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PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO filling Hawaiian orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.
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CORNER OF
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ENGINES AND BOILERS,
High Pressure or Compound.

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THE INDIA RICE MILL is now in Perfect Running Order for the
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UNCLEANED RICE,
From the Hawaiian Islands, to which it is Specially Adapted
CONSIGNMENTS OF
PADDY AND HULLED RICE!
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WM. M. GREENWOOD,
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THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16.

NICK VON DAM.*

Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue are parallel—the houses on one side abutting with their back-yards upon the houses of the other; for even palatial mansions, with brownstone fronts, have their back-yards, where clothes are hung to dry, and where aristocratic children are permitted to play.

Some twenty or more years ago the scene of this true story opens, in the back-yards of two elegant homes thus situated. One morning, a fine, manly boy of twelve was on one side; and a beautiful little curly-haired darling, say five years old, on the other side of a high, close, board fence. The fence had a knot-hole in it. The boy was tying a tin can to the tail of a struggling Maltese cat that had clambered over the dividing fence, and the girl, with flushed face and snapping, angry eyes, was looking through the knot hole. It was her cat.

As soon as our little lady had fairly taken in the situation, she called through the fence, with her pouting lips to the hole: "I say, you boy, have you seen my kitty?"

"No," he replied.

"You are a nasty, bad boy, and tell stories; you have got my kitty: and if you don't give her back to me, I'll build a fire and burn your play-house down."

This was not an idle threat, for our youngster on the Fifth Avenue side *had* a a play-house, supplied with toys and curios and play-things, provided by his rich father and indulgent mother as an inducement for their only and petted child not to mingle with the vulgar playmates of the streets.

"I say, who are you?" asked the boy.

"Never you mind—give me my kitty·"

"I will if you will kiss me."

"Kiss you through the fence?" and she laughed a silvery, rippling laugh.

"Yes, through the knot-hole."

"Well, give me my kitty first."

"No, give me the kiss first."

"Will you give me my kitty then?"

"Yes, truly."

"Well, put your mouth to the hole."

And to the hole he placed his face, and received the smack of a sounding kiss.

"There, now give me the kitty."

He did so. The little thing, scrambling over the fence, was soon safe in the arms of its little mistress. She kissed it again and again, while the boy looked on.

"I say, it's nasty to kiss a cat."

"A cat is not so nasty as a great, nasty boy."

"Yes, it is; and I played a joke on you, for you kissed me on my nose."

"Only I didn't; for I didn't kiss you at all. I spit on my fingers and rubbed them on your nose, and then smacked my lips—didn't I, kitty?" Again she laughed a loud and merry laugh.

The boy turned away with an angry flush—threatening to "get even."

The children, whose silly episode we described in our last chapter, grew up—as children usually do. Miss Lillian was sent to school, passing her bread-and-butter days at Vassar, growing up to become a saucy beauty of spoiled nineteen. Our hero of the cat had graduated and studied his profession and travelled in Europe, and was sowing his father's money—as young gentlemen who have no knowledge of the trouble of money-getting are apt to do. From time to time—she from school and he from college, she from her, and he from his, European tour—had visited their respective homes in their respective avenues; but had never met. Nor did the now widowed mother of the fair Lillian know even the names of the family of Von Damenbergs, whose only son Nicholas had had his nose spit upon through the knot-hole of the division fence. Years went flying by. To young people years fly, but are long; to old people years drag, but are short. These young folk were killing time. Lillian was drifting about the world with her gentle, quiet mother, who found it an easier life to be dragged about by her imperious daughter than to remain at home with her. Nick was abroad, on his own hook; sometimes yachting among the fiords of Norway, and sometimes shooting on the plains of upper Montana.

At last both parties met—at the California Geysers. Nicholas Von Damenberg, with two companions in shooting-jackets, had arrived from a "scoot around Clear Lake." They had arrived, guns in hand, in advance of their luggage, and as yet had not registered. Mrs. Margaret Mercer and her daughter, Mrs. Lillian Mercer, were established guests.

The Geysers are famous for aids to complexion. If the Mercers had visited for any such purpose as improving theirs, it must have been for the brown and quiet mother and not for the blooming maid. As for Nick and his comrades, they were black-and-tanned and burned and browned beyond the immediate relief of any of nature's cosmetics.

