

name, covered his wrinkled brow with a wig blacker than bony. One of our hunting-companions, the famous Herbert, surnamed Frank For-ester, who was temporarily absent, jested with Whitehead on this useless appendage to his toilet, as much too fantastic for a man of such grave and decorous character. In their quips and jibes I had borne a part; but assuredly, when laughing at my brother in the fraternity of Saint Hubert, I never once suspected that to his artificial scalp he would owe his life.

From five o'clock in the morning we had been traversing hills and valleys in pursuit of widgeons and quails. Our game-



"ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE ABYSS."