

time. But, rolling himself on his back, it seemed no trick for him to give the dogs such a clawing that they soon fell back and stood barking. One old hound, a little more persistent than the others, went in for a second round, but the others, thinking, no doubt, that it was not their affair, left him to make the best of it, and consequently he was pretty badly used up; indeed, at one time I thought I would have to go to his assistance.

The cat now seemed anxious to turn his attention to us, but the trap had a good hold, and as the dogs would not undertake another "scrap" with him, I knocked him over. He was a splendid specimen and beautifully marked, being much lighter in color than the dark brindle-gray of the common wildcat, and was said to be a catamount by old hunters who saw him.

On our way home we passed over a glade covered with scrub oak and hazel, and saw the tracks of several wildcats. The dogs jumped one as soon as they entered the thicket, treeing him just over the hill, but the instant we came in view he made a most astounding leap—jumping fully forty feet—from a

large leaning tree, and reached his den before the dogs could overtake him,

The hillside was a wilderness of rock ledges, boulders, fallen trees and dense masses of underbrush, and proved to be a veritable home of wildcats. We found about a dozen dens in a radius of perhaps fifty feet. We had reason to believe, afterwards, that no less than four cats had been run to cover at that time, and for several subsequent mornings we started others. Indeed, the question of trapping cats there seemed to resolve itself into a matter of endurance, but I had to abandon the ground because of the great distance and difficulty.

I learned by experience that if a cat seeks his den undisturbed he will generally come out within twenty-four hours, but if run to cover he is likely to remain there for eight or ten days, until compelled by hunger to come out and seek food.

Aside from the pelts which I secured during that winter, I gained in another and unexpected way, for I made a reputation as being "a powerful good hunter," which, in the estimation of those good people, helped to make me "a powerful good teacher" as well.



## 'NEATH SUNNY SKIES.

### KONDEAU.

'NEATH sunny skies, in soft blue air,  
With scent of roses everywhere,  
The little old gnarled olive trees  
Climb all the hill-side terraces,  
And gowns' of silver-gray they wear.

Below, in green, the lemons flare,  
And feathery palms rise stately there,  
Scarce stirred by lightly passing breeze  
'Neath sunny skies.

And Time's old face is ever fair,  
No wintry frost, no branches bare;  
For Summer bides, and seeks to please  
By every art, and calls to ease,  
And bids us cast away all care  
'Neath sunny skies.

CLIFFORD NEWTON.