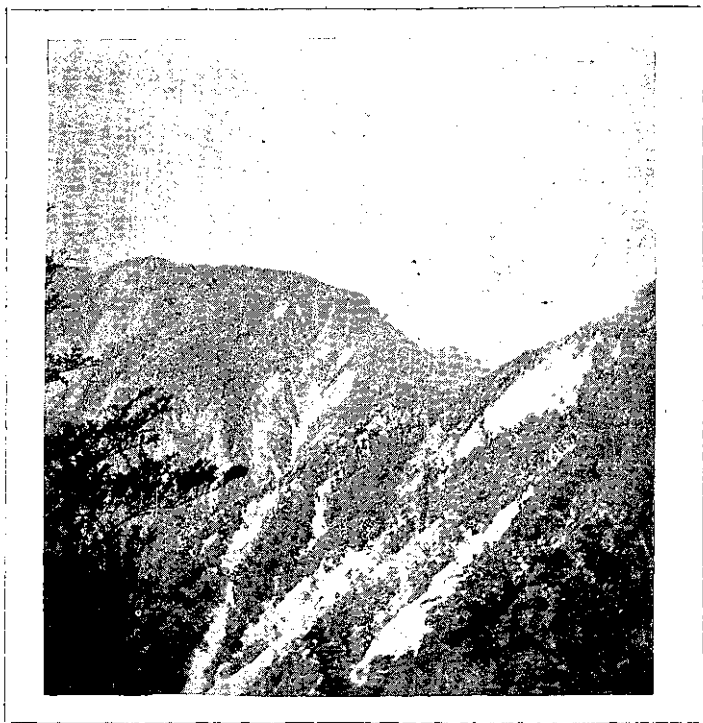


goats, who now caught sight of us, and showed signs of alarm. Not a moment was to be lost. Taking careful aim, we singled out a couple and fired simultaneously.

Harry's goat leapt high in the air as the rifle shot rang out, and fell head foremost on to the river bed below. The rest of the flock made a dash for cover. Had I missed? No, for my quarry stumbled and fell just as he reached the bush, but recovering himself quickly, he disappeared at the heels of

wounded, stood the goat I had fired at, a graceful little nanny, with a prettily marked brown and white skin. I lost no time in putting her out of her misery with a second shot that stretched her lifeless amid the fern.

Then we turned our attention to her defender. It was well for us that we did, for evidently under the impression that we were foemen most worthy of his steel, the old goat suddenly broke away from the dog, and came for us with a rush.



Typical haunts of the wild goat

the others. We crossed the open at a run, and set our eager dog on the trail. We had hardly entered the bush ere a furious barking close ahead told us that our quarry was at bay.

Upon arriving on the scene, we discovered not one goat, as we had expected, but two. The foremost of these was a fine, patriarchal old billy, who kept making savage rushes at our dog as he circled around him. Behind this brave old warrior, and evidently sorely

feeling that discretion was the better part of valour in this case, we hastily made for the friendly shelter of a great tree trunk, round which the old chap chased us hotly with his long, twisted horns lowered for the attack, uncomfortably close to us. The faithful Scout came to the rescue, however, and by a sudden rear-guard action forced billy to bail up once more, when we dispatched him with a bullet between the eyes.

I hung the nanny up to a branch