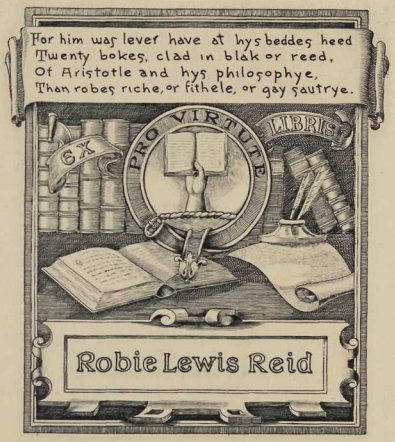
Hunting Big Game with Gun and with Kodak

William S. Thomas



The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid
Collection of Canadiana
The University of British Columbia

Ronald Kenrick Rankin,
July 7. 1907.

A Hard-won Trophy

HUNTING BIG GAME

WITH GUN AND WITH KODAK

A Record of Personal Experiences in
the United States, Canada,
and Mexico.

By

WILLIAM S. THOMAS

With Seventy Illustrations from Original
Photographs by the Author.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1906

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
WILLIAM S. THOMAS

155724
HR
F5019
T46

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS

To

THE MEMORY OF THOMAS McCANN, M. D.,

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH AND COMPANION
IN THE WOODS

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Hunting Trip after Bighorn	1
II.	Hunting the Grizzly	43
III.	A Hunting Trip after Caribou	83
IV.	A Hunting Trip in Old Mexico	125
V.	A Hunt after Deer in Old Virginia	151
VI.	Hunting Big Game with a Tenderfoot	167
VII.	Hunting Big Game with a Kodak	209
	Index	237

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A Hard-won Trophy . .	*Frontispiece*
Reflections	2
The Silver Streak of the Fraser . . .	5
A Familiar Figure	7
Ridge River	11
Up the Trail	12
Home of the Bighorn	14
The Diamond Hitch	15
Billy and Nanny	17
Snow-drifts	19
Monarch of the Glen	20
Clinging to the Peaks	22
Camp Life	25
Snow-capped	27
Bighorn Ram	32
Above the Clouds	36
A Perfect Paradise	44
Nature's Mirror	45
Sandpipers	48
Down in the Snow	51
Snow-slides	53
Where Bruin Crossed the Pack . . .	54
Goodfellow's Shack	55
View from Camp	61

PAGE

Down the Snow-slide 64
Poling the Rapids 67
Lining the Rapids 68
Sunset on the Columbia 69
Surprise Rapids 73
Reflection through the Cottonwoods . . 78
His Favorite Position 79
Our First Visitor 84
Up the Restigouche 87
Satisfying the Inner Man 92
The Bushes Parted 96
A Caribou Trophy 102
Another Cow 111
Ducks Skimming over the Water . . . 123
Shoeing the Horse 129
By Twos 132
Hobbling a Horse 139
Peculiar Formation of Sandstone . . . 146
Cave Valley Formation 147
Aztec Cave and Ewer 149
Ready for the Drive 154
Listening 156
Skulking from Cover 157
On the Crossing 160
Doleful Cry of the Loon 174
Fish-Hawk's Nest 175
With a Tump Line 178
Tall Timber Island 184
Home of the Moose 186
On the Portage 189
A Tenderfoot Up a Tree 190

PAGE

Monarch of the Forest 201
In the Morning Twilight 204
A Perfect Reflection 212
Deer Lodge 219
Impossible to Tell the Shore-line . . . 222
Sheldrakes 223
An Ideal Spot for Game 224
Beaver House 225
Beaver Dam 226
Beaver Lake 227
Bewildered 229
Jewel of Windy Lake 230
Startled 232
A Threatening Manner 233
On a Gallop 234

Hunting Big Game

CHAPTER I

A HUNTING TRIP AFTER BIGHORN

ASHCROFT, British Columbia, was the starting-point; the time, the closing days of August. Equipped with a .30-30 and a customs-officer's hunting license tucked away in the money-belt, with Lillooet the end of the journey on wheels, the outfit jolted along the old Caribou Road, travelled by gold-seekers to the Klondike, along which, story said, many were the bones left bleaching in the mountains. Quite a few Indians we met on our way, and several attempts were made to get a kodak picture of an old squaw and her papoose; but all seemed to have a horror of the kodak, and our persistency almost got us into trouble.

A part of the journey, driving through the Marble Canyon on a road kept up by the Government which wound through a narrow defile of the mountain, with perpendicular sides of limestone appearance, was delightful.

Reflections.

In this canyon, nestled among the trees, was a beautiful lake some four miles long, the water as blue as indigo as though Mother Nature was ready for wash-day and had rolled her bluing-ball into the lake from the mountain-top.

The absence of bird life was noticeable; and the entire road was traversed without seeing a living creature except a solitary sandpiper, with its mottled gray body skimming over the beautiful blue water in its zigzag flight. Down into the canyon came the rays of the setting sun over the snow-clad mountain-peaks, casting reflections into the depths of the crystal blue. What a spot for the artist! How we longed for the time to come when the kodak shall be invented to reproduce those beautiful tints!

About sundown, the horses, steaming hot, reached the Grange, a second relay stop; where we had fresh horses and a bite to eat at the wayside inn or rather ranch. Our driver, who had had an invitation that evening to a little gathering among the "wild-flowers" of the mountain, coaxed, intimidated, and finally threatened in order to dissuade us from going the balance of the twenty-five miles to Lillooet. In a conversation (overheard) with a young lady he said, "O, them d—— Yankees are determined to go to Lillooet to-night." So the good time anticipated by the driver vanished,

and his square jaws tightened, as much as to say " Well, I will give you a ride to-night for your lives."

The driver seemed after that to be anxious for the start. Twirling his whip over his head, with a crack, he shouted, " All aboard," as he waved adieu to the little " wild-flower " blushing in the evening twilight.

The horses started with a dash, and the ranchman shouted after us " Good-bye Joe, I am sorry for you."

The night was pleasant, with a soft breeze blowing, the stars shining brightly; and as the steeds warmed up with the crack of the whip they just flew along. After a ride of four or five miles we reached the Fraser River. Looking into the canyon we could see a silver streak no wider than a wagon road apparently, which we knew was the foaming and seething river as it rolled and tossed on its mad rush to the sea. The steeper the grade the faster went the horses and at times the curve was so short that it seemed almost impossible to make the turn. Occasionally we would come to an ascent when the horses would slow up, then

the driver would entertain us with stories of different parties who lost control of their horses and went down into the river many feet below. On one of the mad dashes of our driver down into the canyon the wheels struck

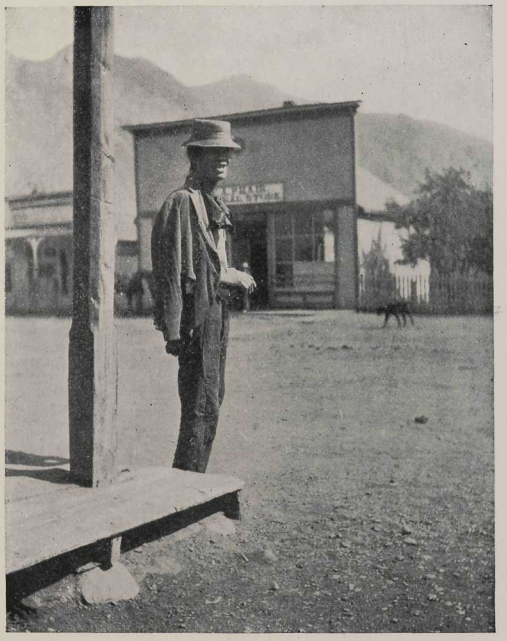
The Silver Streak of the Fraser.

a rock and lifted us inches from our seat; and when the writer remarked, "This is exciting," it seemed only to goad him on. As we came to the narrow and most dangerous curves, with the silvery water of the river almost perpendicularly below us, while going at a breakneck

speed, how he managed to keep the road was a mystery; for we could at times scarce make out its outlines through the trees. Like a flash the off horse tripped, fell on his knees, and was dragged for a second or two, when the driver with a " cuss " jerked him onto his feet again as he hissed through his teeth an exclamation of fear. For once I lost my nerve and fully realized what a mad ride it was, and what that set expression of the driver's face meant, when he found he would be deprived of the pleasure of a dance with the belle from Marble Canyon on the Fraser.

Arriving at Lillooet in the wee small hours, the team stopped at a quaint old tavern; and as we alighted from the rig, the proprietor, a typical character of his kind, in his weazen voice, although he was a large robust man past middle life, saluted us with " How d'e! Come in." Several others, the usual adjuncts of a tavern in a mining town, looked us over; and as we stepped into the bar-room, one little fellow, strutting up to the bar, began to hammer, shouting at the top of his voice: " Strangers in town, boys! Let 's have a bumper, let 's

have a bumper. Here 's to the health of the newcomers."



A Familiar Figure.

Lillooet is a small mining town, nestled

between the high hills along the Fraser. The population at one time amounted to some 5000 souls, but the present population does not exceed 200, consisting of all nationalities, Indians, Chinese, and Africans included. The above photograph is of a familiar figure to be seen at all times promenading up and down the middle of the main street.

All arrangements having been made for the departure bright and early the following day, the evening was spent in sight-seeing. A visit to Chinatown, suggested by a new-made friend, was kindly accepted. A tramp down a narrow dark lane brought us to a cluster of adobe houses, filled to overflowing with Chinese and half-breeds, each with an air of mystery. The adobe huts seemed to have communicating tunnels between them, and every hut contained a dozen or more Chinese playing fan-tan. The highbinders had their annual festive day, and amid the burning of incense could be heard the playing of the cymbals at frequent intervals during the evening. While returning to the inn a strange noise was heard, reminding one, in the stillness of the night, of the sad and

mournful call of the loon. Attracted by the noise coming from the darkness, the guide investigated and came upon a squaw driven almost to the verge of suicide, chanting her own death-knell. Curious are the characters in a mining town, and exciting are the stories related of earlier days. On our return to the inn, the bar-room was filled with a motley crowd of characters and the chaperon would call them, one by one, to be introduced to the newcomer. The first hailed was "Scotty," who had spent $30,000 in two years "right over this bar"; "Scotty," advancing, made a grab and said, "Give me your paw, how the h—— are you" at the same time thumping the counter and violently shouting, "Let 's have a bumper to the stranger." The next introduction was "Bones," a long, lean, lank fellow who, as he himself expressed it, "originally hailed from Arizona and was known as the mighty nimrod who had killed, in hand-to-hand encounter, more grizzlies than all others in the surrounding diggings." With him it was, "Let 's all have a smile with the stranger." And with the "smile" he volunteered

to guide us to the greatest hunting ground in the district. Presently a hard-eyed, wild Irishman of the shillaly type "who could dance to a whistle and had made two fortunes and spent three" came up.

On the following morning down the road came the pack-train with the bell-mare in the lead and Tyhee Jimmy, chief of the Lillooet Indians, astride and in charge of the outfit, with Napoleon as assistant. Everything was ready in a short time for the start, with the five pack-horses loaded to their fullest capacity.

We left Lillooet and followed the Ridge River, which winds like a serpent down the defile of the mountain; our course being always higher and higher, until the sun was about disappearing behind the western snow-clad mountain-peaks like a ball of molten metal, warning us that camp must be pitched forthwith. The spot selected was well adapted for the purpose. Nature had provided the elements necessary and essential to camp life, right at the entrance of a natural basin and feeding ground for the horses, and they were soon turned loose to graze for the night.

After supper all retired early, but erelong a commotion awoke the slumbering camp; and in the stillness of the night could be heard the "tinkle, tinkle" of a bell, and away went the guides to head off the old bell-mare. The

Ridge River

horses had all started for home and were on the trail down the mountain; but before they reached the narrow pass they were headed off by the chief and returned to the canyon basin where they remained the rest of the night. The next morning the camp was astir bright

Up the Trail.

and early. Each one had his duty to perform, and while one went for the horses, the others broke camp and assorted and arranged the packs according to the strength of the horses, the cook in the meantime preparing breakfast.

The whisky-jack flew around from limb to limb, occasionally turning his inquisitive little head as much as to say "What 's all this mean, anyway?" and, true to his nature, was waiting his opportunity, like a thief in the night, to raid the camp and carry off anything from a piece of soap to shoe-strings.

At dawn, far in the distance, could be heard the bell as the horses drew nearer and nearer; and presently there was a rush for the improvised corral, arranged to capture the horses, as they came down the mountain trail on the run. After considerable coaxing and gently approaching the most timid, all the horses were caught and tied ready for packing.

A hasty breakfast and all hands were busy packing, getting ready for the start up the trail to the land of "little sticks."

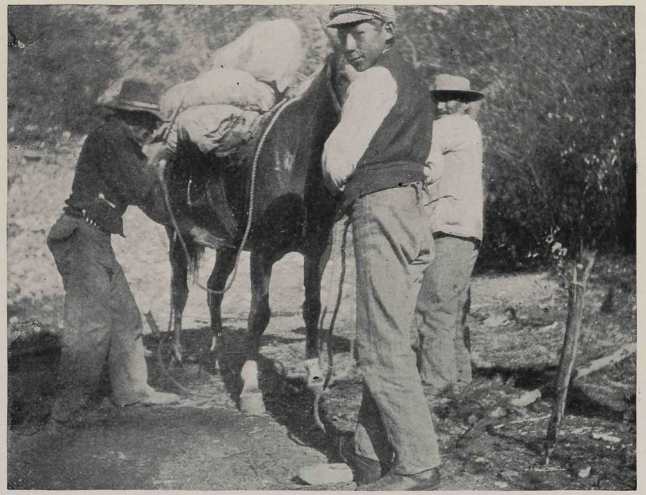
Our guide was an expert at the famous diamond hitch, but at times it required the

greatest skill to get the pack on the broncos.

It is wonderful how rapidly a pack train can be gotten ready to start under the supervision of an adept at the business; and how pleasant

Home of the Bighorn.

sounds the "fall in, fall in" of the guide, as the procession moves single-file up the trail in the dawn of a September atmosphere, keen and brisk, with the torrent rushing, tossing, and foaming down the gulch. About noon a halt



The Diamond Hitch.

was called for refreshments, and under protest we were required to pitch camp for the night —much to the regret of the nimrod. After lunch an afternoon's hunt was suggested, so we climbed the mountain, following the river as close by as possible. Choke-cherries were growing along the first narrow level bench above the stream, and signs of bear were plentiful, indicating they were feeding on the cherries, as several limbs, thick as one's wrist, were twisted and broken by old bruin in order to get the cherries. Presently the guide called attention to two white objects slowly descending the mountains about a mile in the distance and on the opposite side of the narrow, swift, and turbulent little stream. As we approached nearer, we could clearly make out the old Billy in the lead and Nanny following, evidently going for water.

Although we were forced to travel for some time in open view of the goats, they did not seem to be alarmed and continued on their journey a considerable distance toward us. Finally they stopped and seemed to be alarmed. By this time they were within 500

yards; and as it was impossible to get nearer, the guide suggested a trial shot which could be plainly seen striking the hard rock some distance below. After adjusting the Lyman sights, several shots were tried in quick succes-

Billy and Nanny.

sion with better results, and although Billy stood still it was apparent he was badly wounded and presently he began to run and fell down the mountainside, landing many feet below on a shelving rock. Well pleased with

the afternoon's hunt, we returned to camp in good time for our share of the speckled beauties caught by the cook and browned to perfection. The following morning a late start was made because one of the horses had wandered from the band and was not found for several hours. At this point we left the course of the stream and started up the backbone of a ridge where the ascent was very steep for many miles through chaparral, stunted pines, and scrub oaks. Higher and higher we climbed by a serpentine path, around, through, under, and over trees in all stages of decay, with their roots intertwining each other and reaching out in every possible direction as though searching for nourishment in the very bedrock. The trees were so close, at times, it was difficult for the pack-horses to squeeze through and we held our breath waiting the effect of the squeeze as we saw our water-proof rubber-bags torn by snags, but each turn brought us a little higher until we reached an altitude of little vegetation. On the way we flushed several covies of blue grouse, which would utter their crackling cry of alarm as

they took to wing, always lighting on the nearest tree, and craning their heads from one side to the other. Suddenly the guide discovered we were too high up to pitch camp, there being no water or wood, both very es-

Snow-drifts

sential for a good camp. Keeping on, we reached the divide and the descent began; but before long all were obliged to dismount, for it was so steep for the greater part of the way that the horses were sliding on their tails down

through the shale. Low in the gully our first camp was pitched at the cradle of one

Monarch of the Glen.

of the many sparkling streams, whose origin is in the snow-drift above the clouds.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto of all enthusiastic hunters, and as the first streak of dawn began to peep over the eastern snow-clad mountain-tops, the hunters were buckling on their armor preparatory to the start. The atmosphere, keen and piercing, makes the blood thrill with a hunter's emotion in anticipation of the chase of the most noble quarry. Scarcely had we left the camp when the guide pointed towards a narrow defile, and looking in the direction indicated I saw the "Monarch of the Glen," head erect showing the white throat patch, antlers reclining, and long ears inclined forward to catch any sound. As he walked nimbly down the gulch at the head of a single-file procession, it was a sight which would gladden the heart of any hunter, to see following the old gentleman at least a dozen does and young stags evidently on their way to feeding grounds after a night of rest among the rocks above vegetation. The camp being out of fresh meat, the clear sharp report of the .30-30 rang out in the stillness and a young buck responded to the demand. The report reverberated from the

snow-clad peaks, the home of the bighorn, and we were anxious to make as little noise as possible, knowing how alert and ever-watchful the quarry in its mountain fastnesses can be. Many signs of game were perceptible to the

Clinging to the Peaks

eyes of an experienced guide as we tramped over the snow and rocks, crushing the beautiful flowers of many colors and varieties under our feet. When the sun came out, a species of the butterfly, with its gaudy wings grayish-white speckled with black and red dots and

margin of black along the thorax, fluttered from flower to flower.

On the following morning when we started at dawn for the top of the mountains for sheep, the fog hung like a pall over the valley, so thick that we scarcely saw ten feet in any direction. As we continued to climb, the fog grew thinner and thinner and a light breeze started when we had reached the summit. What a sight to see!—the fog clinging to the leeward side of the peaks, the gentle breezes trying to disperse it, and the sun, shining like silver interspersed with turquoise, glistening from the snow-capped peaks.

