

"No—heroic," he replied, gravely.

A characteristic spirit for a student of wild animals.

When he was eighteen, he went to London to study art and natural history. He was the youngest student who ever got a life ticket to the British Museum, and the way he secured it was characteristic. After applying to the superintendent, the governor of the Museum, and other officials, and being systematically refused because of his minority, nothing daunted, he wrote letters to each of the Honorary Trustees: the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Beaconsfield. He got his ticket. He won a scholarship, too, at the Royal Academy, for his work in art. But all this time—a period of two years and a half—he spent only \$400, and that included his ticket to London. He had one little dark hall-room, and his landlady cooked his frugal meals. In the daytime he worked at the Academy, and in the evening in the Museum, with books on natural history.

"I discovered," he said, "that there have been naturalists since Cuvier and Audubon."

"I was hungry but happy in London," he remarked. "I was left alone with my work and a few books—Tennyson, Ruskin, Knight's 'Animated Nature,' Chaucer, Spencer, and Shakespeare. Shakespeare bored me. Spencer was a duty. I liked Chaucer for his human nature, but Tennyson and Ruskin were favorites. My relatives finally looked me up and thought I was dying with consumption, but I was only hungry."

He was sent to Manitoba, "where," he said, "I was really born." There he lived out-door, on the plains, among the animals, and studied the things he loved. The one dream he had always had, to be a naturalist, was there first practically realized. There he wrote his "Birds of Manitoba" and "Mammals of Manitoba." There he got his material for, among other stories, the "Sand-hill Stag," in which Yan is none other than himself.

"When I found I was to leave Manitoba," he said, "I felt my heart sink."

Nevertheless, he went to New York in 1883, to make his fortune, with \$2.63 in his pocket; to a city where there was nobody he knew, except an old school friend whom he was unable to find for several days.

"I didn't know what to do," he said, "or how to do it, but I knew I would do it."

Madison Square fountain was the only place where he could get a free drink, so he used to go there every day at noon to eat his single roll. He busily canvassed the city for a job—any kind of a job. One day he went into a place on Elm Street and asked for work.

"What do you want to do?" the proprietor asked him.

"Anything," he replied.

"Will you drive a street-car?"

"Yes."

"Will you sweep the street?"

"Yes."

"Will you run errands?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess you'll get a job."

"But he didn't give me a job," smiled Mr. Seton-Thompson.

Finally he found a place in a lithographic store. The boss liked some drawings the young man showed him.

"How much salary do you want?" he asked.

"Forty dollars a week."

"I'll give you \$5."

"All right," replied the astonished and delighted youth, "I'll take it." The bargain was closed.

One day a drummer came to the shop, and said to the boss that there was a new cigar called the "Raven," and that a good design of a raven was worth \$10,000. The new employee overheard what was said, and took the boss aside.

"You let me draw that raven," he said, "and we'll get the prize." He went to Central Park and drew a raven from life. "And a very good raven it was," he said. Sure enough, his raven was declared the best, and used to advertise the cigar. So he went to the boss again.

"I wanted \$40 a week when I came,"