

tained the pods, for which I had unknowingly risked so much.

The afternoon was now wearing away, for time had slipped by so rapidly in such congenial company that it had grown late without my being aware of it. So, bidding adieu to this hospitable household, which had so courteously entertained a dusty and hungry stranger, I spun along over the splendid road that led back to the city.

Past negroes and coolies, and many children released from the restraints of school; past smouldering heaps of bamboo, slowly being converted into charcoal; past waving fields of cane, and groves of cocoa-palms, leaning over as if top-heavy with their hanging nuts; past the coolie village, swarming with

donkeys, and dogs, and children, I hastened on, until I came again to the wide Savannah, and entered once more the narrow streets of the Port of Spain.

The short tropical afternoon was almost over, and when I had put up my wheel for the night, the darkness, which here so swiftly follows sunset, was gathering close its sable garments. Over the western mountains a trailing glory of purple and gold and crimson held back for a few brief moments the conquering night. And then, as the last ray faded softly out and the day was dead, the myriad stars came forth as at the touch of a magician's wand, and tremulous in the liquid night gleamed the Southern Cross.



WILD SPORT
IN
CEYLON.

HUNTING THE SAMBUR.

By F. Fitz Roy Dixon.

THE sambur (*Musa Aristotelis*), or, as it is more generally though erroneously called, the elk, is found throughout Ceylon. It is the largest of the four varieties of deer native to the island, the others being the spotted-deer (*Axis maculata*), the muntjak (*Styllocerus muntjak*), commonly known as the paddy-field deer, and the musk, or mouse deer (*Moschus meminna*). This last is a beautiful creature, in size not much larger than a rabbit, but a perfect deer in miniature, being provided, however, with sharp white tusks in the upper jaw and having no antlers.

The sambur, from its size (and a stag will stand from twelve to fourteen hands

at the withers), is looked upon as a prize worth bagging, especially as it affords from its gameness and endurance splendid sport before hounds.

In several parts of mountain regions where coffee and cinchona are grown, and where the heat is not too great for active exercise, hounds are kept for the sole purpose of hunting the sambur. A critic would perhaps be somewhat disappointed by the appearance of the packs, for, although the general type is that of the fox-hound, yet from the nature of the sport it has been found necessary to cross with other breeds in order to get speed, strength and courage as well as the fine nose.

These cross-bred hounds are very

courageous, and when by chance a boar is run on, the pack will tackle him with a ferocity and pluck that leads too often to their own destruction. When such a thing happens, it remains for the huntsmen to get in as quickly as possible and slay the boar in order to save the hounds, and even with the best of luck some are every season lost in this way. If it is possible to break a pack off from the pig's track it is always done, but in dense jungle, where a man cannot see five feet ahead of him, it is difficult to say when the pack opens what they are upon.

After a little while, of course, an experienced hand will know what the quarry is. If it be a sambur, it will go off in a straight line at great speed, generally up-hill; if it be a pig, the "tongue" will rapidly change to a "running bay," the pig making short runs and coming to a stand, and then making off again. Sometimes, however, an old boar will take and keep a line as straight as an arrow through the densest jungle, over hill and ridge, and possibly get clear in the end by taking refuge in some unassailable retreat.

To return, however, to the hounds. The fox-hound is undoubtedly taken as the basis of the pack, and for reliability is beyond all comparison the best. Crossed, however, with blood-hound or wolf-hound, from the one is got a stauncher hound and more persistent stayer, and from the other, a heavier, fiercer and more courageous hound, possessing qualities absolutely indispensable when it comes to "seizing" a stag. The sambur is as active as a cat, and fights, when at bay in running water, with antlers and forefeet, dashing into the torrent below any ordinary dog bold enough to attack him.

Besides the regular pack, which hunts by scent, it is the custom to keep in leash a couple of big seizers. These are generally Scotch stag-hounds, or sometimes what are known as Kangaroo hounds—a sort of greyhound, heavy and fierce, imported from the Australian colonies, and admirably calculated to do the work required of them.

