



BY C. WAYNE CUNNINGHAM.

I HAVE done a great deal of deer-hunting in the South, but have never had the pleasure to enjoy that favorite pastime in the North, so am in no position to compare the two. Moreover, my Southern hunts have been confined to a beautiful sea-island on the Georgia coast, The island to which I refer, is one of the chain which extends the length of that coast. It is owned in its entirety by one gentleman, and its game is therefore protected against the public, and has consequently become very numerous.

At either end of the island is a beautiful little sound, some four or five miles in width, separating it from the adjoining islands, while a river, which empties into another of these sounds, separates it from the mainland. Being on an island the deer are confined and very seldom get away, except when put into the surf at one end by the dogs, when they can occasionally swim to the next island. This is very rare, however.

Such is the place where we fourteen had been invited, by a most hospitable host, to enjoy four days of rare sport. The boat which took us down from the city was not very capacious in cabin accommodations, but quite spacious outside, where we sat enjoying the weather of a fine Southern winter day.

When we got across the sound, and in full sight of the wharf, one of the three deer-drivers, as was his wont, started blowing his bugle. This was to let the colored people on the island know that we were coming, and to be on hand at the wharf. The bugler claimed that the reason he blows his bugle is not so much to warn the colored people of our

approach, as the deer. Drawing himself up in a proud manner he would say, "Boss, when I blow dis horn I can hear dem deer say, 'Dere come Chas. Grant,'"

We arrived at the wharf, and were there greeted by several of the island negroes, and a few of the pack, which had sauntered down on the wharf, seeming to know that a few days of hunting was before them, and giving vent to their delight in such noises as only a pack of deer-hounds can make. No welcome could have been finer to a crowd like ours than seeing these hounds and hearing their familiar voices.

There was old Dick Shed, the stalwart, beaming-faced negro, who is kindness personified; and by his side was Daddy Bob, the short and dumpy, whose "whiskey-cough" is well known to all those who have ever hunted on St. Catharine's Island.

After we had been escorted up to the "Big House" (as the darkies call it) by these celebrities, we arranged ourselves in our comfortable rooms, and then gathered downstairs in the dining-room with the table chairs drawn in a large semi-circle about the big open fire. Of course the first night we had no venison. After dinner, when the table was again drawn back and the chairs were drawn around the fire and the post-prandial cigars lighted, we fell to joking and singing or whatever best pleased us. Occasionally our congenial circle would be broken to make room for Charles, who would come in, from time to time, with a log to keep the fire going.

After an hour or so of this congenial chatting about the fire, Daddy Bob's

"whiskey-cough" was heard out in the pantry. This simply meant that he, Dick and Charles were waiting for their evening tip before retiring to the quarters. The door was opened and there stood the privileged three. For students of human nature, there is a fit subject in viewing these three just about to receive their tip. In Dick's grin there is more real good nature and lack of conceit than is often seen; while Charles, on the contrary, Shows in his manner that he has been to town too often to maintain that extremely natural disposition common to a good old "fore de war" country darky, such as Dick. Daddy Bob's manner on such occasions is very amusing. He tries to retain his dignified bearing, but after the drink is well down he cannot restrain an expression of entire satisfaction in the shape of an "Ah!"

The first audible sign of life next morning was the sound of Charles and his bugle in the hall below, closely followed by his appearance, with a big armful of light wood, in the bedrooms. "Git up, Boss, and you Mas' Charlie. I can hear dem deer jist talk in de woods now; git up, gentlemen, git up."

The drives are sometimes of two or three square miles in area, and again only a couple of hundred yards long by so many wide. In the large drives are generally found the larger bucks, but very often in the Smaller ones you can get out three or four very large bucks.

Breakfast finished, we got our cartridges and guns together and went out into the yard, where the dogs and two wagons were waiting, while Charles, Dick and Daddy Bob fell to a discussion as to what drive we should first take. First, all three disagreed; then, after much expounding on Charles's part and assenting on Dick's, it was decided that we should take one of the drives near the house to start with.

