

A SHOOTING TRIP.

(Concluded.)

There is not much exertion about deer hunting. The plan is as simple as a plan can well be. In the first place, the "captain" decides which drive is to be worked. Along each drive are different locations called "stands," all of which are given proper names. For instance, Uncle Jake decided to work the nearest drive, which is known as "Dead Man's Drive." Along this famous run are stands known as "Grassy Pond," "Beaver Dam," "Tar Kiln," "Tuckahoe Guide," "Four-finger-run," and "Deer Lick," as well as a dozen others. It is an established fact, known to old deer hunters, that a deer when chased will traverse a beaten track. With this knowledge the captain of a hunt puts each one of his men on a stand and instructs them to keep a close lookout for game. When all the men are properly placed, the "driver" with his dogs starts in at one end and if there are any deer in the way, they generally manage to get one of them, at least, on the beaten track, and if the poor beast keeps on running he is subjected to a fusillade of buckshot which is very apt to cut short his career.

It did not take Uncle Jake long to scatter his men along "Dead Man's Drive" after a hasty breakfast had been eaten. When each person had been pointed out the spot on which to stand, he was admonished to "stay right thar and don't move till somebody comes fer you. If a deer goes by ye, kill him ef ye kin." Just as the sun had begun to paint the sky in the east with a dash of crimson and gold, the loud baying of the hounds denoted that the driver had started in to perform his part of the work. The sound floated through the pines and the scrub oak with startling distinctness, but gradually died away in the distance, and then began a vigil which requires a very vivid imagination to elevate into the province of exciting sport. The only amusement for the lonely lookout on the "Tuckahoe Guide" stand was to watch the "gineril," about 200 yards away, keeping a close lookout from "Four-finger-run."

The "gineril" still clung to his high hat and his spike-tail coat. His weapon was an old style weapon of extraordinary length. In this the "gineril" differed from the other hunters, who carried double-barrelled shot guns heavily loaded with strong powder and buckshot. The old man was quite methodical. He would look straight ahead for half an hour at a time, and then just as regularly walk back to an old tree, pick up a black bottle, pull the cork, throw back his head, elevate the bottle for a minute, go through the motions of corking up the bottle and putting it down again, and then walk back, pick up his old gun and resume the watch.

Along in the afternoon the faint baying of the dogs could be heard in the distance, and the "gineril" crouched closer to the ground and took a firmer grip on the ancient rifle. Nearer and nearer came the dogs and closer and closer the old gentleman crouched down among the brown leaves. It was very evident that he suspected big game was coming and his attitude plainly indicated that "Four-finger-run" was a dangerous locality for big game.

Suddenly to the left of the "gineril," about 300 yards away, a noble buck rose high enough in the air to clear the scrub oaks, which stand about twelve feet high on an average. It was a splendid specimen of the deer family, and the spreading antlers showed him to be fully grown. The animal was evidently making for the beaten path, and had jumped over the scrub oak in order to take advantage of a

bird's eye view of the surrounding territory for signs of danger.

In an instant the old "gineril" was transformed. He threw off his apparent lethargy entirely, stood erect against the butt of a big tree, and with the high hat tilted backward held the rifle ready for action. The deer made another jump about seventy-five yards in front of the "gineril," and quick as a flash of lightning the rifle cracked spitefully and the buck almost turned a back somersault in mid air. It looked decidedly as if he had been fatally hit, but a visit to the spot where the big animal struck the ground, disclosed the fact that he had only been wounded. Here and there were splashes of crimson blood upon the brown leaves, but the tracks made by the buck indicated that the wound was by no means fatal.

The sound of the rifle shot drew Uncle Jake to the spot, and in answer to his anxious inquiry the "gineril" silently pointed to the blood spots. He did not even utter a word when Uncle Jake sympathisingly remarked:

"By jiminy grapes! A durned outrage!"

No more deer were sighted that day and the party was compelled to go back to the tavern venisonless, hungry and decidedly out of humor. There was no carousing by the "Piney" boys that night, for the captain ordered all hands to bed soon after supper, as he said the start next morning would be exceptionally early and he didn't care about hearing any kicking when the dogs ran yelping through the hall.

Better luck waited upon the hunters the next day. Soon after the men were placed on the stands the dogs started up a young buck, which did not appear to be possessed of average sense, for it came lopping past the stand where old Uncle Jake was keeping a lookout. The report of the right barrel of the shotgun signed the death warrant and the unsophisticated buck fell in his tracks, a victim to inexperience. He didn't die right away, however, but thrashed around under the pines until Uncle Jake came up and cut his throat with a big hunting knife.

"Thar now, durn ye! I gess the boys'll have some venison fer supper to-night," was all the comment made.

And what a rousing appetite-teasing supper it turned out to be. Uncle Jake, arrayed in a big white apron, went into the kitchen and attended to the cooking of the venison himself. He would trust it to none of the women folks.

"It's simple enuf when ye know how," explained the old man. "Fill yer stove up chock full of hard wood 'till you have more than a bushel of live coals, fer it's a sin to cook venison enny way but by brilin'. Then cut off thin slices of the deer ham and plunk it on the gridiron an' let'er cook right quick. Put the cooked slices on a hot platter, and pour over 'em a hot sauce made of old Madeira wine and good Jarsey country butter. Then set the platter on the table an' by the side of each boy's plate put a sasserful of currant jelly. Then jess eat en eat en eat, sez I."

THE END.

HOW NICE.

How nice it is when you are warm,
Well fed and well protected
From summer's heat or winter's storm,
And have no want neglected

When fortune's looks are all benign,
And neither care nor trial
You know, to sit and drink your wine
And talk of self-denial!

MY LADY.

BY ARTHUR HENRY.

Now lovingly the stars look down
While in their tender light
The meadows, cool and peaceful, sleep
Through all the silent night.

A south wind romps upon the fields
And dances down the hills,
And follows fairy bubble boats
Along the murmuring rills.

So swift and light its passage is,
So airily it treads;
It scarcely stirs the tender grass
Or bends the clover heads.

And all the flowers of all the fields
And all the forests hold
Pour out their profligate perfume
Upon this lover bold.

Had I the south wind's power to woo
And right to roam at will
Along my lady's loneliest walks
Or o'er her window sill,

I'd hasten to a lonely place
Where fields of violets bloom,
And from their gen'rous, tender hearts
Take all their sweet perfume.

Swift then I'd speed the summer night
To where my lady sleeps
In snowy raiment, light and loose,
From which her bo-om peeps,

And passes, with each breath, from view
Behind a screen of lace;
Nor any flower should tempt me from
The roses in her face.

"No," exclaimed the lady from the West, "I'd have you to know that I was not born in Chicago." "No?" was the reply of her dear friend, "I ought to have known better. Chicago is a new place, comparatively speaking."

"Do you think that monkeys can be taught to talk?" he asked. "I never put the question that way," she replied. "I always wondered whether they could be taught not to."

"I snail die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise me not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow; "I am engaged to his brother."

A man seeing several very lean horses, standing tied in front of a livery stable, asked the proprietor if he made horses. "No," said the proprietor, "why do you ask?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

A Yankee and a Patlander happened to be riding together past a gallows. "Where would you be," said Jonathan, "if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, begorra," retorted the Irishman.

Landlady—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder: "Ah, yes, poor thing, I was expecting that! I've noticed for some time that it hasn't been strong."

"What charming little, pink-tipped, shell-like ears you have, Miss Toty! Did you ever have them pierced?" "No; but I have had them bared."

A Boston fop, on his return from Europe, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," said he, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."