The hero and heroine of this our little love story met upon the piazza—she, sweeping along in the peculiarly queenly and regal majesty of a nineteen-year-old girl, with good clothes, a beautiful figure, pretty face, plenty of money, and consciousness of good birth, good education, good manners, and an assured position in the best society; Nick, with his shooting-jacket, bare head, and brown face, was preparing to clean his gun, and, being heart whole, fancy free, and quite independent in his mode of life and manner of thought, was just the least degree careless about his deportment. He saw our beauty sweeping down upon him, and, by a sort of inspiration, divined that she was the same little girl, grown up, who had kissed, or had not kissed, his nose through the fence, when he had endeavored to bell her cat with a tin can at its tail.

As she came down upon him, she stopped.

"Are you one of the servants?"

"I am your servant, miss, if you please. What can I do for you?"

"I mean, do you belong to the house?"

"Yes, I am the out-door man—sort of guide; I take parties fishing and picnicking to the woods; I drive the phaeton for ladies who are too timid to drive themselves, and I sometimes go out with ladies on horseback."

"What is your name, please?"

"Nick von Dam, at your service, miss. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes; I want a man to do just the things you mention—to escort my mother and myself, while we stay here, to all the places about. But I want you altogether—that is, we want your exclusive service, if you can arrange it."

"Oh, certainly; I can fix it with Mr. Foster, the proprietor, and then I will devote myself to you alone—'exclusively."

Miss Lillian blushed slightly, and said: "My mother will compensate you, if you are faithful."

And he answered: "I assure you, miss, I will be to you very faithful."

Again she blushed, and said that she would see her mother.

To put up the conspiracy upon this girl and her mother, and somehow to get even with her for spitting on his nose, had become a full-grown scheme. It was easily arranged with proprietor Foster and with his comrades—when he assured them it was only for a lark, and that these people were once his New York neighbors—over the fence.

Thus was the acquaintance renewed, and Nicholas von Damenberg, Esquire, became the hired-servant, guide, and *valet de place* of Mrs. Mercer and her daughter Lillian.

So long as the parties remained at the Geysers, Nick von Dam, as he was designated, was subject to all sorts of jokes—in turn for the practical one he was playing upon the Mercer ladies, *mere et fille*.

"Will you allow your servant to order up my horse, Miss Mercer?" said one of the young gentlemen to her on one occasion.

"Oh, certainly!" she replied; "Nicholas, will you be kind enough to order up the gentleman's horse?"

The gentleman's horse came up, but with a burr so deftly arranged under the saddle that, upon mounting, the "gentleman" was tossed o'er the horse's head.

During the week "Nicholas," who had made terms for indefinite employment at "sixty dollars a month and found," made himself useful in numberless ways—escorting the ladies while riding, dancing, and picknicking; doing camp duty; cutting bait and baiting the hook for Miss Lillian to fish; carrying her easel and camp-stool over the hills to romantic glens; holding the sunshade while she sketched; sometimes with the mother, on lonely hill-sides, and sometimes alone with the daughter, in sight of the house or camp.

Whenever he and Lillian were alone together, he addressed his fair companion with the studied courtesy of the well-bred gentleman. His language was then of the choicest, his remarks finished; he talked of books, and art, and music. Once he surprised her by taking the brush from her hand, to explain, by his practiced touch, a suggestion of perspective. Whenever they were in the presence of the mother, or of any third person, he dropped strangely into bad grammar, spoke in German patois, looked the clown, and acted the awkward man-of-all-work that he affected to be. When alone, she called him familiarly "Nicholas," and on one or two occasions, "Nick." In the presence of strangers "Nicholas" became "Mr. von Dam." To Lillian he explained that he had been servant to a gentleman in the University of Heidelberg; and there, in association with student life, he had the opportunity of instructions in art, and especially in music. That at the beer-halls he was permitted, with pipes and lager, to indulge in song and chorus with students.

