



A HUGE BLACK BOAR WITH OUR BULL-MASTIFF ATTACHED TO HIS EAR.

about bedtime I arrived. My mates were all sitting round the fire under the cooking fly, and had given me up for the night. They were delighted at the prospect of pork chops

for breakfast. We had been out of fresh meat for some considerable time.

The largest boar that I have ever seen or killed was in the King Country—the