Bunting Coons in the Snow,

go up on the ridge and hunt coons. There were two or three inches of snow on the

ground. We soon struck a regular path of tracks that looked exactly as if a drove of

young pigs had recently passed that way. We followed the path some distance, and the tracks began to separate and scatter

This is a drove of coons, that's what it is!"
"We followed the coons. They led us

principle that the crab he is after may be under the last stone.

They Were Industrious Coons.

"From the plowed-up spring run the tracks led back up on the ridge again. We

followed them up, and then along the ridge for a mile and a half. Then they led

out into an opening of two or three acres, where there were a number of beech trees.

The snow was dug up over that entire space and the leaves were turned over and tossed

about in the same reckless fashion that the stones in the spring run had been tumbled

and piled. The coons had been putting in their time beech-nutting under the snow and leaves, and it was plain that they were a large and busy and hungry family.

"'We ought to have brought a horse and wagon,' I said to Dey. 'We never can back all of these coops in'

"'I mean all of these coons when we get

'em,' I replied.

"'Well, let's get 'em first,' says Dey.

"And I thought that might be the best plan myselt, and started to look the coons up. Now came a mystery. That space of two acres was tracked and torn up all over it but nowhere on any side of it, was there

it, but nowhere, on any side of it, was there a track leading away from it to show that the coons had left it. I walked all around

the edges. Not the sign of a track in the snow, and not hide nor hair of a single coon

and we've struck a flock of 'em!' said he.

A Suspicious-Looking Oak.

"Right in the middle of that open stood

mammoth red oak tree. It was easy four

feet in diameter at the butt, and big and tail in proportion. It looked as sound as a

rock. There was no visible opening any

where near the bottom where a coon coul

have gone in. There were tracks all around the oak, but so there were about the rest of

the trees scattered about the space. Away
up toward the top of the big tree, though,
there was something on the trunk that
looked as if it might be an opening to some

hollow place in the tree.
"'I believe those coons are somewhere in

the interior of that oak,' I said.
"'I believe those coons have taken wing
toward the Susquehanna,' said Dev.
"'I wonder if I can climb that tree,'

"There's an easier way than that,"

"Pull it up by the roots! said he.
"After looking the tree over I made up
my mind that it would be about as easy to

and so I said I would go and get an ax and

"'Fetch supper and breakfast along, and

"So I cut all the way back to Forest

snack for dinner to-morrow, said Doy. 'I'll stay and boss the job.'

House to get an ax. It was getting late in the afternoon when I got there. I asked the landlord to loan me his ax.

"To cut a drove of coons out of a tree,

"So he loaned me his ax and I started

The Tree Proved to Be Hollow.

back for the big oak. I cut across the ridge and when I got back Dey had a big

fire built, and was taking things easy. That four-foot oak tree looked like a big job to tackle, with night coming on, a dull ax, and

""Come all the way from Geneva to kill a deer! said Dey, 'and sitting here in the snow waiting for a four-foot tree to be chopped down, so we can find out whether a drove of coons went into a two-inch knot-

"But I went to work and chopped like a

beaver for half an hour, and hacked quite a notch in one side of the tree. Dey

began to take quite a deep interest in the

"Then he got up and chopped a while. Then I took hold again. It looked like an

ndless job, and it was getting dark. Pretty

soon the ax went clear through into the

tree. The oak was as hollow as a barrel, the shell of solid wood being only about a

foot thick.
"If there sin't a coon in that tree,' said

Dey, 'I'll eat it, hollow and all.'
"The discovery that the tree was hollow

gave us new courage, and although our hands were blistered from wrists to fingers.

great tree began to totter, and then she sud-denly toppled and came down with a crash.

"'Now fetch on your coons!' cried Dey, grabbing his gun and a club and rushing into the fallen tree top. I rushed there too,

with a cudgel. But not a coon put in ar

and eat up the tree, doesn't it?' said Dey.

"But just then I heard a squeal

Coons There Sure Enough.

where in the tree, and the next second coons began to actually boil over out of the hole

in the trunk, and scatter about in the tree

top. Dey was taken so much by surprise that he forgot both his gun and his club, and just stood and hollered:

'em! they're all going away!'
"I had left my gun standing against a
tree three or four rods back, and I ran to

get it. Before I could get it and return to the tree, though, Dey had gathered his senses. He had a repeating gun and was a good shot. When I got back in the tree-

op there wasn't a live coon to be seen

about the tractor lay seven dead ones. How

many got away, if any, I don't know. But Dey had killed seven big fat coons in about

four seconds. "I told you there were coons in that

tree!' said he. 'And there they are!'
"We strung the coons together, and I
slung 'em on my back. Dey carried the
guns, and we marched back to the Forest

ED. MOTT.

"Darn 'em! they're all going away! Darn

Looks a little as if I'd have to turn in

we chopped away lustily. By and by

had been shalts of clay.

appearance.

there might be a coon in it!"

"'Say!' said he. 'That tree sounds as if

ot much of a chopper.
'But we have got to have those coons!

pull it up by the roots as it was to clin

said I.

said he. "'What's that?' said I.

come back and chop it down.

'What for?' said he.

all of these coons in."
"'All of which coons?' said Dey.

"Well, says I, 'we've struck 'em sure

"The end of it was that Dey and I had to

at the rate they were going.

with a sudden gesture. "How will you do that, Miriam?" he asked, coldiv. "I know-someone who will lend it to

me," she answered, after a moment's hesi-"I will not take Sir James MacKennon's money. Miriam," said Hugh, "if you mean him; they may hang me before I do that! Is it true you are going to marry him?" Miriam did not speak; her head fell

"Is it true?" asked Hugh Ferrars, hotly. "Yes," came fastering from the girl's un-

"Yet you can come out to meet me here; can seem to love me still!" "Hugh, do not reproach me; I had no choice. I never thought I should see you again—never, never! And—and my mother urged me-and he is very good and kindand we could never marry.