After spending some time in admiration of the panorama we plodded along silently, always on the alert for signs of game, when suddenly we were startled by two young blacktail stags, rising up from their beds of stone. They seemed to be quite tame, for I could have shot them both had I so desired; but the camp was well supplied with fresh meat and their antlers would make poor trophies. I pulled out my kodak to take a picture, but the sun being unfavorable necessitated a

change of position, and while I was shifting my location the wind became unfavorable, and they went with a snort. During the balance of the day not a sight of game was had, and at dusk we reached camp, tired, hungry, and disgusted. The next day we shifted camp some ten miles farther into the mountains, the trail winding in and out among the crags and peaks. With Tyhee in the lead and the balance following, the writer brought up the rear, waiting for an opportunity to take a snap-shot of the pack in the most dangerous place. To do this, I let the bridle hang on the pommel, and just in the most critical pass the old bronco began to buck and I must confess my heart ceased to beat for a moment until he recovered himself with one hind leg over the edge of the trail. As we approached the top, the guide began to sniff air like a hound on a lost trail, at the same time whispering, "I smell sheep"; but, alas, the game had got the first scent and made haste in flight from the peculiar odor of men, leaving behind them a small lamb which seemed to be injured and limped

25 Camp Life.

away with considerable speed. It was remarkable how it disappeared from sight in a place so barren.

Toward evening, while we were returning to camp over a high ridge above vegetation, two black-tail deer were jumped, one, the largest we saw on the trip, now adorning the library of the writer. During the night it started to rain and this continued for hours. The "patter-patter" of the rain on the stretched canvas makes sweet music to the ear of the hunter, tired after a long tramp in search of game, and quickly soothes one to sleep. In the morning the ground was covered with snow, giving the surroundings a picturesque appearance, but the beautiful coat of white snow soon disappeared. A hurried breakfast was taken and before the peep of day in the eastern horizon two forms could be seen slipping quietly up the mountain pass, happy in the expectation of obtaining the object of their ambition. When the summit was reached, the sun was just rising above the horizon, indicating that the day would be hot for sport, but we trudged along; when sud-

denly the guide exclaimed *Scoulaps!*—this being the Indian name for sheep. A look in the direction indicated disclosed a small black object on the other side of a deep canyon possibly two or three miles distant from the place

Snow-Capped.

of observation. It was remarkable how the guide could see game with his naked eye. Although the exact location was pointed out, it was with the greatest difficulty I could make out the small object, and only with the aid of

a field-glass could I see the object to be a sheep. Down the mountain we slid, crawled, and slipped over loose stones, taking cover behind every possible object in the descent. A pause being made for a moment in our haste, the field-glasses were again used in our anxiety to learn if any change had taken place in the conditions, since we started our stalk, and to our discomfort the quarry was standing with head erect looking directly toward us, and then the Indian uttered some guttural expression of regret, as we stole away under cover. When we reached the bottom, the Indian started on his circuitous route toward the top and I up the canyon. The excitement under such conditions is at its highest pitch, knowing that a misstep would overturn a stone, and away it would go down the mountain, with a loud report.

Occasionally a stone would be overturned and grabbed immediately to a standstill; then a dry twig would be snapped, a crack and a wry face follow. Finally after about two hours' stalk the old bighorn ram, the noblest beast of the chase, is in sight, feeding at the foot of a perpetual snow-drift at the base of a slide.

Then it is that the nerves thrill in every fibre. A quick look for some advantage to get nearer revealed a slight elevation to the right about four hundred yards away, and a large rock a little beyond this. In order to reach this point, it was necessary to crawl over the ground, pushing the gun along in advance, foot by foot, at the same time knowing the slightest exposure would have been observed by the old fellow between nibbles, for every few minutes he would lift his head and scan the country as though he expected to see an adversary. Finally the cover was reached and peering over disclosed the game in the same place and still unconscious of a lurking foe, but still a little out of range. Taking in the situation at a glance, I discovered that by crossing over a ravine, rippling with cold snow water, another successful stalk could be made, by crawling as before, where another rock could be reached within about two hundred yards of the sheep. When I reached the coveted spot, with cap removed, I cautiously glanced over the large boulder with a feeling of anxiety lest the noble quarry had taken the alarm and was speeding

up the mountain; but to my delight he was still feeding, unconscious of danger.

Who can describe the feeling of an enthusiastic hunter under such conditions? Concealed behind a rock, panting for breath in the rare atmosphere after his long climb up the crags and cliffs, and knowing that a steady aim is impossible under such conditions, but absolutely necessary in order to make a telling shot! In a few seconds, seeming minutes, a glance over the edge was again made cautiously and Mr. Ram still plucked the scanty growth of vegetation, still unaware of the lurking danger.

In the meantime I was playing for wind, waiting for time to steady my nerves for the final effort. During the stalk the wind was favorable, and no sun to shine on the barrel of the gun made the conditions equitable to both the hunter and the noble game. In a short time another peep over the rock, and there he stood broadside, head erect, with his white muzzle elevated, sniffing the air, evidently conscious of something unusual.

Now or never was the thought that im-

pressed itself upon me, for the time had come for action. Full of anticipation, my heart beating with over-exertion, a hand unsteady for the final effort, I elevated the Lyman sights, taking into consideration the distance and allowing for the rare atmosphere which tends to deceive one in calculating the distance, glanced along the barrel of my .30-30, pulled the trigger, looked, and saw the shale fly in all directions just over his back. An exclamation followed more forcible than elegant and my noble ram was speeding down the mountain-side at the rate of a mile a minute (more or less), covering 20 to 30 feet at a jump, running at an angle of 45° towards me. When he reached a point about 70 yards away and was just disappearing over a rocky ridge, again the .30-30 flashed and immediately a death-like stillness pervaded the canyon, as the report echoed and re-echoed in the distant crags. Not knowing the result of the second shot, I ran over the slight elevation in order to get another shot before he could reach the summit of the cliff, but nowhere could he be seen. I then took heart and began to climb to the

spot where I had fired my last shot and there he was, shot through the front shoulder, and in a short time he breathed his last. The proudest moment of a man's life—successful!

Bighorn Ram.

And the ram had been fairly outwitted by a stalk from the direction most favorable to him on account of his known habit of always looking down the direction from

whence he expects his foes. In the mouth of the game was found a bunch of beautiful flowers such as grow abundantly around the snow-line about the size and color of the clover. Presently on the sky-line the form of the guide could be seen slowly picking his way down through the crags and fissures. As soon as he arrived the skinning process began and it was not long before the guide had the head on his back and was on his way to camp. The evening was fast advancing and the wind whistling over the mountains as we plodded our way back to camp; sometimes climbing over the rocks so precipitous that we had to help each other up and down the most dangerous places, where a slip or a miss would have ended disastrously. At one place we came to a long snow-slide extending a half-mile up and the same distance down, consequently we were face to face with the question of going straight over the snow-slide covered with a hard crust at an angle of 45° or retracing our steps for several miles. After debating the question, we decided to cross the snow-pack. The guide started in advance and with the

stock of his gun punched footholds in the snow. In this way step by step we crossed over the slide a distance of some fifty yards to terra-firma once more. With our trophy we reached camp long after dark, and partaking of a hearty supper of mountain mutton—and there is no better eating—we went to bed, tired and happy.

The following morning when the stars were still shining the guide left camp in search of the horses, while the cook prepared breakfast. We broke camp and in due time the outfit started with Tyhee well in advance selecting the best possible route among the broken rocks and most difficult passes. Really it is remarkable how the horses would climb up and down some of the most dangerous places. We pitched camp about the time the shades were falling, in a beautiful valley surrounded on three sides with snow-capped peaks, in an atmosphere clear as crystal, with an azure sky and the valley dotted here and there with sweet flowers, all forming a picture of sublime grandeur.

The method of making bread was unique.

In the evening the cook began to make preparations for baking on the following day. He began by scattering the fire in every direction, then dug a hole in the hot sand about a foot deep, placed the burning wood in the hole, and continued a good fire for the greater part of the night. In the morning more of the hot sand and live coals were dug out, the dough kneaded, put in a large pan covered with a similar pan, and inserted in the hole, the hot coals heaped on it and left there for about an hour. The bread thus made was very good.

The following morning the dawn had scarcely cast its rays over the eastern hills when we were away up above the clouds looking for signs of game. We had left camp several hours before, the fog then clinging like a pall in the canyon so thick we could scarcely see ten feet in advance, but when we arrived at the summit the sun was just peeping over the snow-clad peaks in the east, and made one almost forget everything but nature in its grandeur. The air was pure as the water that floated over the crystal spring at the base of the cliffs, and one felt as though a jump from

crag to crag was a matter of small moment, for the elasticity and endurance of the body under these conditions are wonderful. Without seeing any signs of game we arrived at the head of a large canyon. Owing to an in-

Above the Clouds.

jury received by a fall, the author was obliged to rest at the head of the canyon while the guide went to the mouth expecting to hunt, and if any game was started it would likely take to the head of the canyon. In about a half-hour after he had left, the sharp, clear report

of his rifle rang out in the stillness. Scarcely had the echoes died out in the distance when the nimrod was on his feet, forgetting all about his injured knee and making all haste down the mountain toward the scene of the excitement. When I arrived, the guide, who could scarcely speak English, by signs and guttural expression informed me that he had seen five or six goat and had wounded a large billy. I was very much annoyed to think that instead of returning for me he had taken a hand in the sport himself, and for so doing I promptly gave him a good lecture, whereupon the expression of his face changed immediately and, uttering some guttural expression about trailing wounded goat, he started down the mountain, and that was the last I saw of him that day. His action annoyed me very much—to think that I had paid him to take all the sport! From the actions of the guides it seemed to me that they had been accustomed to kill all the game and the mighty nimrod paid the damage. I waited some three hours and still no Indian put in an appearance. We were ten miles from camp and it

was getting late in the evening, so I decided that if I wished to reach camp I must start alone, not knowing what had become of my guide. In order to take a direct route to camp, I had to cross a high mountain and after about two hours' steady travel reached the summit. On arriving at the top I discovered the snow had drifted over the cone, so that a descent in safety down the other side was impossible without making a long circuitous trip around the summit. Finally, when the first ledge was reached, I began to compare notes as to which direction I should take in order to reach camp before night. The more I tried to make out familiar landmarks the more confused I became. When a person once begins to get muddled as to location, everything looks strange and unnatural. In fact I was not sure of anything. In the meantime it began to snow and rain, making travel very disagreeable. Finally I reached the conclusion that our camp was in the small valley beyond the next crown of the hill. The nature of the ground over which I had to pass was very rough, it consisting of blocks of stone of

all shapes and sizes, as though they had been broken off from the cliffs above and rolled down the mountain-side on the bench, over which I was obliged to travel. While going on at a rapid pace I stepped on a rock and at the same time it tilted and threw me heavily to the ground, wrenching my injured knee seriously. It then began to dawn upon me that I was doomed to a night in the mountains alone. After lying some ten or fifteen minutes I got up with difficulty, as my knee pained me considerably, started off with a hobble; and as I advanced, it limbered up. Just about this time I started a covey of ptarmigan; some went off with a whirr and others hopped up on a rock, at the same time uttering their crackling noise.

Having had nothing to eat since dawn and the prospect of a hot camp supper being uncertain, I immediately saw my dinner through the flakes of snow with its head bobbing backward and forward. My first impulse was to shoot the bird's head off, but upon second thought, what if I were to miss? I covered the bird's body instead, pulled, saw pieces of the bird

flying in every direction, and gathering up the remains carefully I wrapped them up in my handkerchief, and felt better, for I knew I had a scanty supper in my pocket. It was snowing hard and the gloomy shades of night prevented me from going very fast, but I trudged along up the slope of the ridge where I expected to see camp. Peeping over the top, you can imagine my disappointment when everything looked stranger than ever. I then said to myself, "Well, I 'm in for the night alone with a camp-fire at my feet." With this chance in view I was looking around for a suitable place to camp for the night. Wood for a fire being scarce, I decided to cross the next little divide, and as I reached the top and looked into the valley, to my great surprise I beheld the white canvas of our tents nestled snugly in the little ravine on the western exposure of camp. To say I was pleased is putting it mildly. Dinner was almost ready and how I did enjoy the mutton, ptarmigan, etc. The Indian guide did not return until long after nightfall.

The last three days were simply beautiful—

a very important matter to us, in order to get our skins thoroughly dried before starting home. On our way home we camped on the beautiful mountain stream. After turning the horses loose, we started to fish for trout and in a very short time had enough of the speckled beauties for dinner. The following day we arrived at Lillooet, disrobed our hunting apparel, and donned our citizen garb; although burned red by the sun and noses raw with skin peeled off, we were in the pink of condition, feeling as though the trip home would be nothing as compared with our experience just past.

The next day we boarded the B. C. stage for Ashcroft. While going around one of the many curves in the road we had a very narrow escape from what might have been a very serious accident. Being late the stage was going at a very fast gait and just as we made a sharp curve, with the perpendicular rocks on our right and a canyon on our left, we saw another vehicle just coming around the sharp curve ahead of us. The horses were pulled up, brake put on, when the two teams came to-

gether with a crash. Fortunately no damage was done, and after manœuvering a little while, we managed to pass each other.

CHAPTER II

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY

ONE early spring, towards the first of May, a canoe, loaded to within two inches of her gunwale, glided down the smooth reaches of the Columbia River, in the Province of British Columbia. When rapids were encountered, occasionally the ripples of the current sought a level by emptying themselves into the body of the boat. The canoe was only sixteen feet long, and at several of the "shoots," its two occupants—the writer and his guide, who served also as cook—were obliged to turn out and portage the heavier part of the freight, which consisted of a tolerably complete camping and hunting outfit.

After proceeding for about 20 miles from our embarking point, we pitched camp for the night at the mouth of a tributary of the great river, called Brush River; and along about

daybreak we started again, up the smaller river towards several inland lakes. Passing these, and leaving Brush River, we entered a creek, following up its course, as it wound this way and that, for several miles to its source—

A Perfect Paradise.

a beautiful lake hemmed in with timber and a background of snow-clad mountains, a perfect paradise for birds, animals, and fish.

As soon as we entered the lake, we were greeted—or rather "disgreeted" (to coin a more appropriate word)—by the clatter of

geese, and the quacking of great flocks of ducks; and feeding among the geese in the offing could be seen several white swan. Canoeing softly up the lake, the scene filled the beholder with a sense of its primitive

Nature's Mirror.

beauty and grandeur. Several sandhill cranes were startled from their solitary haunts by the intrusion of the nimrods; and uttering their peculiar croaking cry, they took to flight with slow flapping of wings, their long legs extending horizontally backwards; thus they could

be seen following in their aerial flight the windings of the stream for several miles, until they disappeared between the blue foothills limning the mountain ranges. To steal upon a crane unawares is a very difficult matter. Their tippings for food are followed at short intervals by a craning of the long neck for another reconnoitre. Still pursuing our course, we had our attention next attracted by a large osprey appearing in the panorama of the surroundings. Circling and soaring overhead, he suddenly stops and instantly closes his huge wings, making a straight shoot downward like a meteor into the water, the spray flying in all directions from his impact; he disappears for an instant, reappears, and shakes the water from himself; then, if unsuccessful, ascending directly back into the air, begins to circle round and round aloft again, for another glimpse of a member of the finny tribe. This was what happened, as we began to watch him. Again in his gyrations stopping suddenly, he began to flap his wings and stood almost stationary for possibly a minute, when he made another dart and dived again straight into the

lake, but with no better success. For the third time, he made his plunge, and, ascending from the water, in his talons he clutched a fish; then with greedy haste he flew away to a distant tree-stump to devour his prey.

On the eastern shore of the lake, the mountain sloped almost to the water's edge, and there had been a large snow-slide. Twisted and broken trees were scattered in every direction, having been torn from their roots by the descending mass of snow from the mountain-side. Towards this clearing we kept our eyes closely, examining every nook and crook with field-glasses, in our search for our quarry, the object of the present hunt—Bruin. The young grass and shrubs were beginning to sprout up in the slide, and Bruin is due to make his first appearance after his long winter nap in search of the young and tender shoots, of which he is so fond. A student of nature may see many very interesting things, while on a trip of this kind.

Our attention was next called to a flock of small sandpipers, with their dingy brown bodies, running on a sand-bar gathering tiny

shellfish. I got out of the canoe for the purpose of taking a snapshot of them, and started to follow the little " peeps," seven in all, as they ran hither and thither, wading with their little greenish legs, seeming to dance in the rippling

Sandpipers.

water in their search of food. They were very active, and when I made a slight noise with my mouth, like a flash they would spring up from the water about an inch or two, return as quickly, and start to feed again. Finally they

took to flight, calling "peep, peep" as they disappeared to the other side of the lake; but to my surprise they were back in a short time, and alighted again within 50 feet of me. In the meantime the sun became obscured behind a cloud, and while waiting for the sunlight to reappear for my camera, I was entertained quite nonchalantly by the seven little sandpeeps. By waving a red handkerchief, I was permitted to come very close to them, they appearing to be confiding and sociable, and unsuspecting of danger. Occasionally one would scratch its head, or another would stand on one foot or stick its head underneath its wing. Altogether they seemed to enjoy my company as much as I did theirs, and we were together for more than an hour before I finally decided to leave them.

The following day we hunted the snowslides in search of the quarry, but signs were few, so we decided to descend the Columbia River some 10 or 15 miles below the confluence of Brush River. We had made but a few miles of this descent, when a six-mile portage had to be made round some very swift rapids.

The snow had not left the winding trail which we had to follow, and it frequently happened that, in the carrying of our pack, the guide went down into a snow-bank up to his waist before he could extricate himself.

On this portage we met an old hunter and trapper on his way to set steel traps for bear. On his back he carried a sack filled with caribou meat which he intended as bait for the traps. He was an old timer in his trade from Wyoming, having been driven out of the States by the stringent laws—and as he expressed it, "By laws made by men who did not know the difference between marten and martin; when the Wyoming law was passed, prohibiting the trapping of marten, the legislator who framed it thinking that the Act as passed prohibited the trapping of birds."

The following day the "honk, honk, honk" of Canadian geese startled the camp from its slumbers at break of day. A rubbing of eyes followed and a peeping from the tent disclosed a flock of geese close to our Peterboro canoe, engaged in a careful examination with the evident intent of ascertaining

51 Down in the Snow.

what manner of thing it was; just in time they spied the .30-30 being produced for action, and before any damage could be attempted, they were on the wing and out of harm's way. Quite a few geese I was told could be killed by using a dog for a decoy. The dog, trained to walk up and down the shore for the purpose, attracts the geese, who will come close up to him and hiss at him; when they are shot by the concealed nimrod. We had been packing for two days when we reached the north end of the portage and pitched camp. In spite of the distance of the portage being but six miles, it was about the hardest six-mile portage, considering the amount of the outfit, for two to make that could well be experienced; the most difficult of the equipment to carry through the brush, timber, and snow being the Peterboro: but the irksomeness of the task was lightened by mental and verbal anticipations of the sport in waiting for us on the "happy hunting ground" beyond. Next, a journey of twenty miles with the current, without any interesting incident, brought us to a small island in the

centre of a beautiful little lake, nestled between snow-clad mountains, the snow-slides here and there coursing their precipitous sides towards the water's edge—offering an ideal region for stalking the grizzly.

