

doubt, a good deal disturbed in body and mind. I remember how, even after getting a good distance away, we paused to look back, and saw the old billy still standing as we had left him, immovable in the clear rushing water of the river, defiantly watching us out of sight.

Toiling steadily up a torrent bed shortly after, the plaintive bleating of a goat came faintly to our ears from the high, precipitous banks which rose steeply on either side of us. It took us some time to locate the sound, and at last we discovered the author of it, an inquisitive old billy, standing at the edge of the bush high above us, his fore legs planted against a tree trunk to enable him to get a better view of the intruders. Im-

mediately a rifle shot echoed in a roar up the gorge, and the goat vanished suddenly, only to re-appear a moment later leaping down the steep face about a hundred yards further up. "Crack! Crack! Crack!" spoke the rifles, and at the third shot he stumbled and fell among the rocks. We were quickly up to him, and found him lying quite dead, a neat hole drilled through his ribs by the last bullet, whilst a ragged

groove across his back showed where the first shot must have gone, just grazing the skin, a very close shave indeed.

We invariably found the billy goats exceedingly plucky, always stopping to cover the retreat of the mob, and fighting

obstinately, until, as was generally the case, we called the dogs off, knowing that to kill these old veterans would only be wanton slaughter, their skins being too rank to be of any use to us.

It would take many pages to record all that befell us on this eventful trip, suffice is to say that a morning dawned wet and dismal, when we had to strike camp and start reluctantly back for civilisation again. Our swags were heavy, but we did not mind that, knowing

that in them we carried trophies that would ever recall pleasant memories of this, our first wild-goat hunting trip.

Compared to deer stalking, wild-goat hunting may be considered by some very poor sport, but I have heard an accomplished deer stalker speak highly of it, and noticed that he had amongst his collection of heads some fine specimens of wild billy goats which had, he affirmed, afforded him excellent sport.



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