"No," said Hugh Ferrars, bitterly, "that is true—for love of you I have wrecked my life: but you seemingly have not wrecked yours for love of me."

"What could I do? I dared not ask about you; I tried not to think of you—but—but I always did, Hugh!" and she passionately caught his hand. "Day and night always your face has been before me—always that dreadful night-

"Curse it! Curse my madness!" muttered "Curse it! Curse my madness!" muttered Hugh Ferrars, darkly.
"Oh, Hugh, it was so dreadful—and Joan's misery—she has never been the same—it has been like a black cloud over her."
"It was her sin and folly did it all: I have no pity for her—only for you—and"
"It was terrible! I—I took the blame—I

said I was with him-but you know?"
"Yes, and I go about the world with his dark memory ever on my soul. Miriam, it was what I supposed his utter falseness to me that maddened me, for he knew you were all the world to nie, and yet he never gave me one hint."

"He could not in honor," said Miriam, in a low tone. "His honor has cost us both very dearly,

then. He died for it, and I live a living death—but it may not be for long."
"On! do not say so. Hugh, for my sake—for the sake of our old love, take the money I will get, and go away."

"I am not fallen quite so low as that, Mirism," and he drew himself up to his full height as he spoke. He was handsome, with a tall, slim, lithe

form, and he looked a man of strong, pas-sionate feelings. He was this girl's first lover, who stood there looking up at him in the semi-darkness, with her beart full of memories and pain. They had loved each other, this young pair, in Miriam's dawning wemanhood—when the world had been all bright to them, made brighter by their secret love-until a dark tragedy had swept between them, parting their lives-Miriam

had believed forever.

But now, standing there in the starlight, it seemed to her this could not be. Wild thoughts and hopes rushed into her mind -should she sacrifice everything-go with him into exile-die with him if need be? She crept closer to him, she laid her hand upon his arm. "Hugh." she whispered, "do you still

Yes," he answered, gloomily, "though it does not matter much." Something in his tone repelled her, and

she drew back.
"It cannot matter to you," he went on, the jealousy in his heart prompting his seathing words; "to vou—the future bride of Sir James MacKennon—whether the man whose life was wrecked through you, still elings to his old folly."
"Oh! Hugh, is that just?" answered
Miriam, and her tears fell fast, "I, at
least, was not to blame—I have suffered so

Her words and tears seemed to soften his mood, and he once more drew her to his

"Forgive me," he said, more gently; "my heart is very sore, Miriam-poor little She bowed her head, weeping silently for a few minutes, but he felt her form quivering in his arms.

"Do not cry, Miriam," he said presently;

through the still night "Hush!" he said; "do you hear? It is the sentry; he is coming this way-he must "No," said Miriam, in a frightened whis-

per, clinging to him closer.

"Let us creep into that embrasure; he will not see us if we crouch beside the gun," answered Hugh Ferrars, pulling Miriam into

the shadow cast by the earthworks and lift ing her a moment later into the embrasureand holding her there in his arms as they both knelt beside the gun. And the sentry drew nearer and nearer,

whistling soitly as he came. Then just when he was opposite the embrasure where the two crouched in each other's arms, the sentry stopped, and Miriam's heart seemed to stop with terror, too.

He was close to them, and with bated breath they watched the dark outline of his form. Then he yawned loudly, stretched out his arm and walked on.

"You must go," whispered Hugh Fer-irs, in her ear; "he will return when he reaches the end of the rampart; wait until he is out of sight and I will lift you down." They waited in silence a few moments longer, and then Hugh Ferrars lifted Miriam down from the embrasure, and led her across the road.

"Tio now." he said as he classed her in a

parting embrace; "go, dear Miriam."
"I will come again," she whispered. will write when I can come again-think of what I have said-goodby, dear Hugh."

Once more their lips met in a long and lingering kiss, and then Mirism left him and a moment later was speeding her way up the deserted garden at the back of the commandant's house, and panting breath-less soon reached the back door, behind which Ford was impatiently awaiting her. Miriam just touched the door with her fingers and Ford immediately opened it.
"Oh! Miss Miriam," she whispered, as "On: Miss Miriam, she whispered as Miriam passed swiftly in, "my hair would have been grey by the morning if you had stayed a moment longer. I have been in such a way."

## CHAPTER X.

A LOAN. Miriam did not speak a single word until she reached her own room, and then she fell down on her knees by the bed and buried her face in her hands, while her whole form

shook with suppressed sobs.

"You mustn't really, Miss Miriam," said Ford, in a warning whisper; "just think if they were to hear-let me give you some sal volatile-men are not worth it, Miriam lifted her head to drink the sal

volatile that Ford held to her quivering lips, and in a minute or two it seemed to revive her.

"I am better now," she said; "but oh!

Ford, it was so dreadful!" "I suppose he's in a great way about you marrying Sir James?" answered Ford. "That's just like them all; if they can't get

you, they want you the more, and if they can get you without much trouble they won't even take it; and, of course, Miss Miriam, there is no doubt which is the best match-besides, Sir James has your prom-"Yes," said poor Miriam, faintly.

"A doctor is very well, you know, but he's nothing when a baronet comes in the way," continued Ford, meditatively, "and in the long run men are pretty much the same. Don't be angry at me saying it, Miss Miriam, but I wouldn't run such a risk again, I wouldn't indeed." 'I must go once more," half whispered

"Oh, Miss Miriam, I wouldn't. One can never tell who is prying about; that Johnson, the orderly, is always hanging about the place, I'm sure I cannot tell what for, And you see if once one of these men got hold of it one never build tell where it might end, and Sir James is quite the gen-tleman and is worth making some sacrifice

Ford regarded Sir James with proper respect, because he had at various times since

The man drew himself away from her his engagement to Miriam placed a hand-this he positively denied it, and said it was a pure accident, and so saved Smith from a was, therefore, really anxious that Miriam court martial. So he must be a fine fellow was, therefore, really anxious that Miriam should be his wife, and went on praising him while she untastened Miriam's dark hair, and otherwise assisted her to get

ready for bed.

