



All For One and One For All

By Percival Rossecu
(Courtesy of Samuel G. Allen)

The setters are so real that your eyes follow their intent gaze out of the picture to seek the quarry at which they are pointing. You can't help this tendency, when it is whetted by the first tinge of autumn in the foliage, a crispness in the air of early morning and the certain knowledge that off in the brush the partridge is drumming—and that before long you'll be cleaning the favorite 12-gauge and starting off on the trail.