However, after hunting for a few days, we

Snow-Slides.

decided that there were very few bear out there yet from hibernation, for signs were very scarce. We discovered one set of solitary tracks where one "Old Ephraim" had been wandering in search of food—the shallow

depths of the imprints of his paws showing the lightened condition of his body after his long fast. The plantigrade tracks, one in front of the other, followed the course of a little babbling stream; and where this disappeared un-

Where Bruin Crossed the Pack.

der a snow-slide, old Bruin crossed the pack, leaving the impression of his huge claws sideways as distinguished from his black brothers.

While out hunting we came upon an old log shack in a densely timbered location; with timber scattered in every direction, some de-

Goodfellow's Shack

cayed, some blown down by the wind, and some cut down recently by the little beaver. When we reached the log cabin, the door was open and the only occupant was a large porcupine which had taken possession. My guide told me the following story:

"This was old trapper Goodfellow's shack; he spent five or six years here hunting and trapping,—always coming in the fall and going out the following spring with his catch. One winter the old trapper took sick, managed to reach the shack of another trapper a few miles above here; but its occupant was out looking his line of traps and was gone for several days. When he returned he found the old man dead in his shack, and without any ceremony buried him at the foot of a large fir tree."

I was anxious to see the old trapper's lonely grave, so we hunted in that direction. When we arrived close to the place, we discovered that a snow-slide had come down the mountain with terrific force, bringing down with it everything in its course; huge trees, rocks, and tons of snow lying in a ruined heap at the

base of the mountain. Among the ruins the first thing we saw was the trapper's cache, sticking high above the snow of the slide, in the forks of a tree, as he had built it. At a little distance we found the ruins of the shack, which was built of huge logs; the snow had forced the top from its proper place, and where it stopped with its end wedged between two trees, a vacant space was left underneath. Into this we went out of curiosity, and found there the trapper's old gun hanging on two pins on the log which had been its accustomed place in the roof of the shack. Taking the weapon down for examination, we found it to be an old shot-gun with its hammers and works so rusty as to unfit it for use. My guide returned it to its place; then, in response to a suggestion on my part that the trapper, its owner, might be buried in the ruins of the cabin, answered, "Oh, I think not," and walked away.

We pitched our camp in a position to command a good view of the region of the snow-slides, where we kept up a systematic watch for any appearance of bear. After some

time, to our delight a black object could be plainly seen moving across the track of the main snow-slide. A scrutiny through the field-glasses revealed a good-sized silver-tip slowly crossing towards the cover bounding the slide. There was a hurried preparation, and we started for him in the canoe. The presence of a sand-bar in the river compelled us to descend quite a distance before we could find a proper landing place on the main shore.

Knowing the habit of bear to travel in a horizontal line along a mountain-side, we expected to get a shot at Bruin as he crossed another slide some distance along from that in which he had first been observed. Concealing ourselves within good range, we watched and waited for almost an hour, when the shades of night began to gather, making it difficult to see the sights if he should have put in an appearance. As the gloom of the forest increased, we approached closer and closer, until old Bruin could be heard distinctly digging and tearing in search of a choice morsel to satisfy his ravenous appetite. Much to our sorrow, however, the desired shot

was not obtained; and we were obliged to return to camp in complete darkness. Arrived at the water's edge we decided after a consultation that it would be a difficult undertaking to return by way of the sand-bar; accordingly the guide lifted the canoe on his shoulder, packed it over the bar, and after several unpleasant experiences over driftwood and bushes, we finally reached the neighborhood of our camp. As we approached, we were attracted by a light coming from the direction of the camp's location, and being alarmed we hastened along and found that the camp-fire hastily left had spread considerably and would have consumed our entire outfit if we had not returned in the nick of time. Fighting fire took but a short time, when things were prepared for dinner; and after satisfying our ready appetites with fried beaver-tail (a great luxury with the Indians) and "fiddle-top-ferns," the trappers' spring-greens, we retired early to dream of the silver-tip that we did not get. The following evening we had watched the slides for some time, but no quarry appeared; and, getting tired, we decided to

return to camp. When we reached a spot four or five hundred yards from the slide where we had been stationed, the guide chanced to turn around, looked, and there was a bear just crossing the slide. We immediately turned back towards the clearing—nimrod bringing up the rear. In order to get the best vantage ground to stalk, it was necessary to cross a small stream. As we reached its edge the guide whispered, "Jump on my back," at the same time stooping; and with a jump I landed on his back, and in he plunged, wading across the water up to his waist. A stalk of three or four hundred yards brought us to the slide, but the game had crossed and entered the timber safely. After watching for more than an hour for nothing, we returned to camp. The wind started to rise and by sundown was almost a hurricane. Sometime in the night the tent was blown down on top of us as we were asleep, and "all hands" were ordered out to repair damages; and, whilst the rain descended and the wind blew, the little tent was again stretched and restored to its former stability.

The position of this camp was on a small

island in Lake Kimbasket—really a widening of the Columbia River to a breadth of a mile or more. The following day the wind blew the surface of the lake into white-caps, so large that we were practically prisoners on the

View from Camp.

island, our Peterboro being too small to venture across the lake to the mainland. After blowing continuously for two nights and days the wind finally quieted down, but a steady rain then set in which continued drizzling for the greater part of two more days, rendering

camp-life wretched and miserable. Such conditions usually make the mighty nimrod long for fine weather and the companionship of friends, especially when alone with a disagreeable guide and with no alternative to kill time but to read and reread the wrapper on the baking-powder can, already emptied of its contents. But the disagreeable features of camp-life are soon forgotten, and we are scarcely home before we hear again the call of the wild and are planning another trip to some fresh locality, ready and willing to forego all the pleasures and luxuries of home-life for even the wind and rain of camp-life. Much of our time about camp, as may be supposed, was occupied in examining the various slides through the field-glasses. Our second "bear stalk" was after a black bear, which the guide discovered feeding about half-way up the mountain-side, a quick start being made towards him following the discovery. To stalk a black bear is a very difficult operation, owing to the conditions of the localities frequented by his species. We took the course of a snow-slide for our ascent over logs, stones, and all

kinds of debris; up, up we climbed, higher and higher, puffing and blowing; now and again slipping and sliding back, and using the toe of the gun-stock after the manner of an alpinestock to assist in the ascent. When the location of the quarry was reached, carefully every rock and tree was examined—all fours being resorted to in approaching the edge of each little depression.

After examining thoroughly every possible location in the hope of finding the quarry concealed somewhere by the natural conditions, we finally concluded that he had gotten the wind, and had proceeded at once to make good his escape from his foe. A systematic investigation disclosed his trail disappearing beyond the snow depths of a little ravine, directly away from the line of approach of his pursuers, thus imparting to them a lesson that he, too, is cunning and watchful. Disappointed and discouraged, once more we started down the mountain on the snow-slide, but the exhilarating experience of our descent soon filled us with happiness and drove away the blues as we slid down swiftly without exertion, one

foot planted in front of the other, so swiftly in fact that at times the slightest false inclination of the body would have resulted in a "header."

In the return trip towards camp after this

Down the Snow-Slide.

fruitless stalk for Bruin, the wind blew the water into large white-caps, and with an inexperienced canoeman it would have been impossible to have effected a crossing. Under the perfect control of the guide the little

Peterboro danced over the water like a duck, its bow cutting the combing breakers; but even then occasionally the larger white-caps would glide over the edge into the canoe, much to the uneasiness of its occupants—and surely in the hands of a less experienced canoeman the result might have been disastrous. However, we reached our haven on the island in safety after a protracted and tedious experience, and although somewhat drenched, we were well pleased to be landed on terra-firma again. Camp reached, "all hands" were busy preparing supper for the hungry. In the midst of the preparation a glance up the river revealed the crossing of two caribou some three hundred yards above. Six days without fresh meat made an appetite keen for caribou steak; consequently a rush was made for the gun, and the 405 rang out. The leader of the caribou, by this time almost ready to swim, began, instead, to float with the current towards camp; and before long we had caribou steak galore, what we did not require for our table making good bait on a slide to lure some hungry wanderer in search of food

into the opening, where we, lying in wait, might obtain a good shot.

By this time one third of the month of May had passed, but bear were only beginning to come out from hibernation. It seems they do not leave their winter-quarters at any regular period, even if the spring is advanced; but the coming out is regulated by some unknown conditions with which the wisest of the many bear hunters and trappers of the lands frequented by "Old Ephriam" are not familiar. We were evidently too early for the hunt.

The return trip back to civilization was exciting and interesting.

By means of poling and lining, many rapids were ascended whilst at others too swift the whole outfit had to be portaged. The largest portage was through a dense forest of fir and cedar, but every step was inspiring and thrilling. In the dead stillness the old logcock made the forest ring with the thud, thud of his bill as he hammered away at an old dead tree-top, his scarlet crest moving backward and forward with lightning-like rapidity in his quest for his morning meal. Filled with

67 Poling the Rapids.

admiration of the wooded scene, I walked along slowly, when at an unexpected moment I was startled by a crashing and breaking of the underbrush; old Bruin was out taking his morning hunt. Instantly I had the gun ready

Lining the Rapids.

for action (a practice acquired from years of experience with the whirr of the pheasant), at the same time carefully stalking; but unfortunately the wily foe was too cunning to let me get even a glimpse of him. Having the advantage of the leeward side he kept

there at a safe distance, moving slowly in advance of me for some time, evidently trying to make out what had alarmed him. Then receiving the dreaded whiff in full measure, he

Sunset on the Columbia.

made a bolt and soon put distance between him and his pursuer.

The end of the long portage reached, we pitched camp just as the sun was setting in a dip in the line of the mountains, towering snow-clad in the air, the pathway of the sunset

being visible over the darkening waters of the Columbia, with the mist floating over the tree-top line of the opposing mountain-sides in long streams of white against the black background where the shades of night were already thick —making a scene of grandeur that cannot ever be forgotten.

In hunting, above all things, in order to have a pleasant time, the most important is a pleasant companion. It seems to me, that if there is a condition in life that gives one an opportunity to know the yellow streak in the other fellow, it is camp-life. You may be associated together in business, club-life, and various other ways; but if you want to get well acquainted with your friend take him out camping.

Away from other companionship, where the bedding is scant, camp-wood scarce, and water a long way off, with the various other prevalent conditions of camp-life too numerous to mention, and especially on a long hunting trip, —it is then you will soon find out what kind of stuff your friend is made of; and if he is anxious and willing to do his duty good-naturedly

without skulking or placing a gloom over camp-life you can bet that in addition to being probably "hail fellow well met" he is also genuinely of the "right stuff." A guide can scarcely be classed among the hunting companions of a man's choice, since, if the scene of the yearly hunt varies with the advent of one year upon another, usually there has been little opportunity of prejudging the inherent qualities of the guide hired for the particular hunt. Still, as to guides in general, I may be permitted to remark from my own experiences that there are few who will not take advantage of you in one way or another, or be in other respects of meanness too annoying to prove good companions; which seems unnatural, considering that hunting, above any other sport, should develop what is "sportsmanlike and game" in a man. In the present case my guide's principal occupation was devising how to kill time and keep me in the woods as long as possible at four dollars per day. He had a vicious temper, and on several occasions it behooved me to get out of his way to avoid unpleasant consequences. When

carrying in firewood on one occasion, he threw a piece on his own foot, and while he made the air blue with his profanity, with the ax in his hand he made a vicious strike at the piece of wood that caused his injury. The ax simply grazing it, the piece of wood flew around in a circle, coming narrowly close to injuring me; then he went to put the wood in the fire, in the blindness of his conduct touching a pail of boiling water. The next thing I knew he had hit the pail with the stick, knocking it many feet and its contents in all directions, thus effectually putting back our meal. After that he walked over to the pail, picked it up, filled it with fresh water, and put it back on the fire quietly enough. His temper had run its course. His most constant occupation was that of trapping beaver, marten, and other fur-bearing animals during winter. In the fall he would go into the bush with provisions and stay in all winter, coming out in the spring with his catch. It is writ that it is not good for man to live alone; probably the penalty of his solitariness was his morose, inconsiderate temper; and out of the precarious returns and

unexpected and frequent disappointments attached to trapping as a calling he may have borrowed some of the duplicity which had become part of his nature.

The previous October whilst he was on his

Surprise Rapids.

journey of taking " in " his winter supplies, in shooting some rapids called Surprise Rapids, his canoe was caught in the current, struck a concealed rock, and overturned completely with everything on board, causing the loss of his stock of provisions. This was a very serious

matter even to a son of old Neptune, such as he was, familiar with the conditions of the woods and waters. Whether he should try to recover civilization, or continue to his winter cabin, was the problem that confronted the sturdy trapper; if he returned, his prospects of a winter catch were doomed. After serious deliberation he decided to go on to his old shack and begin his winter work with such very scant quota of his original provisions as he was able to fish up, and try his luck! His story interested me very much as he described how he shot goat and caribou for his principal sustenance. The following March he sold his catch for the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

While camping on the big portage at this part of our return trip, I was very much surprised by having a visitor walk into the camp with the salute, "Morning, Stranger." In answer thereto, I invited him to a seat on a moss-covered log, which he immediately accepted. A typical scion of the forest, clothed in rags, he stood for nothing else than the life he led; his coat hung in shreds about his lank, lean person, a pair of nippers dangling from

his rawhide belt on one side, an ax on the other, and over his shoulder his old carbine slung with a piece of raw caribou-hide; and to complete the description I must not forget his moccasins of rawhide encasing his feet. During the conversation I learned that he was a trapper for many years in the States of the far Northwest; but the same stringent laws which had driven out other trappers had also caused him to " shake " the States in search of better trapping ground, and he had wandered into this district as a perfect stranger, and was just returning from his line of traps that he had set. The portage, though only six miles long, being through dense woods, the guide consumed two days in the task of packing our outfit across. This gave me the opportunity to see more of one of nature's solitary inhabitants than would otherwise have been the case. As my information about trapping was very meagre, I secured permission to accompany the trapper in looking over his line of traps for the following day. Meanwhile our guest was invited to take a " snack " with us, which he did without difficulty, remaining

after supper until bedtime, when the guide informed him that we were sorry we could not give him a bed or bed-clothing. The trapper answered cheerfully, " This is good enough for me—I will keep the fire up to keep warm "; and our last vision of him for the night showed him curled up before the blaze. In the morning he was up bright and early, had made the fire, and when we discovered him was engaged in thawing the ice from the pails, having already brought fresh water for breakfast. While the guide was packing the " duffle " across the big portage on the second day, I accompanied the trapper to his traps. First he called my attention to a trap set for marten. The method adopted by him was to cut a hole in a hollow, standing tree, insert the end of a pole three inches in diameter and fifteen feet long into the hole, the pole being kept upright by two small sticks arranged in the form of a figure 4; and one of these small sticks had the bait fastened on the farther end. When the marten undertook to take the bait, the bait-stick released the upright, and down came the pole on the fur. The next trap was a beaver

trap, set to decoy the game thus. First, before the trap was set signs of beaver must be fresh. New brush you will notice cut and peeled, fresh signs on the slide, web-footed tracks in the clay and sand, freshly cut alder sticks floating in the water about the slide—all indicate to the experienced trapper that the wary beaver has his home among the drift-wood and fallen tree-tops of the neighboring mountain stream. The trapper selects a place near the foot of the slide, the most suitable for his purpose, to set his trap. As the old beaver is very cunning the trapper proceeds to wade into the water at a point some yards below the slide, digs out a small hole in the bank about three or four inches below the surface of the water, and there fixes his steel trap, all previously set. Around the trap he places a few small upright sticks, requiring the beaver to go right over the pan of the trap in order to reach the scent as arranged. The scent is made by each trapper according to his own fancy, and the nature of it is always guarded with great secrecy; this trapper was very loathe to divulge the ingredients of

his scent, but I managed to learn that he uses the castors and oil of the beaver for the purpose. Out of the water the old trapper drew the beaver, caught by his front foot and drowned by the stone of the trap holding him under the water. After the beaver had been

Reflection through the Cottonwoods.

taken out, the trap was reset for another. The value of the beaver to the trapper varied according to size and condition, my companion informing me that his catch during the winter numbered twenty, averaging him eight dollars apiece.

When looking the traps along the stream which marked the trapper's present operations, we took a canoe, paddling quietly over the smooth surface of the water, which, in its windings between the cottonwood trees furnished a series of beautiful reflections.

His Favorite Position.

Occasionally the trapper would call my attention to signs of the wild, plain enough to the son of the forest but unnoticed by one inexperienced; expressing himself thus as we paddled along, and almost as if half to him-

self: "Fresh beaver track"; "mink after minnows." In a short time I noticed he was examining carefully some tracks along the bank which seemed to be following shore. Getting out, he said, "Old she-bear and two cubs passed here very fresh." Thus we continued for several miles in the most interesting and fascinating way. "There is a beaver swimming just around that bend"; presently a smack resounded from the stroke of the broad tail in the water as he disappeared underneath. "Look at the porcupine in his favorite position." Those were some of the old man's remarks, as he paddled on with me in the canoe beside him, until we reached a little lake.

Looking ahead intently for a few minutes as we passed an angle of the lake he said, "I believe I have a bear"; then as we approached closer he said, "Yes—the tog is gone." In order to reach the trap it was necessary to wade through water and bog up to our knees, whilst the mosquitoes hovered around us in clouds. When we came to the place, we discovered the steel trap and tog were gone. Two or three days previously, my trapper-guide went

on to inform me, he had shot a caribou in the bog and had used it for bait. He constructed a three-quarter circle, or rather arc, of poles driven into the ground, after covering well with brush; and within the circle set his steel trap attached to a log twenty feet long and about six inches in diameter and covered carefully with moss and leaves to conceal it; then the caribou meat was placed back of the trap, but in such a position that old Bruin must pass over the trap in order to get the bait. When the trapper reached his trap the first time, he discovered an eagle in it and his meat all carried away by a bear. He reset his trap, and placed the eagle in it for bait; and when we came along the eagle was still there, but the trap was gone. The trapper started on the trail of the "tog," through the brush, and into the stream. The trail was plain; the earth was turned up, brush peeled, and small trees were gnawed off. Finally we spied old Bruin—in the toils, fast to a good-sized tree, lying down in about a foot of water. As we approached nearer, he made some vain attempts to reach us, and when we walked around him, would

turn around with us, eyeing us cunningly through his small mischievous eyes. Having my 405 along I was requested by the trapper to shoot him in the head. In accordance with instructions, I fired a 405 soft-nose bullet into the shaggy head a little below the eye and the bear fell dead instantly; and after examination we discovered the frightful destruction of the 405. His head was almost a jelly. When I discovered how easy it might be for a would-be bear-hunter to kill his trophies by pursuing a similar course, I naturally asked myself the question: "I wonder how many trophies are obtained in this manner?"

