

on the fat of the land. Their food consists of the sweetest second cut of clover hay (the first cut being too tough for deer's teeth), the best and brightest old beans, and the most succulent carrots. Thus, you see, the quarry is fed and trained to travel at great speed. If hounds didn't run fast and without tailing, Comins told me, they would be liable to be ridden over by the "thrusting" fields that habitually turn out with her Majesty's. So it is evident that with a stag or hind in front that can "go like a deer," with hounds bred and prepared up to the highest pitch of perfection, it is necessary that the huntsman should be an exceedingly fine and bold horseman—as he is.

I was not able to get any evidence from Mr. Comins as to his ability in the saddle, but I gathered plenty from other sources. Indeed, as I have just indicated, no man can fill his post for a single day who is not superexcellent as a horseman. Were any proof necessary, it is furnished by some words which Lord Ribblesdale, M.B.H., wrote concerning Comins more than a year ago: "To say that there is no uncertainty in hunting with the Queen's hounds is to say that you have never ridden over Berkshire, stick for stick with Comins."

As a specimen of the arduous nature of the business, I will conclude with a very brief outline of a particularly big run that took place early last year. The celebrated deer Bartlett was enlarged near Hawthorn Hill in the Berkshire country, running to Stratford Dingley, ten miles from Reading. The point, measured in a bee-line, is twenty miles, and, as Bartlett ran, between thirty and forty miles, over a difficult expanse of deep and holding land. They never saw Bartlett until the very end of the run, when he ran into some farm-buildings, and was housed in a comfortable loose-box, up to his knees in sweet straw, for the night. Now, as this chase entailed something like four hours' hard riding, in addition to the going to the meet and coming home, it is apparent that our friend Comins, in his capacity of whipper-in (or "Yeoman pricker"), had a good long and fatiguing day in the country.

This is his first season as huntsman, after, as I have said, fourteen years' honourable and efficient service as first whip. He made his formal *début* on Saturday, November 3rd last, the opening meet in connection with her Majesty's Buckhounds being at Salthill, in what our subject calls "a grand banking country."

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

Wonders of a Watch.

VERY few of the many who carry watches ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labour it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery.

There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years, without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a day without oiling a common piece of machinery, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service.

By way of gratifying his curiosity, a correspondent has made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels of the watch make in a day and a year.

The result is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example:

The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, 1,460 in a year; the second or centre, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 70,080 in a year; the fourth wheel—which carries the second hand—1,440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth, or 'escape-wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 4,731,860 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,912,000 in a year.

At a Pinch.

A FRENCHMAN, knowing but little English, by some means which he could never clearly comprehend, got into difficulties with a burly drayman; and he found that he must fight, and that, too, at rough-and-tumble.

It was a gloomy, repulsive prospect to the poor Frenchman, who was not at all used to such rough ways; but he had no choice. His adversary was bound to whip him, in any case.

Before commencing the fight, the Frenchman asked what he should do when he could stand no more whipping, for his bellicose antagonist looked dangerous.

He was told that when ready to give in he had only to cry out "Enough!" and then the fight would be stopped at once.

And then the battle commenced.

The drayman was confident and merciless, and very soon the Frenchman was being knocked about mercilessly. At length, feeling that he had enjoyed the sport sufficiently, he began to cry out lustily; but in the excitement of the occasion he had forgotten the word given him, and bawled out the only English interjection he could call to mind—"Hurrah! hurrah!"

To his great astonishment, his antagonist only pounded away the harder at this, and finally, finding his hallooing of no avail, he gathered his energies so completely, and went in with such will and determination, that ere long the battered drayman sang out loudly and appealingly—

"Enough! enough!"

"Aha!" cried the Frenchman, stepping back. "What you call him?—say zat again."

"Enough! enough!" repeated the drayman.

"Aha! zat is 'e vera word I was try to speak un long time ago!" And so ended the fight.

FROM THE JAWS OF A WOLF.

A Tale of a Dog's Bravery.



was playing with the animal's ears, while the other children were jumping and tumbling about over the body.

"Yes," answered Mr. Knowles; "and he is as noble as he looks. He has justified his claim to all the kindness we can bestow on him. Part of his history is sad enough, poor fellow."

