

FIN, FUR, AND FEATHER

of the far North. By sportsmen everywhere they are welcomed.

"I noticed to-day that they bothered you considerably. You are a fair shot for an inexperienced one,—ought to be good at chickens, but ducks would worry you. You are a snap shot, your gun discharging almost at the instant of touching the shoulder. There are two occasions when one can shoot snipe successfully. First, before they have got fully started, firing at them as soon as they jump from the grass; second, when they have flown thirty or forty yards. When they have gone that distance they settle into a comparatively steady flight, and are not difficult to hit. What it requires then is a hard hitting gun, and the shooter, to be a good judge of distance, speed and the velocity of shot. The medium period of shooting, the time between these two, is the time when most new snipe shots shoot. This is when the snipe display their agility, and try to twist themselves into a spiral or gimlet of life. Not succeeding after going fifteen to thirty yards, they recognize the fact that they can't turn themselves inside out, and settle down to a steady flight. The beginner cracks away at them at this time, misses many and gets disgusted,—his disgust not being alleviated by mopping the perspiration from his forehead, or making a misstep, wrenching his limbs. The trouble with you, Ned, is on those long cross-shots; you bang away quickly, make

no time allowance for distance between you and the bird—shoot away; if you hit it, all right; if you don't, you secretly curse your luck, or blame the gun, when you, and you alone, are to blame. At those long cross-shots, the same as I saw you miss to-day, you ought to have fired at least from—My! How the time has slipped by. Here we are at your gate. Some day Don and I are going to take you with us after ducks. Then I will demonstrate to you that your snap shooting won't do at long range—

If at forty yards a foot seems too far ahead.

Make it two, keep your gun moving, and the bird falls dead.

Excuse this poetry, but I can assure you it's not only spontaneous, but original. Good-bye, and Ned, with one-half the snipe we killed, passed quickly in the gate, and I went home. Thus passed one day among the snipe.

Does the reader think Ned enjoyed this hunt? Cannot you recall many incidents in your life similar to this? When cold winter has passed silently away, and warm welcome spring has returned, when birds are filling the air with melody, streams flowing joyously along freed from their ice-bound covering, buds are swelling, grass in tiny sprouts peeping inquiringly through the brown earth? The hunter is a generous soul, he loves nature in all her many changes, and delights to