CHAPTER III

A HUNTING TRIP AFTER CARIBOU

IN the closing days of August the call of the wild always comes to affect the even tenor of my ways by an increasing happiness in anticipation of the annual hunt and a diminishing usefulness until the call is answered. It begins with the short walk into the country, where the chipmunk can be seen scurrying along the old stake-and-rider fence, occasionally stopping in the corner for concealment while on its way to cover. When finally it reaches its last stopping place it always takes a good look around, then darts down into a burrow under some stone or old decayed tree.

The little fellow typifies to the hunter his first visitor in camp, prying into the affairs of others, rustling over and under the tent seeking to rob and destroy.

The whirr of the old cock-pheasant startles

one from solitary musings as he makes a plunge for the protection of the giant oak, then a bee-line out of sight, leaving in his wake a whirlwind filled with newly fallen leaves.

The red squirrels working like Trojans

Our First Visitor.

gathering their winter supply of nuts and acorns, disturbed, run up a tree, perch on a limb, and attract attention by their angry stuttering. The leaves of the maple beginning to turn scarlet; the deep purple leaves

of the gum, and the constant falling of the acorns, all remind one that the hunting season is here. The guns must be cleaned, arrangements must be made for the next hunt. What shall I hunt? where shall I go? and like questions come up. In fact, thoughts come crowding in so fast upon me that I must hasten to select time, place, and companions for the coming hunt.

About the first of September found me ready for a hunt after caribou, moose, and deer in New Brunswick. The trip through the Thousand Islands, and down the St. Lawrence, with the shooting of the rapids, was interesting, but I was after bigger game. Arriving at Quebec I lost no time in taking a train at Levis for Campbelltown, my destination by rail.

At Quebec my trunk was to be examined, but it was passed promptly; and right here let me say a kind word about the universally courteous treatment received by me in all my trips into Canada, better treatment than I have received on my return to my own country, with but one exception—that from the cus-

tom-officer at Ashcroff, B. C., whose principal thought seemed to be to give all the trouble and annoyance he possibly could. About midnight I was in the hands of the genial and pleasant proprietor of the Commercial Hotel at Campbellton—Mr. Murray; who looked after my wants carefully and did all in his power to make things pleasant, and aided me considerably in my arrangements for the trip. I had taken " pot luck " about a guide and the fates were with me, for I obtained a good man to whom I will introduce you as the hunt progresses. A busy day followed, and the following day at noon found us ready for the start, with provisions carefully selected, boxed, etc. The trip from Campbellton to Metapedia was by wagon—a distance of thirteen miles. At this point our water journey began, but before starting, considerable preparations had to be made. We were not equipped for the trip up the Restigouche River after the fashion of the Rev. Henry Van Dyke in his " horse-yacht " as described in his *Little Rivers*. Two canoes were lashed together with ropes and poles, a tow-line was attached, about

100 feet long, and two horses with a rider astride were used to do the lining. After all the provisions, camping outfit, hunter, cook,

Up the Restigouche.

and guide—who served also as helmsman—were aboard, we started up the Restigouche for a 70-mile journey.

The trip up the river was interesting: the horses at times swimming the deep places and

again climbing over the rocks like goats; their rider all the time displaying good judgment in guiding his steeds so as to avoid the rapids and shallow places; and his efforts to convey us safely were ably supplemented by the skill of the helmsman, who was also well versed in the methods of ascending the river by the easiest route.

The first day we made nearly sixteen miles and camped about sundown at the foot of a beautifully wooded slope, which gradually ascended to the mountain in the background. The lean-to was pitched in a hurry; a hasty supper followed, and the party were soon wrapped in their blankets and in the land of Nod.

The following morning before the sun had peeped over the hills the double canoes were cutting the current, leaving in their wake two long ripples angling toward the shore line with a combination ripple in the centre. All day long the horses tugged away at the tow-line as mile after mile of the most beautiful country was passed, with fine cottages owned by the votaries of the rod who frequent these abodes

when the salmon are running. The entire river is leased for its fishing, and guardians paid by leaseholders patrol their districts with great care to see that no poaching takes place while you are in their several pools. At the end of our water journey we pitched camp, and while smoking after supper we had a visit from the local guardian. We tried to bribe him to let us cast for a single catch, but all our oratory and moral or immoral suasion was of no avail; for he was loyal to his holder, and when asked to take a social drink, held up his hands, turned his back, as much as to say "Get thee behind me, Satan," and told the following story: "Last year a party of hunters got John Smith, a guardian, drunk, and fished all night; you can't fool me." The next morning the writer was surprised while looking for fresh tracks on the river shore to find a valuable breastpin in the form of two hearts, half imbedded in the silver sand among the pebbles on the shore. Naturally the thought occurred, how could a pin of this sort be lost in the home of the moose? The owner of such a pin could be none other than one of the fair sex, and

what could she have been doing in this wild country? I finally concluded that she might have been the sweetheart of some one, who although a mighty hunter had lost the keepsake and failed to find it against his return.

Our objective point was a small stream called Stillwater, some thirteen miles distant. In order to reach the hunting ground a dense forest of hardwood had to be traversed, along a trail frequented but once a year. The guide, and the rest of the party as his assistants, constructed an improvised sled to handle the equipment; and when this had been packed carefully the horses were attached, and the merry party moved forward, with three of them serving as axemen in the vanguard cutting away the fallen trees, for the passage of the outfit. Some seventy-five trees, large and small, had to be removed in order to get through, but the larger and harder were insignificant before the skilful hands of the woodsmen, hewing straight to the line with the chips flying in all directions. About dusk our permanent camping ground was located, and all were busy as beavers arranging for the

call of the inner man and quarters for the night. The following morning at dawn the nimrod and his guide sallied forth in the crisp air, laden with the perfume of the sweet-scented forest, in search of the noble game.

Our camp was pitched some three miles from Stillwater, in order that the game should not be disturbed in their haunts by the noise and smoke of camp; for the least whiff of man or civilization conveys to the quarry a feeling of dread and a desire to lend distance to the location. Approaching the stream carefully, and while picking our way through the underbrush which lines the margin of the water-bed, we heard the " splash-splash " of water, conveying the information of moose feeding on the lily-pads. Very cautiously we crept through the alder, making as little stir as possible. Presently we could quite plainly hear the splashing in the water below us around a slight bend, where the bushes, projecting into the water, cut off our view. Advancing stealthily we came in full view of a large cow moose and her calf. The sun being directly in the mouth of the kodak, a picture was out of the question.

92 Satisfying the Inner Man.

They gazed at us in wonderment for some time, then walked off leisurely into the bush.

Redirecting our course we followed the bed of an old beaver pond for some distance, to a secluded spot where the guide had drawn his birch-bark canoe into the bush the previous year. After "putting her to rights" she proved to be seaworthy; and as she glided over the water after her long winter nap, I thought of the many useful purposes of the birch, and this "bark" seemed to welcome us to the land of her growth, where she once clothed the giant of her species as it towered majestically over its smaller fellows. From a little tree the birch grows up, and its tender boughs give life and nourishment to the largest known member of the deer tribe. It is bent downward by the weight of the moose as he rides astride for the purpose of browsing on the spring leaves, and again the tree rights itself after the passing of the moose. The grouse gorges its craw with the buds in the early spring and looks down at the fox passing along harmlessly underneath.

In the midst of all it grows and grows until one day along comes the nimrod, takes out his

jack-knife, makes a long cut in the bark, peels and forms a horn to lure the moose in the rutting season. From furnishing the starting of the campfire to its last usefulness, when its size commends its bark for fashioning into a canoe and this glides over the surface of the water, it is truly the friend of the child of nature.

We continued our journey up-stream for several miles—always on the alert for a glimpse of caribou or moose, for signs were plentiful. Several times we caught glimpses of cow moose as they disappeared into the bush. One old cow stood her ground looking at us until we approached quite close, and remained until a flock of ducks floating down-stream were put to flight by our presence. Then she made for cover in haste, with mane erect, ears laid back, as though she disliked very much to be disturbed in her haunts. Returning to camp we found the teamster had left for his home with the horses; and Archie, the cook, had a supper ready worthy of his calling. Tired, but with no vestige of hunger left unsatisfied, we retired to our bed of balsam-fir tips; and sweet was the sleep after a day of

rustling through the forest for big game. The following morning, long before daylight, the pots and pans were clattering in preparation for the hasty breakfast, and about the time old Sol was reflecting his dawning twilight through the stately trees, three figures in single file were making all haste to the beaver meadow, filled with happy anticipation in view of the plentiful signs of the previous day. In order that the ascent of the creek might be made without noise, the cook and guide played beaver and reconstructed the old dam and backed the water up for more than a mile; thus we were able to paddle the canoe over the shoals quietly and without getting out. Ascending the stream as far as possible we stopped at a likely place for game; and while sitting on the bank we were beset with the black flies hovering about us like a swarm of bees; but our exposed surface being anointed with a mixture of tar, castor oil, and pennyroyal in the ratio of three, two, and one, they would come within lighting distance, when away they would go around and around in ever increasing and disturbing

The Bushes Parted.

numbers. Occasionally the anointing bottle was called upon to answer the growing call, and renewed the protection for the tender-hides. In the midst of our experience with the myriad of flies, the bushes parted on the opposite side of the creek, revealing a monster cow moose in the act of taking in the situation. In a short time she turned around, crest of stiff hair erect, and returned into the swamps as quietly as she appeared. I have often wondered how large game can travel through dense woods and thickets so quietly, especially large bull moose with their huge antlers. They seem to be able to select the most suitable places, throw their Roman noses high in the air, antlers reclining backward over their back, and just disappear into the distances.

Sabbath day we observed by visiting White Brook Falls; and we were well paid by the solitary grandeur of the falls with its picturesque surroundings. The cold clear water with its white-crested ripples came tumbling down the rocks, gathering momentum for the final jump over the falls down into the hole at the base, there to seethe and boil over the

rim to make a new start on its way to the Patapedia River, a tributary of the Restigouche. Thus we spent the day looking through nature up to Nature's God.

An early start was made the following morning, remembering the old adage, "The early bird gets the worm." An hour at dawn is worth more than two after sun-up; consequently we made haste for the stream, and by the time the night owl was hooting its farewell call, before retiring for the day, the little canoe, headed up-stream, was stealing along briskly with never a sound to disturb the dead stillness of the situation. Reaching the head of navigation, we struck through the woods for several miles.

In hunting through the timber every step of the way is interesting. The startled chewink, disturbed in its scratching for earth-worms and larvæ, rises ten or twelve feet, lights upon a limb, and utters its characteristic calls, "to-which, to-wee." The old spruce partridge with his feathers ruffled struts around in his self-conceit, uttering sharp notes of alarm at our approach. Time and again our attention was

attracted by some new condition or object of nature, as expectingly we hunted the timber land. Like to the change when the cloud passes from before the sun, causing a sudden burst of sunshine, was our emerging from the dense forest into a meadow created by the toiling little beaver during the years before; now all that remained of what was once an industrious settlement were the ruins of the old dam, stumps of trees, and meadow grass. On the moss-covered logs, soft as the down of the eider, we sat for more than an hour watching and waiting for caribou or moose. Being doomed to disappointment we were obliged at length to turn towards camp through a country full of signs of game. While returning in the canoe with a strong head wind we ran right into three or four caribou feeding along the bank of the stream. The guide called my attention to one of the caribou not more than thirty feet away. When standing upright in the boat I could just see the top of his back. Both male and female have horns, consequently it is quite difficult to distinguish the difference in the sex. Taking aim I pulled

the trigger; in the very act of doing so I noticed a perceptible tilt of the canoe. Feeling I had missed I jumped for shore; but just as I put my feet on terra firma, in quite another direction I saw a large bull travelling swiftly with his swinging trot towards cover; this, however, he never reached, for his doom had been sealed otherwise, and his head adorns the author's den,—not a large trophy, but admired by many friends.

In the meantime we had forgotten about the first caribou, and when finally we turned our attention in that direction, I was surprised, agreeably, to see her—for it was a cow—trotting across the meadow at full speed with a yearling beside her, making a rattling noise by the striking of dew-claws. Considerable time had elapsed since the report of the first rifle-shot until I saw her again—impressing upon me the truth of the accredited habit of the caribou to tarry a little longer, thus giving their enemies a second chance.

The greater part of our time was spent in patrolling the water backward and forward on the alert for game. Quite frequently the canoe

would glide along within thirty or forty yards of caribou, moose, and deer; and invariably, if the wind was favorable, they would let us get even closer before taking to the woods. It is quite evident they rely almost entirely upon their sense of smell in taking alarm from enemies. Early in the morning succeeding the day of shooting the caribou, we started for the hardwood timber after bull moose,—it being evident that they were not travelling much; for their ladies were all alone in their wanderings along the stream. With antlers covered with velvet and tender, the bulls prefer to select some secluded spot to browse from the young shoots and leaves, travelling as little as possible until the velvet is rubbed partially from their horns. It is about this time that their thoughts begin to turn towards their lady-loves. During the rut they scour the country, grunting as they go, ready and willing to fight anything in their frenzied love. The following story was told me by a friend and I can vouch for its authenticity.

I shall tell it in the Doctor's own language as nearly as possible: "We had been hunting

A Caribou Trophy.

all day without any success, and were just about to return to camp when the guide called my attention to a large bull moose standing within easy rifle-shot. After shooting I discovered he was wounded, and followed his trail quite a distance, by the blood. Being a long way from camp, and night fast approaching, we decided to give up the chase and return the next day. When we started to return to camp, being tired, I requested the Indian guide to carry my gun. We were going along without a thought for trouble, when suddenly the bushes parted, and the bull made a charge. The Indian shouted 'Run!' and I tell you, if I ever ran in my life, I ran for that tree—one fifteen or twenty yards ahead of me—and just as I got there I looked around and saw Mr. Bull scooping up the Indian on his antlers. By dint of heroic efforts the Indian had worked himself to a position between the antlers, with one arm around each in such a way that both the eyes of the moose were covered. By this time the moose had reached a reclining tree, from which the Indian braced himself with his feet; at the same time shouting, 'Shoot

him, Doctor! shoot him, Doctor!' I advanced cautiously from my tree and inquired as to the whereabouts of my gun, when he informed me he had dropped it where the moose first struck him. I engineered my way towards it as quickly as possible, and having got it, returned to the scene, when the Indian told me to shoot him (the bull) in the head; but I was afraid of the ball glancing and killing the Indian. I took aim for the heart, and let go; then the Indian said, 'Give him another in the same place.' I felt the quivers go through the moose that time; whereupon I shot again, and down he went. The Indian being slow to get out of his perilous position, I requested him to get, whereupon he answered, 'Not before he is all dead.' The Indian was not seriously hurt; but his clothing was almost torn from his body."

It is always an interesting problem how and where to pitch the tent. That day we selected a treeless spot in the heart of the forest, as though nature had designed it for just such a purpose—a little circular sun spot at noon—in the centre of which we erected the 10 by 12

wall-tent; tall trees, chiefly birches and balsams, surrounding the enclosure at a radius of several rods' distance from the tent. One by one the many-colored leaves were dropping from the trees, making a rustling noise in their descent, and gradually covering the earth, creating conditions very unfavorable for stalking game. Towards evening the trees began to sway backward and forward at their tops, as the wind started to rise. As the wind increased, clouds gathered, and all signs known to backwoodsmen, from the circle around the moon on the previous night to the croaking of frogs, indicated a storm and rain. All night long the wind whistled through the forest; and as I lay on my balsam couch the trees creaked and groaned, reminding us of the possibility of one of them letting go at the roots and coming crashing down upon us. Occasionally we could hear a crashing noise in some one direction, then in another, caused by the forest trees falling, cut by the invisible axe of old Jove.

Through it all we could hear the screeching and scampering of wood-rats as they gambolled over the tent as if at a game of hide-and-

seek, till finally I entered the land of dreams and slept until the guide called me in the morning—when he informed me that he had not slept all night for fear of limbs or trees falling on the tent! In the morning it began to rain; and there followed little bursts of sunshine, little showers of rain, all day long. The greater part of the day was spent in preparing the trophy—the caribou shot the preceding day. A tub was made from birch bark and filled with brine made from salt; into this pickle the skin was placed for curing, being left undisturbed for several days, after which it was removed from the tub, stretched on a frame of four sticks, and rubbed thoroughly with alum to preserve it against blowflies; at the same time, also, the skull was carefully cleaned of all meat—to render the whole trophy ready for packing.

The day after the rain was very hot in the sun, and the flies were thickest when the sun was hottest. We waited until evening before going down the stream: the morning and the evening being the best times to be on the still hunt for game. Towards evening the guide,

Tom, said, "Let us get down the stream; it seems to me I heard the thump, thump of a moose in the water below here." So we all got into the canoe, with Tom in the bow and Archie in the stern. The water was calm—not a ripple on the surface as the canoe glided quietly down; and the silence of the scene was complete, save at times for the noisy rattle of a belted kingfisher, as he left his solitary perch on some old dead limb, to make a dive into the water, with a splash, for fish. Suddenly the quick, experienced ear of Tom detected the "splash-splash" of something in the water below, around a short turn in the stream. Tom then beckoning Archie to go quietly, they pushed the canoe to the bank, when Tom and the nimrod slipped ashore, where, after peering industriously through the brush, Tom declared, "Another cow moose." The moose took the alarm and started for the woods, but just as it reached the shore Tom discovered it was a young bull with his bell and short horns. After he had gone some yards Tom executed a call in imitation of a cow, and the bull stopped suddenly at about 150 yards'

distance, then quickly hastened to the woods. We had travelled some four or five hundred yards, finding our way quietly and stealthily along, when Tom threw up his hand in the usual sign of warning to keep us very quiet—thus indicating his expectations of the presence of more game round the next bend. He rounded the point as close to the shore-line as possible, hastily shot the canoe into a little cove beyond, as listening, we could hear the "splash-splash" of some large animal rounding the next curve below. Still as mice we waited, excitedly wondering what prize we were about to draw. While keenly watching to see what it was, Tom whispered, "Get your gun ready: it might be a bull moose." At the next minute round came the head of a cow moose not more than thirty yards away. After watching her a few minutes Tom gave a moose call and she threw up her head, sniffed the air, and started for the swamp, stopping a minute on shore before disappearing in the bush. We reached the end of our water journey about dark; from which point we had a three miles' walk to camp through a dense

forest of spruce and birch, so dark that our return to camp would have been impossible if the foresight of the guide had not provided for this in the shape of torches made out of the bark of the birch tree; and these threw a good light about us as we tramped on through the dense woods under the falling night. After eating supper, consisting of broiled caribou, boiled potatoes, etc., we all retired early.

