

but quite frequently a cleft between roots, or the interior of a hollow stump, forms the hiding-place. It is odds on that the hare sees its pursuer before being discovered, hence it is as apt to start from almost under one's foot, or behind one's heels, as anywhere else. All wild creatures, when hiding, appear to know the instant they are detected, whereupon they immediately make off. I have more than once walked almost over a crouching hare, only to start it when I turned to look for the lost track. Needless to say, it is very seldom the white fur is seen amid the snow before the creature moves. When it finally does start, one may be astride of a big log, or snarled up in some brush, or in any one of a dozen possible difficulties which may interfere with the necessary quick, sure shot. As a rule, however, one sees a hazily defined, speeding shape, and either bowls puss over there and then, or realizes the force of that ancient warning — "First catch your hare." This sort of still-hunting may lead into all imaginable forms of bad going — through brush, where dislodged snow is forever falling; through thorny stuff which never seems to weary of raking one's face and hands; and, worst of all, across ponds of unknown depth, the icy covering of which may or may not bear a man's weight. It is, therefore, well to be a bit shy of nice, open levels, which offer the easiest of walking. They are very apt to mean ice and more or less water. To a lone trailer a ducking in the woods is no joke, and it may prove quite a serious matter; for, as a general thing, getting in is a heap easier than getting out.

So much for the still-hunting. It may be that