

RESURGAM.

THE year is waning fast. the
biting wind
Is prating through the branches
brown and sere:
Complaining echoes voice that fall
is here,
And drowsy summer dreaming far
behind.

There's death on every hand, and
yet I find
A mournful pomp along these
darkened ways,
So prodigal of bloom in summer
days,
When vine and flower in glory
intertwined.



How fast the winter comes! how reft of cheer
Will be those lagging days! and yet we know
Our flowers will only sleep beneath the snow.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

AN ADIRONDACK BUCK.

By Georgia Roberts.



IT was the last day; a cold and dismal Saturday in October. For two weeks we had hunted carefully and enthusiastically and on the following noon we were to leave Wolf Creek and its delights behind us; on our outward march

to civilization and our daily work.

The first week had been disappointing; the only game hanging before our cabin being one badly shattered partridge, killed by Pender, the infallible; Pender, who was popularly supposed to take long naps while on watch, and who was to be awakened only by the deer stepping on him.

The second week proved rather better, and for the last three days game had come in very well indeed. With

one exception, every one in the party had seen plenty of deer, and had had several shots. I was that unfortunate exception. I had hunted as vigorously as any, creeping noiselessly through the woods, sitting motionless under damp banks, whence queer bugs issued and explored my garments, or lying in ferny and fragrant hollows, where it was hard to remember my mission and keep awake.

Not a deer had I seen. So the last day found me discouraged, and when, after eating our hurried breakfast of griddle cakes, venison, and coffee, the others looked to their rifles and prepared to depart, I commenced to straighten up the camp, and left my good little Winchester upon its rack. Sydney, my husband, starting from the door, looked back and saw me. "Aren't you going to hunt?" he said. "Better go; only one more day, you know, and you might have some luck at last;" so I reluctantly started down the trail, and struck off to my favorite watching-place.

The morning passed in silence, and

at noon one of the party came up the river from his station, half a mile distant, and together we went to camp. He had had a shot and missed, and was in a great state of excitement. Pender had also seen and shot at a deer, firing repeatedly at a range of twenty feet or so, and had not touched it. "Darnation," he exclaimed, flinging his six feet of sturdy manhood down on one of the bunks. "This afternoon I'm going to take a shot-gun, and I bet I'll bring down something if I get a shot."

"Yes, undoubtedly," struck in his chum, with the easy insolence of tried friendship. "You'll bring down something sure if you can arrange to have the deer lean up against your gun-barrels."

"Never mind," Pender retorted; "I don't shoot rabbits, anyway," referring to a young deer just out of its mottled coat that had been brought in one day.

It quite encouraged me to think that I had been within half a mile of a deer, and after dinner I hurried back to my post. Once as I sat motionless, my meditations were broken by the sound of a double report in the far distance; evidently Pender was firing one of his harmless volleys at something.

Until five o'clock I sat there, tense, cramped and expectant; then as the day grew gray and my zeal flagged, I opened my hunting-pouch to see if it might contain some maple sugar. It did, and I promptly devoured it. The pouch also contained a novel with both beginning and end torn off, a long hunting-knife, and a small bottle of whiskey, to be taken in case of chill. It was good whiskey which I had feloniously abstracted from the flask of one of the party—but I had no chill; so after idly admiring its amber depths, I set it down in a niche in the bank, and proceeded to take a long look upon the scene which soon must be ranked with my memories.

I was sitting under a low bank which, from the appearance of the overhanging top, had caved a little. Before me, the opposite bank of the Oswegatchie rose wooded and dark. I was on the projecting side of a bend in the river. Below lay a dead-water; above, at my right, shallow rapids came tumbling down. Just above the rapids, and ending my line of vision, was an obstruction called the Island, a high mound, two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide,

formed of huge boulders. A few great logs washed there at high water lay across it in gaunt confusion.

The Oswegatchie at this point is not more than ankle or knee-deep, excepting in the dead-waters, and there the deer when pursued, seldom go; preferring to obliterate their scent by merely wading through the shallow rapids. In this vicinity, the lucky hunter who secures a deer cannot expect to have his game led leisurely up for execution. He must have a steady hand, a true eye, and a good gun. In nearly all cases, the only chance is to shoot while the deer is in motion; unless one is fortunate enough to catch him as he strikes the crossing and pauses to listen to the distant hounds.

Sadly, indeed, through my screen of boughs did I note each lovely detail. My gun lay across my knees, and I shifted uneasily in my damp blind. At that moment, chance directed my gaze up the rapids toward the Island. A sound had come to warn me, but as I idly looked, the brush parted, and a large buck leaped into the shallow water, and eagerly sniffing, stood there looking directly toward me. He evidently winded me, though he stood a good thirty rods away.

