

old washing-pans rusty and broken, old cradles and bits of rusty metal which had once belonged to shovels. These relics and signs of bygone gatherings of men were sufficiently dreary of themselves, but at intervals there stood the ruins of a log-house or a heap which had once been a cottage built of mud. Palestine itself has no more striking picture of desolation and wreck than a deserted surface-mine.

They drew rein and looked in silence. Presently they became aware of the presence of life. Right in the foreground, about two hundred yards before them, there advanced a procession of two. The leader of the show, so to speak, was a man. He was running. He was running so hard, that anybody could see his primary object was speed. After him, with heavy stride, seeming to be in no kind of hurry, and yet covering the ground at a much greater rate than the man, there came a bear—a real old grisly. A bear who was “shadowing” the man and meant claws. A bear who had an insult to avenge, and was resolved to go on with the affair until he had avenged it. A bear, too, who had his enemy in the open, where there was nothing to stop him, and no refuge for his victim but the planks of a ruined log-house, could he find one.

Both men without a word got their rifles ready. The younger threw the reins of his horse to his companion and dismounted.

Then he stood still and watched.

The most exhilarating thing in the whole world is allowed to be a hunt. No greater pleasure in life than that of the Shekarry, especially if he be after big game. On this occasion the keenness of the sport was perhaps intensified to him who ran by the reflection that the customary position of things was reversed. No longer did he hunt the bear; the bear hunted *him*. No longer did he warily follow up the game; the game boldly followed *him*. No joyous sound of horns cheered on the hunter; no shout, such as those which inspirit the fox and put fresh vigour into the hare; not even the short eager bark of the hounds, at the sound of which, Reynard begins to think how many of his hundred turns are left. It was a silent chase. The bear, who represented in himself the whole field—men in scarlet, ladies, master, pack and everything—set to work in a cold unsympathetic way, infinitely more distressing to a nervous creature than the cheerful ringing of a whole field. To