

shifting about. The animals' fine scent had again warned them and saved them from certain death, I venture to believe. When we reached our goal, the birds had flown. — After a short consultation we decided to continue the ascent of the mountain on our right, from which the wind was blowing. This time our hopes were fulfilled. We found four »kiyiks» grazing in a hollow. As I reached the top of the last crest with bated breath and pounding heart, I saw by the outstretched neck of the ram that he had noticed something suspicious. There was no time to lose and I fired, fairly certain of having taken correct aim. My disappointment was great, however, when in a couple of bounds all four animals disappeared beyond the next crest. Lukanin tried in vain to stop them with a shot. We followed them for some time, but soon gave up hope of finding them again, though some traces of blood showed that I had hit the goat. The aneroid indicated about 4100 metres above sea level. For a couple of days, however, my smaller aneroid does not seem to have been functioning correctly, so that a slight error is very possible.

On Numgan's advice we descended into a deep gorge and proceeded up a steep slope again. From the top we caught sight of 16 ibexes grazing, one of them with the largest horns I had seen so far. The distance was 5—600 metres, but as the direction of the wind would not allow us to approach any nearer, I took aim with my arm well supported, lying full length, and fired without much hope of making a hit. The view from our crest was indescribably beautiful over the nearest mountains with their gorges and valleys. The splendid flock of goats retired with some dignity, at first at a gallop and a trot, stopping frequently to see who had dared to encroach on their inaccessible grazing grounds. They moved at a slow pace to a crest enveloped in snow, beyond which they disappeared after forming a fine group on the summit of the mountain for a few seconds. On two other steep slopes two flocks that we had not noticed began to climb the mountain, frightened by our shots, and from a third crest the graceful silhouettes of two or three kiyiks could be seen standing calmly in their inaccessible stronghold and watching the valley and the fleeing goats. The grand mountains look still more beautiful now than when I rode over Muzart a month ago; they wear their spring garb, the whiteness of the snow varying with different shades of green, yellowish-brown, grey and endless other colours. The melting snow runs into innumerable rivers and streams. The surface of the water glitters on all hands in the sunshine and the roar of its violent flow rises to the summits of the mountains. This district may well be called a paradise, not only for sportsmen, but for all who love beautiful and grand scenery and enjoy the exertion entailed by an outdoor life. Lowering clouds forced us to give up our wanderings.

During our descent we caught sight of 16 vultures circling round the peak of the mountain on which I had taken a shot at the kiyik. This strengthened my conviction that my shot had been fatal. There was nothing for it but to climb up again. About $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile from the spot where he had been wounded, we found a splendid ten-year-old, shot in the right side of the breast from the front. The calibre of my Mauser may be too small, even with a half-mantled bullet. If the animal is not hit in the heart, brain or spine, it does not drop at once and it is no easy task to follow it up over such ground.

On the way back my horse stumbled in a marshy part of a narrow path that leads