



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.

