

NIGHT

mother rabbit with her family, waiting hopefully to be passed but, fearing discovery when too late, she led her gamboling young a fast pace for a little distance to the protecting thicket of young maples.

Here in the open upper woods the bats circled about in their erratic flight, never seeming to rest or to vary that silent winnowing movement of the wings. In a hollow beech, not far from the path, a mother skunk was building a nest and came through the leaves in her awkward way, making a loud, rustling which broke the stillness. She came to the edge of the path and cut the long grass growing there, bending it over with her forepaws and slashing it off with a dull, ripping noise. When she had a sufficient quantity she started backing toward the nest, rolling the grass after her.

Thus through the gloom of Summer nights these little forest dwellers lived their furtive lives. A thousand vagrant detours marked their tiny trails that led through the tangled copse or round the ringed roots of some great beech