

long tail streaming behind him like a ship's pennant. However, he did not go far, for the old 10 bore roared and down came Mr. Pheasant as dead as the proverbial door nail.

I was considerably elated at having killed my first pheasant, but, for the benefit of the other chaps, stowed the bird away in a careless manner, as if the occurrence did not excite me in the least. We got three cocks out of that patch of ferns, which was not at all bad as a starter.

A band of quail gave us a rather interesting time of it just as we entered the next field. Among us we bagged six of the little beggars. Shortly afterwards I nearly disgraced myself by almost firing at a hen pheasant. Was prevented in time, however. While crossing a stubble field a solitary snipe rose right in front of me, and continued to get in the way of some No. 6 shot which were moving in his vicinity. I had just slipped the bird into my coat, and was in the act of re-loading when I heard a shout from my friend who was beating the field some distance away. Hasting around, I managed to stop another cock, the wily bird having allowed me to pass close by, never moving until my back was towards him. It is remarkable such large birds can hide among stubble only a few inches high. Still they contrive to do it, and very effectively, too.

A couple of brace of wild pigeons were then added to the list of my victims, but no more pheasants came my way until quite late in the day, most probably due to the fact that I had become separated from the other fellows, and the dogs were with them.

On my way to the railway station I caught a glimpse of a cock as he went skimming through the underbrush in the direction of a big potato patch. I scoured that bunch of potatoes for a long time before the cunning bird thought fit to change his feeding ground. In fact, I was just giving it up as a bad job, when I nearly trod on the object of my search. Up he got I remember thinking, even in that exciting moment, what a