"You had best go, Ford, you must be tired," at last said Miriam, gently, and accordingly Ford went and was speedily wrapped in the sleep of the just. But Miriam could not sleep. She seemed to see always before her Hugh Ferrars' dark face, to feel his tiesse still hurning on her live. to feel his kisses still burning on her lips. "Oh! why did I ever see him again?" mouned the poor girl, tossing restlessly on her bed. "It seems so faise of me, so wick-ed—and I love him so—and he is so miser-

able, poor, poor Hugh!"

And when she did fall asleep at last she dreamed of him; dreamed that he and she were standing, hand-classed, on a precipice, beneath which a dark and stormy sea was

beneath which a dark and astrany see was breaking, and that he was urging her to leap down with him into the abyas.

"If you love me—" he was saying.

And she clang to him in her dream, but still turned her head away and shrank aside; and suddenly between her and the giddy verge came a shining form of light—whiterobed, bright and benatiful—who waved her back, and stood between her and the black depth below.

"Oh! save me! save me!" she cried, in

terror, and awoke. But when she glanced fearfully around the shining form was gone; the hoarse murmur of the sea was still. The gray dawn was glimmering through the window panes; the birds were twittering in the caves, and Miriam knew that she had dreamed a dream, and shuddered when she recalled it.

She felt ill and weary, but when Ford

rapped at the door at half-past 7, and peeped cautiously in to see if her young lady was awake, Miriam told her she meant

"You look very white and tired, Miss Miriam," said Ford.

not to get the man who shot him into trouble, and I think I should like to have a talk with him some day and see if I can do anything for him; because as my sweetheart saved his life I am naturally interested shout him."

SPOILING A LICK FOR THE DEER. Miriam could scarely control herself as she listened to these kindly words.
"You have not seen him, I suppose, since the accident?" continued Sir James.
Miriam shook her head; her lips were

"Suppose we go and see him together then?" went on Sir James. "He's able to go about, and he no doubt is a wfully anxious to thank you for saving his life, and it will be a kindness to the poor fellow, and I'll give him a tip, which, I dare, will be welcome too." welcome, too.

welcome, too."
"It is very kind of you," said Miriam,
falteringly, turning away ber head.
"Shall we go to-day then?"
"No, not to-day, some other time,"
answered Miriam, who was painfully

"Very well, dear," said Sir James, kindly: "whatever day you like. Perhaps it would worry you to-day, when you have a head-ache, but I should like to give the poor fel-

low something."

Mirlam could bear it no longer; she started to her feet. She drew a long gasping sigh and went to the window to try to

onceal her emotion.
"What shall I do? What shall I do? what shall I do? What shall I do?
what shall I do? What shall I do?
well she knew the fiery, jealous nature of
the man Sir James called Dare—of Hugh
Ferrars—for it had already cost her and
hers terribly dear. And here was Sir
James talking of their going to see him together; of putting money into his hand! She stood silent, with her back to her lover, trying to think, but this did not suit Sir James. He crossed the room and put his arm around her waist.



I CAME TO WARN YOU, HUGH.

"I feel very tired; I've not slept well, but I'm coming down to breakfast," answered Miriam; and she did go down. Mrs. Clyde was already seated at the table pouring out tea, and the Colonel was reading his newspaper, and they both looked up and smiled as their young daughter entered the room. "Here is a letter for you, Miriam," said the Colonel; and as Miriam glanced at it

she saw it was from Sir James.
"It is from Sir James, isn't it, my dear?" said Mrs. Clyde.
"Yes, mother, I think so," replied "I spoke brutally—but I cannot bear to Miriam, taking the letter from her father's think—" hand. But she did not open it; she laid it As he said this he suddenly paused and down by her plate on the table, and as she did so her mother looked at "Are you not so well this morning, Miriam?" she asked. "Your eyes look so

heavy. "I have rather a headache, and did not sleep very well, "replied Miriam.
"Your tea will perhaps take it away; read your letter, my dear, your father and

I will excuse you."
Then Miriam did open her letter, and her

heart reproached her as she read the warn and toustful words it contained. "He is coming to-day," she said, without looking up.
"That is right. You must make him stay

to dinner," smiled Mrs. Clyde.

The Colonel glanced over his newspaper as his wife spoke, and looked at his daugh ter, and a certain expression of anxiety stole into his eyes as he did so. Miriam, in truth, was looking exceedingly ill, and her feelings, as she read Sir James' letter, were far from enviable. The more she saw of him indeed, the more she hated the idea of it made her own conduct seem baser to her beart. Here was this kindly gentleman

writing to her in lauguage of unmistakable affection and trust, and she knew she was unworthy of it all. One sentence of his letter was enough to tell her this:

"I am always thinking of you, dear one; always wishing I could do something to please you. Will you tell me if I can, Miriam? You will make me so happy And the girl who read these words with a shamed heart had fixed to ask him to do something for her that very day. She left the breakfast room feeling that she could not do this, but by 3 o'clock in the after-noon she had resolved that she would. She was torn with conflicting emotions and feel-ings, but then Hugh Ferrars must leave Newbrough-on-the-Sea before General Con-ray arrived there. And who could she go to but Sir James to ask for help? she argued. Her father was far from a rich nan, and the hundred pounds he was going

considerable drain on his yearly income. And besides, Miriam knew he would give her money for no such purpose as she re-quired it for had he been ever sorich. Thus she made up her mind to ask Sir James to lend it to her, and ask him she did. He was standing looking out of the win-dow when she entered the drawing room armed with her purpose, and when he heard her footstep he turned round with a bright smile on his face and went forward holding

"How are you, my darling," he said, ten-"I have rather a tirecome headache," she answered, with a somewhat wintry smile.
"A headache? And how did my dear little girl get that?" and Sir James beut down and kissed the fair face that had lain weep-

ing the night before on Hugh Ferrars' breast! This thought struck Miriam, and she

Sir James looked a little hurt, but he said "She is such a shy little darling," he re-

flected.

