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too, and his snarling and whining tickled my very heart. Your nice comments refreshed and stimulated, they oppressed me, and left me kindly and genial. Man, like a fool, would ever keep himself in his own narrow castle. Let him emerge and invite to himself the wild forces of nature, which, indeed, is but his inchoate self, and the springs of his life will become as the exhaustless wells of Artesia, which are fed from the hidden reservoirs of the planet itself.

It is affirmed by philosophers that the love of woman enfeebles the actions of the mind of man and balks ambition. I meditated much upon this dogma, doubting its soundness. Woman is to man as his own self—as that which is supremely dear and intimate to him. We yearn to endow ourselves with all powers and pleasures; and by making woman ours, when yet she wears a separate form and aspect, we enjoy her pleasure in our gifts, while not forfeiting our own delight therein. What is woman but the concrete manifestation of that metaphysical subtlety, man's selfhood—that which distinguishes him from the animal—the unconscious being—for whom is no choice, no right and wrong, no conscience? In loving woman, we love the human quality in ourselves—the person that each of us is, and that burns to subjugate and outdo all rival persons. Were it not for her, we should forget our separateness as individuals, and relapse into the universal man, who knows no difference between myself and that which surrounds him. Now, I hold that the love, yea the worship of self, is at the root of all great achievement, and therefore that the union with or absorption into myself of a woman harmoniously endowed would generate and not weaken my faculties and designs. Those imbeciles, indeed, who permit the woman to draw them away from the pursuit of their proper ends, and to bewilder them with mere sensuous beauty and charm—of them I speak not. But he who knows how to aggrandize his own being to the extent of that of the woman, he surely may invite her with confidence and enjoy her with profit.

I had arrived at this conclusion before I met Irene, and so could not have been influenced to it by any consideration of the freshness and splendor of her loveliness. No woman more nearly perfect in all feminine charms could have existed; from the arch of her brow to the curved of her foot I found no flaw in her. We were naturally dazed, too, as tongue to thought; for I was tall and strong, and of graceful symmetry, with dark features straight and fine; and she, though slender, was rounded in every part, supple and active, yet withal stately as the Greek Artemis, whose ideal limaments her resembled. In her blue eyes there were both softness and fire, and her clear voice vibrated in the listener's soul. We formed the perfect whole of nature and humanity, and the one fed the soul. In her I recognized the softer ranges of my own nature, and to her I might stand as the impregnable mountain would to a yielding valley—the strong and enchanted valley of her womanhood could expand itself, secure and fortunate.

To induce her to identify herself wholly with me was my first care. I pointed out to her the heights to which I meant to soar; depths which I purposed to search out; the obstacles that I was preparing to overthrow. But she would lead her eyes on mine in a long look, until I felt the great things I grasped at were but the shadows of greatness—having only that which yet lay beyond me, but ever be led on to other shadows, which, in turn dissolving, would reveal others endlessly. And then my selfhood would seem to yield me and wax immaterial, and in my heart a quiet but mighty impulse, like the flowing of the tide, urged me to cast all in her gracious feet, and find in her a preeminence more than the conquest of the world itself and its secret. It was an impulse that bade me declare myself nothing, and to forsake all ambition save to win her acceptance of my homage. This I read in her eyes, or seemed to read; to forsake my own exaltation and find exaltation in her; to make her honor in her honor; so to live as to make her life lovely. This only would be real and immortal; all else was budded of death, and death would be the end of it.

Disturbed by these misgivings, I would go forth from the spell of her presence, and walk in the garden until the moon climbed above the dark masses of the yew tree, and the howl of the gray wolf rode on the air like the cry of a demon. Then would I draw near to him, and cast myself on the stony ground where he crouched in his varied, and, resting my chin upon my hands, I would peer into the glare of his yellow eyes, and mark the hungry grin of his teeth, and the thick hair bristling round his neck. Wild and hideous to truth he was; but at length, as I watched him, the delight of the beast would begin to course through my pulses, and my breath came short, and thick, and undulations, red like blood, quivered before my sight.