"I suppose you have had him for some time?"

"No," he replied, "only since last winter. The story of his life before then is a complete blank, so far as we are concerned."

"What?" I asked in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that such a splendid animal as this is a stray dog? What a pity it is that you can't talk, and tell us where you come from, old fellow," I continued, patting the huge head.

Thereupon Lion solemnly hit the floor one or two sounding thumps with his tail, and then stood up and pushed his nose into my lap.

"He is quick to recognise his friends," said Mr. Knowles, "and has already included you among them. He is very affectionate, and will allow our youngsters to do what they like with him. But let him who rouses Lion's anger beware! For he is then a lion indeed."

"I conclude from what you say, then, that you have seen him thus tested?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knowles, with emphasis. "I have indeed. And it was at a moment when my own life depended upon his strength and courage."

"Please tell me how it happened," I begged; "I'm sure the story must be most interesting."

"All right," said Mr. Knowles, as he settled himself for the narrative, while I listened eagerly for what was to come.

Until last winter (said he) I, like most others hereabouts, cared very little for our Western wolves. I had never seen any large ones, and I was convinced that a big Newfoundland dog, such as I then possessed, was a match for the fiercest of them.

One cold winter morning I had to go to the village of L—, three miles away from here. I was obliged to walk, as heavy snowdrifts in the way prevented me from riding. I was not alone, however, for my dog accompanied me. He was, as I told you, a Newfoundland—a big fellow, and full of pluck.

We had done about two-thirds of the distance when I noticed a movement in some bushes near by, and in a moment the head and shoulders of a great wolf appeared among them.

I saw at once that he was far above the average size, but I did not mind him, since, besides my dog, I had my double-barrelled gun with me. I'm a bad shot, it's true, but having the gun reassured me.

Poor Tige, my dog, made straight for the wolf,

and they clinched at the edge of the thicket. Such a fight as that I hope I never may see again.

I knew that Tige would never give in while he lived; but as the furious animals rolled over and over each other, I soon perceived that he was getting the worst of it.

You can imagine my feelings at that moment. I ran towards them at once, with my gun levelled; but they kept on changing their positions so quickly that I was afraid to fire for fear of injuring Tige.

At last I fired, but my shot seemed to have missed. In any case, however, I should have been too late to save my dog's life.

In an instant the wolf left his dying victim and rushed upon me. I discharged my other barrel, but it had no effect. As he approached, I could see his eyes gleaming like coals of fire, and the open mouth disclosing the grim rows of teeth. He was very long and gaunt, while his bristling hairs and the blood with which he was covered added to the ferociousness of his appearance.

At such a moment one's brain acts quickly. Short as was the time occupied by the wolf's advance, I recognised at once the hopelessness of my position and the horror of my impending fate. Then my thoughts flew back to home, and I wondered how my wife and children would get on without me.

But I was determined to die fighting, at any rate. Just as my foe was upon me, I sprang aside, and, grasping my gun by the barrels, struck at him with all the strength of despair. Where I hit him I do not know, but the force of the blow was sufficient to break my weapon short off at the breech.

The effect of the blow gave me a little breathing time, and when the wolf renewed his attack I was able to meet him once more with the part of the gun still left in my hand. Again and again I showered down my blows upon him, until at last the strong steel barrels actually began to bend.

But all my efforts were in vain, and at last, utterly exhausted, I realised that the end could no longer be delayed.

Just then something dark flashed past me, and to my surprise and thankfulness, I perceived that help had arrived.

The biggest dog I had ever seen had fastened upon the wolf, and not all the latter's efforts were able to shake him off.

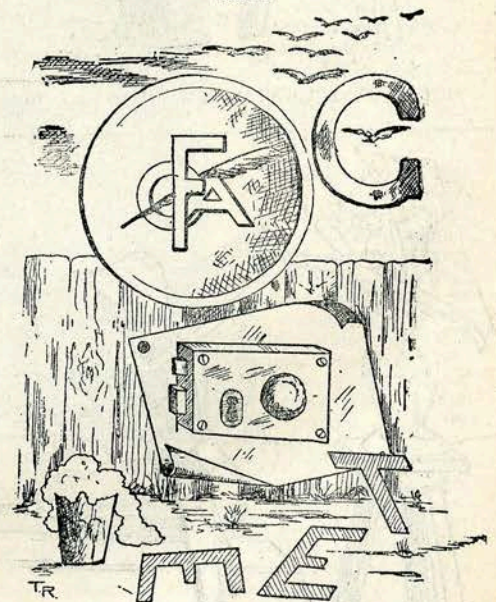
Much as I should have liked to assist my rescuer,

OUR PUZZLES.

