

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

and I had scarcely got there before I heard the report of the younger Sherman's rifle at the deer. This report was immediately followed by the crack of the rifle of Sherman senior, from near my bush fence. Explanation proved subsequently that the younger S. had fired at the deer, some half mile from our position, but missed; and a fox, who was in his burrow near where Sherman senior stood, suddenly put his head and shoulders out on hearing the distant rifle shot, and was instantly shot in the throat by the nearby rifleman. The fox was brought to my shop, and left there a while, Sherman going to see if his brother had killed the deer.

The fox I thought a very large and handsome one, and about a pint of his life-blood drained out on the workshop floor, which left a peculiar wild musky odor, which remained perceptible for a number of days; and the deer was shot in my winter wheat-field, by the Sher-mans, on the day following.

In O. W. Holmes' "Table-talk" there is some wise remarks on Insanity. I think his criticisms throw a true light on the nature of mind disease.

Yours truly,  
W. YATES.

### AND HE GETS IT.

Where ice is thick and deep's the snow—  
And winter days are drear O!  
Man wants but little here below,  
Zero.

Grandma's idea, (a slight misunderstanding): Brother Tom says bicycle riding is a splendid exercise for the calves. Grandma says it may be, but she can't for the life of her see how you would get them to stay on.

### THREE FRIENDS.

There are three friends whom I sometimes meet,  
Walking down through the village street:

One is tall, and one is strong,  
And one makes you think of a hunting song.

She is so lithe and gay and fleet,  
Walking down through the village street.

Stately and slim in figure and limb.  
And looking neither to left nor right.  
Grave as a medieval knight,  
With the soldierly air that belongs to him,

And speaking to none he may chance to meet,

One walks—a prince—through the village street.

And one is massive and strong and wise,  
With a gentle look in her great kind eyes,

Eyes that speak with a human faith,  
Eyes to trust to in life and death;  
Three dog friends that I love to greet,

Walking down through the village street.

K. S. McL

### OUR XMAS NUMBER.

Our readers must excuse us if this REVIEW does not come up to their idea of a Xmas number. We think it better to give the Xmas season particular attention in the next issue. A delightful story is promised and altogether we hope to make the REVIEW sent out just about Xmas day, by far the most attractive number yet published. As our circulation is steadily increasing, and our financial standing becoming more firmly established, we hope to be able to add some attractive features to the journal in the near future.