

the gut to the hook, apply also to loops; the best mode is to lay both ends of the loop, partially flattened and indented, on the top of the hook."

"There seems to be good reasons for your preference," said Charles, "I shall, in future, discard lengths when I have learned your mode of attaching the loops."

"Here," said Harry, handing him one of the imitations he had just completed, "try this fly in New Pond; if I mistake not it will prove successful; fish rose freely at the original last night and this morning."

"If you have finished, let us saunter up that old road, and see what Jim and Fred have done. I heard several shots fired since they left; they may have been successful in foraging, and a brace of partridges, nicely roasted, will be very acceptable at dinner."

Methodically gathering up his scattered materials and replacing them in his stock book, Harry donned a broad-brimmed country straw hat, and proceeded to load his gun.

"You'll scarcely need that," said Charles; "two guns are enough, surely, for the short distance we shall go."

"Never go into the woods without your gun," replied Harry, "something is sure to cross your path, and you feel annoyed that want of foresight has lost you a good shot. Ha! look there; do you see that large bird lazily winging his way in the very direction we are going? That is an owl, one of the largest species, and he contains some invaluable feathers for dusty millers and grey moths. I must have that fellow."

Requesting Charles to keep the bird in sight, Harry hastened the loading of his gun, substituting an Eley cartridge for loose shot, and they set off up the road in the direction where Charles had "marked" the bird settle in the top of a high tree. The owl is not much disposed to exercise in mid-day; once comfortably settled he remains until disturbed; so our friends sauntered leisurely along, stopping at every turn of the path to pluck the wild flowers that peeped modestly from the undergrowth or flaunted gaily by the way side. The day was lovely; the dense woods through which the road lay afforded shelter from the hot sun; the buzz of myriads of insects made the air musical, the monotony of which was relieved by the occasional drumming of a partridge, the gleeful noise of a squirrel, or the indescribable sound produced by a passing locust; life, busy, jocund life, was all around us, and we seemed but intruders in this wonderful scene of Nature's mysterious operations.

An unexpected turn in the road brought us in close proximity to the tree in which the owl had settled, and Harry approached it till within range. Being anxious to secure the bird for the sake of the feathers, he determined to risk no flying shot, but to "bag" his prey even at the risk of his credit, by shooting him from his perch. Accordingly he took deliberate aim, fired, and the monstrous bird flapped

heavily to the ground. Running in to secure his prize, the wounded bird showed desperate fight, bristled its feathers, spread its wings, and spitting like an infuriated cat, seemed determined to resist to the last its approaching fate. Wishing to preserve the plumage uninjured, Harry seized a stick and approached to end the matter by a rap on the head. The plucky bird made directly at him, and only by presence of mind and activity did he escape an ugly stroke of his formidable talons. Stepping quickly aside, Harry avoided the stroke, and before the bird could renew the attack, a well-delivered blow of the stick knocked him over, and a succession of sharp raps ended his pain and his earthly career at the same moment. He was a splendid specimen—a gigantic male—and we much regretted that the means of preserving his skin were not at hand. As it was, Harry removed the wings close to the body, plucked the tail feathers, the most useful of those on the back, and left the carcass for the first hungry fox that fancied this description of banquet.

"There," said Harry, "had I listened to you and left my gun behind, I should have lost this valuable prize—for prize it is. Look at these feathers—did you ever see so close a resemblance to the wings of a dusty miller? Besides these, the lighter feathers are very useful; that excellent fly-dresser and good angler, O'Connell, of Halifax, dressed a fly from those feathers for Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, a most accomplished angler, with which he was so successful that the fly has since taken his name, and is now well known as "the Admiral." I will show it you on our return to camp."

A report, quite near, told of the close proximity of one at least of our foraging friends; and almost immediately Fred emerged from the wood with a partridge, he had just shot, in his hand, and two well-grown chickens in his pocket. He told us Jim was just behind, and that between them they had shot two old birds and four young ones. These being as many as we wanted for dinner, they were returning to camp, for your true sportsman never kills more game than he can use. Jim presently made his appearance, and we all strolled back to camp, Harry much elated by his feathery prize, and Charles quite as joyous over the prospect of a tender tit-bit for dinner.

On reaching camp preparations were made for that important meal, which, by common consent, was to be over by four o'clock, in order to enable us to reach the scene of our evening operations in good season. Harry again undertook the critical task of roasting the salmon, leaving the superintendence of the rest of the dishes to Jim, whose turn it was to see that dinner was properly prepared. Quite a discussion now arose as to the best mode of cooking our feathered game. Jim favored roasting, while Charles inclined to broiling. This knotty question was not easily decided; appeal was made to Harry as an