No. 1.

My whole can never be as big as my first, which is always closely related to my third. My second is the centre of my third.

No. 2.



What well-known proverb is represented in the above?

[Drawn by T. H. REECE, Hatton House Gardens, Westgate-on-Sea, to whom a Solid Silver Pencil-Case has been forwarded.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 124.

No. 1.—Levi; Evil—Live—Vile—Veil.

No. 2.—The Sea-Wolves; Swan—Eagle—Ass—Whale—Owl—Lion—Vulture—Elephant—Shark.

in my present condition this was impossible, and I was forced to stand by and await the issue of their terrible combat.

Often it seemed as though the wolf would once more prove victorious; but then the great dog would put forth all his strength in a mighty effort that turned the tide in his favour.

At length, to my relief, the wolf began to weaken, and finally turned to run away. But this the dog would not permit and the fight began again.

Now, however, the dog's success was no longer doubtful and but a short time sufficed for him to make an end of his grim opponent.

Then, and not till then, he turned to me, and, grasping my coat, attempted to pull me away.

Following in the direction in which he was urging me, after going about half a mile, I came upon the senseless body of a man. The stranger's limbs were badly frozen, and all my efforts to revive him were unavailing. While I was engaged in this task, a neighbour came up, and at once hurried off to the village for assistance.

In about an hour everything that medical skill could suggest was being done for the poor man; but he remained unconscious, and that night he died.

We found out afterwards that he was an English-

man, without relatives, and with no friend but his faithful dog. A sudden attack of illness must have overtaken him and left him in the state in which I found him.

I discovered by experiment that the dog answered to the name of "Lion," and tried hard to induce him to come with me. For a long time he refused, appearing utterly inconsolable at his master's death. Indeed, he would not leave the body while it remained in sight; but after the funeral, he at last accepted the inevitable, and allowed me to take him home.

From that day he has been one of the family, and as I see him playing and romping with the children, I often think how little they realise the great debt that they and I owe to him.

Incredulous.

WHEN the Hudson Bay Company was at the height of its operations in Canada the ignorance of some of the half-breeds was extraordinary, considering how much time they spent at the forts, and how many officers of the company they had a chance to talk to, besides the missionaries.

It was difficult, for instance, to persuade one of them that the Hudson Bay Company did not rule

the whole world, or that there are count- less numbers of fur-bearing animals, which in turn furnish the poor man with the only means of a living.

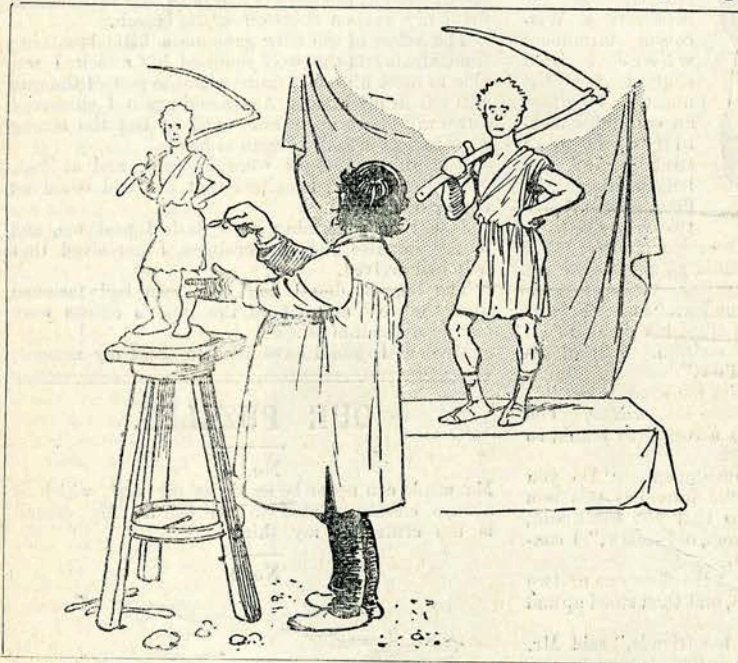
He was much interested in stories about the queen, though he could never believe that her rank was so high as the governor of the company, and quite refused to acknowledge her sovereignty.

