Couplet.

Last night a star,
From regions far
Beyond the gates of heaven,
Dropped from its place
Down, down through space—
To earth a soul was given.

To-night a light
Hath spread full bright
Far out o'er heaven's dome,
And through its beams
A swift flash gleams—
Another soul gone home.

—Carl Ernst.

In the Maine Woods.

One of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood is of a lumber camp in Maine. When I was twelve we spent a summer there,—my father, my uncle, my two elder brothers, and myself. In the camp we necessarily came into contact with many rough characters, and one of them, the roughest of all, yet to me the tenderest, was Jacques Ladosac. He was a queer man, a French Canadian, the strongest one in camp, and the most skillful workman. But for his being such a workman he would have been turned off, for at times he was liable to fits of madness, when all were afraid of him. I heard little of his mad times,—they kept them from me; and I only knew that, although with the others he was sullen and moody, to me he was gentle. So quite a friendship sprang up between us, which my father allowed, thinking that my company did Jacques good.

But this came to an end one day when Jacques, in a quarrel with a man, killed him in a burst of temper, and then took to flight. He escaped, though pursued, and nothing more was seen of him, and he passed out of men's minds, and I, among the rest, forgot him, too.

Since then I have spent most of my summers in Maine, sometimes with my father and brothers, and sometimes with my friends. My college vacations I spent with Jim Randall, my chum, and good times we had, too.

The summer after I graduated I spent with Jim on one of our trips. We went to a place even now not heard of,—a little lake far from any settlement. It was twenty years ago, and then Maine was much wilder than it is now. We took our canoes, fishing tackle, rifles and ammunition, but little else, for we were to live on what we shot or caught. It was an exceedingly pretty little lake, and very wild. Deer, moose, and even bears were there in plenty. It was not a bad place, either, for such game as lynx, wild cat, or wolverine, and once Jim got a shot at a panther. Perhaps it was dangerous to go to this wild spot, but we took good care of ourselves, which we knew pretty well how to do, having spent most of our time in the back woods. And no dangerous adventure befell us till the day before we started for home.

Our provisions for the homeward trip were few, so we drew lots to see who should go and hunt for meat. It fell to me, and I started off at six, hoping to get a shot at a moose or a deer, and leaving Jim to pack up. As we had hunted all around the shores of the lake for the last three weeks, I laid my course away from it. The morning passed, and though I came across plenty of tracks, they were all old. I visited all the likely spots I thought of, but not a fresh trail did I strike, and never a deer did I see. But two incidents came to my attention.

A couple of hours after I started I came across a place, in some thick underbrush, where something had evidently gone by before me, leaving a trail at right angles to my own. I examined the trail closely, and followed it some little way, but I could not conjecture what had made it. It had evidently been made by some large animal, but no footmarks were discernible, and I could only say that the trail was about a day old.

An hour or so after this, as I came out on the bank of one of the little rivers that flow into the lake, I suddenly saw what I thought to be a human form, about a hundred yards