I was once one of a party of half a dozen who went on a hunting expedition to some elevated plains known as the Bopatalawa Patnas (a patna being

the name for natural wild grass land in the forest regions). The climate there was simply delightful, though the effect of the rarified atmosphere—the plains themselves being about 6,200 feet above the sea—when climbing the neighboring hills was most trying, the chief symptom being shortness of breath, which some of us who were there for the first time rather wondered at, knowing that we were pretty good at getting over rough ground. So severe, however, is the sport, that no one ever attempts it who is not thoroughly sound in wind and limb.

It was a long walk to get up the plateau whereon lay the Bopatalawa Patnas. Most of us came from a distance and on foot, the road being impracticable for horses. About four o'clock three of us climbed the last rocky ascent, popularly known as Jacob's Ladder, and found ourselves in full view of one of the arms of the patnas, a long, narrow plain, gently undulating, rich with flowers, and across which the afternoon sun was beginning to cast long shadows from the scattered rhododendron trees.

At length the track we followed crossed a stream, and then, following its course, brought us to where our huts had been erected. It was a pretty spot. At the back the steep slope of Pilot Hill, in front a swiftly-running stream, foaming and churning over rocks and rapids, and beyond, the dark forest, stretching away into the distance, with only a glimpse of the patna to indicate where we were.

There was a great charm about our surroundings. The hut, which was about forty feet long and fifteen wide, was built of a light frame-work of jungle sticks, the roof and walls being of grass, neatly thatched to keep out the wind and rain. There was not a nail in the whole structure, the coolies who had built it having drawn their supplies from the neighboring forest, where poles and creeping vines were to be had in abundance, and from the flats by the streams, where long grass for thatching grew luxuriantly. Inside the hut, round the walls, ran low, wide bunks, with plenty of sweet-scented Mana-grass for mattresses. Down the middle of the building ran a long table and a couple of benches.

Everything was rough, but clean and tidy, and odorous of the Mana-grass, which, I might add, yields the citronella-oil of commerce, the basis of so many perfumes.

We turned in, knowing full well that we had our work cut out before us the next day, for we had to make an early start in order to try a certain patch of jungle on the summit of what was known as "Number One." However good your training may be, I defy you to climb up hills and run down slopes as steep as the roof of a church, and struggle through tangled jungle, without feeling fagged at the end of the day.

Shortly after dawn we were ready for work. There was very little to indicate, as far as our get up was concerned, what we were after. We all wore flannel shirts and coats of light material. Some sported leggings, and others, with disregard to bruised and scratched shins, went without. But all had stout shooting boots lacing well up the ankle, and soft felt or tweed hats completed our attire. Those who had them carried hunting-knives in a strap round the waist, and the dog boy had a spear, in case we ran foul of a boar.

We had about eight couple of hounds and a brace of seizers in leash. A small quantity of boiled rice and soup, left over from the previous night, was poured into the trough, and the kennel door opened, and out came the beauties, snarling and growling at one another. In a moment the grub was finished; we dared not give them much, as they had plenty of work before them, and then W., who acted as master of the hounds, started off at a sharp walk; K. acted as whipper-in, a duty that was almost a sinecure, as the dogs were very keen.

After a mile or so we came to a broad stream across which we had to go, and as the water at this elevation is intensely cold, we proceeded to carry the dogs over, as it would never have done to let them get cold and chilled at the start. It was unpleasant work. The water was waist deep, and great clumsy hounds are awkward brutes to carry. You cannot take them like a baby, and it requires practice to hold them like a sheep on the shoulders. However, all were at length over and

we resumed our way. By this time we were close to "Number One," and proceeded to put into execution our plan of campaign.

The chief danger of hunting in a place like the Bopatalawa Patnas is the chance of losing hounds in the immense tracts of unbroken forest which stretch away for miles on either side. It sometimes happens that a stag will lead the pack in a bee-line into quite another part of the country, and this generally means the loss of many dogs. Some get exhausted and are either picked up by a "cheetah" (leopard), or lose their way, to perish miserably from hunger; others may follow on and reach a clearing where they will be cared for by the superintendent; but it is risky work. The huntsman's aim is to concentrate the hunt to one locality wherein he fears none of these misadventures.