Leaving the valley of the Geysers, the Mercer party made the grand round of California sights—with the ever faithful and intelligent *valet de place*, the always respectful and most handy Nick von Dam. They visited the Yosemite—that grand chasm reft in the Sierra, with its matchless rocks and its splendid waterfalls; the beautiful Lake Tahoe—up among the primeval forests of pine, a splendid sheet of crystal water, mirroring blue skies, and circled by grand old forests, that shadow the pebbled margin of fabulous depths. Together they had idled upon our ocean shores—the pebbled beach at Pescadero, and the pine-shaded pools of Monterey. Together they have travelled through California's semi-tropical south—amid its vineyards and its orchards of orange, lemon, and olive. For her he had plucked the red clusters of pomegranate; and once, when her hands had been occupied, he had modestly placed the flowers in her golden hair—above her glowing face, rosy with the flush that had permitted such liberty from the hand of a menial; and which, for a day, entailed upon our friend Nick the severest dignity—to make him feel that he was a servant, earning sixty dollars a month and expenses paid.

In June, the party had gone down from San Luis Obispo to sketch the "Moro"—a solitary rock upon the shore, standing out where the waves wash its base. The horses had been detached from the carriage, Mrs. Mercer disposed of in a swinging hammock within a shady willow group, easel and camp-stool nicely arranged, and Miss Lillian hard at work with brush and color. Nick, his labors over, had thrown himself carelessly at the artist's feet. Nick was beginning to admit himself in love with the beautiful girl. His original threat of "getting even" for her kissing his nose with her wet fingers had resolved into a determination to marry her. At the same time, he clung to the romantic idea of making the proud beauty fall in love with the poor Nick von Dam, and he resolved to conquer her in present disguise.

He had thrown himself upon the grass at her feet. "Don't you think, miss"—for he he had never yet dared to call her Miss Lillian—"don't you think, if you turned your back upon the lone red rock of the 'Moro,' with its waste of dark waters lying beyond, you could find a more interesting picture? Look inland toward the Coast Range and across this broad mesa, to the terraces and plateaus, the valley and hill-sides. I wonder how these terrace formations—so noticable on this coast—occurred. Glacial action, doubtless, away back in the gloomy and mysterious past, when the great ice-sheet that clothed our continent, and the great ice-belt that locked our ocean shores in its embrace, moved downward to the sea and southward, impelled by irresistable forces, sculpturing the rocky coast barrier, and planing off the irregular hills to level mesas."

Lillian had suspended her work, and looked down upon the splendid, manly form that lay at her feet. He was looking out upon the wide sea—dreaming, but dreaming an intellectual dream; looking back, back to when the continent was more than primeval—when it was chaos—before it was clothed in the grand old forests, glimpses of which he caught upon the Coast Range; before grassy lawns came down to be kissed by the warm sea waves.

"I wonder how this lone rock escaped the embrace of the glacial monster—I beg your pardon, miss; Is there any service I can render you? I think your mother is sleeping."

"Accident, I suppose," she answered.

"I sometimes wonder, Miss Mercer, if there is any such thing as accident in the world. I wonder if everything is not ordained from the beginning. There can be no accident allowed in the material universe. Everything must move in accordance with some plan. If one of the heavenly bodies should, by accident, slip out of its place, it would play havoc with the balance of the creation. I do not believe in accidents. It is said marriages, even, are made in heaven——"

"And," interrupted Lillian, "if such slight and unimportant events are prearranged by a divine method, you think all more serious ones should be likewise provided for."

"I did not say so. I did not think so. I regard marriage as man's most serious act. When we marry, our destiny is cast, our fate is fixed—for ever—for life—for eternity."

Lillian turned her great, luminous eyes upon the now erect form, and said, with a laugh—a hollow, mocking, taunting laugh: "You dream of some fraulein, at work in a vineyard on the Rhine."

"I dream, Miss Mercer, of a proud and beautiful girl I love; gifted, well-born and proud, rich, and arrogant because she is well-born. She was my neighbor when we were children; and if we were not friends, companions, and child-lovers, it was because we were separated by a cruel barrier. She would love me if she dared. She knows I am her equal in everything but name. She knows that, in my love for her, I would fling myself into the sea from the apex of yonder rock. She knows I am poor, but she is not mercenary, and would not care for that. It is this devilish pride of family; and yet her family was, some generations ago, no better than mine. A great business glacier may have wounded my ancestors, and the family bears the scars and seams; while she, like the 'Moro,' escaped, and now stands up so proudly; and so she would scorn me. Yes, ah yes—I believe in accidents."

