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HOW IT HAPPENED.

HE.

I shall never know how it could have happened,
Or whether she gave me some look or sign,
Or whether I leaned my face toward her,
Or whether she raised her face to mine.

I shall never know how it dared to happen;
But close and glad as the wild bee sips
From his honey clover, I know I kissed her
Full and square on her lovely lips.

She turned within, O, God bless and keep her!
The door closed softly, and all was still,
I walked in a dream thro' the moonlight splendor
The crisp snow crackled—the air was chill.

How will she meet me again? How greet me—
With lofty anger or keen delight?
Have I opened the gate of her love forever,
Or closed myself into darkest night?

SHE.

He held my hand, the quiet moon was shining:
The street lay half in shadow, half in light,
As on the doorstep for one minute,
We stood to see the beauty of the night.

He, just to say good-bye, my hand had taken;
I could not snatch it rudely from his grasp;
And so, the while we talked, he held it gently
In the kind, friendly, sister of his clasp.

And somehow, though, we praised the night's still beauty,
I think we looked more at each other's eyes;
His, flashing dark and warm, had all the brightness,
And, more than all, the softness of the skies.

I don't know how it happened; I shall never
Know how it could have happened, yet 'tis true
That, as we said good night, we kissed each other
Just as acknowledged, promised lover's do.

My cheeks are burning and my heart is beating;
I ought to feel displeased, of course, for he—
It must have been his fault—yet I can't blame him—
I only wonder what he thinks of me!

TOM MIDDLETON'S WIFE.

The Story of a Plucky California Woman.

BY FLORA HAINS LOUGHEAD.

Kate Mitchell was one of those unfortunate women whose surplus physical energies distinguish them from others of their sex. As a child she was known as a "tomboy," and prim mothers held her up as an awful warning to their little daughters, while in her own house the question of how to subdue her buoyant spirits was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up, society frowned upon her as a "hoyden," and her way was continually beset with thorns.

At eighteen she could row, and swim, and ride, and play lawn-tennis like a boy. She was a great walker, and upon one occasion had walked to Mt. Diablo and back in two days, with her brother and a couple of friends, a feat which alone would have sufficed to place her under a ban in San Francisco's best society. That she sang like a bird, danced like a sylph, and was, altogether, a very amiable, pure minded girl, was a small offset for the sum of her iniquities, and although she was exceedingly popular among a set of young and irresponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon her, and it was generally understood that she was a young person of most radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was, therefore, a matter of polite regret when the announcement of her coming nuptials with one of this same conservative circle was received. Tom Middleton was a promising lawyer, of excellent family and irreproachable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. His intimate friend and boon companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the mouthpiece of society and echoed its sentiment in Tom's unwilling ear. Tom stood staunchly by his colors, but his friends words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly resolved that for his sake and her own, Kate must by all means be "toned down."

He succeeded even beyond his hopes—nine years after her marriage, few would have recognized in the quiet, repressed woman, the gay and spirited girl of former days. Kate was fond of her husband, and the alchemy of love had wrought the change; but it is a dangerous thing to meddle with spiritual chemistry as well as the forces of the material world, and if Tom had known what pent-up longings and rebellious inclinations raged beneath his wife's quiet exterior, he might have repented his success. But he went on callously and blindly, as men will when dealing with delicate forces which they cannot understand, and Kate kept her grievances to herself. Two children came—the elder a girl, a fairy, untamed little creature, who made the mother's heart ache as she saw a boy, sturdy, deliberate, like his father.—When the children grew larger and needed room for exercise and out-door air which their city home would not afford, they took up their residence in a little country home, not so far away but that Tom could travel back and forth daily and attend to his business, and it is here that our story finds them.

One gray, December day, Kate stood at her window, gazing out upon the landscape. It had been a dull, tiresome week. Several days before, Tom had started off on a long-promised vacation, which was to be dedicated to a hunt in the mountains, in company with a party of friends. She was thinking, with envy, of this hunting party, and wondering, half-bitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthful for men, should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the excitement of the hunt, the joy of holding a good gun on her shoulder and knowing that she could sight and shoot with the rest of them! She felt a wicked solace as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley the night before and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was lonely, dull and cross, and chafed against her hedged-in life, with it narrow boundaries and senseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house, the door of her room opened, and the children burst in.

