

yelping in eager expectation from their wire-sided kennels set on the tail of the waggon, and then, when the ground is reached and they are liberated, to see them ranging from side to side, obedient to the signs from their master's hand, and covering every foot of the way. There "Duke"

With a rush the dogs are on them. How springy is their step! Their tails flash to and fro. How their eyes glisten as they watch the birds being picked up by the marksman and hung upon his belt! Men enjoy shooting, but dogs enjoy it more—*i.e.*, when their masters shoot straight.



THRESHING FROM THE STACKS.

points, stopping suddenly in his tracks, and "Buster" backs him up—heads stretched straining forward, backs level and flags a little raised. Still and motionless they stand, except only the sly backward look of the eye to see if the guns are coming up, then the stealthy stepping forward upon the line of the game. The pack rises, sometimes ten, sometimes thirty in number, each looking as big as a bag, as they spread their wings and fly low away. Bang go the guns in double barrels, the feathers fly, and the plump quarry comes hurtling to the ground.

Then the mid-day halt. The horses are tethered near some stream; the fire is lit; the pork sizzles in the pan, and pipe and anecdote succeed, until, in the waning afternoon, the birds come back to feed once more, and it is time to begin again. Another spell of sport, and then the homeward drive of 16 or 18 miles over the springy unbroken turf, or along the smooth prairie trails. As the sun sets far on the horizon, like upon a wide open sea, the dark columns of murky smoke rising from fires where the farmer is burning the heaps of threshed-out