

called Stromsdal, which had been built for deerstalking purposes, packing up our belongings on ponies, and next day *megot tidlig*, before daybreak, we were "still-hunting," or creeping silently through the woods on the chance of coming on a stag. I had handed my rifle to the Norwegian who was with me to hold for a moment, and unknown to me he had moved the safety bolt, rendering the trigger immovable. In a few moments we suddenly came upon a *Krone yort*, one of the most magnificent stags I ever saw, browsing quietly within twenty yards of us in an open glade of the forest, so noiselessly had we approached. Over what followed I draw a veil, for the remembrance is painful, the struggle with the safety bolt with cold hands, the crash in the underwood, and—he was gone.

Yet once again he was seen. P—— had just arrived and was out early. Having passed through a wood, he was ascending an incline to obtain a view of a hollow beyond. At this moment his rifle, which was resting on his shoulder, from some unknown cause went off, and this same stag, so the Norwegian declared, was seen making tracks in the dim distance, having been alarmed by the report of the rifle, which was a single-barrelled one, nor was there time to reload. My friend declares he was carrying the weapon "at the slope," and that nothing was in contact with the trigger. Nor was the third of our trio left without mishaps, for on one occasion a cartridge missed fire, and on another the mechanism of the trigger went wrong at a critical moment. After