

tiny thing like a grain of sand which would commence to grow with increasing speed until it would engulf me and every thing else, and I would wake up terrified. Another disappointing thing was the density of the darkness. I thought from what the papers said and from the stories I had heard of chickens going to roost that it become as dark as night and I thought when it was cloudy it would be pitch black. But it didn't get much darker, if any than I have often seen it get in a summer thunder storm, and when it comes down to a show-down, for a magnificent & awe inspiring spectacle a real old-fashioned thunder storm is pretty hard to beat. From my post in the barn I could see as far west as the old DeCan place which must be close to two miles away and I kept watching in that direction for the shadows. Finally the western limit of my views grew dim and shortened and then the darkness settled on us in a jerky fashion, the pinky yellowish tinge which had been in the eastern sky ever since sunrise and which was not unnatural spread all around the horizon, but as I could see quite distinctly for at least a mile around me I kept expecting deeper

shades to surround us until after the lapse of a few seconds I realized that it was getting lighter and that my last chance of seeing a total eclipse in this country was gone, so I got down disgustedly and went to the house for the milk pail, as I went past the chicken house I looked in and they were sitting around as they do any other day except a few that spend half their time on the roosts anyway. About ten o'clock I was plying the buck saw on a stick of cord wood when just popped the sun bright as a dollar. I peered at it through the pin prick in my piece of card which I had prepared and could just see a tiny black arc in the gleaming circle which seemed to be laughing mockingly at my disheartened looks and saying "Don't worry, you poor fish, it all happened, all right enough, but we weren't going to let a cheap skate like you see the show." I am anxious to see Monday's paper to see how Prof. Chant and his scientific associates down at "Long's Corner" near Hamilton made out. They have been tramping around in the snow and half freezing to death in tents and shacks for a week or so preparing to take observations and photographs of the thing so I hope they had better luck than we did or else had