"Mamma, the creek is up! Take us down to see it!"

The childish longing for novelty and excitement found an instant echo in her heart. They had run in from outdoor play, and were bonneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth. As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house-dress, bare-headed, and with worsted slippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a narrow lane leading to a place where they were accustomed to ford in the summer time but over which now swept a seething, tempestuous flood.

As they looked and listened, Kate realized that this was no ordinary freshet, but the product of a heavy rainfall over the whole vast watershed, which had accumulated its forces in thousands of tiny rivulets, and joining issue with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow channel a mighty and irresistible power.

Even as they looked she saw a wall of water suddenly rear up above and come down toward them like a miniature tidal wave.

The dam built by the new water company had given away!

They ran back from the shore to higher ground, and not a moment too soon. The stream rose several feet in a second. It cut into the solid banks on either side and bushes and, young trees, rooted up and sucked in by the greedy current, went spinning by. A giant sycamore wavered, flung out its bare skeleton limbs as if in ghostly protest, and fell far out into the stream, interlocking its branches with a sturdy evergreen oak which stood on the opposite bank, while its trunk, loosely anchored by long, snake-like roots, tossed helplessly in midstream.

"Mamma! See the big boards coming!" cried out her little daughter.

Kate looked far up stream and saw a timber sailing leisurely along. Now it caught on a projecting snag and swung half about, now it struck on a submerged island, and idly disengaged itself and sauntered on. Behind it was another, and yet another—the stream was black with them.

"Oh, my God! The railroad bridge!"

The railroad bridge, and the afternoon train nearly due, soon to rush down a steep grade to a leap into that yawning chasm. Her first impulse was to start up the cannon, but she instantly checked herself. What folly, when miles of overflow lay between her and the doomed train! Word must be sent down to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But how? The hired man! Jim had gone an hour before to the village to get the mail and have his daily gossip with the lounger of the place. Even if he were here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that lay between. Then she looked at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, leisurely, but nearer and nearer still, sailed the great timbers.

"Marian, take little brother and go straight to the house, and stay there till mamma comes back."

She had already pulled herself up by one of the roots and was creeping stealthily along the swaying trunk. Here her dress caught on a branch; there she had to climb down and crawl along with her feet under the water to avoid an upright limb. Once she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly sucked into the eddying current, but she caught at a stout projection and swung herself up once more.

She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers upstream as they rocked lazily upon the water, but she did not dare to look. Before her the main trunk of the tree was lost and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other locked with the oak in mid-air. Which to take? She dared not hesitate, but began a perilous climb along the upper limb, slippery and naked in places, wavering so that she grew dizzy and shut her eyes to keep from falling. And, so, lying prone upon it, hand over hand, she crept the entire length, and the great stick of timber struck heavily against the fallen sycamore, and just as Kate swung herself into the branches of the oak she felt her support give way, and with a groan and crash, and wild-up tossings of its skeleton arms, the old tree tore loose from its moorings, and was swept down stream toward the bay.

Her hands torn and bleeding, Kate Middleton reached solid ground at length and first her maternal instinct asserted itself, and she looked back and saw her children stand as if in a dream, and looking after her. She pointed home with a gesture that they dared not disobey, and saw them turn and run up the lane, then sped along her way.

She was not light of foot, as in her girlhood; whereas, she was once fleet as a deer and swift motion was a very joy to her, she now realized that she was growing to be a stout and middle-aged woman. She moved heavily and clumsily and laboured for breath, and her feet were like clods beneath her. There was a mile of rough and rocky ground to be covered before she reached the station, and the train—oh, but to possess once more the agility of her girlhood!

Which would be first? would the train, flying across the upper levels of the Coast Range, reach the next station before the brave woman had sent her message of warning? How many times she asked herself the question she could not have told. She scarcely dared hope that she might be in time. Her heart seemed ready to burst with grief for the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might cry aloud to heaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for the husbands and wives—

She was crossing the bed of one of the many abandoned channels of the impetuous mountain stream, a rocky pathway, strewn with the spoils of by-gone freshets where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrent's surplus force. She faltered, smitten by a new and awful thought. What if Tom—Tom, who was not to come for two days more—Tom, who had started out in altogether different direction—should have cut short his excursion, or with his party, driven home by the continued rains, somehow wandered to one of the upper stations, and boarded the train for home there?

