

with envy, supported by a "pat" of fresh golden butter, the very appearance of which would have given an appetite to the most fastidious gourmand; on the other a loaf of yesterday's baking for those who preferred it. Harry presided over the coffee pot, ready to pour the clear amber, fragrant extract, for those who relished it; while Charles was ready to draw the cork of a bottle of claret, for such as preferred a cooler diluent.

Our anglers' appetites required little whetting, and for some time each was intent on the business of the hour. As soon as the sharp edge of hunger was dulled by repeated attacks on the viands before them, conversation became general; the battles of the morning were fought over again, notes compared; the merits of the different flies used were discussed, many knotty points argued, and before leaving table the programme for the evening's fishing was arranged.

Your true angler, who fishes for sport and excitement, is never greedy: he knows that the great secret of success lies in resting the pools, and he is too good a general to destroy his evening sport by uselessly lashing the water at midday. In fact his chances of success are greatly increased by giving the casts a long rest, and if the locality will admit of it, the longer the better. Our anglers were learned in all the lore of "old hands," and accordingly it was decided that after dinner at four o'clock we should take the canoes and drop down to "Rocky Pond" and "New Pond," some three miles below, the former to be occupied by Fred and Harry, the latter by Charles and Jim. This important matter disposed of, the table was vacated, and each prepared to follow his inclinations for the rest of the morning.

It was now ten o'clock; the sun was high in the zenith, and the day would have been uncomfortably warm in dusty and crowded cities, but beside a swiftly running stream there is always a cool and pleasant breeze, and the air was now so nicely attuned to our comfort that we forgot its presence. Jim, having had a romp with his dog, a splendid young Newfoundland, which he was rearing according to his own notions of canine perfection, and, having inspected the smoke house to see that yesterday's trophies were getting properly cured, had lighted his pipe, betaken himself to a roomy hammock slung in the shade of two huge birches, and was deep in the pages of the last "Atlantic." Harry had got out his stock book, and was busily engaged in selecting materials to imitate a fly which prevailed on the water, and at which several salmon had risen during the morning. Fred and Charles were preparing a target, intending to have a trial of skill as marksmen, in which capacity they both prided themselves, Fred with the rifle, Charles with the pistol. A hawk that had been hovering over head, and had more than once swooped almost within reach, offering a pretty mark for a shot on the wing, excited the wish of Fred to secure him as a trophy, but the cautious bird did not venture within range of a

gun, and even Fred, good shot as he was, knew it was hopeless to hit so small an object on wing with a rifle ball. The bird was seen by one of the men to alight on a tall withered pine that stretched its bare arms to the wind, about 150 yards from our camp. He immediately informed us of the fact, and Fred was again on the alert. Taking from his pocket a small but powerful field glass, he reconnoitered the position of the bird. Charging his breech-loading rifle, setting the proper sight, and using the corner of the table as a rest, he took careful aim and fired. To our great surprise, the feathers flew in a cloud from the bird, which, mortally wounded, flew slowly and laboriously to the adjacent woods, and was seen to fall amid the dense foliage. Considering the great distance, and the smallness of the object aimed at, this was a splendid shot, and Fred was complimented in high terms. The target, a square of spruce bark, with a deer drawn upon the inner surface, was now completed, and posted at 100 yards. Each was to have three shots, and he who lodged his balls nearest the fore shoulder was to be considered the successful competitor. Fred fired his three shots in rapid succession, not even waiting to see where they lodged. On examining the target we found that two balls had struck the fore shoulder not three inches apart, while another had penetrated the middle of the effigy. The holes were marked with Fred's initials, and Charles prepared to try his skill. With more care, apparently, than Fred had used, he brought the rifle to a level and fired. Not being so much accustomed to the piece as Fred, Charles proceeded to examine the result of his shot, and found that his ball was in a direct line with the shoulder, but about six inches too far behind. Reloading, he again took deliberate aim, and lodged his ball this time about midway between his last and Fred's best shot. On his third attempt he bored a hole close beside Fred's most successful effort, and, although beaten in the trial, had cause to be gratified with his success. The rifle was now changed for the pistol—Fred preferring his "Colt," while Charles rested his hopes of success in Smith & Wesson's six shooter. This is an admirable arm, and in many essential points surpasses all pistols now in use; the cartridges, containing powder, ball and cap combined, have only to be placed in their receptacles, and the revolving chambers put in their place, when it is ready for use. After being used the chambers can be removed in a moment, and the pistol is safe and harmless. Loading the whole six chambers and inserting them in their place, Charles placed an empty bottle on a stump at a distance of twenty yards; in this bottle was a cork, inserted just far enough to retain its position, and which could be knocked out at the slightest touch. Carelessly raising the pistol with a loose arm, he dwelt a moment with hand as firm as a rock, then fired; the neck of the bottle was broken off, leaving the rest of it unmoved. Substituting another, with the cork similarly arranged,