Then he drew her gently to a couch near the fire and sat down by her side.
"I met Escourt," he said, "as I was coming here, and I asked him about that poor fellow who was shot on the sands some weeks ago, when you behaved so splendidly. Miriam, and he says he is nearly well again now, and out of the hos-

Miriam was conscious that a sudden flush

dyed her face, even her white throat.

"Why, you silly little gir!!" exclaimed
Sir James, smilingly, when he saw this
sign of emotion. "I declare you are blushing over your good deed! But do you know ing over your good deed! But do you know I was interested in what Escourt told me about this Dare. It seems that the man Smith who shot him had some grudge against Dare; he's a handsome fellow, Escourt says, so perhaps Smith's sweetheart smiled on him," and Sir James gave a laugh. "At all events, they say in the regiment that Smith was suspected of shooting Dare intentionally. suspected of shooting Dare intentionally. But when Escourt questioned Dare about

"What is my thoughtful little girl think

ing about so gravely?" he said.
"Oh, nothing," answered Miriam.
"Well. I've got something to say to you,
darling," continued Sir James. "I have
told you about my old mother in Scotland, haven't I.

"You have mentioned Lady MacKen

"Yes; well, to tell the truth, mother is rather a stern old dame, but true to the core, and I hope you will like her, and that she will like you. And she has sent this letter for you. I told her when we were to be married, you know, and she has sent you some of the old family d'amonds as a is not a particularly handsome one, but the stones are good."

As Sir James said this, he put a letter in Miriam's hand, and a jewel case; and Miriam's hand trembled exceedingly as sh took them.

"It is very good of her," she said.
"Let me open the case for you. There what do you think of that?" It was a magnificent tiara; the setting of the stones was, however, old fashioned, bu the stones themselves were of great value.
"Oh, it is far too grand for me," said
Miriam, as she looked at the glittering

gems. "Nothing is too grand for you, darling it is not grand enough. If it were not that have it reset'

"It is quite beautiful; it is very kind in deed of Lady MacKennon to send it. Itit makes me ashamed."
"What of?" smiled Sir James. "It i only natural, isn't it, that my mother should send my future wife a wedding present? I wonder what she has written to

Then Miriam opened Lady MacKennon' letter, and read, written in a stiff, old-fast ioned handwriting, the following words: "DEAR MISS CLYDE-My son tells m that he is to be married to you in a few weeks, so I forward some of the family dia monds for you acceptance. I have never worn them since I lost my husband, for my son is all that is left to me now in this world. I need not say I am anxious about his future happiness, and to see the wife that he has chosen. He is the worthy sor of a worthy father, and I pray that God' blessing may rest on you both. Yours sin-cerely. "JANET MACKENNON."

As Miriam read this letter a deep blush rose to her smooth, oval cheeks, which Sir James noted with a smile. "What does she say?" he asked. "May I

Miriam allowed him to take the letter to provide for her trousseau was really a from her hand, and after he had read it he gave a good-natured laugh.
"What a horribly boastful old lady she
is," he said. "Behold the worthy son of a worthy father!" And again he laughed

"She naturally thinks a great deal o you."
"Well, all mothers think a great deal of

their children, I suppose."
"I don't think ours does," said Miriam. "Oh, yes, of course she does; she can't be Miriam did not speak for a moment; then suddenly, with a yet deepening blush, she looked up in her lover's face.

"Sir James, I am going to ask you some thing-a great favor. "It's granted already then," smiled Sir James, taking her hand.

"I am ashamed to ask it—I scarcely know how to ask it—but will you lend me £100. Sir James laughed aloud. "My dear child," he exclaimed, "o course I will give it to you. "I will tell you what it is for," faltered Miriam. "But I don't want to hear. I will send

ing, darling."
"But I don't want a cheque," said
Miriam. "I don't want anyone to know. I don't want mother to know—it—it is to help someone—who is poor—to——" "My dear one," said Sir James, kissing her hand, "you want it, and that is quite sofficient for me to know. I will bring down the money myself to-morrow; than you, durling, for giving me an excuse t

you a cheque for two hundred in the morn

[To be Continued next Sunday.]

Agonizing Twists Below the Walstband Agonizing Twists Below the Waistband Are produced by a drenching cathartic. Why use such an irrational means of remedying costiveness. That pure, botanic, painless, philosophic remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, produces the desired result decisively, but without inconvenience or griphing. Dyspopsia and inaction of the liver and kidneys are likewise rectified by this benign restorative of health. There is no finer tonic for the debilitated and nervous. Cures malaria and rheumatism.

SALT FOR HEDGEHOGS.

bucks right out of the opening in the laurels. But they went right on, and as far as Dey and I are concerned they may be going yet. They were too quick for us, and we didn't even shoot. It wasn't long before father came to us. 'Well, where's your deer?' he asked.

"We had to own up that the bucks were a trifle sudden for us, and expressed it as our opinion that they were at that moment somewhere in the vicinity of the setting sun, at the rate they were going. The Quill Shooters Will Eat Up Anything That Tastes Briny.

The Agility of Two Bucks Occasioned a Memorable Coon Eunt.

SEVEN PICKED OUT OF ONE TREE

ROULETTE, PA., June 16 .- There are probably more hedgehogs, or porcupines, as many of the natives call them, in the lumber woods of Northwestern Pennsylvania than anywhere else in the East. They are curious creatures, these hemlock woods porcupines, and a great pest around lumber camps. They are passionately tond of salt, and if the four sides of a lumber camp shanty should be salted from ground to roof, the porcupines would est it down over the very heads of the inmates, and not leave a splinter to mark where it stood.

