

mournful notes of the night-hawk and the occasional long drawn hoot of the owl intent on its marauding expeditions, while the sharp cry of an unknown animal and the occasional voices of birds singing in their sleep interspersed the incessant croaking of frogs and toads. I was glad, however, when my turn came for sleep, and not the loudest cry of a night prowler could have kept me from dropping instantly into a sound slumber. The sun had risen high when we ate our breakfast and started again. We reached our destination late that afternoon, a couple of coal-burners' huts. The coal burners themselves were there and provided us with a fresh supply of provisions. After resting for some time and gathering information as to the whereabouts of the boar, we set out for a gentle slope which we soon reached. And there was what we wanted! Under the Spanish chestnut trees that covered the slope were innumerable foot-prints of the boar showing that they had recently been there feeding on the chestnuts. We went down the slope to the valley below, and at one place where the stream flowed over flat ground and spread out fifteen or twenty yards wide, we saw that the banks of the bed of the stream were torn up, showing that here the animals came to wallow and to drink. The opposite slope of the valley was steeper. After noting the direction of the wind we went to the leeward of the watering place and about thirty yards away made a rough screen of boughs and leaves. Here we settled ourselves as best we could. It was cold, but we had borrowed a couple of sheep-skin robes from the charcoal burners. We ate a cold supper,

taking all precautions to be quiet. And then we waited. We were in very cramped positions. The steep ground was set with short, thick stumps and roots which projected all about us in the most uncomfortable fashion, not to say anything of the sharp stones that dug into our knees when we attempted to kneel or the roots that stuck in our backs when we tried to lean against an inviting ledge. Night had well set in when—what was it that instantly put us on the alert and made me entirely forget the numb "pins and needles" feeling in my legs? It was occasional snappings of a twig and—yes, the unmistakable grunting recognizable anywhere. We kept very quiet, our eyes and ears alert; the wind was still in our direction. Presently indistinct forms began to resolve themselves in the water thirty yards away. Our guns, already cocked, were pointed at them, and I waited impatiently for the signal to fire. We fired almost simultaneously and with both barrels. Instantly the herd of about twenty to thirty individuals scrambled out and were away. You can imagine my intense excitement as we rushed down to the spot. And we had succeeded beyond our dreams. Two fine fat-looking boars lay stone dead.

Early in the morning we got a horse from the charcoal burners and loading it with our game started home for Bardizag.

R. CHAMBERS.

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John Miller (as Jack Sparks, winner of the Chancellor's scholarship, ascends the platform to be laureated) Good man! it takes the sparks to shine.