

heard tramping about the house; "the boys" had come and were in good spirits, as they had brought home two deer. They came right in with their hunters' dress, which was white. The stories of their hunt were very exciting. They told of the number of herds of deer they had met, and how they could chase them without the animals taking fright. The stories were so very exciting that we quite forgot to eat our supper, although we were hungry and the meal was excellent. We went to the table, but we did not allow "the boys" much chance to eat, we had so many questions to ask.

"The boys," who were nearly all married men, were very enthusiastic in describing the whole affair. As we progressed with this very cheerful meal, they began to think we did not believe the whole story. Mrs. Bruce did not hesitate to tell them she did not. They began to banter us, and said they would take us to the hunt if we would go. As a matter of course we all wanted to go. We were furnished with sheets, which we were to put on over our cloaks and wrappings, and we were to make ourselves as white as possible. The men wore regular suits, made of white cotton, both trousers and coats. As our gentlemen only went to look on, they did not wear white trousers. Before we started, I made the gentlemen promise that they would not kill a deer, as they had all the venison that they needed. They replied that they would not kill one, but would shoot at the last, or we would not see the best of the sport.

We started soon after a seven o'clock breakfast. The three sleighs were all made as white as possible; even the black horse had a sheet on him. Our phantom procession made no noise, the state of the snow making it possible. Imagine the picture: three white sleighs with their loads of white, gliding along through the beautiful oak openings. Some may not know what an oak opening is: it is a tract of land covered with large trees, but without underbrush. The one I am writing of, had very large trees of all the kinds of hard wood of this country. As we rode along, we were all on the alert. We had gone but a little ways when