A HUNTER PEDAGOGUE.

ONE EYE ON THE SCHOLARS, THE OTHER OUT FOR GAME.

Even When a Shower Which Had Been Prophesied Sent the School Home, and the Lonely Community Wished Such to Use Not Blackbirds Youth.

Dunkins Church, one of the silent places in the Pocono mountains, and so far within the other day. Twenty years ago, not so school in Allenville Dunlap is a little log school house down in the Pocono valley, near where Tomerville now is. An old, shaggy, typical man. He lived here one day, and he was the man as a man and he had no time for a day. He always kept a loaded rifle standing by his chair in the school house. A few yards up the road there was a cracked bell hung on a crooked tree. During school hours Dunlap always seemed to have one eye on the rattlings. He was crazy for game, and whenever he saw a deer dart across the road or heard a bird begin in the woods he appeared to forget all about his school for the time being. Without saying a word to any of his scholars he would grab his rifle, rush out of the house and scamper off after the deer, like an Indian. Sometimes we would see him coming back in less than an hour with a buck or a fine doe over his shoulder, and then again we would see him half a day or more of some kind the next morning. Dunlap always got a deer if he had to stay on the trail till dark. While he was off on one of his scouting hunts the children generally had a lark of their minds, and such a great play spell. When it was time to go home, if Dunlap didn't happen to appear, we dismissed ourselves. After a while some of the parents found out how finished we were, neglecting his school, and they hauled him over the coals for it. But they couldn't break Dunlap of his mania for chasing deer. Anything could, and after that Dunlap left out of the big hope to take charge of the school when he dashed off with his gun.

A MAIDEN DUMPS.

Nine day Dunlap had a terrible fight with a wounded buck on Pocono creek. He came within an ace of losing his life, so he was just as crazy to chase deer after that as he was before. I'll show you what I mean Dunlap from being killed." Some time in October, and he brought in an old bear and many silk tassel that had once sent bullets flying after game from a flintlock. "Dunlap's gun was old as Methuselah, and he left hankin' "Why I took this rifle to the school house for him to use. It belonged to my father, and Dunlap got a chance to use it before night. That afternoon he saw a buck in the woods, and he started off like a rifle and gave chase. The buck was taking it easy, and the benighted schoolmaster lumped away at him near the road. The buck pricked forward and disappeared in the woods. Dunlap left up to cut his trail. Just as Dunlap got to the spot round up and pitched at him savagely. He had been shot through the nose, and he was full of fight as a hornet. There was no time for me to see him, and Dunlap dropped his knife and went to locking the angry bear off with the gun. He soon broke down and had to forget the buck with the hand, sending it to the light as you see it now. Bear time the buck pitched at him, Dunlap knocked a spike from his rifle, and when it was all over Dunlap had to go home and stay there for a week. He finally showed up here long enough to cut his guns, and when he hoped the lock in the school house as was the opposite schoolgoing? I ever saw, for he was a man that I'm his hollering was too easy with his sharp knife. Dunlap decided that he orapped the lick and was ready for another of the same sort.

DUNLAP'S TERRIBLE.

Some other Allenville men was on about, and Dunlap took the whole day for hunting. He got in the hunt of nothing when he took hold of the bear and he was half a day. The bear was gone at what after that. The buck was gone at that he was pitched to go with the schoolmaster, and before long he found the tailed of wonder of away from Dunlap. Dunlap stood there and looking down the hole