The following morning was cloudy, with every indication for rain, but after breakfast as usual we started for Stillwater, reaching there about 7 o'clock. Our canoe needed mending, having the previous day sprung a leak; but with a mixture of rosin and grease boiled together the sides were soon made water-tight again, and we glided smoothly over the water, with the lookout at the helm. At a turn in the bank came the signal for silence from the guide, indicating game ahead. All hands became on the alert and full of expectations as to what the quarry might be. Should perchance one of us exceed the minimum of noise considered rightfully his portion, old Tom, combined guide and helmsman, could be

seen looking back with an expression of disapproval on his face, and often would say in his quaint Irish dialect, "Ar-r-chie, not so much noise with your paddle; we must get a bull moose yet." Then would follow the remark from him "Another cow," and with this remark all interest at once abated. Going a few hundred yards further we sighted a deer in the water; this being new game, new interest centred in the doe. She was in the water at more than 100 yards' distance from us; and it was decided after a short discourse between the trio that the nimrod should try a shot. After carefully adjusting the Eastman, click went the shutter and off went the deer. After the taking of her picture, the lookout was replaced in the bow of the canoe, and off we went up-stream again in search of a bull moose. We did not see any more game until returning down water, when another cow moose was seen feeding.

While waiting for an answer to a love-call of the birch-bark horn Tom told the following story: "Last fall I had old General H., a retired officer of the English army, out here

for a hunt. The old General had come all the way from England to kill a moose, and, as he

Another Cow.

said, had hunted in Africa, India, and Asia for big game. One evening we were out calling just at this point. You know, to be successful,

a call every twenty minutes is about right. Finally we got an answer, and the General insisted upon me calling every few minutes. We heard the bull answer several times in the distant valley, but in the meantime the General was getting very impatient and restless, occasionally standing up to get the kinks out of his back. The bushes parted on the other side of the water not more than 15 yards away and out came the biggest set of antlers I had seen for many a day. The General seemed to lose his head and forgot he had a gun, for he stood looking at the noble animal, until I said, 'General, are n't you going to shoot?' In answer he said, ''T ain't a very good shot.' I then placed the big end of the horn between my legs, gave a grunt as though it came from the bowels of the earth: forthwith the bull made one jump, landed in the middle of the stream looking up and down, and although we were standing in full view with bushes to our middle, he had not seen us. In the meantime the General stood as though paralyzed and made no attempt to shoot. Presently I whispered, 'Shoot!' He, turning partly around,

answered, 'Did you say, "Shoot?"' Then on his lifting the gun to his shoulder the muzzle revolved in a circle. I reached up, took a hold of his gun, and tried to steady the stock for the shot. During the excitement the gun went off, and much to my surprise down went the moose; and after an examination we discovered he was shot in the neck. As soon as he fell the General dropped his gun, and into the water he jumped, up to his middle. When he reached the moose he began to pull at his antlers, calling to me to pull his head out of the water; stooping he kissed the Roman nose, exclaiming at the same time, 'Oh, you are a beauty! I came all the way from England for *you*'; then he proceeded to climb onto the moose's back, and from that position made the finest speech I ever heard."

The party started for camp at the usual time, reaching it about 7 o'clock. The next morning the cook was up by break of day and had breakfast ready for an early start for the hunting grounds. Tom and the nimrod started, and left the cook in camp to bake bread. Our destination was reached without

any game having been seen; but about half way back on our return trip, Tom, standing in the bow of the canoe, on reaching the "pint," as he called it, whispered, "A big bull." Our canoe was pushed ashore noiselessly, and we landed with Tom in the lead and the hunter with his .30-30 ready for action, bringing up the rear. Stealthily we picked our way through the brush and old trees, Tom whispering by times such advice as, "Be careful you don't 'stamp' on the twigs"; "make no noise, on your life." In this fashion we crawled and walked for about two hundred yards, our feet at every step going into the soft moss up to our ankles; when in a soft whisper Tom said, "There he is; let him have it; be careful you put it into the right place." Looking over some alder right in front of me I saw the monarch—reminding me of the pachyderm of the prehistoric age—feeding at the edge of the water about one hundred yards away, standing broad-side. Bang! went the gun, and you could hear the dull thud of the leaden missile striking his side. He threw up his magnificent head, and started directly

across the water, making it splash in all directions; in the meantime bang! went the gun a second time, and there was another thud, whilst he was still going across the water. At this moment old Tom let a call out of him, and this brought the bull to a full stop for a brief second or two, when bang! went another ball on its death-dealing mission, and again he started in full flight. Then suddenly turning, he came straight towards us; but by this time the gun was empty, taking several seconds to reload, which seemed an uncommonly long time. As soon as the gun was loaded Tom dropped his axe and made a grab for the gun, began to pull the gun out of my hands. In the excitement I persisted in shooting my gun and refused to let go. In the meantime the bull was getting dangerously close and made the water fly in all directions as he made his mad charge, until he reached within ten yards of us, when he changed his mind. He now headed again for shore, when bang! went the gun again, but in the excitement a little wild of the mark; the bull had reached a point about ten yards from the water, when he made

a headlong plunge into the brush, and the guide said, "That ends him." During the excitement old Tom was saying, "Don't get excited, put them into the right place"; and when he saw him fall he put up a wild hurrah, at the same time executing a species of Irish jig, then walked up to me, and said, "Well done, old boy! I knew you would bring him; you are the best shot I have ever had out with me." I thought to myself, "I pity the other fellows." He extended, too, his large, brawny hand, and the hand-shake he gave me was warm and sincere, as he kept repeating, "Good shot; good shot," and when we reached the water he lifted me off my feet and carried me over to the other side, where we danced round a ring in the mire almost to our knees, chanting the death knell of the king of the forest. In a short time Archie arrived with the canoe, so the Nimrod pulled out of his pocket a new ten-dollar bill, tore it in half, giving half to the guide and half to the cook; whereupon Archie mounted the moose's body, gave us a little dance, and delivered his thanks, stuttering so horribly that it was dif-

ficult to understand him. Archie Miles was a character well worth mentioning. He was a little hard of hearing and stuttered a great deal in talking; and the first thing he said when he came up was this, "Wha-wha-wha-what-what th-th-the h-h-h— wer-wer-were you sh-sh-shooting at?" "A bull moose," old Tom informed him. "I-I-I kn-kne-knew it it mu-mus-mus-must be bi-bi-big g-ga-gam-game or th-the d-de-de-devil," was Archie's rejoinder.

The next thing in order was to skin the trophy and dress it. After skinning we found that four of the balls had entered the body without ever passing through the opposite side of the hide, it being very tough; three of them had penetrated a little behind the shoulder and through the lights, and any one of them would have produced death in time. After being dressed the trophy was then taken to our temporary camp at the luncheon-ground.

A brief description of Tom, the guide, might not be out of place here. He was about fifty years old, about six feet tall, with a powerful

physique, but a little lame from rheumatism—a typical hunter and trapper, having spent his whole life in the woods, and at the time not a handsome man by any means; he wore his moccasins, knit coat, and slouch hat, a real character of his calling, and his face, which had not been shaved or washed for ten days, was black from the oil used to drive away the flies and mosquitoes. From the day he left home to the time he returned he never fired a shot from his gun—in fact it was always left in the tent. When asked why he did not carry his gun his reply was, "Did not come out to shoot; that is your business, to kill the game." His weapons of defence and inseparable companions were his long knife and axe, in the use of both of which he was very skilful.

The moose was then hung on trees and bags tied about it to keep the blow-flies from spoiling it, and a fire placed under for the same purpose, as the flies were very numerous and persistent. After hunting till dusk, Archie shouldered the mooseskin, Tom

the head, and the hunter the etceteras, and away we went through the woods for our headquarters camp.

Sunday was a beautiful day, the sun shining brightly through the trees, the moose-birds flying hither and thither in large numbers eating the scraps of meat, soap, and any other thing they could find, the red squirrels sporting around the camp, very tame, and the many warblers flitting around the tree-tops—altogether an ideal day of rest for the hunter.

Monday morning all parties were up and ready to start for the happy hunting-grounds before five o'clock. The morning was bright, the sun shining, and a slight breeze blowing, the above conditions being very favorable for stealing on the game for a snap-shot if sighted. As the canoe was gliding quietly over the even surface of the water the guide whispered: "There is a deer in the water ahead of us; let us keep quiet and slip on to it while it is feeding." When we first saw it it was some three hundred yards distant, and when we reached one half of the distance the deer threw up its head and we saw it was a large doe. She con-

tinued to look at us until we were within fifty yards of her, when with a snort she jumped on to the bank, then walked not more than ten yards away, where she stopped to look at us while we passed her not more than twenty yards away. She followed our course along the bank for more than one hundred yards, when she stopped to give a series of sniffs and snorts, pawing the earth with her hoofs, and the last we saw of her was her white tail going through the brush. We continued our journey up to the head of the dead-water, where we landed and waited for an hour before returning down-stream. As we were going carefully along, on reaching a point about two hundred yards from a bend, we sighted a large cow moose on the shore; and it being the rutting season, the guide said, "Keep perfectly quiet; there might be a bull around with the cow." He at the same time pushed our canoe toward shore, where the cow having seen us had started for the forest. Going on shore and stalking our way carefully we were rewarded for our pains by seeing a large bull some three hundred feet away; but

the wind blowing strongly from us toward the moose made it very difficult for us to get close to him; Tom expressed the opinion, "I am afraid you will not get a snap shot this time." I was just getting ready to take his picture when he threw up his head, pricked his ears, and started toward us on a lope. We waited so long as he continued to approach us; why he advanced towards us we did not understand—because he saw us and even took his stand in the open—whether it was from his curiosity to make out what we were, or his spirit of fight in the rutting season. He came within one hundred and fifty feet of where we stood, stopped a few minutes, and then started at a rapid gait for the timber in the opposite direction. Just at this time another big bull walked out of a little clump of bushes into the water and started across the stream in the direction opposite from the other bull and in the same direction the cow had taken. When he arrived in the middle of the water, he stopped, looked at us, and shook his massive head—not more than one hundred feet from us; and a fine sight he was, with the

velvet from his horns all torn and hanging in shreds from the prongs and partly covering his head. The sun being in the wrong place it was impossible to get a picture; so my attention was directed towards the larger of the bulls going through a bog, and I took a snap shot at him when he was on the move, but he apparently paid no attention to the shot, merely looked back as he was going, and soon disappeared in the bush. The shot of course brought poor results.

The hunt was over; we had killed all the game the law would allow. The guide took a trip back to the temporary camp to pack out a load of meat, while I stayed in headquarters camp skinning the heads and getting them in order for packing. After properly caring for the trophies for shipment, we retired for the night.

About 5 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a buzzing noise in the tent, and to my surprise discovered a little wren had got into the tent. It continued to fly backward and forward trying to get out, but unable to find an opening, until, as it was passing, I

caught it with my hand and turned it loose. The little inquisitive fellow was evidently attracted by the warmth of the tent and had passed a portion of the frosty morning under its shelter.

Ducks Skimming over the Water.

At 7 o'clock we were ready to start for home, and getting under way reached the Restigouche River in good time, where we had noonday lunch.

Our trip down the river was interesting. By this time the trees were clothed in all the colors

of the rainbow; the evergreens intermingled with the many-colored leaves of the hard-wood, making a picture that baffles description. The current being strong the boats glided swiftly over the rapids, mile after mile through deep gorges and around short turns, with always interesting things to be seen by a student of nature. The salmon would dart for cover as the boat passed along. Occasionally ducks feeding along the shore would take wing, with a quack, quack, skim over the water, and disappear around a bend.

To adapt the language of Longfellow in his description of the Rhine: there is hardly a mile in the whole course of the Restigouche, from its cradle in the highlands of New Brunswick to its grave in the sands of Chaleur Bay, which boasts not its peculiar charms.

CHAPTER IV

A HUNTING TRIP IN OLD MEXICO

WITH the thermometer below zero in latitude 43° north, a start was made for big game in the land of the greasers, and as the "iron horse" covered the ground toward the land of perpetual mild weather, the trip was only the ordinary until the borders of the foreign land were reached at El Paso. A great deal of red tape was experienced before I got through the lines with baggage and guns; but by perseverance and the assistance of the general manager of the Sierra Madre Railroad who happened to be an old fellow-townsman and who did all in his power to get my equipment past customs without duty, furnishing the bond for guarantee of the return of the firearms to "God's own country," the ordeal was finally overcome.

With my passport I managed to avoid a great deal of the inconvenience and annoyance that most passengers are subjected to, in order to pass the fifteen-mile neutral zone.

Twelve hours of a tedious ride over a country void of interest, and sparsely settled, terminated at Casas Grandes, where a hack was waiting to take passengers for Colonipecheo. The ride in the stage was through a country almost uninhabited, and on the way we had quite an experience. The author and the driver of the hack sat in the front seat of the coach, the rear seat being occupied by an old lady and her daughter going to a little Mormon settlement. We were proceeding along at a rapid gait, busily talking, when, without warning, right in our ears to either side of the vehicle, in the dark, still night we were startled by the bang! bang! of guns—the reports coupled with the flashes causing our horses to bound madly along the lonely desert at a break-neck speed, totally beyond control of the driver. In the instant of their passing we saw two horsemen travelling at full speed, one to either side of us, and shooting at the same

time as they disappeared wildly ahead of us into the darkness. Simultaneously, almost, an expression from the rear seat caused us to turn round, just in time to see the old lady faint away. After giving her a good drink of old Monongahela we had the satisfaction of seeing her spirits speedily revive, and soon everything was lovely again; and we all decided that the incident was but a lark of two tipsy Mexican cowboys.

Indeed, it was not long before the spirits began to manifest themselves with musical effect, and the sweetness of the desert air was disturbed by the old lady and her daughter enchanting the company with a song entitled *'T is my Bonny Blue-eyed Scotch Lassie Jean.* Song succeeded song, until sometime in the wee hours of the morn we arrived at our point of destination by the stage.

After a couple of hours' needed rest, the hunter was again on the road toward the happy hunting ground selected by him for the trip—from early dawn until midnight crossing two ridges of the Sierra Madre in a two-horse buggy, with nothing of great interest along

the route to break the monotony, except a long dry spell without vestige of water. The end of the day's ride marked the end of cvilization also, and we put up for the night in a comfortable country home, with two wives and two sets of children living together, apparently happy and contented, in true Mormon fashion.

A day of rest for the nimrod, and of preparation on the part of the guide hired for the occasion, in getting ready for the trip, was rendered interesting to the former in the contrast of a climate so vastly different from the blizzard of the North, fascinating yet full of invigoration for the successful enterprise of the hunt after peccary and mountain lion. When the preparations were about completed for the start, we noticed a lone horseman winding his way down the mountain-side towards the Mormon house; with his Mexican hat and typical hunting costume, he rode into the yard with all the air of a high local official, and ere long his mission was made fully known to us by his demanding the production of the hunter's permit to hunt in that district. His de-

129 Shoeing the Horse.

mand was flatly refused by the individual in question, although he claimed to be the game warden of the district; and that he was not entitled to either ask or grant any permit of the kind afterwards conclusively appeared by events. But this gentleman was nothing but a smart Yankee who had travelled South and had advertised extensively for suckers who would bite at the rate of four dollars a day for permission to hunt over a vast tract of Mexican country that this ingenious Yankee claimed to have leased for hunting purposes,—which claim, as we subsequently learned, was not true. Suffice it to say, the big bluff and the Yankee-Mexican game-warden went down to the same common undoing. We were soon on our way with pack and equipment in apple-pie order for a two weeks' trip in the mountains after javilin, mountain lion, deer, etc. Our first day's travel was a steady climb—up and up we went, a gradual ascent for hours, until, before we reached the summit, it had become apparent that it would be impossible for us to reach water before nightfall, necessitating

our travelling the steep descent on the other side after dark. After several hours' winding in and out around and over large rocks, trees, and impediments of all kinds, we were relieved to reach the little run which was our goal for the night, without any serious mishap to man or pack. While the guide hobbled the horses and turned them loose, fire was started and coffee boiled by the cook. Before long hot coffee, meat, and potatoes were served; and while eating we received unexpected company from a ranch near by, of whose existence we had no previous knowledge. But these Mexicans from the ranch came strolling in by twos, until camp became one whirl of excitement with visitors. After satisfying their first curiosity as to ourselves, our visitors began to play a game called "sanpeet," which was exciting for its newness and interesting because all hands were expected to join in. One of the party would bury his face in his Mexican hat, held in the arm of another, at the same time stooping so that his body was at right angles with his legs. The rest of the players then forming a circle around the stooped form,

one of the number with flat hand would strike the unfortunate one on the part most distended by this peculiar choice of position, with all his skill and strength—when it was the duty of the party struck to name the person

By Twos.

who hit him; otherwise he was required to guess again. The author entered the game for the purpose of demonstrating that he was a hail-fellow-well-met even among an unknown quality. It became evident, however, before the game proceeded very much far-

ther that there was a well-laid plot to get the Yankee in the stooped position, and by dint of treachery on the part of one of the Spanish-speaking players, they soon succeeded in getting an opportunity to bang the author. In the excitement of the game, the author forgot that he had a small flask of mescal in his pistol-pocket, until this came in sudden contact with the fiercely delivered blow of one of the other players, bent on punishing the unfortunate one too strongly—when, from a wringing of the hand and expressions of pain due to having smashed the bottle, there was no trouble in choosing the player who had struck the blow. After an explanation accepted by the injured one, the game was again proceeded in and continued for several hours, when the visiting coterie disappeared homeward, after an all-around shaking of hands. In a short interval from the departure of the last of our visitors, we had wrapped ourselves in the bed-clothing, and with nothing between us and the stars overhead we slept the delicious sleep that follows exercise in the open, until the streaks of dawn cast their rays over the eastern hills.

It was not without considerable anxiety that I pitched my bed thus on the bare ground, from fear of bad results in view of a severe cold contracted on a previous hunt, and still hanging to me. For six long weeks I had been coughing, until my physician had ordered me southward to get rid of a bronchitis that seemed proof against his skill and invocation of drugs; hence my anxiety at any so heroic treatment, but, as though by a miracle, the cough and bronchitis left forthwith.