"And have you told her your love?"

"I never dared."

"Then you are a coward, and perhaps——well, as this does not concern me, I think we had better call mamma and return. Will you be kind enough to attach the horses, Mr von Dam?"

"Will you excuse me, Miss Mercer, I was presumptuous to tell you my story. I will drive the carriage here, and take in yourself and easel, as soon as I have my team ready."

While he was gone, our Lillian soliloquized—all alone with the sea and its sobbing waves, as they broke against the rock of the 'Moro,' and then came rippling to her feet: "Oh! what a fool am I!—what an arrant, blundering fool! And so he loves another; and I—oh! I could whip myself!—I—I thought he loved me, and I thought him presumptuous, and was fighting him in my heart! Had it been *me*, and had he proposed to *me*, how I would have wounded him, and how proudly I would have rebuked him—the servant. And now I see his presumption. Why does he tell me his stupid love tale? Some fair fraulein of a German baroness in a ruined castle, I suppose; some family with a name—some proud, unpronounceable name. And yet he has not been rejected by this German woman—that's not in the way, at least."

Now this girl knew that away down in her heart she loved this man-servant of her mother's. She knew that in every intellectual quality he was her superior. He was to her more handsome than any other man. The acquaintance of camp, travel, and daily intercourse like theirs had been, discloses more of real character than years of conventional life. She knew this man was brave, and good, and pure. She knew that he was the equal of any man. And yet, when she thought he loved her, and was planning how to capture her, she had determined to mortify and humiliate him, reject him, teach him a lesson. How dare he? Now it turns out that he loved another. She felt the humiliation, and determined that she was angry because he had told her. Now, he could only be a servant to her; and she began to pity him. When he drove up with the carriage, and—so strong and firm—lifted her mother and herself into the carriage, arranged their wraps so gently, and looked so sad, poor fellow, she pitied him the more, and found in her heart a soft place for poor Nick von Dam.

They rode back to the hotel at San Luis Obispo in silence. But when mother and daughter had entered their rooms and closed the door, Lillian's anger burst forih. Like all persons who are angry with themselves, she found it necessary to pour forth her tide of passion upon some one else. This time it was her good, patient, simple-minded, unobservant mother who caught the hurricane of her wrath. In the whirlwind of her incoherent words, her poor, innocent mother caught the idea that, somehow, Nicholas had offended her proud daughter by proposing love to her, and the good lady was justly indignant.

"Oh, mother, mother, you poor, dear, simple foolish mother! you are just too innocent to live. He did not propose to *me*—he will not—I wish he would—he is in love with another. I am a born fool, and it is all your fault, mother. *I am in love with him*, and you must send him packing before I make an idiot of myself."

"Lillian, my daughter, are you crazy? In love with a servant?"

"Yes, mother, crazy—crazy as a lunatic. So, as you have no convenient asylum for me, send this servant of yours about his business. I do not want to meet him again. For a hundred worlds I would not have him know. Send him away to-day, mother dear;" and the prond girl kissed her mother, and withdrew to her own room—for teas all by herself.

The nicest possible thing in the world for a girl in love is to have a nice cry. Lillian experienced the benefit, and, after an hour or two, came out of her room looking like a rose.

As she joined her mother, that patient lady said: "I have tried to send him away, Lillian dear; but he says he is entitled to a month's wages, or notice; and so I told him he might remain till we went to San Francisco, and then I would pay him off. I don't see how we can get along without him, darling.

"Nor I," said Lillian. "Well, dear mother, we shall leave in a day or two; and I will suppress myself and endure him for that time."

Just how it was brought about is not necessary to this narrative, but the same evening Nick was driving Miss Lillian through the old olive grove, in an open phaeton. Nick had reached the darkest part of the grove, when he sprang from the carriage, tied the horse, and turned fiercely upon the now pale and trembling Lillian: "And so, Miss Mercer, you endeavored to have your mother discharge me. Have I not been a good servant? Have I not been faithful? Have I not been respectful? And now—because I told you my love—you drive me away. Do you know that I am saving every dollar, that I may yet win this lady?—that I dream of a cottage home, and vines and fruits, in this charming land, and that you, and you alone, are the one to destroy this dream?"

