

practical. Whether the slaying of these family pets would be a source of grief to the youngsters or not, we cannot say; but are inclined to think not. Such an act would be one which the elders would look upon as indicating a proneness to dissipation and incipient immorality, which must be sternly crushed in the bud. We have never seen anything more graceful than the antelope. The limbs are long, thin and straight; head rather lengthy, but well formed and beautifully poised, and body devoid of any harsh lines. Nothing can be more beautiful than his appearance as he stands on the hillside viewing us with an air of mixed timidity and curiosity. His color is greyish, leaning a trifle to white, and he may be about three feet high, but looks much taller. The head is erect, and every muscle braced to start on the instant. He is slender throughout, and his weight bears no proportion to his height. Guns are at once in request, and sanguinary feelings take the place of those of admiration. No wonder the animal creation are afraid of man, for his path is always one of blood. Their fate is determined by the feelings of a moment, and these feelings are nearly always adverse to them. Some of our party, whose impatience had blinded their judgment, fire long before such a proceeding was warranted, unless, indeed, there was no limit to the range of a rifle, no variation in the line of vision nor vibration of muscle. The result was what might have been expected. The animal ran, the dogs were let loose, and the very poetry of motion exemplified. We never saw anything run with so much apparent ease and grace. The motion seemed so smooth, and withal so swift, that we could watch for hours without tiring; the luxury, however, does not last long, for he is soon so far away that the dogs cease to follow or bark after him. The "canines" have been badly sold. When first loosed, they thought their fortune was made, their imagination revelling in anticipated feasts of savory antelope and much doggish sport. Their crestfallen appearance as they return is truly laughable. One looks back over his shoulder with a quick uncertain glance, as if he believed the whole thing was, in some incomprehensible way, an illusion, while the other is so utterly dispirited at the sudden and alarming failure of his powers of locomotion that he cannot lift his head or look man or beast in the eye. We deeply sympathise with the despondent animals, but for once our sympathy does not afford any consolation. After putting three

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