

## *In Pastures Green*

black squirrels are positively impudent when one goes walking through the woods. Since the snow fell, rabbit tracks are to be seen everywhere, but the rabbits themselves manage to keep out of sight. They are not protected by the game laws; at least that is the belief in the country, and they are liable to be potted at any time. Some boys not more than a hundred miles from here have been trying to snare rabbits. So far, they have managed to snare two cats and a pullet without disastrous results to any of the victims. Having snares out is strongly recommended to distracted mothers as a means of getting schoolboys quickly dressed in the morning. The snares must be visited just at daylight, and a normal boy can be warranted to jump out of bed and into all his clothes in less than five minutes if he wants to visit them. Apparently, it does no harm to the rabbits, so you must not accuse the boys of cruelty. The cats need exercise anyway, and no doubt a copper wire snare can give the huskiest tom cat a busy five minutes that will work up an appetite for his breakfast.

*Dec. 14.*—No matter what happens, we have had a spell of old-fashioned winter. The January thaw may come and be followed by open weather, as so many are prophesying, but we have had sleighing and everything else worth while that winter can offer. First we had a week of cold weather ranging from zero to twenty above. Every day it was cloudy and threatening snow, and enough fell to cover the ground. Then the papers predicted a warm wave and the trouble began. On the morning when the change was due snow began to fall in big flakes, and there was a moderate wind from the southwest. While there was no thawing the snow was soft enough to stick to everything it touched, and soon the buildings, fences, and tree trunks were white with it. I was driving along the road when the change came. Without a moment's warning the wind began to blow a hurricane from the north, and the temperature must have fallen ten degrees in less than a minute. Under the lashing of the wind the snow on the ground rose in blinding drifts. The driver was brought almost to a standstill