Where was her vaunted physical strength now? What was she, after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, every muscle clogged by this great horror that had taken possession of her, a fierce pain gripping at her heart, something rising in her throat which suffocated her, her eyes blinded with babyish tears? Thank God! her brain kept clear and true to its purpose, and urged on the flagging body. On, on, over little hillocks, across level stretches of sand, down new ravines she ran. Once she cut her foot cruelly upon a sharp stone, and remembered, for the first time, that she had on the light worsted slippers she had worn in the house, and had carelessly neglected to exchange for walking boots when she started down to the creek with her children. She even bethought herself that her loose house-dress was scarcely the style of apparel in which she should like to present herself at the station, could she have her choice, and in the same breath sent up a prayer of thankfulness for its light weight, which scarcely encumbered her movements.

With all the rest of her senses dulled, her hearing appeared to have become preternaturally sharp. She seemed to hear the clatter of the approaching train 12 miles away. The throb, throb, throb of the engine kept pace with her beating heart. She heard the hollow echoes from the neighboring hills as the train crept over embankments, its deafening clamor as it rushed across trestle-works, its dull rumble as it rolled over solid ground. She even seemed to see the engineer as he laid his hand on the escape valve, ready to give the iron monster voice as it neared the little mountain town, then the wild shriek of the escaping steam, the clangor of the bell, the puff, puff, of the train slackened speed, the clatter of the brakes, the jangle of the couplings.

Would she never reach the little red station-house, now plainly in sight at the end of the smooth-graveled road? She was passing the postoffice, where people idly gazed at her. What matter? If only there were a horse and buggy in sight, to help her on her way! If only one of the loungers would understand and take up the mission which her spent strength seemed inadequate to fulfill! But she might not turn aside.

On the depot platform more loungers. Jim among them, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek and talking earnestly of the state of the weather and the prospect of the growing crops. They all looked upon her as a mad woman, as she ran past them. Jim uttered an expletive under his breath, moved by the strong indignation that must always possess a self-respecting servant, when master or mistress does something derogatory to the dignity of his "family."

The station-master was in his office, talking with a gentleman who had come down from the mountains, and was in waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a hunting suit, and was talking with some excitement.

"It has rained all the week," he was saying; "you think it rains here in the valley, but, great guns! you should be up in the mountains in a rain storm. Sheets and sheets of it—blizzards of sleet and hail, and the wind blowing like a hurricane; we broke camp yesterday; I took a bee-line down here; the rest crossed the hills to the station above. They'll be down on the 4 o'clock."

Voice and speaker were familiar to the woman who stood in the doorway, both hands pressed to her panting breast. The words came only too distinctly to her quickened senses. Then her premonitions were true, and Tom—Tom was on that fated train. Again her body reeled, but her steady brain saved her.

"Stop the train! The bridge is gone!" she cried.

Both men looked up, startled at the words. With the prompt movement of a man trained to obey orders the agent leaped to his instrument; the other man, slower to comprehend, came forward, the look of amazement on his face, as he viewed the singular apparition in the doorway, giving place to amused indulgence, as he recognized the speaker. What an eccentric, impetuous girl Kate Mitchell always was, and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton!

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Middleton," he said, smiling.

She waved him back with a single imperious gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator listened intently, with his head resting on his hand. Kate Middleton remained standing in the doorway, her hands clasped low, her face blanched with dread, and all her soul absorbed in listening. Jack Spencer, slowly comprehending the meaning of the scene, waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay.

At last it came, the monotonous click, click, conveying its portentious message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arose from his chair.

"Just in time. The train was pulling out of the station, but they stopped her."

Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway. For the first time in her life her head gave way. She was again on the swaying sycamore, going down. She felt the water on her face and opened her eyes to find Jack Spencer supporting her head, and the station agent pouring ice-cold water over her.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully. "Now, Mrs. Middleton, with your permission, I'll see you home."

She borrowed a hat and a cloak from the station agent's wife. Jim brought up the horses. Jack Spencer handed her into the wagon, with grave courtesy, and they drove off. Some of the loungers dimly understanding what she had done, looked on curiously. That was all. No fuss, no formal tributes, no speech making even from the two who understood. There was no deputation of strong men to tender her public tribute, in voices shaken by sobs. Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any heroine who ever saved a train from wreck, she was on the wrong side of the bridge, and the people most deeply concerned were nine miles away.

