

Some very old stories with new endings
Stung

He was a guide, old and grim, and he eyed the "tenderfoot" with disdain.

"So you've come out West to hunt?" he inquired.

"I have," replied the tenderfoot.

"Well, I'll guide you, if that's what you want," he said and looked the newcomer over from head to foot, taking in at a glance the fashionable hunting clothes, his natty guncase and the camera strapped on his back. "I guess I might as well take a chance now at getting shot as any time."

It was on the second day out that they spied their first deer. The guide pointed out the wary animal, and hastened to the shelter of a neighboring tree. The hunter took aim and his gun began slowly to describe a semicircle, until, to the guide's horror, it was almost on a level with the tree behind which he had hidden. There was a sharp report, and at almost the same instant, the guide felt a stinging sensation in the calf of his left leg. There was a wild yell from both the hunter and the Guide; the former tore up the hill in the direction in which he had fired, while the latter rolled over and over on the ground.

Yes, inquisitive reader, the hunter had shot the deer, but the guide was writhing in agony with a hornet's sting in his leg.

