever stand a white wonder in a Museum.

Maggie Screamed, but the sound only drew his attention to her. Of her side Astook Juny, increased in Pige as every white hair on him stood on and, a Korrible realigation of this wild interlopen gleaming jusile the Cabin the door planmed? The couldn't remember fully the planting algabout how long ago. I hallow pilence struck her till to har a fraid to move; afraid to look brhind her in the dim room, the flinery window our into the yard.