

night. There was not an animal in Northfield, from a bear down to a chipmuck, at which this dog had not poured forth volumes of howls. But this was all the harm the dog would do to any creature,—just stand and bark until the animal left in disgust. Mr. Wood was one day out in the field at work when as usual he heard the dog bark. He noticed that the sound was constantly receding, and thinking that there might be some large game, and wishing to rest a little from his work, he started off in the direction of the sound. Presently he saw the dog barking at a large, long-legged, white-faced bear. The two animals were about a rod apart and each seemed to enjoy the other's company very much. As soon as the bear saw Wood it ran off, and the dog, barking of course followed at a safe distance behind. Mr. Wood, having no gun, returned to his work. Soon the dog came back and trotted up to his master, and in about ten minutes along came the bear, returning to see what had become of the dog. The dog's greatest delight was to remain somewhat quiet at night until Mr. Wood and his family were all nicely asleep, and then to go out two or three rods from the house and mounting a stump, send

into heaven and into the woods and into the house some of the finest specimens of his yeips. He had to bark only for a short time before he could call up all the wolves within a circuit of five or ten miles. As soon as he was fully satisfied that he had got a sufficient number of these howling creatures started to take his place at barking for the remainder of the night, he would run under the house and remain silent and secreted until daylight. The wolves, in the meantime, would surround the house, and yelp, to the by no means infinite amusement of the occupants of the building. The dog seemed to have the idea that there must be barking of some kind all the time, and if he could get the wolves to take his place once in a while it was nobody's business. We have not heard that this dog was ever either killed or died a natural death. We are of the opinion that the dog never did die,—he just passed away. If he is yet living, either in this world or any other, he is probably still barking. We hope the people of Northfield will remember this dog. Not every township can boast of such an animal. You may forget the writer, but don't forget the dog.