

Kashmere, my object in coming having been gained beyond all my expectations. I slept on the open hill-side that night and early on the following morning, before it was light, after having well and gratefully rewarded the native who had guided me to the stag, I was on the road again with my face turned towards Murree and the magnificent antlers safely strapped onto my spare pony. On my arrival at Murree, the antlers were duly inspected and measured by an admiring crowd at the hotel. The measurements were published in the papers and I was the most envied man in the place.

On the last evening of my leave (I was to return to my regiment on the following day), I was very late for dinner, and when I entered I found all the places at the table in the dining room, except mine, occupied, conversation was in full swing, and I was able to get to my place unnoticed. There was a stranger at the table whom I had never before seen, and in the course of conversation some one asked him when he got back from Kashmere and what luck he had there. Immediately his features underwent a change and I saw that a sore point had been touched upon. "Got back this evening," he answered, "and had the very worst luck; fell in with a poacher." At once all eyes were turned in his direction and, seeing that he had an attentive audience, he proceeded to relate how, on arriving at a certain valley, nearly two months previously, he had found it inhabited by a splendid stag, in addition to an abundance of other game which he patiently refrained from firing at for fear of alarming the stag and causing it to leave the valley, intending to have a go at them later, after he

had bagged the stag. But luck had been against him all along and in spite of all his efforts he had been unable to get close enough to it to obtain a certain shot and at last one morning he had been horrified to find its mutilated remains minus the head and skin, and was informed by his Shikari that he had heard that a Sahib who had been passing along the Kashmere road on the previous night had bagged it. He said that his rage and disgust on hearing this had been unmentionable, and if ever he came across the d—d poacher he would give him a piece of his mind. Before he had finished relating his grievances I saw that all the eyes at the table were turned towards me enquiringly and, feeling that it was I to whom he was alluding to as a poacher, I related amidst a roar of laughter, how I had bagged a stag which might have been the one he had vainly stalked for so long a time. For a while his language to me was dreadful, but after he had recovered from the first shock of meeting the man whom he had been wishing so eagerly to come across for the last few days, I was unable to convince him that it was not a premeditated act of poaching on my part, and to this day I believe he thinks of me as a Poacher. But on rejoining my regiment a few days later I was most heartily congratulated on having secured so fine a trophy, and I heard my Commanding Officer remark to the second in command, "Never had any idea that he had the energy to make so keen a sportsman; nearly refused him his leave because I thought he only intended to lounge it away at some hill station."

A Lucky Mishap

By G. M. L. BROWN

I.

"Well, what next, Jennie?"

"How much have we, do you say?"

"Just seven hundred."

"Are you sure he won't take your note for the balance?"

"Certain!"

"Not if it's endorsed, Fred?"

"I won't ask anyone to endorse; I've tried honest borrowing and a man would rather lend a thousand than endorse for a hundred—I know I should."

"When has it to be paid?" Jennie had known the date for months.

"To-morrow," Benson answered mechanically.

"Then see Mr. Fraser to-night and try your eloquence upon him. I don't see how he could—"

"Of course you don't, dearest. Now I'll try; but I know I might as well talk to the statue of Maisonneuve. Fraser is as exact as a ship's chronometer, and as close—heavens!—if I were to offer the thousand all but one cent, he'd refuse. I never heard of anyone quite his gauge. He scolded Currie the other day for putting a bill in a number eight envelope when it might have been squeezed into a number seven. There's ten cents a thousand difference in the price, so he saved just one tenth of a mill. He bought a padlock last week, and as it happened to need oiling he sent the boy back for a rebate to cover the cost of the oil."

"Now Fred; you know that's not true!"

"Well, Falconer gives his affidavit that it is; and I know that it's just what the old chap would do."

"And yet if you pay the thousand dollars he will give you a liberal share in the business."

"Oh, it's a splendid offer; but I'm certain he felt sorry as soon as he made it."

"Perhaps that is just your imagination, Fred. Anyway, the offer is made and you mustn't lose it—we've got to do something right away. See him again, dear, and—and—I'll be planning while you're gone."

"All right, little woman; perhaps we'll pull through somehow, but I have my doubts."

And Benson prepared to go.

II.

Benson's employer, the old gentleman so freely discussed, was a prosperous commission merchant in Mont-

real, with a threefold business on his hands, from each branch of which he had amassed a fortune. Fred Benson, who entered his employ a few years previously, had been placed in the export department, where he applied himself with such energy and judgment that its profits bade fair to equal those of the other two branches combined. Hence his speedy advancement, and finally, the offer of a partnership in the business.

Here, however, a difficulty arose. Mr. Fraser learned to his displeasure, one day, that Benson occupied a flat in Westmount, the aristocratic suburb of the city, which cost him fifty dollars a month rent.

"Did ye ever hear of the likes of that!" he exclaimed with disgust. "I don't see how a man in his senses can pay such a scandalous rent."

"Benson," he called.

"Yes, sir,"

"I'm shocked—disgraced, indeed—to hear of your extravagant habits, mon."

"I don't think I'm extravagant, Mr. Fraser."

"And payin' fifty dollars for a house!"

"Well, we couldn't do better, and live comfortably."

"Tut, mon; I paid just one poun' six, when we first went to housekeeping."

"But that was not in Montreal, Mr. Fraser—you're speaking of some Scotch village, aren't you?"

"We—el, that's neither here nor there. How much, like, have ye saved up by now?"

"Not a great deal, I admit. I had five hundred in the bank last year, but—"

"Five hundred poun's?"

"Heavens, no—dollars."

"Mon,—ye're joking."

Benson regretfully convinced him, however, that it was no joke. Whereupon Mr. Fraser disclosed his plans, but proceeded to make such stringent provisions that the poor fellow's hopes fell as quickly as they had risen.

"I'll allow ye three months to show me a thousand to your name in the bank, and then I'll take ye in. But hold!" added the canny Scot. "It'll no do to leave it so ye can put your note in for a month or anything like that. Better bring me the money—a thousand dollars—an' I'll invest it for ye at five per cent. After a year ye can have it back; but I'm bound to see ye've