"And why did you tell me of your love? What is your dream of love to me?" answered the now defiant girl. "What right had you to make me the confidant of your story?"

"Because I love *you!* And you charged me with being a coward, in not daring to tell the proud beauty of my love. Yes, I love *you*, Lillian Mercer; and in everything except wealth and birth I am your equal. In love, I am your slave. I tell you this, here and alone, where you can not fly me—can not turn in scorn upon me. I tell my love here, where you are compelled to hear it; and now I release you. I drive you home—to-morrow I leave you. I shall never see you again. And—and—oh, Lillian, may I say to you that I think I am worthy of you? I could be worthy of you. I would make you proud of me, even among your own proud acquaintances. You need not marry me now, but in after years—when I have accomplished something. You shall advise and help me. Love me, and then I shall succeed."

Slowly, Nick withdrew. Slowly, he untied his horse. Humbly, and silently, he took up his reins and resumed his seat. Silently, they turned homeward. The horse went at a walk. In the narrowest part of the lane, in the darkest part of the grove—just as a cloud came over the moon—the sweet and gracious Lillian reached her arm around the neck of Nick von Dam, and kissed him fairly and squarely on the lips. The horse stopped—horses always do; it is horse sense.

"Was it you that kissed me, Miss Mercer?"

"Yes, Mr. von Dam," meekly answered Lillian.

"And are you sure, Lillian, that you did not just spit on your finger, touch my nose, and give a smack?"

Lillian turned her great round eyes full upon Mr. Von Dam; the great moon turned on its full light—moons always do.

"Are you sure," said Nick, "quite sure? I was fooled in that way once by a girl"

"And you ——?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Mercer; I am Nicholas von Damenberg, your neighbor on the other side of the fence, upon whose nose you put your wet finger—kissing for a cat. I told you then I would get even; and now let me be sure the kiss was genuine by your repeating it."

This happened years ago. They have babies now. ROCHESTER.

San Francisco, September, 1880.

Subjugation of Marquesas Islanders by the French.

The Island of Hiva-Hoa, the largest in territory and most fertile of the Marquesas group, has never been subjugated until the present day. The island has a population of some seven to eight thousand Kanakas, and the group has been for some time nominally under the French protectorate governing the Society Islands and other groups in the South Pacific. The presence of a Lieutenant and four Sergeants stationed at Noukahiva gave one of the Marquesas group a semblance of protection to life and property. The Island of Hiva-Hoa was, however, not provided with any such military force, the only white person upon the island being a French Catholic priest, who, braving the dangers of a wild and mountainous country, had settled among these canibals to master their language and convert the idolaters to the Christian faith. The inhabitants of the island were man eaters, and from time immemorial the rival tribes located thereon have waged a constant and ferocious warfare, in which the conquerors ate their prisoners. In the celebration of one of their heathen holidays, early in the year 1879 (and in this they aped unconsciously civilized nations), the natives became gloriously intoxicated with a fiery liquid known as *ava*, which is manufactured by them as well as other South Sea islanders from the juice of the orange and the heart of the cocoanut tree, which, when mixed, is allowed to ferment. Made ferocious by frequent libations, the natives fought among themselves, and to end in a fit manner a glorious day, killed and ate two Swedish sailors, who had deserted from a vessel that had been on a cruise in those seas. The French Government at Papeete, Tahiti, was apprised of this event by some small trader that had landed at the island. One of the transports stationed at Papeete was dispatched to the island with orders to summon the chieftains and command them to deliver up the culprits. Arrived at the island, no sooner had the anchor been dropped than some 1000 Kanakas, armed with rifles, flint-locks and other firearms which they had obtained in barter from traders and passing whalers, assembled upon the beach and fired upon the vessel. The commander of the transport had not with him a sufficient force of men to risk and maintain an attack, and returned to Tahiti and made his report. The Governor wrote to the proper authorities at Paris informing them of his action, and asking that the Admiral commanding the naval division in the Pacific be ordered to repair the scene of rebellion. Admiral Du Petit Toirre, commanding the frigate Victorieuse, accompanied by a convoy of three smaller men-of-war vessels, which had on board a detachment of 100 infantry from New Caledonia, a French penal colony, arrived at the island in July last. Upon arrival he issued an order that all Kanaka chieftains assemble with their respective tribesmen and deliver up all arms that might be in their possession. This was done. As a quasi punishment for their offense in firing upon the transport, the Admiral sentenced the rebellious natives to work in building public roads under the direction of whites. These commands having been executed, three or four small fortresses, or rather stockades, were built, each one of them being furnished with a garrison of ten soldiers; and furthermore a steam gunboat was ordered to remain anchored in port. Since then everything has assumed a different aspect. The natives are at work and peace reigns. And thus, without the loss of a drop of blood, without a single shot being fired by the French, peace has been secured and roads are being built for the convenience of the islanders, that they may be able to bring to the seashore from the mountainous recesses the various products of the land which form the staple of commerce between the islands of the South Pacific Ocean.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Arctic Wanderers.