They don't mind a man or 20 men if there is a salt barrel in camp, and will persist in getting to it as long as one of them is left alive. The other night a drove of porcupines made a raid on an old lumber shanty west of this place, in the McKean county woods. The shanty was occupied by two bark peelers. The porcupines came from all directions, made their way into the shanty, waking the men by tramping over shanty, waking the men by tramping over them, and keeping them awake a long time afterward by their determination to take possession of the place. With their axes the bark peelers fought the bold and per-sistent little animals, and it was not until they had killed the whole drove, 30 in number, that they were able to go to bed again in peace. The next night the shanty was attacked again by a detachment of porcu-pines apparently as large as the first one.

Ate Up a Salt Pork Barrel. The occupants had closed the apertures through which the drove of the night before gained entrance, and the second lot, finding no place to get in, promptly set to work to gnaw a place through the boards. In a wonderfully short time three different en-trances were made by the sharp toothed and industrious animals, and the two bark peelers found themselves under the necesity of either spending the night fighting orcupines again or surrendering the shants to the invaders. The men concluded to wait and see what the animals would do. They ignored the presence of the bark peelers entirely and scrambled to a corner of the shanty where an empty salt pork barrel stood—a relic of some previous oc-cupancy of the premises. The porcupines attacked the barrel, and in less than an hour attacked the barrel, and in less than an hour had eaten it up, staves, hoops and all. They then chewed up a lot of boards near the barrel, on which brine had been spilled, and departed as they had entered, except that they had carried away with them a good, big load of lumber on which they had lunched "Then I'li bet there's flying coons, too, and we've strock a flock of 'em' said be.

"You don't have to skirmish around much to get feed to fatten one of these hemlock porcupines on," says an old Potter county woodsman. "Just sprinkle some salt over a stick of cord wood, or a sawlog, for that matter, and he'll eat up the whole business and enjoy it like you would mince

Uses His Tall in Climbing.

The customary diet of these animals, though, is hemlock browse. They make themselves a home in a hollow log, or under themselves a home in a hollow log, or under the roots of some old tree, but always within easy reach of a big hemlock. The hemlock is their pasture, and they make beaten paths going to and fro between the tree and their homes. The porcupine climbs a tree as readily as a squirrel would, pro-vided you don't slip up and cut his tail off while he is going up. Somehow or other he can't climb a tree without his tail, nor he won't come down without it. It you catch won't come down without it. It you catch and chop his tail off close he will stop right starves to death, unless he is taken away.

where he is, and will stay there until he Once up a tree the porcupine goes out on the big limbs, and pulling the small hem-lock branches in with one paw browses on the pungent leaves. In going through the woods you will find little piles of these fine leaves on the ground under hemlock trees. That means that a porcupine is feeding in the tree, the leaves on the ground being the droppings from the feast. Sometimes a porwill remain in a hemlock tree a week at a time, hugging close to the trunk at night and feeding during the day. The curious little beast is the only living thing that eats the foliage of the hemlock.

Dogs Love to Fight Them.

While the hemlock porcupine is perfectly harmless he is greatly dreaded by hunters because it is difficult to train out of a dog the apparently inborn predeliction for fighting this animal. The best trained deer hound will stop anywhere on the trail to have a fight with a porcupine, and although the dog generally succeeds in killing hisgame the dog generally succeeds in Arthing assaults it is always with more or less wear and tear to himself. He is bound to have his mouth and nose filled with the porcupine's quills during the fight, and those quills are what urge the dog on with renewed desperation in the fight. The pain they inflict maddens him, and he pitches in fiercer than ever, only to receive another quiver-full of the sharp and deeply-penetrating little weapons the porcupine carries to defend himself

Many a valuable dog has been ruined b these quills, so many of them entering his nose and mouth as to destroy his nose, not injuring him so that he has to be killed. An important part of a deer hunter's equipment in this part of Pennsylvania is a of pincers, so that in case a dog tackles a porcupine the quills may be pulled out of his nose. They sink so deep in the flesh that they cannot be removed with the fingers. Many a hunter, not having his pincers with him, has had to pull the porcupine's quills from his dog's nose with his teeth, or lse lose his dog.

The Sagacity of the Deer

These porcupines were a great annoyance to the deer hunters, also, in the days of deer licks, for the salt at the licks attracted them, and if a porcupine got into a lick it would spoil it for deer, for no deer would come into a lick for sometimes a year after a porcupine had been there. But then it didn't take much to make deer shy of licks, didn't take much to make deer shy of licks, as to a matter of that. The dropping of a piece of iron in one would spoil it for deer for many a day, the smell of iron being a particularly suspicious circumstance to a deer. If a deer shot in a lick sheds a drop of its blood there, no other deer would come into that lick until two or three hard the shot falls and washed all sign and rains had fallen and washed all sign and

smell of the blood away.
"When beech nuts and acorns are plentiful in Potter and the counties roundabout," said Milo Lyman, himself a well-known hunter and woodsman, and son of the late Leroy Lyman, of Roulette, who was Pennsylvania's greatest hunter and amateur nat-uralist, "we always look for bear and coons to come in thick in the woods and make ings lively during the fall and winter And speaking of coons reminds me of the greatest coon hunt, I guess, that, ever was known in this tier of counties.

The Deers Were Too Speedy. "One day in the fall John S. Dey, a pror inent citizen of Geneva, N. Y., came all the way over here from that place and said to my father: 'Leroy, let's go out and kill s

deer."
"All right,' said father, 'we'll go over
to the Forest House and kill two."
"The Forest House is Keating Summit,
over on the Sinnemahoning waters. I joined the party and we went to the hunti-ground. We went to the Two Mile, belo the Forest House, and lather stationed De and myself at an opening in a laurel patch.
"'Stand there and keep your eyes peeled,'
he said. 'I'm going to drive two big bucks

HOWELLS ON HIS ART

He Says It's a Mistake for a Man to Lose Himself in His Work.

