

cense to the nostrils, and the feeling of exhilaration at being away in the heart of wild country, full of big game, was grand in the extreme.

After a hearty breakfast, a plan of campaign was drawn up for the day, and it was finally decided that we should start off in pairs. Two of our party were to scout around on the ridges near the camp, whilst two others worked up the Orongorongo river-bed, and the remaining two down. A dog was allotted to each party, and having equipped

most difficulty in keeping old Scout from breaking away in hot pursuit on the trail of some of the freshest tracks of big game. Finally, in spite of all we could do, he dashed up a steep birch-clad slope, and an angry baying from the direction in which he had disappeared informed us that he had bailed up something.

We instantly made all haste to the scene of action, and after a tough scramble among the supple-jacks, came upon a fine young sow



Our shooting camp in the Tararuas.

ourselves with rifle, cartridges and sheath knives, we started out for our first day's sport. Harry, our leader, and myself, elected to take the up-river beat with Scout, our veteran hunting dog, to assist us on the trail, so leaving the snug little camp behind us, we struck off down a narrow creek-bed amid a marvellous wealth of beautiful ferns that everywhere clothed the floor of the bush.

Tracks and signs of game were not wanting, and we had the ut-

that he had cornered for us between the wide flanges of the roots of a giant pukatea tree. Upon our arrival the dog at once dashed in and seized the sow by the throat, when we lost no time in dispatching her, heedful of the requirements of our camp commissariat. We carried the carcass down to the track, hung it securely amid the boughs of a small karaka tree, and continued our journey, coming shortly afterwards out upon the boulder-bed of the Orongorongo River.