She had little to say on the ride homeward, although Jack Spencer was attentive and talkative, and tried, as hard as a man could, to show his appreciation of her brave deed. Perhaps she was embarrassed in the consciousness of her old attire, and the curious looks cast upon her as she rode through the village. Perhaps she was secretly ashamed of her mad race, and of the exertional, unwomanly, physical prowess that had made it possible, notwithstanding the fact that she had saved many lives. She did not even invite Jack to come in when she reached her own door, but descended from the wagon with great dignity, and only relaxed a little when Jack said very earnestly:

"I shall never underrate the value of the physical training for women again, Mrs. Middleton. Some day I shall beg to put my little daughter under your tutelage."

Which was a great concession for Jack, whose little daughter was the apple of his eye, and whom he had hitherto only looked forward to making an accomplished woman, of elegant manners.

Neither honor nor praise awaited Kate in her own home. Bridget scolded her, and put her to bed, and declared that she "wud surely catch her death a-cold, an' she deserved it well," and tried to save her from the consequences of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children Harry stubbornly resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with her mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrified the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority.

The mother had her reward, nevertheless. Late that night, when the children were asleep and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and donning a wrapper and shawl, laid herself down upon the lounge before the open fire, to enjoy scanning the daily paper. The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the sodden driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door; another moment and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly materialized ghost.

"Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed to cower before him; yet not before him, but the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her and took possession of her. Tom her husband, might have been one of that grizzly throng of mangled, crushed, dead and dying phantoms of the might-have-been, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might bar out the sight.

"Oh, you ought not: you never should do such a thing," she said.

After all, she had nerves, and they had been sorely tried that day.

"What do you mean?" gravely demanded Tom. This was indeed a sorry greeting, after all he had been through.

"You shouldn't have come home in this unexpected way; you should let people know when you are coming."

"Kate," said Tom, solemnly, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside him, "you will speak differently when you know how near I came to not coming home at all; I have traveled twelve miles on horseback over a rough mountain road to get here to-night. We were notified that the bridge three miles below there—six miles above here, Kate—had been carried away."

"How did you find out?" Kate was herself again. There was a little twinkle in her eyes, but her lip trembled.

"As to that," replied Tom, "reports are somewhat vague. But all accounts agree it was a woman. And she did wonderful things. The bridge-tenders wife I believe. Floated down stream on a timber, somebody said. Started, all dripping for the station, and got there in as unconsciously short time. Not a minute to spare. If it hadn't been for her—oh, it was a wonderful feat, everybody says."

"But how—very—unladylike!" said Kate, in a choked voice, stooping to pick up something from the floor.

"Unladylike!" cried Tom, excitedly. "I tell you, Kate, that was something worth while. Very different from your lawn tennis practice. When a woman puts her strength to such a use—and such a strain as it must have been by Jove! Why, Kate, I doubt if you could do so much as walk to town and back. But when a woman saves two or three hundred lives at one stroke—: My goodness, Kate! What have you been doing to your foot?"

For Mrs. Middleton had unconsciously pushed the wounded foot into sight, and its load of bandages, piled up by Bridget's clumsy fingers, and finished with a red flannel swathing, was indeed calculated to strike terror to the beholder.

"I—I took a little walk to-day," replied Kate, guiltily, trying to hide the foot again beneath the hem of her dress. "But don't let us talk about that, Tom. I'm sorry I seemed queer and cold when you came in. I wasn't feeling well, and you—you looked so. It made me shirver."

Like many people who are dauntless in the presence of real danger, Kate had all her life been shy of praise. If she could have kept the knowledge of her escapade, as she mentally termed it, from her husband, she would gladly have done it. But, stupid as he was in some ways, obtuse as he was, he was not to be put off in this way. He was already on his knees beside her, cutting threads, removing pins and undoing cloths, in spite of her protests, until he disclosed a little foot, purple with bruises and with an ugly gaping cut in one side.

"No wonder you are not yourself to-night. A little walk!" I should say so. Kate, what have you been up to now?"

"I had on my slippers," confessed the culprit, "and—there wasn't time to change them. Let it alone, Tom. It'll be all right to-morrow."