He was a noble fellow; none of the timid deer and shrinking fawn about him. Thoroughly roused, suspicious, frightened and angry, he stood there ankle-deep in the rapids, his gleaming eyes fixed full upon my blind. Was I sleepy, cold, or tired? Well, no! Like a flash I cocked my gun, and with a movement that would have done credit to an india-rubber woman, shifted my position and took aim just where the generous curve of the throat sprang from the chest. Then I waited for him to come on or turn. He looked so far away and his chest looked so narrow! If he had only offered me a broadside—but it did not seem to occur to him, and after the second or two in which these thoughts flashed through my mind, I fired.

With a bound my splendid quarry turned, and scrambling up the bank, was hidden by the bushes. If I had been a man, I think I should have indulged in violent language. Surely I must have hit him! With childish fury I seized my bottle of whiskey and threw it far into the rapids; then, that irra-

tional act having slightly cooled my wrath, I sat thinking over my unaccountably bad luck.

At that moment a sound startled me. Again and again it came; a blending of two familiar voices, as Major and Sport eagerly followed the devious path my deer had taken on his way to the river's edge where I had seen him. How thrillingly their clear notes trembled through the silent woods—the quick, harsh, eager voice of Sport blending so musically with Major's long, sweet chest-tones.

"Ouf, ouf, ouf, woo, woo,—ouf, woo,"—nearer and nearer they came, the music slowly swelling from the first far murmur that my straining ears scarce believed more than fancy, until staccato, crescendo, diminuendo, pianissimo, fortissimo, and suddenly with a wild burst that filled the woods with sound, the two eager singers broke over the hill, crashed through the thicket, and paused breast-deep in the baffling river.

Leaning my rifle against a tree I tore frantically up the river-bank, calling to the dogs as I ran. Reaching the Island I jumped, slipped and fell across, making some leaps that, afterward when I again essayed them, made me fairly dumb with surprise. Once I went head long on hands and knees into a fortunately shallow pool. On a flat stone near the further edge of the river lay a little drop of blood, just one small dash of scarlet; but I showed it to the whimpering hounds, and, after an eager sniff, they bolted into the woods, only occasionally giving tongue. Having left my gun down the river, I did not follow; and rushing back to get it I met my nearest neighbor on watch, who, hearing my shot, had hurriedly walked up to see what luck.

For a few moments only we heard the dogs, and soon they returned, Major whimpering the explanations that he could not speak to tell. We could not persuade them to again take up the trail. As we turned, discouraged, from the river, Sydney and a guide appeared on their way to camp; and then another search began. Notwithstanding the approaching night, we once more crossed the river and hastily scattered. Soon Sydney found several large spatters of blood. I then left him, and aimlessly followed the river. Not a sign rewarded me, and each moment, as the

shadows closed, I thought to hear the signal to return.

But what was that large, dark object up there in the little clearing where the long grass waved? I cocked my gun and cautiously advanced, in a great fright, I confess, as I recognized the form of a large buck, lying with bent knees and outstretched head, as horses rest in a pasture.

It was quite dark now, and recollecting all the stories I had ever read of wounded and infuriated deer, I paused at short range and waited. Still no movement, and, resolving to do or die, I approached. Ah! No sound could pierce those deaf ears! I took hold of the antler and pulled him over. There in the chest was the clean little hole made by my rifle-ball. At that moment Major came trotting up, and I remembered the rest of the party.

Two sharp shots, a few appreciative howls from Major, and we waited. Soon they approached and shook my hand with a congratulatory vigor that was flattering but painful. That shot proved once and for all the accuracy and power of my rifle. At a distance of thirty rods the thirty-eight calibre ball, which had struck an inch below the spot for which I had aimed, had traversed the whole length of the body. It was a solid bullet at that, and not one of the hollow, copper-rimmed affairs that are now so much in use. It was not until the next morning that the deer was brought to camp, and then render made a dive for it.

"There!" he roared, "I told you I shot a deer; here it is. Look at that!" and he pointed to two small shot-holes, one through the ear, the other making a slight puncture in the side. Near the latter place, beneath the hide, Sydney I felt a small, hard substance, which had not pierced the flesh, and extracted it. Pender was still sputtering out an argument (based on a shot once made by Sydney) that the ball in the side had probably pierced the heart, when Sydney handed him the solitary B B shot which he had extracted, amid the shouts of the crowd.

Pender was silenced, but later in the day I found him enlarging the hole with a pencil; and the small snip in the ear he views with pride whenever he looks at the mounted head across my dining-table.



Painted for Outisso by J. L. Weston.

"WATCHING THE RUNWAY." (p. 23.)