

missing our game, we took different routes, but only a few yards apart.

As I was walking along rather cautiously, keeping a sharp look out on all sides, I heard the report of a gun, close on my left hand, and in another instant I had emerged from the bushes and had taken in the situation.

A large angry buck was just rising from the ground, but he did not notice my approach as his full thought was centered on my companion, towards whom he started menacingly.

My rifle was to my shoulder in an instant, and after the smoke had cleared we saw our prize on the ground. At the same instant our other companion, who had gone farther away, appeared on the scene, but he was too late, as the big fellow had breathed his last.

Upon examination it proved that the first shot passed thru the top of his shoulder, thus wounding him slightly, but the fatal shot passed thru both shoulders.

We dressed our prize of about 600 lbs., carried it on our backs about one and one-half miles to the boat, thence to camp, from which we had proceeded only two hours before.

Although there was only a spread of forty-five inches, yet this deficiency was more than counter balanced by the perfect branching and the splendid shaped head.

My friend who fired the first shot had the head mounted in St. John, and although he has been offered a good price for it many times he declined all offers, and still has it in his home in Providence, R. I.

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#### A VISIT TO WALLACE IN 2015.

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On a beautiful day in May in the year 2015, the Physics Professor of Boston University was walking down Washington Street, with a friend. As they passed the block where a new building was being erected, the professor noticed this inscription on one of the stones:—

“Wallace, April 15th, 2015.”