While the guide was getting the horses together for an early start the coffee-pot was boiling over, filling the pure air with the aroma so pleasant to the hungry camper. Breakfast over, dishes washed in cold water and scoured with sand, and the pack adjusted, the pleasant voice of the guide rang out in the keen, brisk atmosphere, "All aboard"; then the pack horses were turned loose, and—promptly started down the valley in a wrong direction, to the rattle of pots and pans, keeping a sort of jangling time with the clatter of their hoofs, whilst the guide in hot pursuit made the air blue with his objurgations until

he overtook them and headed them round in the right direction. When the proper start was accomplished, away we went up the valley, travelling hour after hour until water had almost disappeared from the creek, with only here and there a water-hole marking its bed, whilst darkness was fast approaching. "Let 's camp here for the night—plenty of feed and water for the horses"; thus at length the guide spoke, as he jumped from his horse and started in to perform the necessary camp-work for our comfort before retiring. So we camped there that night.

The next morning we started bright and early for game, our appetites craving fresh meat; for we had none of us tasted any for a week. The camp was surrounded by tall dry grass, and from fear of fire running a plentiful supply of water was thrown on the embers of our camp-fire to extinguish every possible spark. For just at that time towards the south the heavens were black with smoke —suggesting to us that some careless person had caused the destruction of a great deal of valuable timber and days of hard work for

many men, who must labor hard to gain control of so fierce a forest fire, which indeed, as we subsequently learned, raged over a vast timber tract. With the .30-30 ready on the hunter's part for action, we plodded our way up a hill, our senses keenly on the alert. "There goes a deer," said the guide. Instinctively the gun went up ready for action, just as the game stopped,—a small doe, that turned around and looked innocently towards us and then cantered off up the hill, continuing to glance back occasionally at us until lost to view over the ridge. Arrived at the top of the hill, and cautiously peeping over, we saw seven or eight deer grazing in a little draw, and picking out a buck, the nimrod fired, but owing to a little rise intervening we were unable to determine whether this deer was hit or not, the distance being considerable. Pumping another shell into the magazine, I fired at another buck for they had not become alarmed but were walking off leisurely up another hill. As the second shot rang out the buck fell, but immediately jumped up and followed the others. It was evident he was

badly wounded, so we ran down to get another shot before he should disappear. Approaching the spot where we last saw him, and looking in that direction, there standing at not more than fifty yards' distance we saw a large buck staring at us in wonderment. The guide said, "There he stands; shoot him." After shooting and killing him, we discovered it was not the wounded deer, but another which evidently with his companions had not been educated to fear the deadly modern rifle, indicating that they had never been hunted before. Returning upon the traces of the deer which had been wounded, we found him also dead; consequently we had plenty of fresh meat for our larder. Although this was the only big game killed on the trip, we did not lack fresh meat throughout, the air being so dry that by simply hanging the meat up it would keep almost indefinitely, and what we did not eat the guide packed to his home.

We had been informed that in what was known as the "hole," a deep canyon dividing the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, game was plentiful,—mountain lion, peccary, and

bear; for that, owing to an impression that had been circulated that some bad Indians made their rendezvous there, and that there were no trails into it, few if any ever descended its sides. The following morning early, after our successful deer-shoot, we were standing on the rim overlooking the "hole," fully determined upon taking our outfit down into it for a week's hunt. After examining miles of the rim for a starting place, we at length chose a spot which could hardly be called inviting for such a venture, except by contrast with all other parts; and, dismounting, we made a bold start down the almost perpendicular side. Zigzagging backward and forward between the rocks, leading and pulling upon our animals by a long rope attached to their halters, and fully expecting at times, as we looked back at them almost vertically up the rope, to see them come tumbling down on top of us, we were frequently in doubt as to what the end of the journey would be. Finally, after hours of toil, weary and tired but hopeful throughout, we reached the bottom in safety. For that night we turned the horses

139 Hobbling a Horse.

loose with hobbles, feeling assured they would not attempt to go homeward, especially as there was plenty of feed and water. Following a good supper and restful slumber for ourselves, the next morning, after breakfast, found us travelling down the valley—for we had entered near its source, and our information was that game was more plentiful in its lower parts; so we were anxious to reach the likely places at once. Tall, stately pines grew upon either side of the beautiful stream flowing along the floor of the valley, as it meandered its rippling way towards the Pacific. Occasionally the call of jays resounded sharp and clear in the still air, as they sported among the pines; and several species of woodpecker were observed as they flew from tree to tree, and their busy, hammering thud could be heard in all directions. Frequently the noise of our advance startled the graceful white-tails, while quenching their morning thirst; and with a bound they would forsake the run —occasionally looking back in evident wondering as to what strange beings we were and what we were doing there, as they trotted off

leisurely up the side of the canyon. Towards the middle of the day the sun was well-nigh unbearable, its rays beating almost directly down upon us with not a breath of air to temper the fierce heat—the almost perpendicular walls of the "hole" rendering conditions almost those of an oven. We spent two days in hunting the canyon, descending for a distance of fifteen miles, examining every nook and crook for signs of lion and javilin; but not a single trace of either did we find, although there were plentiful signs of deer and quite a few fresh signs of turkey. After trying for a whole day to find a trail out of the "hole" from the neighborhood to which we had descended, without success, we decided to retrace the trail back to our point of entry—thoroughly disgusted with the result of the incursion. While hunting around the rim in our exodus to the outside world again, we accidentally came upon a tent, occupied by a solitary individual, eccentric and peculiar. His little tent was pitched in the centre of a seven-foot stake-and-rider fence; and as we approached, the occupant, an old man, greeted

us warmly and invited us within the enclosure, and in answer to the question "Where 's your door?" remarked, "Over the top, or squeeze between the rails." The old man was brewing tea from herbs, and cordially invited us to take of the beverage, "good" as he expressed it, "for the stomach," and of some dry raw venison which he had chopped real fine. After conversing a little while, we discovered that he was an educated man and a graduate of a Southern college; and in answer to the question "Are n't you lonely here?" he responded cheerfully, "You are the only persons I have seen for six months, but it 's simply a glorious life; and I want to spend the balance of my days right here." We then said, "Why don't you get a little wife to share your enjoyment?" At this his countenance dropped and he looked steadily into the fire for several minutes without saying a word, as though his thoughts were wandering back to his younger days. At length he drew a sigh as of relief, and said, "No, never, never"; shaking his head, and continuing his gaze into the fire that brewed his tea of herbs. We then realized

that there was a romance somewhere many years before in the old man's early life—else, why should he be staying here in filth and squalor alone, with, as his only symbol of human companionship, a human skull, that adorned a stump at the entrance of his tent—gazing at you disturbingly through its ghostly orbits—till as I reached for it the old man cautioned me to be careful and handle with care, as he prized it very much, stating that he had "found it right over yonder," representing, as he supposed, some poor fellow who had wandered into the mountains and perished.

Being anxious to learn something of his life, we persuaded him as he sat on a log eating his raw venison and drinking his tea brewed from herbs amid his grewsome associations (deer horns, jaw-bones, and hoofs being thrown promiscuously about his circular yard within its stake-and-rider fence) to tell us of himself. And the grizzled, unkempt creature told the following story: "Well, many, many years ago I lived in the Sunny South, and practised medicine among the inhabitants of a small village in southern Georgia. I was engaged to

a beautiful girl and life's future had much in store for me. When the war broke out, I enlisted in the Southern army, was captured and sent North, as a prisoner of war. In due time I escaped into Canada; and after the close of the war returned home to find that things were not the same. No; I shall never marry." Thus, and with this brief account, we left the hermit in his happiness, and returned ourselves towards civilization; before we parted, by request he posed for his picture with all the pride of a blushing school girl; but unfortunately the photograph was not good.

The camera several times almost got us into trouble. There seemed to be a well-seated antipathy towards the kodak fiend, and from what could be learned a superstition was prevalent among the natives that to come under its power foreboded bad luck. One day, in a market-place, the writer with his kodak in hand observed an old lady seated on a barrel serving hot tamales, soup, etc., to three Mexicans seated on a bench in front of her with their large sombreros and blankets wrapped

around them. The quartette presented an interesting subject to commemorate, and the kodak-artist stood gazing at them longing for a snap and wondering whether they would stand fire or not. While thus facing the question doubtfully, the artist beheld a typical American cow-puncher standing by his side.

The following dialogue ensued:

Artist. "You speak English?"

Cowboy. "You bet."

A. "I would like to take that picture."

C. "Take it."

The artist thereupon proceeded with his kodak to snap the desired picture, when one of the Mexicans, noticing the act, jumped up and at once started toward the artist in a threatening manner, talking Spanish as he advanced. The cowboy stepped promptly between, and following some words in Spanish both reached for their guns at the same time; but the Yankee was too quick for the copper-colored gentleman, securing the drop, and in language more forcible than elegant commanded, "Hands up or out goes your light." Immediately followed hands-

up on the part of the greaser, who then skulked back to his unfinished lunch, while the artist and the cowboy walked away together.

Some thirty miles west from the head of the " hole " canyon, the headwaters of a beau-

Peculiar Formation of Sandstone.

tiful stream flowed through an interesting valley, known throughout that part of the country as Cave Valley, being rich in historic remains of the ancient cave-dwellers. As we rode down the valley, on either side of us towered peculiar formations of sandstone,

showing the workings of earlier ages, where the waters had swashed backwards and forwards and by constant erosion had formed the rock into many fantastic shapes, putting one in mind in places of the pillars of the Pantheon and the ruins of old castles. In the

Cave Valley Formation.

descent of this valley, many ducks were started up, and winged their flight hastily towards places out of the reach of the Parker. Several teal, black duck, and mallards, however, were bagged despite their best efforts to attain safety.

Our destination in coming to this Cave Valley was known as the Ewer Cave—a natural cave requiring a climb of many feet up a perpendicular part of the valley to reach. The cave received its name from a ewer standing in its mouth, this ewer being constructed of layers of straw and mud, one upon the other until it stood about eight feet in height, with a diameter of six feet, its potbellied form sloping bluntly towards the top and bottom. In the top was a round hole for filling in the corn; and several small holes in the side and a large hole in the bottom allowed for getting out the grain. In the bottom were several bushels of small corn-cobs. There were about twenty rooms in the cave, all parcelled off by straw and mud partitions plastered over, and each room had a level floor as though made of cement. In digging up the dry bottom of one corner we unearthed some dry bones, one the pelvis of a human being of about half the size of an adult of modern generations; and scattered around were old pieces of pottery and small pieces of rope made from coarse grass. The roof of the cave was black with the smoke

of ages and patches of unintelligible hieroglyphics were scratched upon the wall-rock, —all indicating the habitation of an interesting extinct race evidently dwelling among the high rocks for the purpose of protecting themselves from their enemies.

Aztec Cave and Ewer.

After visiting some twenty or thirty caves of a similar character we turned back to our homeward course, feeling satisfied that we were well paid for our extra sixty-mile ride incurred in going to see this curious district.

Three days more of uninteresting travel found the hunter of javilin and mountain lion waiting, unsuccessful but well and happy, for the iron horse to carry him back to the land of the Stars and Stripes, which was reached in due time.

CHAPTER V

A HUNT AFTER DEER IN OLD VIRGINIA

ON a hunting trip to Virginia, in course of passing through Washington, it was suggested that we call on the President. The evening preceding this hoped-for pleasure arrangements were made with Senator P. to introduce the mighty nimrods; and in pursuance of the arrangement we all met at the White House on the appointed morning. After some time spent in chatting in the waiting-room, Senator P. thought he might then secure us the desired audience, and went forward to find out. Our time was limited, the train would leave in about twenty minutes, and we began to fear we must leave without paying our respects to the man after our own heart. Consequently we were getting restless, when one of the party advanced toward the old Major who had charge of affairs in

the waiting-room, addressing him thus: "Look here, Major, we have above five minutes more before we must leave for our train. We wish you would tell the President we are a party of mighty hunters on our way south, and if he wants to see us he must see us immediately." Whereupon the Major left, and in two seconds the door opened, and we were ushered into the presence of our President.

The introduction by Senator P. followed, and the conversation quickly drifted toward hunting big game. In answer to a statement made about killing moose, the President remarked that he had killed two bull moose; and then one of the visiting nimrods made the facetious rejoinder that he had read about the two big moose that the President had killed weighing two tons apiece. Instantly the President turned, waving his hand toward the Senator, and with his characteristic smile, and shaking his head, said, "Oh, no, Mr. S., my friend the Senator had the honor of killing those two moose." With a hearty laugh we proceeded toward the door, one of the party remarking that our time was precious and we

must make our train. We were ushered out by the President with the exclamation, "I wish I were going with you, boys; I wish I were going with you!" and we all felt the sincerity and comradeship of the wish.

Hunting deer in Virginia with dogs where swamps and underbrush predominate, standing on a crossing while the drive is being made, with the rain and sleet pelting into your face, is not the pleasantest experience. The "toot, toot" of the old cow-horn can be heard a long way off as it is returned from echoing hills, reverberating through the timber as the guide encourages the hounds to make a start; then you feel as the sound changes from one location to another that your guide is not smoking his pipe of peace in some old hollow tree with his pack around him, or possibly taking his little nap while the hunter is waiting in dilapidated suspense at the crossing. Presently while thus waiting anxiously to hear the hounds give tongue, in the distance was heard the sharp, short yelp of one of the young hounds, indicating that he had struck a cold trail. About this time old Dan, the veteran

154 Ready for the Drive.

of the pack—hero of many successful hunts, with ears torn and body scarred,—appeared just beyond the deer crossing, tail erect almost at right angles with his black-and-tan body. Coming to a sudden stop, he began to sniff the ground and wag his tail slowly, indicating that he too had struck a cold trail, and then he commenced to circle round and round for more positive evidence of the whereabouts of the game. As the investigation proceeded, his tail began to gather motion, getting to going faster and faster—the motion of the tail telling with plainer tale than language that the scent was getting stronger and stronger, and a start would be made in a very short time. After circling many times, old Dan threw his nose up in the air, opened his jaws, and let a bay out of him that made the woods ring. The balance of the pack had absolute confidence in old Dan's education and training, and with renewed interest began running hither and thither in a vain endeavor to disclose the hiding place of the game. Every dog was on his own mettle to make the start.

We knew from experience that old Dan never betrayed our confidence and that the quarry must be near, so our expectations were at the greatest pitch in anticipation of the sport. The dogs made music that thrilled with emotion the energy and perseverance of the hunters.

Listening.

The deer had no doubt heard the melody of the pack and instantly jumped from its bed to its feet, as ever on the alert for its dreaded foe and ready for the start, with ears pricked

listening to the baying of the pack getting closer and closer.

With instinct akin to thought it starts to skulk from cover until it gets fairly started, when it makes a bee-line for the crossing where the nimrod waits in great excitement for the approach. By this time the hounds

Skulking from Cover.

have reached the spot where the game started, and away they go in full chase, pell-mell with the oldest in the lead.

The baying, yelping, and barking makes

sweet music to the ears of the hunters, but causes the hunted to be filled with horror, as fleeing for life he seeks some swamp or water to throw the hounds off the trail; but if overtaken before reaching a place of safety, promptly the noble stag turns to bay and defies his pursuers. What a sight then—head erect, nostrils expanded, front foot raised, ready to strike a powerful blow with his sharp hoof! In the meantime the dogs are circling around, watching an opportunity to close in on the magnificent quarry; yet I have no doubt the contest would be one-sided in favor of the stag if it were not for the gun. The excited barking and snarling of the dogs informs the experienced hunter that the stag is at bay and all hands make a bee-line over rocks, trees, through water and swamps for the scene of action when the contest comes to its unequal close. No wonder many State laws prohibit the running of deer with dogs.

At the crossing it requires a good shot to end the chase; standing on a crossing for the critical moment is very trying and one is apt to get "buck fever." On one occasion we

jumped a big buck and the dogs took it straight to the crossing where one of our party, who had never shot a deer, stood sentinel. Presently we heard two shots ring out across the ravine in quick succession—bang! bang! so close together, we knew the trigger-puller had a bad case of fever.

When we reached the stand, the tenderfoot gunner informed us he had wounded the deer and the hounds would soon catch him. "There, he crossed right there," he explained. "See, here is some of the blood." But a superficial examination proved this latter to be red vegetable formation on oak leaves. After an investigation we found the wads from his gun and where he had actually stood when he shot at the deer. Comparing conditions disclosed the fact that one charge of buckshot went into the ground close to the gunner's feet, and that the other had entered a young sapling not more then ten feet from where he stood and about twenty feet from the ground. Following with the eye the course taken by this charge clearly indicated that, by the time the buckshot reached the place where the deer

crossed, the shot must have been twenty yards above the deer; but no investigation could tell how long after the game had crossed. When we called the gunner's attention to the known facts of the investigation, his answer was: "Well, he just flew across the opening," and

On the Crossing.

his looks and actions indicated that he was thoroughly disgusted with himself and all other things, as he offered all sorts and conditions of excuses.

The author can vouch for the truth more or

less in the expression "flew across," from a similar experience the following day. While standing at a crossing I heard old Dan give tongue, and knew the trail was hot, and there I stood fully expecting the game to put in an appearance at any moment. Looking in the direction from whence the baying came I saw the deer advancing toward me; and not more than thirty feet from me he stopped and looked back to see if the dogs were coming. My first impulse was to shoot, but after levelling the gun I changed my desire and snapped with my kodak. By this instant Dan was at his heels and let a series of yelps, that caused Mr. Deer to make two bounds and pass within ten feet of me, and he was out of sight in a jiffy. Just as he passed, I let go on the fly, but never touched a hair, neither could I find where a single grain of shot made a mark. In line with the experience of every person who has made a bad shot, there is only one of two explanations plausible why I did not kill that deer: either there was no shot in the shell or the gun was not in the right place.

