

his own vision of enjoyment, each hearing a voice calling him, each having a companion "who knows his naked soul." It matters not how or where the sportsmen come, whether by steamer, by mule train, by railway or on horseback, to a wharf, through the surf, in the jungle, on the prairie, or on the last built railway in the desert; in the cold north or the hot south; however or wherever it may be, the guides, those who are to meet them at their altars, to light them to their shrine and to guide them to their goal, be they white or yellow, black or copper, be he a 'longshore loafer or a gentle yellow pirate, be he a trusty nimble tracker or a silent smoky Indian, each waits as a lover for the sportsman's return. A very pleasant thing is the hand-shaking with your last year's guide.

Z. A. LASH.

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