

BOAR HUNTING IN TURKEY.

IT was a fairly warm Autumn afternoon on which we started. Of course I was done up in true native fashion except for my heavy American sweater and shooting jacket. My legs were encased in native leggings made of thick brown felt and impervious to water, and on my feet was a pair of "charoukhs" or native moccasins, consisting simply of a rectangular piece of soft, untanned leather, the edges of which are hitched up around the foot by a string passed through holes along the rim and brought up and wound around the ankle. Such footgear are very light and comfortable, and it is surprising how little they let water through. On my back was slung a double-barreled, smooth 12 bore, and around my waist was a goodly number of bullet cartridges with a few shot cartridges, on the chance of meeting birds. My guide, a sturdy looking fellow, had, in addition to his gun, a bag of provisions and a blanket strapped on his back.

We soon left the village in a southerly direction down into a valley and then up a very steep hill by an extremely zig-zag path covered with loose boulders and pebbles. Several times I would fain have stopped for breath but the smooth, rapid gait of the guide in front of me kept me on till we reached the top. For the next five hours our path was a repetition of what we had passed over. Sometimes the road would narrow down into a deep gulch, with high, sloping, sandy banks, on the tops of which were bushes whose branches almost met overhead. The streams we had to cross were simply brooks bubbling over rocky beds, and generally very

dark because of the heavy overshadowing forest growth. Arbutus and scrub-oak abounded. After several hours we reached the zone of higher trees, of birch and Spanish chestnut, and the aspect of the country began to grow wilder. We now carried our guns in our arms and Nigoghos, for that was the name of my guide, kept a sharp lookout ahead for any chance travellers we might meet. It is always safe to be on one's guard as there is no telling what sort of person one may meet in the lonlier parts of the country.

Dusk had well set in by the time we stopped for the night. Our camp was well chosen. It was a beautiful spot by the side of a clear rippling mountain stream surrounded on all sides by the tall birch trees which had already begun to shed their leaves. After making a fire and frying some bacon we ate ravenously of our stores. We then collected enough dry firewood to last the night and I lay down to sleep with my feet towards the fire. Nigoghos took the first watch and it seemed no time until he woke me after three hours and I was compelled to relinquish the blanket in his favour. I soon got over my drowsiness, however. The night was simply bewitching. Close at hand was the fire which needed frequent replenishing. Its light, fitfully changing, penetrated very little the gloomy darkness about us. The flames cast weird shadows around me and on the silent sleeping figure which seemed to have resolved itself into a part of the surroundings. The moon was nearly full and it shone directly on the trickling, gurgling stream at my side. And the night cries made me wild with a longing for I knew not what—these were the