The dogs would take the deer on a jump

towards the swamps and when once in the water they were perfectly safe. Is it instinct or reason that guides the deer's course thus? On one occasion, while hunting in northern Michigan, I had a very thrilling experience with a large buck which for some reason or other had taken to the water. We were camped on a lake about five miles long and half as wide, when something on the opposite side of the lake attracted the attention of one of the party. For some time we were trying to make out what was going on. As near as we could tell it was a man in a boat moving now towards one shore, then towards the other. In the meantime the apparition advancing towards us, finally we could make out a man standing up in a skiff, waving his hands now and again. As we carried no field-glasses, it was impossible to assign any reason for the strange antics of the man in the boat. At length one of the party shouted, "See the buck in the water!"—when there was a stampede for the guns and into our boat we jumped, one to man the oars, another in the bow with the Winchester, and the third in the

stern with a Parker loaded with birdshot. By this time the deer saw us and turned his course towards the other shore, about a mile away. Our boat fairly shot through the water as the oarsman utilized every ounce of strength at his command to overtake the quarry. As the chase continued, the excitement increased. The man in the bow was shooting, and at the same time shouting, "Put it to her, Bill, you 're gaining." The man in the stern in a deep low voice also encouraged with words and action as he sat bending his body now forward, now backward, in unison with the motive power, which, however, was fast ebbing away. Finally, and before we were near the deer, the middle man, addressing the man in the stern, exclaimed, "I can't pull any more; you take the oars now." There was a hasty change of positions and the fresh man seized the oars, and with his great skill and strength the boat gained gradually until we were possibly within thirty yards of the buck, when the new oarsman was about to drop the oars in sheer exhaustion. The rifle being empty, the man at the oars about to give up, the man with

the Parker shouted from the stern, " Steer her around; I 'll tickle him with birdshot." Suiting the action to the word the Parker belched forth again and again. Thus ended the last round of ammunition, as the deer made a beeline for the boat. The oarsman, who understood his business, prepared for the charge by turning the boat bow first to meet the charge, and the next moment the buck threw his two front feet into the boat. Instantly the party in the bow caught the stag by his horns, pushed him off the boat, and held him at arm's length in the water; at the same time calling for " Bill's " jack-knife he proceeded to draw it over the animal's throat. Presently the deer showed signs of giving up the fight, and was soon *hors de combat,* when the hero with the jackknife, beads of perspiration mantling his noble brow, said, " There! I have severed his jugular vein "; but upon examination we discovered the knife had not passed through the skin; but the No. 8 birdshot had entered the head, causing death. Had the deer struck the side of the frail boat, it would have been a very serious matter; the boat would surely have

capsized, and not one of the party would have been able to swim to shore, clothed as we were, and the boat could not have supported more than one in the water. On this same Michigan trip one of the party had another exciting experience by getting lost in the swamp. After hunting the greater part of the day alone, it suddenly dawned upon him that he was not quite certain what direction to take for camp. In order to get his bearings, he climbed to the top of the largest tree, but, the country being flat and swampy, he was unable to profit by any observations taken from the tree-top; and being more confused as to direction than ever, started out aimlessly to find some familiar landmark. When the day was drawing to a close, he found himself in a great swamp on the edge of a small stream. Feeling confident that this stream must empty somewhere into the lake, by whose side the camp was, he started down along the bank, but this finally became so thick with underbrush that it was impossible for him to go any farther; so taking to the water, after swimming and wading for more than a mile he arrived about dark

at the lakeside—almost exhausted. There, shouting over the waters, he was fortunately heard by us, for we had become very much alarmed over his absence and were on the lookout. I mention these incidents from the Michigan trip because, whilst in the happening the scene of them was a long way off from this Virginia hunt, they typify perils of the chase which we found there also in the swamps of old Virginia, although in less acute degree.

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING BIG GAME WITH A TENDERFOOT

THERE is no difficulty in getting companions for a hunt before the time fixed to start; but when the time approaches, one by one the mighty nimrods offer all sorts and degrees of excuses as to why they can't go; and oh! how annoying to find yourself without a companion after talking and thinking about your great hunt for months. But to one thoroughly imbued with the spirit there is no such thing as turning back, having once again put his hand to the gun; and all alone he goes into the wilds to try his luck again.

After several disappointments, the writer packed his trunk for his annual hunt, and left Pittsburg in September, bound for the haunts of the moose in Canada. A few hours at Buffalo *en route* satisfied him with city life, which was, perhaps, due to the fundamental simili-

tude of most American cities, perhaps more to the longing to get away from bricks and mortar and the humdrum of humanity, into the wild freedom of the chosen hunting grounds in northwestern Quebec.

Within twenty-four hours after leaving home the hunter had bid good-bye to his native land, and had arrived in King Edward's dominions as far as Toronto. That city was in gala attire for the annual Industrial Exposition, and the hotels were crowded, so much that five or six had to be visited before a room could be secured for the night. No wonder the desire became stronger to get away where room and accommodation could be secured without stint or scrip.

In the evening a crowded mob attended the Exposition, where there was a grand display of fireworks, the main feature being a spectacular representation of the taking of Taku fort, and how the Canucks howled and cheered as the Johnnies charged the pigtails! The writer could have shouted for joy when the American flag appeared, till the joy became clouded when he saw the English em-

blem planted on the ruins of the old fort in front of Old Glory. Then he reflected that after all it was only a fire show, and that if it came to business, the result would be entirely different.

Leaving Toronto next morning over the Grand Trunk, the nimrod arrived at Muskoka Wharf about 2 P.M., and took the boat up the lake for Port Carling, for the purpose of picking up a companion, who will be known hereafter as the Tenderfoot.

The night was spent at Port Carling and next morning we left for Muskoka Wharf, going thence by the Grand Trunk to Gravenhurst and North Bay, where we took the Canadian Pacific for Mattawa, arriving there at 11 P.M. and stopping over night at the hotel.

The next day we took the train for Kippewa, the terminus of a branch railroad where passenger trains run but once in three days each way. At Kippewa we put up at the Kippewa House, a very rude affair chiefly patronized by lumbermen and hunters in the season, there being but two other houses in

the place. Kippewa lies at the southern extremity of Lake Kippewa, one of a chain of lakes stretching northward towards Hudson Bay. Through this great expanse of territory there is scarcely a house or settlement, except scattered Indians' huts and lumbermen's camps. That night we secured the services of two Indian guides, whose names were Frank, *alias* Jaw-bones, and Louis, for the coming hunt.

The following morning we were up and out early, going by canoe with our guides to look at the bear-traps which they had set in the swamps within a radius of twenty miles of Kippewa. The Indians were not anxious for our company on this business, and only the persistence of the nimrod prevailed over their rooted prejudices.

The two guides packed our outfit to the lake, all four of us piled into the birch-bark canoe, and away we started for the traps. After shooting some rapids, we threw in the troll, and about the time it struck the water we had a strike, but did not land; in about two minutes we had another strike and landed a

three-pound pike. The line was handed to Tenderfoot, with instructions, if he caught anything, to be sure to hold on like grim death, especially to the canoe, otherwise he might be drawn into the lake. Tenderfoot promised, and we proceeded steadily, the Indians paddling almost mechanically. All at once Tenderfoot yelled, "I 've got him, a fifty-pounder; blazes!" and in an instant he was hanging to his line, himself hanging almost half-way out of the canoe. A few inches more and he must have gone overboard. Then unfortunately the troll, which was caught on a boulder at the bottom weighing about a ton, broke close to the swivel, and so we lost our only troll in the turbulent and boisterous current. It was no use admonishing Tenderfoot for holding on without paying out slack; he had satisfied instructions in his own mind, and all he said was, "Well, was n't I told to hold on like grim death, and did n't I, and nearly went overboard?"

When we left the boat at the edge of the swamps, to go on foot to look at the traps, it was amusing to see Tenderfoot bringing up

the rear, tumbling over the fallen trees and getting pocketed in the brush, and shouting "Hullo, wait on me; don't you see that I 'm not used to this kind of walking?" A steel trap was used for bruin, and a little beyond, fixed hanging to an old stump, was a string of fish, so arranged that he must go over the trap to get at the fish. This was the case with several of the traps; another kind of bait was used with the others, "otter," the Indians said, and they were careful to inspect these alone. But the nimrod managed to see one, and if the bait was only otter, then the nimrod is a bad judge of moose meat. This insight of the nimrod proved afterwards to be a valuable suspicion, when it came to the regular hunt itself, as will in due course appear. Meanwhile we are only with the Indians, trapping bear. The Indians were not playing in luck that morning, and after looking at three traps, which had been untouched, we decided on lunch, which Louis, who generally acted as cook, made for us from the supplies we had taken with us. Here again Tenderfoot showed his unfitness for the scene, by getting

his feet wet and upsetting himself and his lunch from the rocks where he had perched himself.

The spirit was growing in him, however, and from having hooked that boulder he had suddenly developed into an enthusiastic fisherman. Lunch was hardly over when he had moved away by himself with a new line, "to try his luck again," as he said. We had forgotten him, in the arduous duties of breaking up our temporary camp, when we were attracted by his wild demeanor, as he made desperate efforts to recover his steel fishing rod from the bottom. He was floundering in his clothes in the lake; and finally, after diving several times from view, he emerged with the rod above the surface, the water dripping in streams from his clothing. One of the Indians then went to his relief and set him securely on the rocks.

We later left in the canoe to look at the other traps, and the whole party fished, with pieces of raw fish for bait, and we caught five or six pike and pickerel. Here an unbecoming incident happened, due doubtless to smok-

ing too confidently from a big brier pipe, but the nimrod fed the fishes. As the afternoon wore on, the doleful cry of the loon came to us—" who, who, huu, hee, who, huu, hee"—as we paddled at some distance from him. We gave chase, but after continually diving he

Doleful Cry of the Loon.

was speedily lost from sight. Some distance further, we heard the " wah, wa-awa " of the fish-hawk; and there he was, perched on his nest, which was built on the very top of an old rotten tree about one hundred feet high. We called the attention of Tenderfoot to the

fish-hawk, which had just left the nest; whereat he said, after looking for some time, "I don't see any peacock,—where is he?" Even the Indians laughed, and the stern lines of their swarthy countenances relaxed.

Fish-hawk's Nest.

A crane next engaged our attention, as he alighted on a tree ahead of us, but he saw us approaching and did not wait. About this spot we landed, and had scarcely gone fifty yards when Louis pointed, muttering,

"Look!" and two pine-partridges flew up to a tree.

The nimrod immediately had his rifle to his shoulder, and bang! one partridge fell, shot through the neck; the other flew a few yards to another tree, where another bang and he fell dead also.

We had several portages before we reached trap No. 4. Tenderfoot here wanted to know whether if a moose saw the fish and went to eat them, he might n't get into the trap instead of a bear. One of the Indians made the weighty rejoinder, "Moose very hungry when he eat fish." The fifth trap completed our round after bear; and we afterwards returned homeward to Kippewa for the night.

We were up early the next morning, getting ready to start for the regular part of the hunt. Mr. O. Latour of Kippewa rented us a complete camping outfit, consisting of tents, blankets, cooking utensils, etc., and also a birch-bark canoe, charging us for everything the modest price of $1 per day. Mr. Latour also keeps a store and packed our provisions, etc., which we purchased from him.

Everything was in readiness for the start by 11 o'clock; and our party of four, Tenderfoot and one Indian in the rented canoe, headed up Lake Kippewa in a very hot sun, too hot, in fact, to be comfortable. After proceeding a few miles, we threw our trolls in the water, and in a very short time had caught five good-sized pike, all of which we returned to the lake except one which the Indians kept to cook for our mid-day lunch. This consisted of fish, potatoes, coffee, etc., cooked in the finest style—"The best meal since I left home," pronounced Tenderfoot; and his appetite was indeed something extraordinary.

Lunch over, we pushed from shore again, trolling the way as we paddled for a portage a mile distant. The fish seemed very plentiful and the nimrod alone caught five pike and pickerel within the mile, all of them thrown back into the water.

The portage was about a quarter of a mile across, and an interesting sight was to see how cleverly the Indians packed; and it was simply amazing to see how much they each could

carry with a "tump" line, which is placed across the forehead, the load resting on the back. While the guides were packing the civilians rested. A little red squirrel ran up

With a Tump Line.

a tree close by, and as the Tenderfoot had expressed a desire to kill something, the Parker was handed to him. After some difficulty, he managed to see the squirrel in the

tree, and prepared to shoot. This was the first time he had ever shot a gun, and it was amusing to see him hold it, with the stock laid almost against his nose. The nimrod was preparing to expostulate in a gathering qualm of conscience; but it was too late: the Tenderfoot fired,—then oh, such a howl, and at the same time he expressed himself thus: "Oh, my! Lord! it kicked like the devil. Oh, my nose! It almost knocked me down. Why did n't you tell me?"

Presently he recovered from the shock, and went in search of his game; but when he found it, he said, pointing, "Here it is; get it for me, I don't like the looks of it." It was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to take hold of it, even by the tail. This being the first thing he had ever shot in his life, he wanted to have it mounted.

The portage was made in due time; and after two hours' paddling we landed and made camp for the night. As soon as the canoes were landed, Tenderfoot with one of the Indians and the nimrod started for a small lake, to see if we could get a shot at a

moose. In order to reach the lake, we followed an old portage road, and as we were stealing along, there sat a large gray wolf ahead of us. I suppose he heard us coming through the swamp, and thinking it was a deer had squatted ready to leap. We did not get a shot, for he was off like a flash the instant his mistake struck him. His foot-prints in the mud were as large as those of a big dog. We left Tenderfoot in the trail and struck into the bush a short distance, and the Indian called for moose. We then returned to the place where Tenderfoot had been left, and he was in great excitement. "Did you hear that terrible noise?" he asked. The Indian grunted and a moose call was explained to him by the Indian there and then uttering a fierce and louder call.

Following the call, there was a crackling of the bush, and the guide, pointing in the direction of the sound, warned us to keep quiet. At this juncture Tenderfoot whispered loudly in the stillness, "Lord! don't run away and leave me." We did not see any moose, and turned back for the camp through the dense

woods, Tenderfoot tripping over most of the fallen logs and hidden stones.

Reaching camp, we found Louis, the other guide, had supper ready, and we enjoyed a hearty meal of pickerel, potatoes, and other camp delicacies. The usual camp-fire smoke and story-telling followed; and about bedtime we were discussing plans for to-morrow's dinner, when Tenderfoot turning to the nimrod said, "You must try and shoot some more 'possums," meaning partridges. This was a signal for retiring for the night. The Indians silently got their blankets and threw them on the ground, and were soon fast asleep. The nimrod and the Tenderfoot adjusted satisfactorily the difference between an American 'possum and a Canadian pine-partridge; and then went to sleep on the bed of balsam-fir tips which the guides had prepared within the tent. The odor was pleasing, and had a quiet and soothing effect, and the nimrod slept soundly the night through.

In the morning the Indians were astir about daybreak. Tenderfoot got up complaining that he had slept badly, from dreaming of

moose and caribou and wolves in great quantities all night. The previous day we had seen plentiful fresh signs of moose—brush broken off in many places, showing that the bulls were rubbing the velvet from their antlers and beginning to run. The guide Frank and the nimrod started for a little swamp, covered with grass, hoping to get a shot at a moose; Tenderfoot and the other guide going meanwhile to the next lake to fish for salmon-trout. After waiting for three or four hours without seeing moose, although the fresh signs were very plentiful, we returned to camp. On the way back the nimrod trolled from the canoe, and caught a fine salmon-trout.

On reaching camp the guide made a birch-bark horn, with which to call moose; when he had finished he thought he would try it, and at the first call he got an answer from a bull moose. Then there was a race for the gun and canoe and the guide succeeded in calling him within one hundred yards, and we could hear the underbrush crack; but he must have got a whiff of us, as the wind was not favorable, and this was the last we heard of him.

We then selected another pond to lie in wait and call, although the rutting season was just beginning. We waited until dark before we started for camp, and in the meantime Tenderfoot and the other guide had come up with us.

Just as we were going to leave together, Tenderfoot went into the mire above his knees; he had n't been extricated when we heard the whirr-whirr of ducks flying over our heads, and they lit in the water some sixty yards off. We could see several dark objects where they lit and the nimrod started to go nearer, when they rose with a whirr.

Bang! bang! went the Parker and we thought we could see a dark object still lying there in the water. But it was growing uncomfortably dark, too dark to linger longer, and away we went through the woods for camp.

At short intervals, as we went, came the lonely cry of the loon; the rest of nature seemed to be asleep. We reached camp with a tremendous hunger, which Louis the cook was not long in satisfying with a supper of

good things: trout, tomatoes, potatoes, hard-tack, coffee—a huntsman's meal.

The camp-fire was roaring about daybreak, and in a short time the nimrod with Frank for companion was heading for the swamp to try

Tall Timber Island.

for moose again; arrived at the swamp, there, sure enough, we found the duck shot the night before. While Frank went for it in the canoe, the nimrod, who had landed, heard a splashing in the water, and, looking, saw

the flock of ducks alight. Presently was heard their gentle "quack, quack," over the water; and I have no doubt they had missed one of their number, and had returned to search for and were calling her. Frank soon returned in the canoe with the duck, which was a large black one.

What a paradise was this grand morning!—the sun rising in the east like a great ball of flame, the fog ascending softly from the water, the trees tall and slender and still, their tops towering high over the dense underbrush, the whirr of ducks moving to their feeding ground, the mournful cry of the loon, the red squirrel sporting over our heads, the shrill call of the moose-bird, the kingfisher quivering over the water, then darting with a splash and up again and away to some distant tree-top with his prey to eat it there; now the flutter of the pine-partridge in the rear as he picked the birch buds:—then out of the midst of the scene broke the fierce bellow of the guide as he called the bull moose and you could hear the echo in the distant hills challenging like an angry answer to his call: with

nerves strung to the highest tension in anticipation, straining the ear at every noise to hear the welcome sound of the king of the forest—such are some of the feelings and sights of interest to you, as you sit in solitude in the home of the moose.

Home of the Moose.

Returning to camp we found breakfast ready; after the meal was over we thought it best to give Tenderfoot some lessons in shooting. The first difficulty was to get him to place the stock of the gun securely against his

shoulder, as he insisted on balancing it close to his nose. After firing many shots at a bottle, containing coal oil, on the top of a stump, he finally succeeded in smashing it at ten paces. We were then with difficulty able to keep him away from the gun, but you can't hunt moose near a rifle-range, and so we had to cut short his sporting aspirations.

As we saw no moose, we broke camp, and moved away to another lake. After paddling for seven miles, the guides selected a place to cut a portage about a mile across from one lake to another; and while they were doing so, Tenderfoot and the nimrod started for a pond about a mile distant in the hope of seeing moose. On our reaching the pond a large crane started from the shore within easy shooting distance in front of us, but Tenderfoot had the firearms, so the shot was lost. As we lay in wait a small duck came swimming towards us and when within ten feet the nimrod took a snap-shot at him with a kodak. Returning to the portage we found the guides had commenced packing the outfit across the portage to the other lake, called Lake George.

The nimrod made lunch, while they continued the pack; and after eating we followed the trail which the guides had made and blazed, Tenderfoot and the nimrod toting the guns, ammunition, and a goodly pack each besides. All at once Tenderfoot discovered the blazing on one of the trees and exclaimed: "Oh, look, where a bear has just been measuring his height on this tree; it is just fresh." The guide had told him about "bear trees," where the bear reaching up marks his stature by scratching the highest point he can reach; the Tenderfoot, in whose previous training "blazing a trail" was as unknown a point as a "bear tree" itself, had hastened to show his ill-digested knowledge. We set him right, and also rescued him once or twice from the wildness of the bush and set him upon the trail again. He was all but lost once till we finally heard his frantic yells from the distance—"Billy, Billy, Indians! any of you! Where are you? I 'm here lost, can't see bear tree."