About eight miles from where we were lay another grassy plateau, called the Horton Plain, separated from us by dense jungle, and to which we knew it was the habit of deer when hunted to occasionally make. We had decided not to permit a sambur to get off in that direction. It was essential that we should kill, as we had a number of young dogs and we wanted to "blood" them in order that they might know what they were intended to hunt. Accordingly, we sent two of our party to a certain pass, which the deer would be likely to take if heading for the Horton Plains. One of them was a capital shot, and was provided with a rifle which he was to use if the occasion presented itself. This was the first and only time that I ever saw a rifle used in conjunction with hounds when hunting deer in Ceylon. Two more of us went to another place to pick up the hunt in case the deer took that way, and W. and I climbed Number One with the pack.

The hill was about fifteen hundred feet above the plain on which we stood, and rose in a very steep, unbroken grassy slope. What with it being the first day's tramp and the rarified atmosphere, I was pretty well done when we reached the summit. I had wondered what on earth we were expected to find on the top of a peak, but when I got higher I saw that Number One was

simply a spur of a higher table-land which promised well for our day's sport. The view from the top across the plains was simply magnificent. We were now almost on a level with the shoulders of many noted peaks, Kirriamettiagalla, the second highest on the island, appearing to be quite close to us. However, we could not stay there long, so as soon as we had got our wind we uncoupled the dogs and started in.

At first we skirted the edge of the jungle which came to the brow of the grass-clad slope, and then struck up the course of a little stream, which ran out of a heavily-timbered hollow. We saw tracks of pig which had been rooting for the tubers of a species of arum. We kept a very watchful eye on the younger hounds, which were inclined to run off after piggy; but presently the jungle changed in appearance, the trees being more stunted and gnarled with the wind. Here, too, we found pig tracks, but they ceased as we climbed out of the hollow and struck a ridge. It is rather curious that on almost every ridge you will find a deer track, often open enough to admit of fairly rapid walking. In fact, but for these, progress would be absolutely impossible in parts, for the density of the undergrowth is such that it is no uncommon thing to have to hack your way with your hunting-knife.

We followed the ridge until it joined another where the track was well defined. Here the dogs, which had been all the while working eagerly on all sides of us, required calling up. Getting them well in hand we started up the new ridge, and before we had gone fifty yards Melody, the mother of many good hounds in the pack, opened tongue. At the first sound the rest of the dogs came trooping up through the underbrush, and in a few minutes the whole pack was off. Running forward to where the scent was first picked up we looked for the track and there, sure enough, was where a sambur had slithered down on his haunches, in descending a steep and slippery ravine. By the spoor we calculated it was a young stag, as it eventually proved to be.

In the meanwhile the pack was working off into the heart of the jungle, and W. and I hurried up the ridge, doing

our best to keep near the sound of the tongue, taking advantage of nearly every track or opening we could see. By good fortune we were able to cut across the course the deer had taken, and after an hour's hunt found ourselves not a hundred yards from the pack, which was running strongly. We were now some distance from our starting point and, catching a glimpse of a distant peak through an opening of the scrub, we were able to locate ourselves, and it was evident that our game was carrying us over toward the Horton Plains. It was fortunate that P. and K. had been posted to intercept this attempt.

Presently, the ridges we had been following were of no further use to us. The stag took down hill, evidently making for open patna, intending to get a clear run for the pass. Off we went, crashing through dense nillu, stumbling, crawling, jumping, twisting in and out of saplings growing thick together, saying not a word, simply keeping doggedly on. An increasing brightness showed that we were approaching the edge of the forest, and in a few minutes we were clear of it. What a relief it was, to be able to walk without bending and twisting like an acrobat! We stopped for a moment to listen. We could hear the hounds going full cry some distance off, down in the plain, evidently near the pass. We ran on and soon we heard a rifle-shot and almost immediately the tongue ceased. We knew that the dogs had run into the deer.