WRITERS MUST STUDY EFFECTS. "I guess it was coons you fellows came out to hunt,' father said. 'That's it; so you go right up yonder on the ridge and hunt 'em. I'll go and get those two bucks.' His First Essay Was on Life and He Set It

Up in Type Himself.

THE MONEY IN A LITERARY CAREER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH 1 W. D. Howells occupies to-day an enviable position in American literature. His place is at the head of the first rank of our romance writers. He is very industrious, and his contributions to various branches of literature are very numerous. His essays, studies of life and crisp criticisms would have made his name choroughly well known without the aid of his

"We followed the coons. They led us down off the ridge to a spring run, and that run, for a hundred yards up and down it, looked as if a steam plow had been doing its best to turn it bottom side up. There wasn't a stone in it but what had been turned over, and they were tumbled helter skelter and every which way. It was evident that the drove of coons had been at work in that run, and I learned afterward that they were looking for crawfish, and the reason that they were not still there when we got to the run was that there were no more stones to turn over. They would have stayed there all night and all the next day if the stones had held out, even it they didn't catch a crab. The coon goes on the principle that the crab he is after may be In some ways, his career has been an unusual one. He has the culture and the wide knowledge of the best university education, while he himself has never passed through a college. He found his university in Europe. The influence of Europe came to him at the formative stage of life. He came back before he was denationalized, and has visited Europe only once since.

Chance or good fortune has its influence in determining careers. The bit of chance or good fortune which turned Mr. Howells into the pathway of European leisure and study came through the friendship of Messra. Nicolay and Hay, who were the private eccretaries to President Lincoln when Mr. Howells was first stirred with an ambition to go to Europe. The latter applied for the Consulate of Munich.

A Self-Educated Man. He was then a well-informed country youth. His father was the editor of a country newspaper in Ohio, Mr. Howells learned the trade of a printer in his father's



William Dean Howells.

office. Some of his first articles were set at the case. His father gave him a good common school education. The young man had a great love for books, and a tendency in the direction of the study of languages. He first acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and then learned the rudiments of Greek. From these he went to French and German, and picked up a good reading knowledge of Spanish.

When he arrived in Washington to push his application for Munich he had the sympathetic support of the two secretaries of Lincoln. They knew of him and his news. paper work. They were anxious to help him. The President, however, gave the Munich appointment to some one else, and told his secretaries that their friend Mr. Howells could have the Consulate at Rome. This was early in the history of the War of the Rebellion. In looking up this consul-ate, Mr. Howells found that its fees were only \$300 a year. He was then unmarried, with very modest ideas and a great ambition to go to Europe to study, but he did not think he could live on that amount of money, so he appealed again to his friends in the White House. They secured for him the Consulate at Venice, which was then worth \$750 a year, and as Southern pri-vateers were at that time becoming objects of interest in foreign ports, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were able to obtain the increase of the pay of this post to \$1,500 a year. magnificent sum more than satisfied Mr. Howells.

He Married in Paris. He accepted the post with joy, and the following year his wife mes him in Paris, where they were married. He remained at this post for four years, and during that time acquired an accurate knowledge of the Italian language. His book "Venetian Days," written as the result of his life in Venice, is to-day the guide book of every American tourist who visits this city. I saw Mr. Howells some four years ago in object there of a great deal of attention. I recall one evening when he came to my newspaper office and spent nearly two hours Interviewing me upon my experience as a correspondent. The other day I turned the tables upon Mr. Howells by addressing him a note asking to set a time for an interview. To this he returned a prompt and courteous reply saying that what there was left of him to interview would be found every afternoon between certain hours at his

office. The fac-simile of his note will in-terest the students of graphology.

Mr. Howells is in the neighborhood of 50 Mr. Howells is in the neighborhood of 50 years of age. In talking with him you give him the benefit of being on the right side of 50, no matter what his biography may say. He is of medium height and is quite stout, round and contented looking. His face is round. Nearly all the lines of his figure are curved. His hands are tat and dimpled.

A Pen Picture of the Man. His round face has the look of refinement experience of the world, the good-natured indifference and the cynically happy distelief of a diplomat of experience and high position. His eyes are a dark gray, and deeply set. His forehead is broad and high, covered nearly to his eyebrows with iron-gray hair, combed down in what might be called a bang, if there were not a semblane of a parting to destroy the character of such definition. An iron-gray mustache shades his firm-lined mouth. The nose is straight and not large. His chin is smooth shaven and forceful. His voice is very agreeable. There are certain notes of contentment in the tones of his voice which argue that Mr. Howells is satisfied with his career and

with the success he has made in life. In his office, in the Madison Square Bank Building, New York, there is room for a huge desk, a stuffed leather chair for Mr. Howells, and for three or four chairs for the literary aspirants who come in trembling to submit to his judgment the samples of spring poetry, essays and stories which come in endless procession to every recog-nized publication. Sketches of proposed illustrations standing carelessly about re-lieve the plainness of the office, which is rigidly business looking, much like the corner of the average managing editor of a daily newspaper. He was much more frank than a politician. He rejused to answer no questions put to him. He was first asked what led him to adopt literature as a profession. He said he could not answer su a question as that, and gave a specific reason. He could not remember a time when he was not in literature. He could not recall the day when he began to read. His father was a man of books, and in the printing office of the elder Howells his literary

House in triumph. Seven coons had never been laid low as sudden as those seven had The Author's First Essay. He said that his first writing was an essay upon the subject of life. This was not written, but was composed at the case. He does not know what has become of this contribution to American literature. His next been, and we knew it. It was a good while after dark when we got in. Father came in soon afterward. He got the two bucks; and I'd like to know, now, if that wasn't a step in the direction of literary study was right to you.'

