

Hunting Big Game

LITTLE good can come from poking around last night's camp fire. Searching for embers that can never glow as they did—No—the true philosopher will hustle out and gather fresh fuel for the camp fires of nights to come.

Some such reverie was running through my mind when the joyous, lusty voice of Wid sang out from his room in the Cottage.

"Come on Mim. let's get a bunch and hunt some big game."

"But I was just going to write a story about some one who was here last year—You did not know her."

"Don't do it—realities and experiences worth while are painted with colors fresh from the tube. Come on and we'll live a story to-day."

So I called at Hiawatha's tent and she promised to get the little sock knitter from Kingston to part with her needles and yarn, and Maud would be asked because she was a good berry picker and the charming, dainty, white haired lady who always wore gloves and with unconscious refined dignity kept the manners of the bunch somewhere near high water mark.

Lunch for six, some tin cups and a ten quart pail, and the hunting party was ready to take three canoes and paddle down the lake to a long black berry patch.

Picking blackberries is a profane and bloody pastime and has all the qualities which make hunting and machine gunning such popular sports without any of the dire results.

There is all the joy of the hunt if you will, the sighting of the quarry, the following it over fallen logs and through brambles, till you finally pick the heavy laden branch from the ground with a heart torn between the fire of art and conquest you strip the fruit, limpid and black from the branches and drop them then one by one into the little tin cup.

When you fill the cup you wander back to the big ten quart pail which is out on the old logging road, watching as you go, for other bushes, and seeing many with tempting lucious berries, hurry and empty your cup.

But Wid and Hiawatha have already emptied theirs and are sitting on a log discussing the merits of H. G. Wells' Research Magnificent. What big game Wells makes his hero hunt for. What big game the male of the race has always hunted for, and