We never stopped until we were standing by the rest of our party who it so happened had been all together when the stag, pretty well fagged, came in view. It seems that being so intent on its pursuers he had not seen P. who, scarcely hidden at all, allowed him to come up at a slinging trot to within forty yards before firing. He was a well-grown stag, but with only very moderate antlers.

After cooling down we lighted our pipes and prepared for the next operation of "breaking up" the stag. This W. did with great skill. It was amusing to watch the eagerness of the young dogs which had never seen a deer before. Up went their hackles and the angry

growl and savage grip with which they "seized" the still warm and quivering beast as they came up with it, showed to our satisfaction what they would do when they came to a "bay."

There were other young dogs to be blooded. Two of our party had never seen such a thing as a kill, and watched the breaking up with keen interest. Presently I saw what was coming and got out of the way. Then W., seizing a favorable opportunity, sprinkled them liberally with blood, over faces, hands and clothes. We laughed immensely at the operation, having all gone through it in our turn, and the anger and dismay of the victims only added to our amusement as they never anticipated any such process of initiation. However, once satisfied that it was all right they quieted down and joined in the laugh.

We had now finished, and sticking up a pole with a handkerchief attached to it by way of a landmark, we started for camp. We sent the coolies out for the stag and in due time they brought him safely in.

The next day was all that we could wish, and by daybreak we found ourselves at what is known as Round Patna, some five miles from where we were camped. This was always looked upon as a good cover, but the disadvantage was that, being isolated, if the deer took it into his head, he could go clean away from us, unless we were prepared for an all-day chase, as there was no open land by which to follow him. We were prepared for this contingency, however, and had each one of us put a few biscuits in his pocket, a precaution, as events proved, that was well justified.

A little stream trickled into the Round Patna at the upper end, and flowed through a luxuriant meadow. Here we took the pack and uncoupled. We had with us two seizers, Scotch stag-hounds, and these we kept in leash. It was my luck to hold them, and the bother they gave me, getting to one side of a tree when I wanted to go another, at times made me wish them somewhere else. "Grouach" and "Borap" were their names, and they were faithful, honest and staunch hounds as ever trod. Once uncoupled, the pack streamed all over the place, working with the keenness

that characterizes a pack well handled and in good heart. Presently, Marquis, a young dog of the first season, picked up a scent, which he ran down to the water's-edge and lost. Then Bugler took it up on the other side of the stream, and all at once three or four got on to it at once, and, headed by old Melody, the pack were soon out of sight, having taken a bee-line up the face of the hill and into the jungle. As soon as they were over the brow of the hill we could hear nothing, and there was no help for it but to climb up after them as quickly as possible. Accordingly, up we went at a good swinging pace, and made for the highest ridge. Before reaching this, we crossed the line of the hunt, and there we saw the track of the stag.

"Man, alive!" cried W. with great glee, "he's got hoofs like auld hornie himself," and certainly the print showed that we had an old animal to deal with that would give us all we wanted and something more, perhaps.

Well, we kept on that ridge, running and panting and struggling for about an hour, and then found ourselves on the shoulder of one of the highest peaks. Every now and again we could hear the distant tongue of the hounds, and we knew that we were in for it, and intended to see the game through if it took us a week. Presently we got into a nasty bit of jungle, a mixture of nillu and bamboo. Nillu, I might explain, is a jointed succulent plant, which grows up in dense clumps, many acres in extent. There are several varieties of it, and all equally objectionable from their obstructive properties. It is easily cut with a knife, but it has the faculty of tripping you up and barring your passage. "Nillu" is the Tamil word for "Stop."

We were pretty high up now, and so worked our way across the face of the hill, but it was an awful task. We had to relieve one another at breaking the way, for such a tangle as bamboo and nillu is must be seen to be appreciated. This bamboo I speak of is, of course, not like the big cane that figures in Japanese work. It is a trailer, not much thicker than a lead-pencil and as tough as whip-cord. It will give to any amount, but to break it is impos-

sible, unless worked backwards and forwards like a piece of wire between the fingers. It is on this that the sambur feeds, and we always expected it.