"He went around the patch, and in two minutes, sure enough, he sent two great big prices."

"It would be a sure and the patch and in two minutes, sure enough, he sent two great big prices."

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tastes were stimulated.

time.

In speaking of his career in literary development, Mr. Howells dwelt upon Europe as his university. He thought nothing that could have happened could have done him more good than the four years of tranquility in a world steeped in tradition, a world of art, subject to the powerful influence of the old civilizations which make such deep and lasting impressions upon the minds of those who come from the newer world to study. Here he had four years of perfect freedom, freedom from all financial care, and with perfect surroundings for the development of a writer. He had sufficient leisure during his occupancy of the post to travel all over Italy, and to of the post to travel all over Italy, and to visit some of the other countries of Europe. It is Italy, however, which he knows best Upon his second visit to Europe he made

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Mr. Howells' Letter. a tour of Great Britain and spent much time in London, where he found his books circulating nearly as widely as at home.

Making a Living at Literature. I asked him then, considering his success literature, what were the inducements of a financial character to hold out to a youth-ful aspirant. Mr. Howells said that he did ful aspirant. Mr. Howells said that he did not think that anyone ever should go into literature on account of any great profits to be realized therein. A man who did not depend upon journalism might work a long time before arriving at an income of \$1,200 a year. Literature is ill paid in comparison with the work of almost any other profession. Mr. Howells says:

"I know very well the business value of my own reputation. I know exactly what I have accomplished in that direction. The success that I have obtained, would in any

tion that I have obtained, would in any other profession entitle me to at least four or five times what I now receive." He then added: "I make at the outside between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. This re-sult, viewed from the standpoint of a beginner in the literary work, has a colossal look. Viewed from the standpoint of an equal success in other professions, the result is meager. But it is just to add that writers do not work as many hours as the men of other professions. This is not generally admitted, as the writers have had all there is to say more the sphice. there is to say upon the subject. Of course the writer never underestimates the weary labor of his profession, but in reality liter-ary people work less hours than do the members of almost any other profession. This is equally true of artista. The artistic temperament takes kindly to leisure."

He Doesn't Believe in Moods, "You do not believe in moods, then, that one hears so much about in the literary and

artistic world?" Mr. Howells laughed as he said: "I am afraid I do not believe in moods, as they are usually defined. A writer or an artist is in a good mood for his best work when he has overcome the natural disinclination to work, so as to assume, at least, the virtue of

industry."
His advice to young writers, people who are anxious to become literary workers, was, first, to be sure they had something to say and then to seek to say it in the simples possible way. There should never be any straining after effects, any hunting for un-usual forms. There should be great tem-perance in the employment of adjectives and an effort to keep as clearly as possible to what is to be related. The writer should always sink his individuality. He should always be subordinated to what he is trying The difficulties in the way of cor rectly giving the picture of an ordinary incident in life are enormous, said Mr. How-ells. Correctly and simply to describe the act of a person in entering and going out of a room is only appreciated by one who seeks to portray even such a simple inci-dent as that.

No More Literature on Sti'ts. The simplicity and naturalness of the present standards of good writing were in keeping with the trend of modern development. The artificial writing of the past literature on stilts, has been retired to the background with the professional orator. The public speaker of to-day does not depend upon flowery phrases, upon overloaded sentences and skillful climaxes. The thought with him is of more importance than such rhetorical ornaments.

orator, as with the writer, the simpler his methods the greater his effects.

During the other visit, Mr. Howells opened the conversation by discoursing upon the present tendency of literature in the United States. He said, "When the copyright law was passed, we got out our ascension robes and were prepared for wonderful things. We expected too much, however, and, naturally, there have been some disappointments. It is, however, a step in the right direction. It is of greater advantage to the foreign author than to the American, for, as Mark Twain truly said, 'We used to steal pounds from them where they stole pennies from us." Mr. Howells thought that one of the best developments in this country was in the

Maupassant, and who set him up as an ex-ample of perfection in description and as the ideal short story writer, could find his equal among the short story writers of this

Sketches of Travel.

country.

writing of short stories. He thought in this

the American writers excelled. The critics, who are enhanced with the work of Guy

Mr. Howells said that he regretted very much to see that two features of literar work were apparently going out. These are the essay and the travel sketch. There was nothing more delightful to him than a good travel sketch, yet the tendency of writers was to ignore such subjects because they say that everybody travels nowadays, and consequently the subjects of travel are no longer new, and consequently less at-tractive. He thought this was a mistake. The fresh eve and the point of view were what constituted the interest in a travel sketch. People who have traveled are al-ways more interested in reading about the places they have seen when described by someone else than those who have never

made any voyages.

Mr. Howells, in speaking of his own methods of literary work, said: "I have long ago learned to distrust and utterly to disbelieve in the idea of losing oneself in one's work. Whenever I have given way to the so-called inspiration of the moment and have worked with reckless enthusiasm, I have always found the next day that my work was rubbish and all lost. The writer nust not lose himself in his characters or in his story. He must retain his self-pe sion, his self-control, and be constantly in the position of an outsider studying carefully his effects. He must be saying to himself, is this natural? is this right? in order to obtain the proper gauge of the

value of his picture.
"I know this view is opposed by a great many enthusiasts, but it is my judgment that the most artistic work is produced by the man who is in the clearest all his faculties and who is the least swayed by his emotions, in the pursuit of purely in-tellectual work. What would be said of a seniptor engaged in the modeling of a figure if he gave way to his emotions, closed his eyes to an outside view of the general proportion of his work, and plunged into a general passion of exe an without any regard to the appearance o. his work as a whole?"

