
THE FATE OF "THE DEMON RABBIT"

half the township the rabbit sat where he was. It took the boy fully five minutes to come with the rifle, and in the meantime the children and I were all talking at once while the demon sat and listened. Only when the boy was within a few rods of the buggy did he show any signs of nervousness. He slapped his hind feet on the snow a couple of times and I thought he was going to run, but he quieted down again. Then I drove on, for the horse is inclined to be gun-shy, and the boy dropped on one knee in the most approved Theodore Roosevelt fashion and took aim. When he fired the rabbit gave a jump that sent the snow flying and loped away across the orchard. The boy complained bitterly because I had not held the horse and allowed him to take a rest on the hind wheel of the buggy, and, while I watched the rabbit disappearing, I made a few restrained remarks appropriate to the occasion. But just as he was passing out of sight he suddenly jumped into the air, fell to the ground, kicked wildly and then lay still. I sent the boy running to where he was, and he picked up Mr. Rabbit stone dead. Then we proceeded to examine him. The first thing we noticed was a round bullet hole through his right ear that was partly healed.