The stag kept moving on steadily, and we had now been on the run for several hours, and began to think it was time he turned to bay. Evidently from the way he managed things, he was a stayer. Presently we struck an elephant path on a ridge that seemed to carry us in the desired direction. As it turned out nothing could have been better, and a quarter of an hour brought us to where we could hear the hounds away below us in some stream, at bay.

The seizers I held in leash knew what was the matter and tried to get away, but the moment had not arrived for the utilization of their services. We hurried as quickly as we could, for we knew that if we delayed too long the stag would regain his wind and then, if he started afresh, it would be all U. P. for that day, at any rate. We soon found ourselves in a perfect forest of nillu, which, for a moment, threatened to utterly debar our way. Drawing my knife, I slashed viciously, whilst W., thinking he saw a clearer passage, sheered off to the left. I went on chopping like a backwoodsman, crawling, jumping and advancing. All at once I discovered the stream running before me clear of obstructions. In a moment I was in it, and, running along it, came in view of the bay.

In a little recess, backed by smooth, perpendicular rocks, stood a magnificent stag, his mane bristling, his head down, ready to beat back any attack. The pack stood round him raising a raw that made the forest echo. I had at once slipped the seizers, and at the sight of them and the sound of my voice, "Yoiks, to him!" they made a frantic rush at the stag.

At that moment W. appeared on the scene, and we advanced to the attack together. The stag was fighting for his life, and dangerous, and we knew that we could not touch him unless he was well held. In a moment there was a confused mass of dogs and deer. With gigantic springs Grouach and Borap had covered the distance between them and the stag, and had seized him cleverly by the throat. How they

evaded his antlers I cannot tell, for he was as quick as lightning; but they were quicker, and the other dogs piled in on top, and W. and I. with them. Another moment, and, with a mighty, convulsive leap that threw off all the dogs except Grouach, the stag fell forward, dead, both our knives having gone into his heart!

It was over! There he lay, as magnificent a specimen of a sambur as ever I saw. But for the seizers we should have had a hard battle to conquer him, for he was full of fight and go. Had we left him much longer he would probably have broken bay and got off altogether. As it was, however, we shouted like a couple of school-boys, and the hours of toil we had endured seemed but minutes, and the fatigue all disappeared when we looked upon this splendid beast lying there. Presently we were joined by the rest of our party in various stages of exhaustion and delapidation, but all revived at the sight of our success. We sat down on the mossy bank and pulling out such grub as we had brought with us, ate it and washed it down with the cold water of the stream, tempered, I might add, with a few drops of Scotch whiskey from a flask that somebody carried. We all drank, and then we gave the dog-boy a nip, for he would have to come back the next day with coolies and carry the stag home.

Counting our pack, after emerging from the jungle, we found two dogs missing, and after sounding the horn for a quarter of an hour they came up, looking dead tired and scarcely able to walk. There was no help for it: they were utterly played out, so, putting them on our shoulders, we carried them the rest of the way to the kennels, the poor grateful puppies—for they were not very old—trying to show their appreciation of what we were doing by licking our faces.

The next morning we made an early start, intending to try a piece of jungle lying in a sheltered valley which was a pretty sure find. This time W. and I, who had done a good deal of the running about, elected to remain outside on the prairie with the seizers, and take our chance of the deer coming our way. I might add, between ourselves,

that we were pretty confident that we should not have to wait long or for nothing. Accordingly we took up our position by a twisted rhododendron tree, lying well hidden in a little hollow. Shelter was very necessary, for at this early hour the air was raw and chilly. The rest of the party started with the hounds, keeping along the side of the valley up which it was probable a sambur would wander looking for a bed after feeding all night. We did not anticipate that the hounds would find until they were well up toward the head of the valley, which would take them some time. So we lay on our backs waiting and listening for the opening tongue of the pack.