Who would not give 25 cents to Tree thei house from rosches, bedbugs, etc? Bugin will do it without a doubt.

bish he said it was that he composed at that RABBIT FUR IN HATS,

The Finest Felt Is a Product From the Pests of Australia.

NO THEORY ACCOUNTS FOR GOUT.

Vibratory Appliance That's Successful in Curing Deafness.

THE RUBBER BASE IN CHEWING GUM

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 Great improvements have been made of late years in the felting industry. Felt is composed of wool, fur or hair, of which the fibers are so entangled and interlaced that they cannot readily be separated, and this is done without spinning or weaving. There is a tradition that felt was discovered by St Clement while on a pilgrimage. Having put a bat of carded wool into each shoe to save his teet from blistering, he found at his journey's end that moisture and friction had converted the wool into felt. Its use for caps, hosiery, floor cloth, cloaks and tents has long been known in the East by the nomads of the desert.

At present it is largely made from waste wool, which is first deprived of its oil, then carded and placed in a machine. Here it is kept wet with hot water and subjected to a process of beating by which the fibres are made to move upon eash other until the interlocking of their parts and the curling of the fiber itself unite the whole into a compact sheet of felt. The "fulling" of cloth is but a partial felting of wool already woven. This felted wool is used for carpets, carpet covers, coarse hats, carriage linings, pads in saddlery, shoulder pads for men's clothing, slippers and shoes and even for cloaks and other garments. The cheapest woolen rags and other articles are worked into felt for covering steam boilers, although felt is gradually being superseded for that purpose by asbestos. Roofing felt is a coarse kind, usually coated and filled with coal tar, and sometimes with tar and powdered slate. Felt stiffened with dextrine is used for making surgeons' splints.

By far the most important use to which

felt is put is that of making hats, and David Mandel, Jr., has recently given an interesting description of the process. Technically feit hats are of three kinds, "plain soft," "plain hard" and "napped" or "ruffed." The quality of felt hats has a wide range, and in the finer and more expensive qualities the entire body is composed of fur. For commoner qualities a mixture of fur and Saxony wool is used, and for the lowest kinds wool alone is employed. The fur used by hatters consists principally of the hair of rabbits (technically called coneys) and hares, with some proportion of nutria musquash and beaver hair, and generally any parings and cuttings that can be ob-tained from furriers. Furs intended for felting are deprived of their long, coarse hairs, after which they are treated with a solution of nitrate of mercury, an operation called carroting or "secretage," which greatly increases the felting properties of the fur. The fur is then cut by hand or machine from the skin, and in this state it is delivered to the hatmaker. Rabbit fur for hat making now comes in large quantifor hat making now comes in large quanti-ties from Australia, and it is also largely collected in the United Kingdom and in Northern Europe. A considerable amount of rabbit fur is exported from Great Britain to the United States.

Rubber in Chewing Gom.

Ordinary chewing gum is made of gum chicle, sugar and a variety of flavors. Gum chicle is merely a form of India rubber. The gum has a certain quality of sugar added to it to sweeten and make it palatable. It will be noticed that in chewing gum after it has been in the mouth awhile the sugar and flavor are entirely gone, and what remains is the rubber-like product which is the chicle gum nearly pure. This gum is the sap of the sar is collected like India rubber sup, by cut-ting incisions in the bark between the months of November and April, and after the gum has been gathered it is packed in

sacks, 200 pounds to the sack.
It is then a light-colored mass, apparent about half way between gutta percha and India rubber. In the factories it is washed, dried and mixed, and when run off on spreaders is cut into sticks, wrapped and acked ready for shipment. Within a few years the industry has assumed large proportions, and the demand for it seems to be growing. In England they do not chew gum, looking down on the habit as vulgar and even disgusting, but Australia seems to have taken to it kindly, and is already making large demands on the resources

The Theories of Gout. An English physician has excited a lively discussion by stating that it is much more reasonable to suppose that the cause of gout lies in food than in drink. This is totally at variance with the conservative idea which associates gout with the reddest of noses and the crustiest of port. But a good case is made out for the new theory. There is no doubt that in Scotland, where

whisky is the favorite beverage, gout is

quent port, the disease is almost unknown. When the blame for gout is shifted from

wine and spirits to malt liquors, it is asked,

rare, and in Spain, the home of

the American gum manufacturers.

ow is it that the malady is but seldom met in Germany, where the consumption of beer The causes of gout are yet unexplained. It affects the most civilized nations and the upper classes of society, attacking the strongest and best fed persons in otherwise good health, and it prevails among men far more than women. There may, after all, have been reason on the side of the wine merchant, who, in defiance of popular belief, insisted that his port was a sure cure who, in defiance of popular for gout, even although the English noble-man to whom he had sent a sample replied:

"Sir, I have tried your port and prefer the New Cure for Deafness, The vibrometer is a newly invented in-

gout.

strument for the cure of deafness. The principle of its operation is the massage of the sound conducting apparatus of the ear by means of vibratory forces. By this method various conditions can be relieved which could not be reached by the regular modes of treatment, and which are the principal causes of deafness in a very large proportion of those afflicted. The phonograph has been used for this purpose, and although its adaptation was effected in a comparatively crude manner, the results at-tained justified the belief that an instrument embodying special improvements on the same lines would be of the utmost

volue. Such an instrument is the vibrometer. and so successful has been its application that many persons whose deafness was from five to 15 years' standing can now, through its use, hear ordinary conversation from 10 to 20 feet away with their backs turned to the speaker, and others, with never-ceas-ing noises in their ears, have been com-

pletely relieved. An Anti-Corrosive Process

An Austrian chemist has patented a new method of preventing corrosion which he calls the "electro-browning" process. He selects lead for the purpose, the peroxide of lead being the form in which it is used. One great advantage is that it can be applied to manufactured articles in a cold state, thus obviating the disadvantages attending the heating necessary in other pro-

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