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nearer their hiding place. In going through the thick woods, he held his nose up, and his antlers back on his shoulders to avoid the branches. He came in an awkward, curious shambling gait, tossing his head and shoulders as if about to break into a gallop, but only increasing his speed by lengthening his strides, spreading his hind feet, in order to straddle the front one, his hoofs clacking noisily on the frozen ground as he came along. He was followed by a female and fawns.

"They are old ones," whispered Macdonald.

"Yes; keep very quiet. I'll take the old fellow, and you make quick work of the cow. Ready!"

"Bang! Bang!" sounded the rifles on the crisp morning air. Both animals gave a sudden start and fell over dead.

"Did you hear the echo of our shots?" inquired Macdonald.

"I believe that was Lewis and his guide, firing so they can claim our prizes. You will see them put in an appearance from the other side of the hill."

Sure enough, about two minutes later, they met and all thought they had been shooting at the same marks; but to their surprise, they found they had four instead of two, a fine bull and three cows.

"Won't Flora be astonished!" thought Jack, with delight.

"That leader, judging from his size, may be the oldest moose on the continent. They are the finest pair I have seen. The fawns are born in early summer, and stay with their mothers for two or three years before they wander off to seek mates for themselves, thus living in families, and, if they escape the hunter, may reach a great age," explained Hadden.

hurry now, as I am supposed to be back before twelve."

They started sharp on time and were soon down at the hunting ground; but to their great dismay, they could not find the least trace of their meat. There were the remains of a camp-fire, tent pegs driven in the ground and a wagon track, which they tried to trace but found it impossible.

"I'll be jiggered if this isn't hard luck," exclaimed Macdonald. "They'll have the laugh on us sure."

"We had better hurry to the station and telegraph to the police of the towns in the vicinity to be on the look out, as the thief will be trying to sell the meat," Lewis suggested.

"No; it is against the law to sell it," replied Hadden.

On their return, they were not a very happy trio. Driving hurriedly to the hotel yard by a back way, they got into the house without being noticed, but every body soon had the news. Macdonald received a note from the post-mistress telling him her dress was to be a cream silk. The teacher called for his hat.

"I think we had better get out of this," said Macdonald. It was arranged that Lewis was to go along the Tyndall road while Macdonald and Hadden were to cover the east end of the town to trace the thief.

"This just suits my purpose," thought Macdonald, "as I get Lewis off in another direction, and Hadden will drive me out to see Flora."

Inquiries were made everywhere, and they were not long in reaching the Mackay place. Flora was standing at the gate and opened it with the remark:

"I was sure you'd be here. Have you



The Manitoba Moose after his evening dip.

They quartered the large one, then bent down some strong trees and strung up their trophies, to make them safe from the wolves till a wagon could be brought to take them to the village.

They got back to the town before noon. At the postoffice they gave a graphic account of their adventure, but it only provoked a smile. Some friends were bantering them, because they had not brought home a moose. Macdonald bet a silk hat with the school-teacher, a new dress with the post-mistress and promised the Presbyterian minister a five-dollar subscription to the new church if they did not come back before eight o'clock with four moose.

Flora Mackay who had come over on business, was present during the conversation, and was chatting with Macdonald while the mail was being sorted.

"Where is the roast of venison you were to bring me?" she asked teasingly.

"Wait till this evening and you will have some of the finest moose you ever saw. Flora you are a dear, sweet girl."

"You don't mean that, Jack. I am afraid, there is as little truth in it as there is in your moose story," she said coquettishly.

"You'll take that back before night."

"Perhaps so, but come out with me for lunch," she said smilingly.

"I can't go now, but I'll see you later."

"All right, I'll expect you. When do you go for the moose?"

"We leave here at four o'clock. Tell your father to come up town with a wagon tonight for yours."

"Oh, thank you very much. I must

brought the moose, Jack?"

As she led the way into the house, he related all that had happened, and how they had lost no time in trying to find the culprit.

"Now, Jack, be honest," she continued.

"Did you ever kill a moose?"

"We have four dressed moose somewhere, if we can only find them," he declared.

Mrs. Mackay interrupted their conversation by saying: "You both look tired and hungry. I don't believe you have had any supper. Come out to the dining-room."

"By George! I've caught the thief," jubilantly exclaimed Macdonald as he entered the room and scented the moose flavor.

"Yes," admitted Mr. McKay, "we have to plead guilty. Flora ascertained the particulars at the postoffice, and hurrying home, proposed that we go after the meat to get a joke on you. It is now on the wagon and the team is harnessed ready to take it up town. As each of us has had something to do with this roast, I have no doubt we will all enjoy it."

"I hope to live long enough to get even with the dark-eyed mischief who planned this clever trick," Macdonald said.

Shortly after supper Mr. Mackay and Hadden went to the village with the moose, and Jack and Flora, arm in arm, walked into the parlor.

They were both in their merriest mood, and Macdonald was not long in framing the question:

"Am I not a good hunter, Flora?"