Grouach and Borap sat beside us, looking wistfully in the direction the pack had taken. W. held the leash loosely in his hand, never thinking for a moment that they would move. But, to our astonishment, after we had been there some little time, they simultaneously made a bound forward and as nearly as possible got away. In a moment we were on our feet and had the dogs under control, and then we saw the cause of the excitement, which the dogs, sitting up, had discovered: a fine doe, startled doubtless by the passage of the pack through the jungle, had broken cover, undetected, and was quietly cantering across the patna to the opposite jungle. When we first set eyes on her she was not thirty yards off, so we let her get further away, for the sake of fair play: then we released the struggling stag-hounds and gave them a shout which sent the doe on a good deal faster than before. Still she did not seem to be exerting herself, and we thought for the moment that she would be overtaken before she was half-way across.

See now how the dogs bound! What springs! What a pace! Saw anyone ever the like of that? Go on, Grouach! Good dog, Borap! Now you've got her! Yoo-iks! But no! the doe still maintained the lead and was rapidly gaining the shelter she sought. If the distance to be crossed had been only fifty yards more the dogs would have had her; but when they were not ten yards behind her she made a last jump and disappeared into the jungle. The dogs

followed her, but presently came back, looking foolish and beaten, for they very rarely run by scent. The course had been well contested, and the doe deserved to win.

Once more we resumed our comfortable position and chaffed the two dogs, who seemed fully conscious of their defeat. However, they were destined to regain their lost laurels before long.

In a little while we heard the notes of the pack. We could follow the hunt by the sound, although it was far off. It passed over the ridge, out of the valley. We thought that perhaps by making for another patna we should be in a pretty good position. So off we started, at a jog-trot, happily striking a deer-track that led across the valley in the desired direction. At the edge of the cover it ended, and we had to find a way for ourselves. We got up hill pretty well, and were just beginning the descent of the ridge, when W., who was leading called, out, "Ware Mousal!" a cry that most planters knew the meaning of, for the mousa plant is the most fearful of nettles. In appearance it is the most harmless of things, with large, smooth, dark-green leaves, of a long, oval shape, slightly pointed at the ends. It is the sort of a leaf that you would pick, because of its shape and size, to put in your hat on a hot day; but only touch it, and you will remember it to the end of your life. It raises a red patch that burns and inflames, and every time the part is washed, for days and sometimes weeks after, the pain is renewed with all its vigor. Some idea may be gained of its virulence when it is considered that in the "collapse" stage of Asiatic cholera it is not unusual to use this leaf, applying it by flagellation along the spine. When this does not wake the patient, he is bound to die.

We carefully avoided the mousa, and ran into a bed of nillu that extended all the way down the hill-side. We eventually reached the patna, only to find all quiet. Evidently we had miscalculated the direction. For a couple of hours we alternately ran and climbed, until at last, when on a high hog-back of wind-blown scrub, we heard the distant cry of the hounds, evidently coming in our direction. We decided to make for the

Long Plain which lay at our feet, believing that the pack would run their quarry into the open. So down we went again, as hard as we could tear, and at last reached the open patna. About a quarter of a mile off was a mound with a little scrub, and on this we hid ourselves, waiting for the appearance of whatever was before the hounds.

We were here for some little while, the deer being loath to leave the cover of the forest; but presently we could tell by the sound that the pack was forcing it out. Our two stag-hounds stood trembling with excitement, while their eyes eagerly searched the edge of the patna and forest. All of a sudden they made frantic efforts to get away, and in another moment we saw a splendid stag break into the open and trot down the plain.

