

fairly open, interspersed with fern patches and slashings which afford excellent cover for pheasants and quail.

We took up our quarters for the night at a farm house, finding the owner absent. A couple of Chinamen who seemed to have been left in charge of the place, did not look over-pleased to see us, but their powers of conversation being limited and their gesticulations capable of any sort of interpretation, we took what we wanted and managed very well under the circumstances.

After supper yarns and stories were told in rapid succession, until, all too soon, it was bedtime, and we set about preparing our respective couches. Three of the boys slept on a pile of hay spread on the floor, while the others occupied a couple of beds, which they discovered after a tour of inspection. The dogs fought and snarled all night; greatly to the annoyance of my friend, who is a light sleeper. If his wishes, expressed during the night, regarding the quarrelsome brutes, had been carried into effect, we would have been without dogs next day.

We were astir before dawn, cooked and ate our breakfasts, the celestials being still in the land of Nod or Confucius. Then gamebags and cartridge belts were buckled on and we passed out into the delicious morning air.

The first shot was fired within a few yards of the house, the youngest member of the party flushing a cock out of a turnip field. The light may have been bad, or the bird in too much of a hurry; but, sad to relate, that bird escaped with nothing more than a bad fright. Our friend said bitter things as he slipped fresh shells into his gun.

Blood was spilt, however, in a fern patch a little further on. Being a greenhorn, I was repeatedly cautioned to "look out," so "look out" I did, especially when the dogs struck what was evidently a fresh scent. My heart seemed to stand still as a cock rose with a most startling whirr within a few yards of me. What a beautiful shot he made as he headed for the timber, his