

the smoke—I was unprovided with smokeless powder—I anxiously inquired of Jacko if my shot had missed.

"Run," was the guide's only reply, and I set off at a break-neck pace, and on reaching the spot where I thought

front legs, and made a plunge to where I stood. Discreetly I moved two paces in the other direction. The noble brute presented a splendid subject for the pencil of an artist, as it stood before me, and I longed to have been



HEAD OF MOOSE, SHOT BY C. H. GOODERHAM.

he should have been, right in front of me, within ten yards, lay the biggest game I ever cast my eyes upon. I passed round in front of the wounded animal. when he raised himself on his

able to make a sketch of him, or better still to have obtained a photograph. After another futile attempt to rise, the animal fell on his side, to await the death that was slowly but surely