

There were other little crimes in school that demanded punishment, though we could hardly understand why it was necessary; as when Joe Fisher tied Chub Wilson's leg so tight it went to sleep, so that when he started to class he fell down. Once, I coaxed my pup through on upraised window, and made him bark at a dead squirrel another boy had. The same day Jimmy Fisher tried to smoke a home-made pipe of dried hazel leaves, unobserved.

There was another boy, who, whenever I think of him, brings back with him fresh pictures of the woods and streams and paths we so often followed. He was my companion in the evening search for the grazing village herd. The sun usually was well down when we would break off from the games of the boys of town and turn our bare toes over the rustling autumn leaves, in the direction the cows had gone that morning.

Here and there a pheasant would sit brooding in an underwood, craning his neck this way and that, flapping his wings just a little to keep his balance as he moved around; or would run along on the dry fallen leaves, then go whirring away over the tree tops out of sight. We could not tarry long to watch these things, or the chipmunks and rabbits that ran through the brush. Often we whistled after the latter, providing we would empty our mouths of hazel nuts or acorns quick enough. We whistled just to see them stop and sit up.

On over the hills, through unfenced fields and woods, brown, sweet and still with the touch of autumn, we hunted, now and then stopping, and breathless, listening for some tell tale tinkle of the bell. When the shafts of lights would begin to shoot into the sky from the setting sun, we usually came upon them in some quiet meadow; the bell cow lying down, reluctant to move again, save to chew her cud. It was almost dusk when the herd was headed home, along the leaf-strewn path or dusty road, the rainbow sky backing up the maple-covered hills, and on the other side of the world, the moon, through the darkening trees, would slowly poke up his scalp, big, round and red.

Occasionally we happened along early on the other side of the river, and while the cows swam across, we ran out on the big iron railroad bridge and threw stones at the martins that rested in the girders and boxed-up work of the trusses. Why we threw stones at birds, I do not know; I only know that every boy I knew, did. So we stood and watched them circle and sport in the evening sky, our