

skill and is about as keenly exciting as the purchase of a frozen hare from a city dealer.

The sport of sports with the hare is to shoot him ahead of smart hounds, but there is another way, and I have followed it of a winter's day with considerable pleasure. It is still-hunting, in other words tracking the hare to his "form" and shooting him as he bolts. The man who craves rapid action in his sport may smile at this, yet I have found fun, much opportunity for interesting observation, and a lot of healthful exercise in it. A still, bright day after a snowfall is the best. Then all tracks are fresh and all wood-life, housed during the storm, is active. To the experienced sportsman the work is comparatively easy, for the trained eye sees the country as one great white page with a series of short stories—some pathetic, many tragic, but all interesting.

A leisurely start is as good as any, for wild life sleeps late these white mornings. So somewhere about nine o'clock I strike across the broad level of a farm toward the gray ring of woodland. There is walking to be done, and the costume is well chosen. First, medium-weight, all-wool underwear and warm, home-knit socks. Over this a suit of gray corduroy, the trousers being roomy to the knee, thence fitting like drawers to the ankle, where they are tied with soft tape. Three smoked-pearl buttons at the knee give the appearance of knee-breeches. The gray sweater and coat give necessary warmth and pocket-room. The hat is corduroy. The boots are waterproof tan, lacing to the knee. This costume is neat, workmanlike, and very comfortable. It would look businesslike on top of a good horse, and it is first-