dogs. At night the deer leave the sequestered spots where they have passed the day, and come down to the water to feed. The lily-pad and the wild grasses growing on the edges of the forest lakes are their food *par excellence*. The guide and sportsman usually manage to reach the pond where they expect to do their shooting, before sundown. Supper is eaten, the boat launched, and the positions taken therein. There must be no moon, neither must there be any wind. The guide handles the paddle at the stern. The sportsman sits in the prow, with his rifle on his knee, and his "jack," unlighted, by his side. The "jack" is generally constructed of a tin coffee-pot, with its nose and a large section removed from the front, and a leather band attached to the bottom, so that it will securely fit upon the head. There are usually two candles placed uprightly in the interior; when within a suitable distance from the deer the "jack" is noiselessly lighted and placed upon the head. The light shining over the sights of the rifle enables the hunter to take good aim, while it rather enchants than frightens the animal.

While waiting for the deer to "come in," perfect silence must be observed. A change of posture is not to be thought of. Thus resting on the placid bosom of the dark waters, now noiselessly following the silver wake of some bright star, now gliding in between the dark shadows of the fir-trees, the hunters await the coming of the unsuspecting deer. With nerves all strung, and senses strained to the utmost, each sound is magnified a hundred-fold. The cracking of a twig; the diving of a musk-rat; the chirp of the owlet on its mother's return,—all cause an involuntary start to the inexperienced. The woods and waters seem peopled with deer, and the continued silence of the pilot serves only to render him the more impatient. At the crash of the falling forest-tree he seizes his rifle with sudden alarm; yet the imperturbable guide paddles softly on, now waiting to hear repeated a suspicious sound, now skirting silently the shore of some tempting feeding-ground.

Finally, just as the sportsman has about lost confidence, and is sighing for the comfort of his blanket and pipe, the guide whispers softly, "There's a deer!" The effect is electric. The relaxed nerves are once more wildly excited, while eye and ear are strained for some sign of the object of the hunt. The boat glides swiftly on in perfect silence among the deep shadows for a few moments. They seem an age.

"Light your jack;" with nervous hands the taper is approached to the candles, and the reflecting light placed upon the head. A great cone of brilliancy penetrates the darkness before him. Quickly our sportsman's nervous eye scans the neighboring shore, till his attention is arrested by two great balls of fire, shining with wonderful brilliancy from out the darkness. Noiselessly the boat continues its swift course. A weird, phantom-like form, but indistinctly outlined against the dark background, and partly hidden by the rising mist, now appears, and connects itself with the balls of fire. The sportsman forgets for the moment that this is the object he longs to kill, but watches with silent wonder this beautiful ghostly apparition, until the pilot, with a sharp stroke of the paddle, turns the boat to the right, and whispers, "Let her have it!" The rifle-stock presses against the shoulder; the two sights on the barrel are sharply defined in the light from the "jack," and there beyond, in a line with them, already gathered for a spring, stands the phantom figure. There's a flash, a bound, a loud report, and then all is silence, save the noise of something tearing through the thick underbrush. Then it falls with a dull crash; then a few convulsive struggles, and all is quiet as before.

The fatal ball has reached its mark, and yonder bleeding body proclaims the accuracy of your shot and the steadiness of your nerve. You have gotten your first deer, and are entitled to the congratulations of your guide.

---

*MA CONTEMPORAINE.*

You boast an equal age with me,
But Cupid will not this believe,
For long ago, the sisters three
By chance my thread with yours did weave.
By guess-work, then, the matrons grave
Parted the bulk of time in two;
To me but winter's snow they gave—
Autumn and summer fall to you.—Ex.