self-command. Recalling Eastham's instructions about keeping cool, I was well prepared, when, after another tedious wait, I heard a splashing, and saw a deer about two hundred yards above me coming down the river, its large ears flapping and its eyes dilated with fear. When it was directly opposite, I yelled, but it only turned and looked at me. As nothing but its head was above water, I despaired of getting a good picture, but nevertheless made an exposure. Then seizing my gun I put a charge of buckshot through the deer's head, and its body floated to the shore a short distance below. Another hour's wait was required before the boat returned; then we went to camp and received the congratulations of everyone. On comparing notes, it seemed that Eastham and myself were the only lucky ones. He said that when out with the dogs he saw a doe, and thinking to scare her with the despised "poke-stalk," had shot at and killed her, much to his own surprise.

On the following morning we started on our return.—Nathaniel and myself going in the boat, while Eastham and Phillips walked. The only arm we had in the boat was a revolver. When about half-way down the river Nathaniel uttered an exclamation, and turning, I saw a doe coming up the stream.

"What shall we do?" said Nathaniel; "we have no gun;" and then remembering his revolver he pulled it from his pocket, while I crouched low in the boat. When the doe was within twenty feet, Nathaniel jumped up and began to fire. We could see that the shots took effect, but they did not stop the doe, which swam past and took to the woods. Immediately we pulled to the shore and ran back to camp, Nathaniel getting a dog, while I snatched up the rifle. When we reached the boat we found another dog, which had escaped Eastham, and had been chasing this very deer; so we started both dogs on the trail, and posted ourselves on the bank,—Nathaniel going below, and I above. I soon heard the sound of shooting and yelling, and in a few seconds I saw the doe coming. When opposite me she struck deep water, only her head and shoulders appearing. I fired three shots from the rifle before I succeeded in dispatching her, all three having taken effect in the head.

Nathaniel soon came up; and, after taking the dogs and the gun back to camp, we proceeded on our way down the river with our two deer. When we arrived at Davis, we surprised both Eastham and Phillips with our second prize. Thus ended our Blackwater expedition.

I shipped one of the deer home, and its skin now decorates my room; while on the wall above hangs a picture of the first wild deer I ever saw.

A Photographic Romance.

In what follows I intend to take the reader wholly into my confidence, and if he is of the class to which I hope he belongs, he will never divulge my folly. There are some happenings in our lives which we cannot even tell our most intimate friends, however great our regard of their integrity, and it seems to me that among such affairs those of the heart stand pre-eminent. If we wish to hide our infirmities from ourselves, does it not cause us a pang to confide in another. The very act of confession only buries deeper the point of the dagger of conscience.

I sincerely believe that there are few of the younger generation in this fair country of ours who have not, at a certain age, been stricken with that deadly disease known as the "camera fever," which, after robbing its victim of health and wealth, and staining his hands a raw sienna tint, leaves him estranged from the rest of his kind. His fellow-men point the scornful finger at him behind his back, smirk before his instrument, and call him a "fiend."

What a mysterious attraction photography has for the uninitiated! I became a disciple