#### The Buck Coon of Shadow Lake

AN EPISODE IN WOODS AND WATER EXPLOITS Ernest McGaffey

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As soon as I heard that the ducks had begun to come in I packed my grip for Sowders', and sent Dib Sow-ders a telegram. That night I reached his farm, and the next night we were at camp. Everything was ready, feed for the live decoys, the boats over-hauled and caulked, pienty of wood for the old-fashioned fire-place in the camp shanty, shells loaded, and general preparations complete for a tendays' shoot. I had taken a 44-caliber old-style cap and ball revolver into the timber with me that fall, just because I was charmed with its phenomenal accuracy. It would throw a bullet exactly where you held it, and loaded with a pinch of powder only it did not jar nor throw up as so many re-volvers do. I had a notion I would take a turn in the woods after foxsquirrels with it if the duck-shooting was so poor as to warrant it, or so good that it would get monotonous.

ten, according to a note he left. Along about sundown he showed up, and I had the ducks done to a turn by that time and some corn-meal dodgers hot on the pan, and black coffee a-plenty.

After we had supper I showed Dib the coon, and he says: "He's a strap-pin' big fellow, ain't he? The biggest one I ever saw except that old buck coon on Shadow lake. And he was a giant. This lad ain't a rat alongside of him."

"Did you kill that one, Dib?" said I.

"No; but he came pretty near kill-

ing me," was Dib's response.
"How was it, Dib?" says I. "There must be a story to that coon somewhere.

"Well," says Dib, "I reckon there was a sort of tale to it. It'll kill a little time, and I don't mind telling you about it.

You reckollect old man Parrott? The man I introduced you to down at the depot last fall. Heavy-set fellow, big brown eyes, nose hooked like a chicken-hawk's beak, all the time smiling. Well, old Wib is the boss coon hunter anywhere along these bottoms. At that time he had the most surprisingest coon-dog that'd ever hit these parts. He got him from Kaintucky, though the pup's daddy was from Georgia, original. This here dog, Leander, was about the purest strain of a dog that could be had . On his daddy's side, I mean. The bitch that dropped him, though, was half wolf and half bulldog. I heard old Wib say, and wasn't that a pizenous mixture?

"But the old man he allowed it was just the cross he wanted. Pure hound for the scent and following the trail. part wolf for cunnin', and bull for hold-When that pup was only a few weeks old he came swimmin' after a skiff the old man and a fellow from Early the next morning I skipped Saint Looev was in, and the fellow

to his place for a fish-net he'd forgot- big limb that slanted across this AN INTERESTING here pond. I allowed I'd climb up and shake him down, and one of the boys gave me a hist and up I went. When I got out to where he was I couldn't jar him loose.

"But finally all of a sudden he clawed loose from the limb and down he went into the pond with about a bushel of bark and grape-vine and aplinters around him, and the minute he lit Leander and some more of the dogs flew out to where he was. I squirms around on my perch, about 10 foot from the water, to get a look at the fight, and just as the buck coon and Leander has arranged to ketch holts, whack goes my limb and down I come before I could holler, 'Look out below.'

"Well, the best thing me and the limb could do was to come ka-whallop right across old Leander and bury him down in the mud at the bottom of this shallow pond. Two of his ribs was stove in, and he was otherwise dam-aged, includin' breakin' his back. I reckon I might have kicked the coon in the face with one of my spare feet as I lit, but I ain't certain about that. Of course I was knocked senseless, and the boys run in and got me out on the bank and poured vinegar into me and finally brought me to again. Old Wib had left me cold as soon as he sensed how bad Leander was hurt. and at last I gets my bearings again, shakes myself and find I'm all right, no bones broke, and just jarred some Leander and the water had busted the force of the fall, you see.
"I goes over to where the boys had

built a fire and, say, I was plumb sorry for old Wib. This here Leander was layin' out on his belly and every once in awhile he'd let out a yelp. I says to the old man, 'I'm terrible sorry, Wib,' and he says, 'I don't blame you, Dib, it was that blasted limb.' He didn't cuss any, for old Wib was a church member. He says, 'What is to be happens. Put him out of his misery, boys, I can't do it.' So Dad Ollver swung an ax, and I don't reckon old Leander knowed what hit him.

'Put him in the sack,' says Wib. I'll give him a Christian burial, coffin and all. There's all that's left of the best hound that ever nosed a trail or h'isted a bristle.' It was a mighty solemn thing to old Wib, lemme tell you. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away, says the old man, 'blest be the name of the Lord.' Why they said around Slabtown that he thought as much of that Leander dog as he did of his own wife and family, and he was a good husband and father, too."

Dib paused and snaked a live coal out of the fireplace with the end of a shovel, and deftly shunted it into the bowl of his pipe with a segment of hickory chip. Then he puffed reminiscently.

What became of the buck coon Dib?" was my query. Dib stretched his massive legs out so as to get the full blaze of the logs on them and said: "Oh! that pesky critter? Why, he just naturally got away durin' the

THEY "PASSED THE BUTTER." Brakeman's Happy Inspiration Met

with Deserved Success. "When I was connected with a cer tain western railway," says a promi-

nent official of an eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation. "He decided to spend his time in a

trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver, and there met a number of his friends at work on out by myself to try a few ducks before we got things settled down so as
to hunt together, and I found a likely
'Call him Leander,' says this here felaway made him a present of a mounway made him a present of a moun tain goat. .

Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman It was inscribed as follows:

"'Please Pass the Butter. Thomas J. Meechin, Brakeman, S. S. & T. Ry.'"—Harper's Weekly.

About Babies.

"Babies are 'creatures of habit.' Half the trouble of child-rearing is caused by allowing them to become creatures of had habits instead of good ones. You deserve a gold medal, my deaf

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT

Any Child Can Do It-The Result Is Almost Like Magic-Useful, Too.

Anything in the nature of a chemical experiment is always interesting and usually educative. Here is a simple experiment which any child can perform and which is instructive in a very practical way: Get a bit of White Lead about the size of a pea, a piece of charcoal, a common candle in a candlestick, and a blow-pipe. Scoop out a little hollow in the charcoal to hold the White Lead, then light the candle, take the charcoal and lead in one hand and the blow-pipe in the other, with the large end of the blowpipe between the lips; blow the flame of the candle steadily against the bit of White Lead on the charcoal and if the White Lead is pure it will presently resolve itself into little shining globules of metallic lead, under the intense heat of the blow-pipe, leaving

no residue. If, however, the White Lead is adulterated in the slightest degree, it will not wholly change into lead. So, it will be seen, that this experiment is not only an entertaining chemical demonstration, but also of practical use in the home. White Lead is the most important ingredient of paint. It should be bought pure and unadulterated and mixed with pure linseed oil. That is the best paint. The above easy experiment enables any one to know whether the paint is the kind which will wear or not.

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Too Risky.

"Where is old Postmaster Daniel?" asked the drummer.

"Resigned last week," drawled the loafer in the Beacon Ridge post office. "What caused the old man to resign?"

"Why, he read in the paper that the Florida people were shipping live alligators through the mail. Said he could stand queen bees, but when it came to live alligators he drew the line, because he had never learned to be a circus trainer, be gosh."

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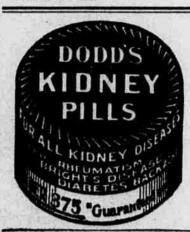
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Money Making

Common Sense the Main Factor. One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it. -Persian Proverb.





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Read What They Jay.

Miss Lillian Ross, 534
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E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over-York, writes: "Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything elses had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it." Katharine Craig, 2355 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration." Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Is., writes: "I was in a rundowncondition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong." Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Kewanee, Ill., says: "LydiaE. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

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THE LIMB AND ME COME KA-WHALLOP ACROSS OLD LEANDER.

looking spot in among the willows after paddling a couple of miles from camp. I rowed in to some drift and willows, put out five live decoys, built up a little "blind," and had my duck "call" handy. The live decoys splashed and dove for smart-weed, and pretty soon a pair of maliards came over and saw them. They sailed around a couple of times over the willows and then came in grand. salted both of them, and waded out and gathered them. After that I didn't see anything for a couple of hours, but a few flocked away to the north. Thinks I to myself, I'll pull up and get into camp, and we'll lay out our plan of campaign for to-morrow. It was a warm, bright day, and the ducks weren't stirring around much. There was a big log about 30 feet from the "blind" that run out from the butt of a half-sunk sycamore. This sycamore was a whopping tree, and was connected with the shore on one side by a catch of drift-wood. Well, I heard a noise and turned around towards that log, peeking quiet out of the "blind," and there on that log sat the biggest raccoon I ever laid my eyes on.

He was sountting there listening. I took the 44, slipped it through a brack in the willows, and simed for the juncture of his neck and shoulders. I touched the trigger, and the coon melted off that los like a dewdrop from a lity-pad. I got but and went around the log and there he laid as dead as Pharson. I paddled back is camp, and Dis had some tack

It seemed like a good mouth fillin' name and so Wib christened him Leander. The fellow told him Leander was the best swimmer that ever happened before he got drownded.

tributin' a few bites at the same time to make it binding, and after about baptism number four there wasn't any dog they had tried would go in after him again. Nobody'd shoot this coon, for they was all waiting to get some dog that could lick him in a fair fight. They called him the buck coon. "Old Wib hears of this coon, and

"Old Wib hears of this coon, and he comes over for me, and a big crowd of us goes down to Shadow lake one moonlight night. Well, you know that country. Pucker-brush, swamp-holes, briers, dead logs, the worst ever. We got the trail of this big feilow easy snough, for he used to prowl down around Hogeye bend most all the time, and in about hair an hour Leander barked 'treed.' Now we'll git him, says old Wib. 'Leander' walk his log for him.'

"Well, her papa deserves one, too!' eried Marjorie's mother proudly. "He had every bit as much to do with he! management as I had!"
"No, I had to do with the theory, you with the practice."

"Well," said the doctor, "both theory and practices are needed for the successful management of children. You have combined both, and the consequence is you are rearing a fine child, and I most heartily congretulate you on the way your have reared Marjorie."

"It was not do with he! was the successful management of children. You have combined both, and the consequence is you are rearing a fine child, and I most heartily congretulate you on the way your have reared Marjorie."

"Well, they was a monstetr coon down on Shadow lake that had whipped all the dogs that was ever brought against him. He wasn't no ordinary coon, but nearly as big as a young bear, and every ounce bone and muscle. He'd get out into a little pond or piece of marsh and when a dog'd tackle him he'd souse the dog's head under water a few times, con-