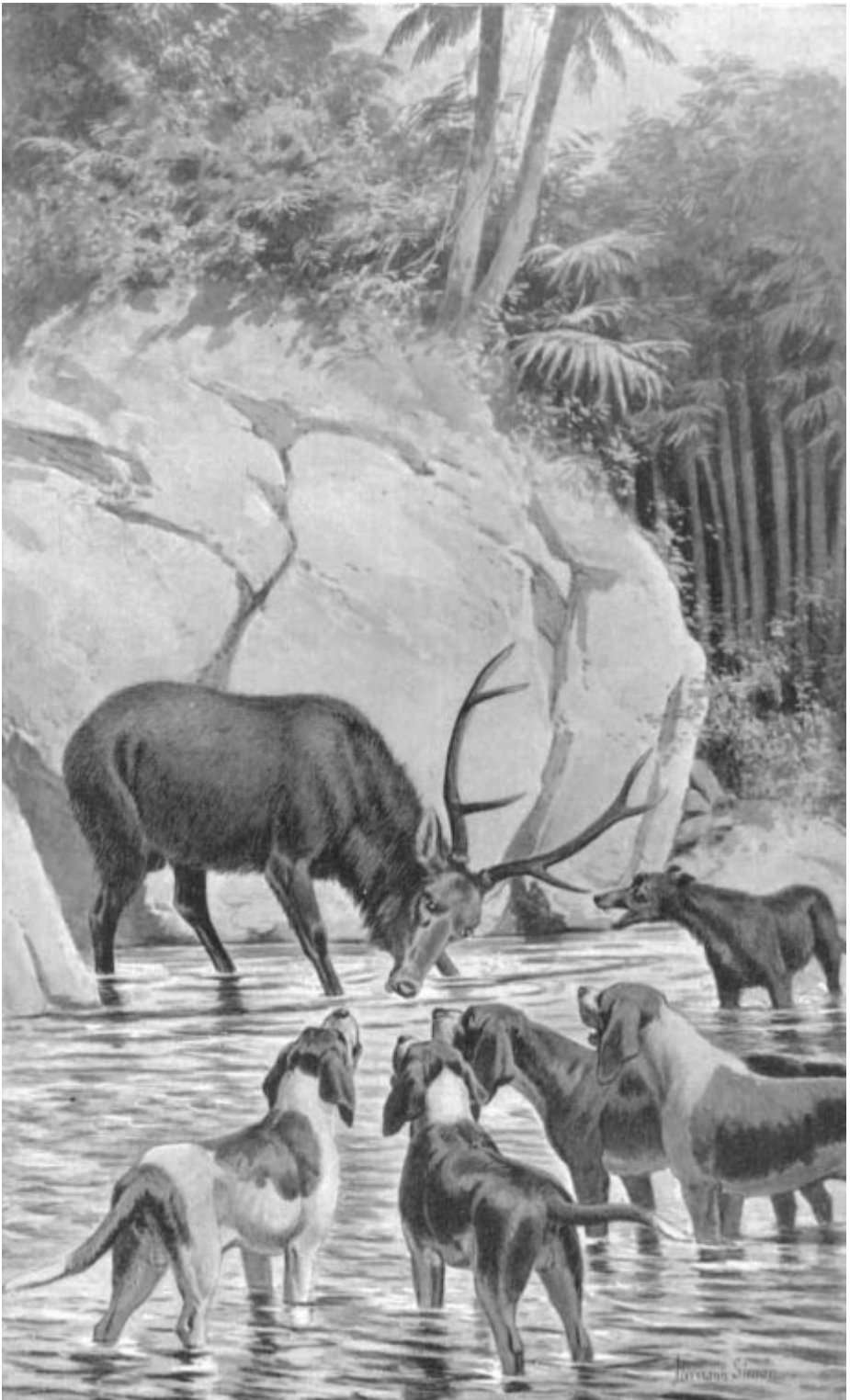
He was evidently undecided what to do. There was no water in which he could make a stand and he rather wished to return to the jungle; but the rapidly approaching pack gave him no option, so, breaking into a canter, he started off, going away from us obliquely. Before he had gone a hundred yards the pack were in full view, and rather nearer him than we were. We slipped the couples and yelled the seizers on. Like an arrow from a bow they went; not this time would they be beaten. The tremendous bounds told, and the distance between them and the stag was rapidly lessened. Soon the whole pack was together, going like smoke. We were too intent on watching to follow, for we knew it would be over in a short while, and sure enough, steadily, but surely, the regular spring of the stag-hounds brought them up with the hunted stag, which was pretty well played out. They ran neck and neck for some time, but presently Borap drew ahead and lead by a couple of lengths. Just then the stag turned, determined to show fight. Borap made one great leap, and before the antlers could be used he threw the stag back on his haunch. Then Grouach was upon him with the remainder of the pack, and in a minute it was one great struggle. Off we started, but too, late for the honor of giving the *coup-de-grace*, for the other fellows suddenly appeared on the scene, and before we

could get up it was all over. It was a fine stag, and had given them plenty of running.

