

**STORIES OF LAKE, FIELD AND
FOREST. RAMBLES OF A
SPORTSMAN-NATURALIST. WITH
TEN HALF-TONE ENGRAVINGS**

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Stories of lake, field and forest. Rambles of a sportsman-naturalist. With ten half-tone engravings by Frank A. Bates

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FRANK A. BATES

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STORIES OF
LAKE, FIELD
...AND...
FOREST.

Rambles of a Sportsman-Naturalist.

With Ten Half-Tone Engravings.

By

FRANK A. BATES,
(Metastasio.)

Author of "Game Birds of North America;" "Rambles of an
Entomologist;" "Wanderings in New Hampshire;" etc.

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*I sat by the shore of the sounding sea,
And a sweet, sad song it sang to me.
It sang of vessels buried deep,
And men entranced in death's deep sleep.
It sang of battles, whose terrible roar
Resounded loud from shore to shore.
It sang of monsters whose slimy forms
Clove the shining waters, deep-hid from storms.*

*Then the music changed and it sang of the sun,
Whose glittering beams made the ripples run
In glistening lines to the sandy shore,
Where lovers walked by the breakers' roar.
Where beautiful shells in silence crept,
And fishes swam and sea-birds slept.
And it told me to listen, then tell their lore
To the readers, who run these pages o'er.*

GROUSE SHOOTING
EXTRAORDINARY.

