

meat dangling from some shady tree to be picked up on the home journey.

I never shall forget my first hunt. We started out in the early morning as described. I hadn't quite made up my mind how many boks I was going to bag; anyhow I had my mind set on a hat rack made of horns, and I was going to furnish the requisite amount of pegs that day. On reaching the first kloof, some of the niggers commenced to disrobe, much to my astonishment. I enquired of a boy who I knew could speak a little English, and who was busily engaged divesting himself of an old military red coat and striped continuations, why this thushness? "Oh, Baas," replied he, "I don't want to tear my clothes." I subsequently learned from personal acquaintance that in the bush there grows a very healthy shrub called the "wachte en betje" (wait a bit) bush from the fact that when one is in a hurry to vacate that immediate spot, or maybe wishes to push ahead, the fish-hook like thorns of this particular bush gently haul you back; the thorns are set at most distressing angles and an impatient man generally gets most inextricably mixed up with them. It was my luck to be in that fix one day, when I was startled by a warning blow of a puff adder whose afternoon siesta I had abruptly disturbed. My pants were strong—I didn't want the bush particularly, but nevertheless I took the balance of it along with me.

To return to the hunt in question: the first kloof with its spurs and angles proved to be exceptionally dry. If there was anything in it, the animal was bound to show itself as the beaters strung completely across, making day hideous with their shoutings. The second one was a little better. Hardly had the beaters got in place when a dog gave tongue—and a perfect canine chorus betokened that there was a hot scent. In an instant every gun was on the alert. The quick colonial eye of my nearest comrade caught sight of a fine buck, sneaking along in the fringing bushes on the other side, about 400 yards distant. In a second the animal was making over the rise for the next shelter, with a few long shots after him as pace makers. I lay down on my back with the gun between my knees in the approved colonial style, sighted, 500 yards, and pulled. To my great surprise at the same instant the buck dropped. In the innocence of my heart I faintly imagined he was my meat, and started at a breakneck pace to force my way through the bush to the other side. I got through a clump of thorny bitter aloes safely, and then my troubles began. The bush was so dense that in some places I had to crawl on my hands and knees for twenty or thirty yards. I would most assuredly have lost my way had it not been a simple case of down one side and up the other. The bush was just high enough to obscure the sun and sky. At the bottom ran a small stream with big trees growing around in profusion, from the branches of which hung long, yellowish, green, bearded moss, also interlacing creepers and monkey ropes. However, I reached the other side panting, only five hundred yards out in my calculation, and proceeded to claim my game, whereupon there seemed to be another claimant in the case, who in very forcible language consigned me to a nasty warm place for my gall. The

buck appeared to have a young hand-full of buck shot in his shoulder and even with my explosive bullet theory, it was a mathematical impossibility to hit him in that spot from where I fired. Dixon added insult to injury by saying that if my bullet was not already spent it would probably light on the shore of Madagascar.

My next experience was equally distressing. Half an hour later I was turning over in my mind where the pleasure came in, in tramping around and squatting down in tick-infested grass, under a broiling sun, until I could fry eggs on my face, when from out the bush came a most hideous and comical looking animal. It was a wild pig. Our eyes met simultaneously. He elevated his snout, also the bristles on his back, and gave vent to a comical half grunt and squeak of surprise. I just squatted there and took in the sights, and not until he turned tail into shelter once more did I realize what I was there for. He was only forty yards distant. I fortunately refrained from firing, or else there might have been some spoiled hams, two or three dogs and a nigger or so to my credit.

In two or three seconds pandemonium reigned supreme. When I arrived on the scene twigs were snapping, piggie was squealing, dogs were piling on wherever they could get an opening, more coming from all directions and two excited niggers were getting in their work with their knobkerries. I should imagine the pork turned out to be tender to say the least of it, judging from the thorough mauling it received.

I trudged that livelong day—alas for my hat rack, and got only a poor, panic stricken doe and an unmerciful chaffing. I shot the poor brute three times, filled her full of buckshot and then she went along like a wheel barrow on two legs and I finally sat on her before she got her quietus.

The above is the usual way of hunting (not the sitting part). The bush-bok and kadoo, a buck as big as a pony, with immense curly horns, are the principal game sought after. The less sportsman like but surer way of getting a meat supply is to sit up in the branches of some tree on a moonlight night, overhanging a path down which the game comes to drink at a vlei. If one can keep perfectly still and ignore mosquitoes it is very seldom but what you fire off your gun before coming home. A buck is very keen as regards his hearing faculties, also is endowed with a well developed scenting organ. With those instincts he invariably travels against the wind, and on scenting danger will stand concealed and emit a peculiar barking sound which is quite startling in the stillness of the night.

The spring bok, oribe, and dakir are the principal antelope species to be found in Cape Colony; the former, which is getting quite scarce, being so named from the antics it performs byumping six feet in the air and otherwise skipping about. I had the privilege of watching a troop through a glass that were being preserved on Mr. Collet's farm near Cradock. They would suddenly appear to be seized with a bucking mania and all go prancing and skipping around in a most laughable manner, their tan colored little bodies with white facings assuming all sorts of contortions.

The dakir is small, of a dusty brown color, with little sharp, straight, six-inch horns on the males, and is to be found on the grassy plattes.

There is also a herd of elephants protected by the government in the big Alicedale bush, but occasionally when they get on the rampage they break bounds and proceed to pull up wire fences, posts and all by the rod, and play old Harry with the mealie crops. The farmers rise up in arms and shoot them on the sly, but they are ticklish customers to handle—in fact a young English officer met his death while trying to bag a "rogue" a few years ago there.

A nasty thing to run across is a Cape buffalo. They are treacherous in the extreme, and when wounded will chase a man and keep him treed for days. Unlike the American species, they partake somewhat of the swine in habits, have tough hide surmounted with bristles and are colored by the mud they last wallowed in. It is impossible to shoot them in the head from the front, the skull being guarded by a horny protuberance from which any bullet rebounds. They generally average about 1200 pounds in weight, which, being the driving power of a formidable pair of horns, makes them an unpleasant enemy to encounter.

The prettiest of all game is the diminutive little blue-bok, the smallest buck in the world. When full grown it reaches the dimensions of a fox terrier in height, little two-inch horns, the body being supported by four little slender legs terminating in little black, skinny, miniature perfect hoofs that would brae-ly cover a five cent piece.

GEORGE E. CARPENTER.

SPRINGVILLE NEWS.

SPRINGVILLE, Utah, Sept. 1st, 1894.
—Miss Effie Carter, daughter of Fredrick Carter of this place, succumbed to typhoid fever at an early hour this morning. She was an estimable young lady, aged 16 years. Her death will be regretted by all her acquaintances. The immediate household is plunged into deep sorrow. The entire community sympathize with the bereaved family.

A woman suffrage meeting held here Thursday night was addressed by Hon. J. E. Booth, of Provo, and Judge George W. Bean, of Richfield.

The stormy weather has put a damper on fruit drying, and great losses will be sustained in consequence.

Political meetings of both Democrats and Republicans are becoming quite frequent and enthusiastic.

A few carloads of potatoes have been shipped East already this fall.

The Springville creamery is running in good shape, turning out a most excellent article of butter and cheese, dispensing quite an amount of cash to cow owners in the neighborhood.

George M. Cannon and C. E. Allen will address a Republican rally here this evening.

A large tonnage of sugar beets will be harvested here this fall; the crop bids fair for good results.

Merchants and business men appear more cheerful and trade seems to be picking up generally. D.