There being no water with which to remove traces of blood, we deferred the usual breaking up, and after erecting a pole to indicate the whereabouts of the animal, started off home, all of us pretty well famished.

On our way home a curious thing happened. As we passed through a belt of forest we stumbled upon a large band of Wandaroo monkeys, big chaps, with white whiskers. After their invariable custom, so soon as they saw the dogs they began their "Hoo-oo-hoo" cry, and the old ones came down to the lower limbs of the trees. We kept the dogs together as best we could. Suddenly, however, they made a frantic rush into the under-brush, and we could tell by the noise that there was a scrimmage going on. Running forward quickly, I found that the dogs had pulled to pieces two big monkeys, which had been foolish enough to venture down from the safety of the tree-tops. The rest had disappeared, scared by the fate of their champions, and I proceeded to send the dogs back to the party. As I turned to go, I noticed Marquis, a young dog, sniffing curiously at something huddled up against the stump of a tree. Going up to it, I was surprised to see that a baby monkey lay there, having escaped the massacre of its mother. Picking the little chap up, I rejoined my companions, who were all very much interested in the captive, which was carried to camp, and from thence next day to the bungalow of one of us who was lucky enough to possess a cow. I might add here that Jocko grew up to be the pride of his owner and lived very happily to the end of his days.

By evening we had all our game in camp, and a goodly array it was. It seemed a pity, however, that it could not be utilized for food. Sambur is rarely eaten by Europeans. To me, it tastes like coarse beef without any flavor. Some of us had small pieces sent to our bungalows, and a portion was given to the coolies, who were delighted with it, as they are with any meat, being almost vegetarians by force of circumstances. The rest of the meat went to feed the pack. The hides and



Painted for Outing by Hermann Simon.

AT BAY.

antlers we retained as trophies. Throughout India and Ceylon the lack of development in antlers and horns in deer and tusks in elephants is a matter of much comment. In Africa, I believe, tusks are the rule; in India they are the exception, tushes or small tusks, valueless as ivory, taking their place. This peculiarity has been attributed to the

lack of limestone in the country and consequent bone-making properties in the vegetation; but whether this is the real cause or not, I cannot say. Still the fact remains, and trophy-hunters have often regretted it. The big stag's head, mounted as a hat-rack, adorned my bungalow, thereby, doubtless, fulfilling its destiny.



THE HARVEST OF THE PINE.

ACROSS THE MESABA.

By Janet Shepard.

WHEN our Department of the Interior welcomed to northern Minnesota the lumberman, there followed in his wake (as white clover springs up self-sown in the wreck of the forest fire) our northland Priscilla. Gentle-bred women traversed these shadowed paths and kindled on the Mesaba the tender light of home. Within a year the trapper's trail had broadened to a tote-road. This in turn was eclipsed by a railway. Claims were staked out, surveys made, and the eye of faith might discern by the quarter post the site of future cities.

Iron was King. Every mine owner was a millionaire, every prospector a possible Cræsus. Men slept and dreamed of sudden fortune; they woke and talked of bessemer and hematite, of greenstone, and schist, and phosphorus; of lease and royalty and option. Test-pits, in which many a fortune was sunk, yawned like graves. Claims changed hands almost hourly. Explorers spread the rumor of rich farming land beyond the Mesaba, and those whom speculation hitherto had not tempted, at the prospect of one hundred and sixty acres of rich soil, hurried to the nearest land office. Most potent factor of all, in the