RETURN OF THE SCHWATKA POLAR EXPEDITION.

New Bedford, (Mass.), September 23.—The members of the expedition headed by Lieutenant Fred. Schwatka, which sailed from New York June 1, 1878, for Baffin's bay and King William's Land for the purpose of seeking further data upon the fate of Sir John Franklin, have arrived. Though the special object of the search—the recovery of the records of the Franklin expedition, which, according to the Esquimaux's testimony, were known to exist at specified points—has not been attained, the explorers have nevertheless obtained many relics of Franklin's party, including the remains of Lieutenant Irving. They have, moreover, carried out to the letter the instructions of the promoter of the expedition to make it a geographical success. The longest sledge ride on record, both in regard to time and space, has been achieved in the face of phenomenally cold weather and deprivation of customary food. Important rivers and coasts have been discovered and serious errors on former charts have been corrected. The adventures of the Schwatka expedition add pages of interest to the romance of relic explorations and furnish all the world is ever likely to know of the fate of Sir John Franklin. The conduct of Captain Berry of the Eothen in reference to supplies of food intended to be deposited for the expedition is unaccountable and needs explanation, as the absence of those supplies on their return came near proving fatal to Lieutenant Schwatka's party. The result of the expedition has shown that it is feasible for white men to adapt themselves to the climate and life of the Esquimaux in prosecuting journeys in the polar regions, and they are not particularly restricted to any season of the year for that purpose, but can travel at any time and in the same way which the natives travel.

WHITE ANTS.—We have often heard it stated by Chinese that the white ant will destroy metal, more especially silver, either in the form of Mexican dollar or bullion, and we were assured by the late Mr. Wai Akwong, the former compradore of the Chartered Mercantile Bank, one of the most intelligent Chinese it has been our lot to come across, that he had known of an instance in which several boxes of dollars with their contents had been completely destroyed while in the bank treasury, and it was only by sweeping up the floor of the vault and smelting—so to say—the vast numbers of ants that the treasure was in some measure recovered. We confess that we could not quite accept this statement at the time, but we are now somewhat inclined to believe that there was little or no exaggeration in this assertion as we learn that a portion of a large heap of Australian coal, stored in a godown here, upon being disturbed yesterday morning was found to have been completely riddled by these pests. We may mention that the coal is a description of cannel and the proprietor of the mineral has signified his intention of sending samples to our local museum.—*Hongkong Daily Press.*

WRINKLES FOR SPORTSMEN.—A paper of interest to sportsmen was one on the velocity of shot in fowling pieces read at the Boston Scientific meeting. For the details we must refer to the paper itself. The practical conclusions were that the proper charge of shot in a 12-gauge gun for upland shooting is 1 1-8 oz., and not 1 1-4 oz. as has of late years been the practice to use; that, with the same weight of barrels, the 10-gauge will not heat as much as the 12, because the motion of the shot lost by the greater resistance it opposes in a 12-gauge cartridge must appear in the form of heat; and that the recent movement in favor of small-bore guns is one in the wrong direction. If any gun-maker will make a 10 or even an 8-gauge gun, weighing about 7 1-2 pounds, the sportsman will have the best fowling piece for upland shooting. In regard to shooting on the wing, the writer considered "the wing shot," in which the gunner swings his gun ahead of the cross flight of the bird till he attains the proper distance ahead of it, and then fires, but keeps his gun moving with a regular angular velocity till even after its discharge, as the proper one.

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