"A little walk!" persisted Tom. "Great Cæsar, Kate, you are not to be trusted alone any more than a two-year-old babe; I'll never dare to go off and leave you again."

"If I hadn't taken my little walk, you—you-you mightn't have had the chance!" cried poor Kate, cornered at last.

"My soul!" cried Tom, a light dawning upon him at last. "It was you!"

"I think he kissed the lame, bruised foot. I am afraid he did a great many foolish things and humbled himself most lamentably to show his love for his brave young wife, his pride in her, and his contrition.

There was a purse made up by the passengers on the overland train that fateful day, to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station master and Jack Spencer kept their secret well. The only subscription that ever reached its destination was Tom Middleton's. His wife sometimes wears a very ugly bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coins. When people question her about it she replies that it is a medal Tom once awarded her for a race she won. It is generally understood that she refers to some rowing match or horseback ride. There are boats on the pond now, saddle horses in Tom's stable, and a tennis-court on the lawn. But even as she answers Kate sees again the railroad train, with its precious living freight, thundering on to destruction, and a woman bare headed, wild-eyed, with draggled dress and bleeding feet, racing desperately across a rough country, in a mad effort to avert the impending danger.—*The Argonaut.*

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken-up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some shtuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for thim"? "What do you mean"? asked the clerk. "Purgatory Bullets,' wur, or somethin' like that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad stomache, and the divil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomache and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists

Coon, Coon Dogs and Their Ways.

Among the animals which may be said to have become extinct is the coon dog of our fathers. He was of no particular strain of blood, but he united the keen scent of the deerhound with the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the tenacity of the bull dog with the stealth of the panther. With less accomplishments than these he might have been good on a fox or deer trail; the lowing herd would have probably been safe in his keeping; he might have been able to hold his own in a fight, or have stood an excellent chance of succeeding as a sheep stealer, but he couldn't have been a coon dog.

For your coon is a tricky customer, and crammed with patience. Moreover, he leaves behind him the coldest, most scentless trail of any animal that runs. He leads you through tangled swamps and deep, stony hollows. He crosses and recrosses swift running streams. He frisks along the top of rough stone walls as silent and swift as a shadow. He stops within a dozen feet of some convenient wall, clears the intervening space at a bound, strikes a tree and glides up the longest limb, runs to its extremity, and leaps a dozen feet beyond it to the ground again, breaking his trail abruptly on one side and beginning it as confusedly on the other. He invents tactics for emergencies, and brings to every consideration of his welfare and that of his family a large and level head. He plays his cards well and the dog that would beat him must needs hold both bowers and ace, with strong cards to back them. These the coon dogs of our fathers always had.

There were, twenty-five years ago, the still hunting coon dog and the coon dog who let you know at every step that he was getting there. There was mixed up with the methods of the still hunter an element of greater certainty that you would get your coon than there was with the more melodious system of the dog that mouthed his presence in the shadowy chase; but the style of the latter put more tingle into your blood and beaded you up with sweeter expectancy. There was something weird and uncanny in all the turnings and windings of the former through the gloomy woods at night. He crept among tangled woods and deep ravines, climbed abrupt knolls and worked his serpentine ways down into deep hollows, turning, doubling, shifting, crossing and recrossing his track, like the labyrinthe crossing of a ship's capricious course, silent as the night around him, stealthy as the twilight shadow. His very silence brought him to the prize. As the trail of the unsuspecting coon became warmer, the noiseless pursuer became still more cautious until the game was in sight; then he rushed upon it like an avalanche, and the pent up music of his soul went forth in one fearful howl of triumph, and the surprised and frightened coon knew that his nights were numbered.

It was different with the dog that gave tongue as he hunted. He made music in the night—not the silvery treble of the fox hound, floating down from the hills on the frosty air, and drawn out in sweet cadenza by every willing echo, nor yet the mellow bass of the deerhound, swelling over the ridges, clear and far-sounding as a bugle note, but a pleasant, though staccato song of his own, half bark, half bay, a cheerful mingling of melody with business. The baying coon dog always had a better nose than his noiseless brother, and he needed to have. The coon never knew when the silent dog was on his track and consequently did not bring to his protection the many wiles and stratagems that he at once resorted to when the cry of the other dog rang out on the trail. It was then that he maneuvred to throw false scents, and the brook and bramble, the hill and the hollow were all impressed in his service in his race for life, and it was then that the baying coon dog of our fathers came out strong. Step by step he unraveled the tangled and well hidden scent, constantly sounding his wild challenge to the coon to do his best, until the hunted animal's repertory of wiles was exhausted, and, accepting the inevitable, he climbed a tree. When the dog found he had brought the coon to this, his musical bay changed to a loud quick bark, the signal to the hunter following on behind that the coon was treed.