It was a fine clear day, and as we took our seats in the big wagon and drag it was with a feeling of freedom which only a hunter can enjoy. We had a short ride through the pine barren which lies between the house and the beach. Presently the "Boss" motioned back to us from the drag to be quiet, as we were nearing the drive.

When the place was reached which we were to drive, the operation of stringing the standers commenced. "Mas' Charlie, you stan' right dere, near dat big pine, and keep yo' eye dis way, and don' let him git by if you see him. You whistle to show de next stander where you is, so he won't shoot you."

Finally, after Charles had placed all the standers, he blew several short blasts on his horn, which was a signal to Dick and Daddy Bob to put in the dogs. The "Boss," who was the last stander, before taking his stand, hitched the wagon back of the road, well under cover.

Soon after Charles' horn had sounded



LUNCH IN THE PINE BARRENS.



AN EARLY START.

Dick and Daddy Bob were heard 'way off in the distance clapping their hands and shouting in short, kitching whoops. They were then "putting the clogs in."

Now the sport had begun and all of us were on the sharp lookout lest a "sneak deer" should be startled by the noise and pounce out upon one of us.

Soon a complaining cry is heard from Violin, which signifies that she is eager to let loose in full cry after a big buck, or, perhaps, has had a whiff of some cold trail and cannot restrain herself. Then Apollo's somewhat deeper voice is heard amid the encouragement of Dick and Daddy Bob's whooping. Again for a while not a sound is heard,

might dash out of that thicket of scrub oak or yonder bunch of palmetto. Charles has evidently gotten a glimpse of antlers. "It is a buck. Look out, Boss! look out! look out!" Bang! bang! the Boss has gotten a shot. The buck has caught sight of the Boss, and wheeled, and is now running down the line. Bang! further down the line.

Now the pack comes in hot pursuit, with tails erect and noses close to the ground. Here comes Charles from the far end of the drive, down the road, to see what has been done. His duty has been to stop the dogs if the deer gets by without showing any signs of being hit, or to let the dogs go on if he has been hit.

"Miss urn, Massa Charlie?" he asks.

"Yes, but he was hit when he came home; let the dogs go on."

After a few moments the cry of the dogs died away and then three long blasts were heard from the Boss's horn 'way up the road. This meant that the drive was over. It was a signal for all to gather at the wagon. Here many questions were asked by all as to who got shots and who didn't, and who hit and who didn't, and such.

Soon Charlie is spied through the trees, and dangling by the side of Mary's



THE SPOILS OF THE CHASE.



EXPECTATION.

forelegs are seen two slender legs of a tan color.

When he rode up to the wagon in all his glory, he was heard to say, "Dick, dis is a wishous buck, but de Boss fix um."

It was pronounced the Boss's deer by Charles, as his shot was the first and had taken effect.

The buck was summarily put in the wagon, and we then started out for another drive.

After the next drive, which was accompanied with equal success, we, being more or less hungry, took our midday lunch. In the afternoon we took two more drives, and added to our bag another buck and a fine, doe.

I have often heard it said that hounding deer is not thoroughly sportsmanlike. If you have ever taken such a

hunt as I have described, where the deer has many more than even chances with the hunter, I think you will agree with me it is thoroughly sportsmanlike, and certainly a sport rife with pleasure and excitement.

After our four days' hunt and we were again installed in the boat on our way home; there were hanging from the awning pole on deck seventeen fine saddles of venison. We were thoroughly pleased with our trip—many thanks to our kind host—and were right in our prediction that after the first night roast beef, for dinner, would be supplanted by venison. When we had gotten clear of the wharf, Charles started on his bugle, and between breaths he was heard to say, "I can hear dem deer sayin' now, 'Tank God, Charles Grant done lef dis place.'"

ROUNDEL.

|| COUNT him out—the tyrant small,
The wing&d god with childish pout,
Before whose aim the mighty fall—
I count him out,

Wee victor in full many a bout,
Kings among men are in thy thrall—
I cannot put thee, Love, to rout!

Some shafts are sped beyond recall,
Some rankle deeply—never doubt!
But henceforth, arrows, bow and all—
I count him out.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

