

at dark, and wait the approach of the game. Patience would surely be rewarded by a shot. Jack, was a lady killer by nature, who by some atrange run of luck, had slain many a red doe but never a buck, made a vow that a mighty bull Moose would die by his rifle shot that night, and nepractised an hour with his Winchester, taking quiet aim at his imaginary quarry, but of course did not discharge his rifle. Shortly before sundown we set out, and soon arrived at the spot selecteu for the ambush. Time passed, and night began to fall, but just as we were about to give up the watch, we heard a splash, and presently a dark form came from behind a small island, some seventy yards away. In a moment Jack and I had our rifles at our shoulders, and as arranged, I counted one, two, but before three could be uttered, the rifles rang out ou the night air, and the peor animal lurched forward never to rise again. We paddled up as quickly as possible, and Paris quietly said, "Scotts luck, a Cow Moose," It was a fine specimen, about nine hundred pounds in weight; and the two bullets had gone through the fore shoulder, within an inch of each other. All was excitement now, and we found much difficulty in getting the huge beast ashore, and then discovered that our axe necessary to divide the bones, had been left in Camp. Jack and I hurried off, and in the excitement, left Paris nothing but his hunter's knife, with which he was opening the deer. What now took place will best be described in the words of Paris:—

"You had not been gone five minutes, before I heard a Bull Moose near me, and looked for my knife, but it was gone. The Bull got nearer and nearer, and when it smelled blood, became uneasy, and

at last angrud. I knew that something serious was likely to happen, and felt greatly alarmed, well knowing that my position was dangerous in the extreme. I had scarcely time to think, when the infuriated animal came charging on me through the gloom. I made a rapid move towards the nearest tree, which chanced to be a dead, scrubby pine. By good luck, I reached a rather shaky limb, just out of reach; but the position was trying, and at any moment the support might give way. The Bull kept charging about the tree, roaring with rage, but the dark had become so intense, that I could scarcely distinguish him. I found a loose, fat pine knot, and with difficulty set it alight, and threw it down on the ground, where it blazed fiercely. I then thought of a long, new manilla rope I had tied to my belt, thinking it would be useful in hauling the canoe through the rapids. By great exertion, I made one end fast, just below the limb, and on the other made a noose. In a moment, this was dropped over the mighty antlers of the Bull Moose, but of course he did not observe such a trifle, but kept running around the tree, until all the slack rope was taken up, when suddenly he was brought to a stop. The rope was new and strong, and held, and the Bull roared in helpless fury. In a moment, I slipped from the tree, and with my hunter's knife ended the struggle, but felt deep regret when I had killed the giant of the forest."

When we returned, we found Paris standing, looking wistfully on the body of the largest Bull Moose I have ever seen; but if you care to visit my sunctum, I will show you the head of the twelve hundred pounder.

We were at a loss to know what