Once in the rare old days of coon hunting a new preacher was settled in a back woods district of Pike county, Illinois. He was not wise in the way of the woods. Early in his first autumn on his charge he began the usual protracted meeting season. By and by he noticed that on moonlight and starlight nights his congregation was made up of women only. Finally he asked the reason of this. A sister arose and said:

"It's 'cause the coonin's bette'n 'tis in the dark 'n the moon, Deuluie. Soon ez the moon darks the men'll jine ye."

Sure enough, when the "moon darked" the brethren were all in their places in the meeting-house joining heartily in the proceedings. The pastor remonstrated with them publicly.

"While you have been idling after coons," said he, "there may have been those in this district who do not hunt coons, and whom you might have led here and saved their souls."

Deacon Brown rose up in the meeting and said:

"Dominie, if thez any one in this deestric' ez don't hunt coons his soul hain't wuth savin'."

Coon hunting as a pastime went out of fashion with the war, and the old race of trained coon dogs gradually became extinct. Why the coon has come to be despised by the sportsmen in these days is one of those things about which the remark has once or twice been made that no fellow can find out. He is as cunning and as cute as the fox and more difficult to trail. He is, moreover, the cleanest of animals and eats only the most wholesome food. He should not be despised surely because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following dogs that you cannot see, and whose baying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment.

Even where coons are most abundant, nine out of every ten of the present generation never see one, and few people know anything about them or their habits. Although the coon prefers the vicinity of civilization as its habitat, he plans to keep aloof from the eyes of men and his habits render this an easy task. By day he lies in close out-of-the-way retreats, in the depth of hollow trees or isolated crevices and holes in the rocks. He wanders forth only at night, and although his foraging expeditions may bring him to the very doors of the farmer, and even within the boundary lines of villages, he never betrays his presence. If more than one coon is brought to bay in a tree they will be invariably females or a mother coon with her offspring. The female brings forth her litter only once in two years, and from the coming of the litter to the arrival of another she and her young are never separated. She keeps her little family together until they are two years old, and in protecting them will fight the attacking dog or hunter until she dies. Many a good coon dog has been forced to retreat before the fury of a she-coon fighting for her young, and if she is captured the whole family fall victims to the hunter.

While the female coon is social and domestic, the male is the reverse. He is surly and solitary, ranges entirely alone, and gives no care or attention to family matters. If two males meet in the woods or fields they fight furiously and not infrequently to death. The male makes his range for forage much wider than the female does, and having no one to look after but himself, more frequently escapes the hunter. In spring and summer the margin of brooks and ponds and the soft mud in swamps and bays are thickly indented with the graceful footprints of the coon, for in these months he spends his nights in catching frogs, fish, lizards, grubs and mussels, which are then his chief subsistence. Later on he ranges among the huckelberry and blackberry patches and feasts on the fruit.

When the milk comes in the corn is the coon's gala time, for he loves the tender succulent grains, as a farmer knows to his sorrow, and great are the risks he will take to forage in the fields. It is not until the berries are gone and the corn grown tough in the ear that the coon begins to look about for his winter stores. These he lays up plentifully from the beechnut, chestnut and acorn crops, and on these crops depends the hunting of the coon when he is at his best. During the nutting season he is fat, solid and wide awake, providing there are plenty of nuts. One peculiarity of the coon, which like most of his peculiarities, has escaped the attention of the naturalists who write books, is that he never touches food until he has quaffed at some spring or brook, even if he is compelled to go far to find it. Old coon hunters say that the coon dips every mouthful of his food into water before eating it, but, like all old hunters, old coon hunters say a great many things that would bother them to prove.—*Bangor Industrial Journal.*

It Was a Glass Eye.

Just as the eclipse began yesterday afternoon a number of people on