

trunk of a tree, from which she gazed for a considerable time in the direction in which I was crouching without daring to move. She then became convinced that some danger was threatening her and started off, but stopped once more for an instant just on the crest of a hill, as deer often do, giving me time for a fortunate shot in the neck. As this occurred on what was not our ground, and as the steamer was to pass early the following morning, I felt in considerable difficulties how to secure the venison. Having struck upon the little harbour where the steamers call, more by good luck than anything else, just before dark, I fortunately found one of our own men from Strom there with the sledge in which he had brought my luggage, and by promising him a share of the venison I induced him to accompany me about midnight, with the sledge, and to promise not to mention the fact to the others. After a long search we at length succeeded in finding the quarry, which I had covered with boughs of trees to keep off birds of prey.

We might have been spared the trouble, as old Christopher did not call me in time either for this or the next steamer the following morning. A terrible revenge was wreaked upon him for the same offence on another occasion by two sportsmen, for they blew him up with gunpowder placed at the back of the grate. It seems that they had both been seized with the same idea, and, unknown to each other, had both placed powder there. The result was an explosion that kept the family occupied for some days in a series of minor