"No," he said; "she may be your queen, but she gives you everything you want, good food, plenty of ammunition; and you say that she has flour at every meal in your country. If my queen, surely she would send me some- thing, a sack of flour, a little tea, or perhaps a little and then I should say she was indeed my queen."

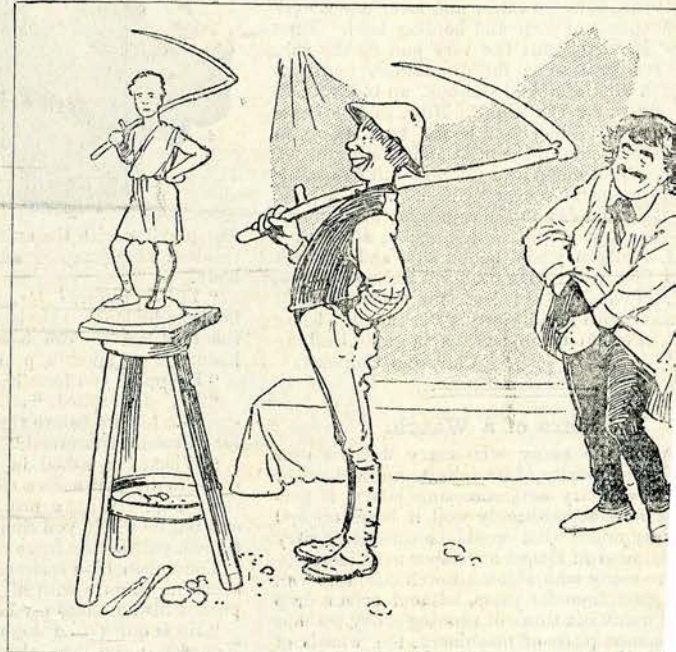
"As it is, I would rather believe Mr. Fort P—, who told me once that the earth was round and the sun stood still; but I may see the sun rise in the morning and set at night many years. It is wrong of you white men not to know how to read and write, to tell false things to poor men who live by the muzzle of their guns."

A YOUNG man, whose name is Will K—, is so fond of that he finds it very convenient. When in a bad temper he signs himself "Won't."

Cutting a Sorry Figure: A Studio Tragedy.



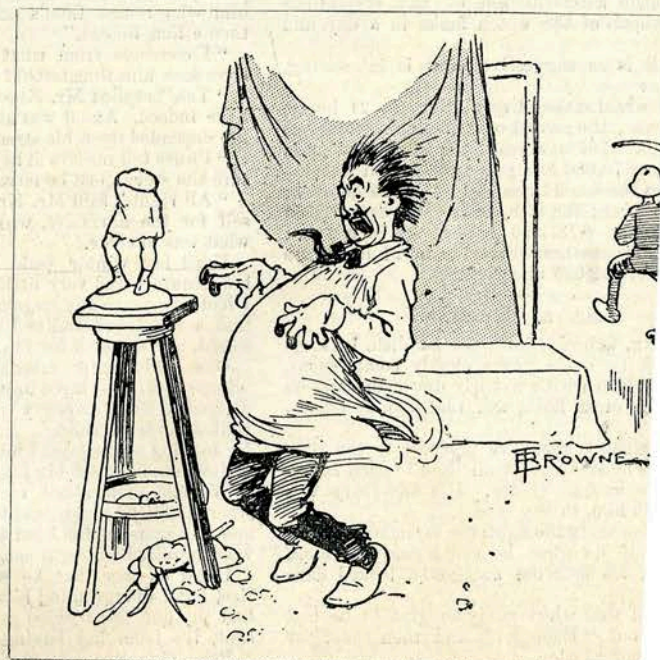
1. Dauber gets one of the raw village hands to stand as model for him.



2. "How do you like it?"—"Eh, measter, it's foine."



3. The clay, however, was still soft.



4. * * * * *