The spirit of the wolf spoke in my mind, saying that life was battle and slaughter, and that he who was fiercest and swiftest was the survivor and the master. The mouth of fallen creatures were those whose stones were cemented with human blood—the blood of weak and credulous hearts. Real all the souls of those whose memory posterity has not, and yet shall find in their ashes the world calls crimes, but which the wise know to be the inevitable steps whereby the mount of vision may be ascended. The indolent and aimless multitude begule themselves with piety and patience, simply words to disguise their cowardice and impotence. The few who have the courage to look existence in the face and measure it, and the fortitude to trample under foot all the tender delusions of romance, charity and mercy—to them, and to them alone, is the triumph and the fame. So the spirit of the wolf entered into me and spoke, till I gnashed my teeth as he gnashed his, and felt the insatiable thirst for blood burning at my entrails.

One day Irene and I sat on the terrace overlooking the garden, and as we sat she put out her hand and laid it in mine. She was beautiful beyond the wont even of her beauty, and there was a kind of sacredness in her neighborhood like music on a mountain, or the purity of flowers at dawn. Yet at that time I was in the mood of the gray wolf, and while I softly pressed her hand I felt a longing to leap upon her and tear her white flesh with my teeth, and despoil and trample her.

"What are your thoughts, Lucan?" she asked.

"Of you, Irene—always of you," I answered, quietly.

Then the wolf howled below in the garden, and struggled with his chain.

"Why do you keep that wild beast, my love?" she said. "Loose him, and let him slink back to his own desert. He seems to come between us; and last night I dreamed that he crept in beside me as I slept, and I felt his fangs at my throat. How can you love him and me?"

"The world is wide," I said, "and the tree whose branches reach toward heaven has its roots in hell. But come with me into the garden, and it shall be as you wish."

So we went down together, still hand in hand. The red sun sank behind the yew trees, and a breeze arose, swaying their dark tops to and fro, as if they nodded to one another, and murmured of some fearful deed. But I drew Irene on, and she walked beside me fearlessly, holding her sweet side me fearlessly, holding her sweet head like a flower. We came to a dividing of the path; one way led to the plot where the roses grew, and the other to the wolf. The perfume of the roses came to us on the air. Irene said:

"Let us gather the roses."

But I heard the hungry breathing of the wolf, and I said:

"Come this way," and led her down that path.

The wolf cowered back in the shadow as we approached. Then I stepped to the tree and loosed his chain. And with a snarl of rage he leapt on Irene and tore her throat with his teeth, and, bearing her to the earth, drank her blood. At that sight the fury of the slaughter came upon me also, and I threw myself upon him and wrenched him away from his prey, growling, "She is my love!" But he sprang at me again, and we rolled over and over, rending each other in deadly conflict, while a mad joy flamed up in my heart, and I felt my strength and skill and he lay there strangled and lifeless. But, as I rose and looked at him, behold! it was not the wolf that lay there, but my own body, lifeless and disfigured; and I, the victor, was the wolf, with grinning fangs and bristling hair. And a spirit, with a face like Irene's, but severe and terrible, stood above me with a drawn sword. Whereupon I uttered a howl of fear and anguish, and, turning, fled as a wolf before the point of the sword, until I lost myself in the desert.—Allan Hawthorne in New York Ledger.

Russian Wolves.

A curious report was recently brought home by a traveler from Norway, which, if it be true, will go far to correct the accepted ideas concerning the wisdom of extirpating noxious animals in countries where they abound. It is said that in one of the northern provinces the reward offered by the government for the destruction of wolves had resulted in their becoming practically extinct, and thus far there was every reason for congratulation. But it now appears that, unknown to man, the Norwegian wolves had been constantly engaged in a patriotic war of self defense against the voracious packs of Russian Lapland; so long as their numbers were diminished they held their ground, and were continued to do so for some time after they had begun to be decimated by the misguided hostility of their human fellows. It would seem that there has supervened a period in which the Russian wolves assumed a wily Fabian policy, "biding their time" until the hand of man, stimulated by government blood money, had finished its work.

At last the ground was clear, but no sooner had the Norse folk begun to rejoice, than a fresh incursion was reported of huge, hungry wolves from beyond the frontier, which have occupied the vacant hunting grounds of the slaughtered animals so that the whole process of "extinguishing" must be recommenced, with no better prospect of finality than the labor of Sisyphus.—Murray's Magazine.

A Go-Action That Fairly Yelled.

A speaker on the affirmative side of a question, "Resolved, That farming pays in Kansas," had just taken the floor at a meeting of a debating society in western Kansas when a fellow on the negative side opened the stove door and shoveled in three or four pecks of corn.—Kansas City Star.

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