Tenderfoot and the nimrod reached George Lake some time before the guides finished a second trip with the pack. The second time

the Indians carried their canoes on their heads as is their habit; but the Tenderfoot mistook one of them coming thus along the trail for a big yellow moose, and instantly turned to the

On the Portage.

nearest tree and began in haste to climb. The Indian had by this time come up on him, and hearing the scratching in the lower branches asked in amazement, "But what you do

there?" Tenderfoot gazed down at him blankly for some seconds, and then explained in a voice still scared, "Oh, I thought you were a moose."

Packing everything into the canoes, we started up George Lake. It was very wild;

A Tenderfoot up a Tree.

the beaver had been feeding, there being many alder sticks peeled by them. The lake itself was very narrow, not over four or five hundred yards wide by about three miles long, and both sides were covered with timber to the

water's edge. Everything was deathly still, with not even the sound of a bird; the only life visible being the fish darting off out of the way of the canoes. We trolled up the lake for two miles, but did not get a bite. Tenderfoot was a little ahead in one canoe and the nimrod pulled his line in the other. We did not have the right kind of troll for trout. Louis fixed camp about two thirds of the way up the lake, and we had supper. After the meal the guide made a fresh horn out of the birch bark and started to call. It was not long before he got an answer from across the lake. Instructions were immediately given to put out the fire, and while waiting in the dark we could hear the bull moose on the other side. Here Tenderfoot whispered: "For any sake, let that thing [the horn] alone, and don't call it here." The nimrod suggested going over and Tenderfoot said: "Yes, you two go. Louis and I will stay here." Frank and the nimrod started for the canoe, pushed out, and away we went towards the other shore, calling and calling, with no further response.

The moon began to peep over the tree-tops of the distant hills; and what a fine moonlight night it was on the lake, calm and quiet save the "hoot-hoot" of the owl and the calling of the guide as it echoed and re-echoed in those distant hills.

One has no conception of the vastness of the magnificent unsettled country stretching north of 47 degrees north latitude, before he takes such a trip. We did not see a moose, so we returned to camp and all retired for the night; the civilians as usual in the tent, and the two Indians outside with nothing over them but the starry heaven.

At daybreak Frank stuck his head inside the tent and said, "Billy, Billy, I think I hear something across the lake." In less time than it takes to write, the nimrod was up and ready to start, for he slept in his clothes, except coat and shoes. Away we went to the other shore, where we saw plentiful fresh signs of moose, wolves, and deer. Presently the Indian said:

"There, look; two deer over there on the other shore." Immediately the bow of the canoe

was put about for the side from which we had come.

We had had no fresh meat since leaving Kippewa, and the necessity for finding "butcher shop," a colloquial phrase meaning to kill game, was growing strong with us.

After getting almost over, we could see two deer, a buck and a doe, skirting the shore in the water, feeding. They did not notice us before we reached within fifty yards, when the buck threw up his head and looked. Then the guide said "Shoot the buck"; the nimrod let go with his .30-30 and the big stag made a plunge over a log and died without a struggle.

We pulled him down into the canoe and while we were doing so the doe was in the brush at a short distance snorting and pawing, making a great racket. We returned in the canoe with our quarry to camp, where we found Tenderfoot and Louis asleep. As soon as we told them we had found "the butcher's shop" they were up like a flash. The guide Frank hung the deer up and had dressed it in a very short time. Upon examination we

found the bullet had passed through the centre of the heart and torn it into shreds.

Breakfast, consisting of bacon, liver, and onions, was soon over; and Tenderfoot, Frank, and the nimrod left for the woods in search again of moose. We travelled four or five hours without seeing anything larger than a big owl, which the nimrod shot with his rifle. After taking his picture and measurements, forty-two inches from tip to tip, we turned back towards camp; having travelled several miles of the way on foot through a beautiful hard-wood forest. On the way to camp we disturbed a pine-partridge, which did not fly far, for its kind up there seem to be very tame.

Dinner over at the camp, we all started for a trip to another lake, which we christened for ourselves, the Indians claiming it had no official name. Portaging the canoe about a mile from George Lake, where our camp was, we came to this other lake, a lovely body of water, clear as crystal. It took us two hours to paddle round its shores. Portage was then made back to Lake George. By this time the shades of night were falling; Tenderfoot and

the cook, Louis, went to camp, and the other two of us paddled down the lake calling moose.

It was soon very dark, and indeed we did not get back to camp this night until long after midnight. As we moved along the guide would call every twenty minutes or so. Through the darkness ahead of us at intervals we could hear the " quack, quack " of the wild ducks roosting for the night on a little island in the centre of the lake. When we reached at one point within twenty yards, the alarm was given, and such a quacking and flapping of wings and splashing of water broke upon the night air, as the ducks left the roost!

There must have been a hundred and more of them. They gather to the roosting place at night from all directions, and in the morning scatter to feed at every pond and swamp within a radius of miles, returning again in the evening.

The instinct of self-preservation from their common enemies is strong, for they know if they were to sleep in the ponds and swamps they would be liable at any time to be pulled

under the water by otter, mink, or muskrat; consequently they select an island of bare rocks for their roosting place. Returned to camp we soon retired for the night.

The guide stuck his head into our tent about 5 o'clock in the morning and said, "I hear moose down lake." That was enough; the nimrod had on his shoes on short notice and away we went in the direction of the sound. In the distance we could see smoke coming from the bush; on investigation we found the "thunder" (as the Indian said) had struck a spruce tree, run around the tree down into the moss and set fire to it, and had burned a great deal of the underbrush. As usual we returned to camp without seeing anything.

As we were eating, one of the Indians called, "Look, the partridges!" There just behind the tent were two looking at us, and not more than five yards distant. We all got stones and threw at them, Frank hitting one, when both flew away. The nimrod then organized for a still hunt, and in a short time we were moving stealthily through the dense woods of yellow and white birch, red and

white pine, spruce, hemlock, maple, and cedar trees.

Along the way one of the Indians pointed out an old rotten hollow tree where he had a "fisher" trap set the previous winter, a "fisher" being of the weasel family. Coming to a small pond we found fresh signs of moose plentiful, so concealing ourselves we waited very patiently for them to return.

On our way to camp Frank the guide told us that he had had a falling out with Louis, the other Indian, about sharing the burdens of camp life, and also that he, Louis, threatened to inform on the nimrod for illegal shooting, whereupon the nimrod announced in very plain language what Louis might expect if he did not turn over a new leaf and do better, and hinted of the bear-traps.

Returning to camp through the woods the nimrod found the shovel of a moose horn which had been shed. All moose lose their antlers once a year, but, singularly, very few are ever found; this may be due to the fact that in time they become soft and porcupines and other small animals eat them, the one

found being very much eaten. At camp after "snack" (dinner) all parties went fishing, without any luck; and on the trip "Jawbones" told us that Louis said he did not mean what he said in threatening the nimrod. "Me joke," was Louis's alleged excuse. The nimrod explained for the common benefit in good English that there was a time to joke and a time when it was dangerous. The shake-up, however, resulted in Louis's good. Whereas he had been sullen, obstinate, and lazy prior to this time, his whole demeanor seemed to change.

Experience with his class has taught us that we must rule with an iron hand through fear. Kindness and leniency only add fuel to an inherent treachery and laziness. We do not mean to suspicion merit in Frank, if his merit was genuine. We did consider, however, the probabilities that the story of Louis's threat might be part of a blackmail scheme, which failed because of the nimrod's heartlessness in spoiling it in the rude manner seen.

Supper over, the entire party left in the canoes for the island, just as the sun was

sinking behind the distant hills, our object being a shot at the ducks as they returned to their roosting places for the night. It was fast growing dark as we reached the island, and fixing the blind took a short time. All were then counselled to silence while the guide took his birch-bark horn and began to call for moose. At once we heard the answer of a bull in the distant hills, probably two miles away, for the night was still. At short intervals the guide would call and the bull answer closer and closer. The guide and the nimrod jumped into their canoe to go toward shore, and how the moose did bellow as he came down the hill toward the lake! He approached within one hundred yards of the shore, and such noise and racket as he made with his antlers! but he would not come nearer. The guide then coaxed and uttered the soft love-call of the cow, but he would not move—only storm and rage; then the guide roared, raged, and challenged—what a combat in the still night! It was evident the moose did not want a combat with his antagonist, and he began to move away into the dense forest as he snorted,

pawed, and roared. The guide whispered, "He 's off"; then again he fell to making love to him in such a soft, winning way, the moose could not resist, and we heard him charging down the hill again straight towards us, bellowing as he came. The guide continued to make love to him as he approached. It was about a half-hour from the time we first heard him until the bushes parted and the monarch of the forest bounded into the lake in front of us.

It was a sight to be remembered; although it was quite dark we could see he was a large bull, for his antlers could be seen gleaming in their white width, as he appeared. We were then within fifty yards of him and the guide whispered, "Give it to him!" Immediately the .30-30 began to flash fire as fast as possible. At the time the first shot was fired the bull was facing towards us and it was a clean miss. Then he turned sideways to go back into the brush; when bang! bang! bang! three other shots rang out, and he disappeared, whereupon the Indian said, "Ugh! no good; miss him"; and all seemed to be over. We heard him go

a short distance through the brush, for he made much noise; then all was still. Then the Indian changed his manner and said, "Good, good, him down; shoot good"; and we felt he was ours.

Monarch of the Forest.

Back to the island we went to get Tenderfoot and the other Indian; and returning to

the place where the sounds of the moose ceased we could hear nothing, so we concluded he was dead. Lighting birch-bark torches, to look for him, we searched some time but could not locate him. Finally we heard the bushes crack, which was not according to programme, and we knew at once it was time for us to get out of there, as he might charge us in the darkness. So we left him without undue ceremony for the night, feeling we should find him the next morning.

Tenderfoot had been very much excited from the start, saying at the moose's first approach, "Did you hear him coming down that hill, breaking logs?" and when we were searching for him shouted: "Billy, I will not stay here. You must come back here with the gun. What would I do if he came?" It was possibly a very good thing he said so, for the nimrod was going in a bee-line for the wounded moose.

Reaching tent we built a large camp-fire, talked and told stories for an hour and more before we retired. Much was said about the size of the moose's head, shape of antlers,

etc., until we all retired most anxious to see him.

Next morning we were up and on our way before daybreak, in search of the quarry. After searching for some time, the guide Frank hallooed, " There he goes "—and what a sight as he ploughed through the underbrush with his massive antlers thrown back on his shoulders!—and forthwith the nimrod began to shoot.

All at once the moose turned and charged us. Then it was who could get away best—Tenderfoot at breakneck speed well in advance heading the rout. But if you had been present you would have seen three others briskly dodge for trees when the charge was made. (As usual the gun was empty.) The bull stopped shortly, and another shot took effect, when he charged again.

The nimrod had recovered from the race, and began to shoot with care, when down went the moose in a heap. It required some time to get Tenderfoot encouraged back to the spot; and when he came up and saw the moose, he said: " I thought he was the devil

after me; I have had enough moose hunting."

The bull proved to be a very good specimen, measuring in height six and a half feet; the spread of the antlers measuring fifty inches.

The trophy was soon removed, stowed away in the birch-bark canoe, then a push and the

In the Morning Twilight.

canoe glided smoothly over the water in the morning twilight toward camp, where the head was skinned and cleaned ready for packing.

We spent a quiet day at this task, boiling water to pour over the skull, after which the head was in shape to dry as it hung, receiving

the smoke of the camp. A strong wind blowing was very helpful to the same end.

We had supper of moose meat the day of the killing; and we did justice to a dish so rare. The same evening we went abroad for duck. At the island of their roost the blind was fixed; presently as it grew dark a flock of five or six came, alighting with a splash in the water. The dark outlines could be seen, and the nimrod fired twice—clean misses.

The Tenderfoot was inclined to make a point of this, saying: "Louis, we 'll have those ducks stewed, with gravy, for to-morrow's dinner." The nimrod had to fall back on one of Tenderfoot's own earlier remarks to secure peace: "Billy, don't go away and leave me here. You 've got the gun, if the moose comes."

When it came night, we had to put out the camp-fire, the wind being so strong we had fears of setting fire to the forest. The next morning after breakfast every one was busy preparing for the start home. The long portage was made by 11 o'clock.

Reaching Windy Lake we threw out the

trolls as we were paddling down; and the Tenderfoot caught a trout. The nimrod from the other canoe unhooked it for him, and the Tenderfoot resumed his trolling. The nimrod then managed, without observation, to attach the same trout to Tenderfoot's line; and the latter, feeling something, hauled in his two hundred yards of line. He was proud of his success till the Indian in his canoe explained the deceit; the nimrod and the other Indian meanwhile withdrawing to a convenient distance in their canoe. The trout was fried in cornmeal as part of luncheon; and the Tenderfoot declared it the finest fish he had ever tasted.

We again trolled as the canoe moved over the next lake, catching many pike and pickerel, and throwing them back in the water.

The camp-site selected that night was one we had used coming up. The Indians were approaching near home and anxious to see their squaws, and both left for their homes to spend the night with their families. Tenderfoot regarded the situation with some dismay, as they were preparing to depart, and

inquired confidentially if there was any danger of wild animals attacking us that night. The Indians having suggested "wolves and bears," Tenderfoot put in a night of great mental trouble and distress, awaking the nimrod occasionally, as he fancied sounds in the night air.

Four o'clock the next morning we heard the Indians shout as they returned. They had been cautioned not to return to camp in the night without first calling. When breakfast was over we arranged the trophies to pack the whole in small space. After packing, we started for across and down the lake. We put in shore at one point, to hunt partridge in the brush, but there appeared to be none, and we resumed our canoes.

We landed about half a mile from Kippewa to dry the head and dine; and when dinner was over we reached the wharf in a short time afterwards, and went to the hotel.

But as ill-luck would have it there was some kind of a party going on at the hotel that night, consisting apparently of several lumbermen and the women help, and it was im-

possible to get rest with the noise which was especially bad on the stairs just outside the nimrod's room. Ten o'clock, 12 o'clock, came, and still no sleep. The nimrod was lying awake all this time and he began to grow uneasy as the noise on the stairs continued. It seemed as if the disturbers would never go. At 1 o'clock the lights in the hall went out, but the noise still continued; 2 o'clock, still some one in the hall. Finally the nimrod lost patience and opening the door hurriedly struck a match, then there was the sound of a hurried departure, and after that there was quiet.

The following day we bid good-bye to Kippewa.

CHAPTER VII

HUNTING BIG GAME WITH A KODAK

THE middle of August found us on our way into the interior of Canada supplied with the necessary ammunition for killing anything from a bull moose to a grouse. In previous hunting trips I had entered the kingly dominion armed with a fifty-dollar license and lead enough to sink an ordinary canoe; but a change of heart had revolutionized my method of hunting, and I had come firmly to believe that there is manifold more pleasure in hunting with a kodak than with a .30-30 repeater, because it requires more skill and judgment to take the picture of game than to kill, and the after-effect cannot be compared for many reasons. Ambition is satisfied with the killing, but to the true lover of the wilds there is always a pang of sorrow. The trophy, to be sure, brings back to one's

memory much pleasure mingled with the excitement of the chase: the alluring of the bull moose in the rutting season; the slashing of antlers as he approaches his adversary; his suspicion that he is being falsely led into danger; the breaking of limbs as he departs from his covert foe; his return when the deception is changed from a challenge to the soft low call as though his lady-love were imploring him to come back, until when, in the stillness of dusk, the guide lifts the birch-bark horn full of water and pours, the noble lord of the forest is only more deceived and off his guard, and, answering his lady-love in his wooing voice, says: "I am coming. I will be with you now." Behold! the bushes part, and there he stands, looking up and down; noble animal, full of life, love, and happiness, snorting and pawing the water with his powerful front feet; and from his having just rubbed the velvet from his huge antlers, the corpuscles make them look red in the twilight. The deception and fraud perpetrated is perfect. What then? Bang! bang! and the noble fellow has answered his last love-call.

You take the head as a trophy for your den, and the thousand pounds of flesh is left where it fell, to be devoured by other wild beasts.

Now let us look at the other side,—and I am speaking from experience: is n't there a sadness comes to you? Does n't your conscience smite you just a little after the excitement has passed away? If not, you and I are differently constituted. But as the best argument, let us take you with us on a kodak hunting-trip for big game. It is far more fascinating, requiring, as suggested, more skill and judgment, and contains the element of danger to a greater extent than in hunting to kill.

After canoeing several days among beautiful lakes, fringed to the water's edge with pine, spruce, and hemlock, we pitched tent on the shore of a magnificent body of water, of the width of about a mile and double its own width in length. The hills surrounding the lake gently sloping to the edge, and the old moss-covered logs extending into the water, at times, especially when calm, made a complete reflection, so continuous the keenest

A Perfect Reflection.

vision could scarce distinguish where the real ended, and the reflection began.

After the usual routine of making camp and a hearty supper, and after the pipe of peace had been passed around, the mighty nimrods discussed the elements,—the moon, the wind and stars—and as the first was disappearing behind the western hills sallied forth in search of big game armed to the teeth with an Eastman repeater and flash-light powder to burn. Silently, slowly, and stealthily, we moved along the margin of the lake with "Jack" in the bow, searching every nook and corner for a sight of the quarry.

Were you ever alone at night in the castle of the woods, among the strange and fantastic shapes which the trees make of themselves in the dark? Have you had that mysterious, uncanny feeling, and had the keen tension of every nerve break at some unusual noise? On the lake in a canoe, you approach this castle from the outside, the trees outlining its tall towers and battlements against the sky; your eyes follow the searchlight to the blank wall; you expect everything, and are alarmed at

anything. Now a bush is a heron or a crane taking his nap; a pike or pickerel in search of food, like a flash, darts from the shallow to deeper water; a bat whirls gracefully into and out of the rays of light; and the doleful call of the loon, answered by its mate, warns every living thing that strange visitors are come. Splash! 'T was only a muskrat charmed with the light and then making a hasty retreat, but Tenderfoot almost upset the canoe as the remnant of his shattered nerves incontinently left him.

Stealing thus along the shore, with the kodak arranged in the bow of the boat ready for immediate action, the flash-pan fixed a little above and to the right of the aperture, and the "jack" in hand throwing its rays far in advance, we are startled. "There 't is! there 't is! deer! deer!" whispers the guide.

Presently in front of us could be heard a sound of dripping water which to the experienced ear told plainly that the quarry was feeding among the lily-pads. The guide continued to push the canoe through the grass, and as this rubbed along the side of the boat it

grated harshly on the nerves of the excited, for by this time we were fully prepared to see the object of our search. Lo! just in front of us could be seen four shining objects like balls of fire signalling us towards them. Nearer and nearer we came, and the old stag could be seen pawing the water with his front feet, whistling and snorting defiance to the mysterious object that has dared to invade his feeding ground. Beside him stood the graceful doe, sniffing the air,—erect, dazed, and as if transfixed to the spot, without a motion or quiver, looking straight at the light.

The critical moment has come, and with the bow of the boat pointed straight for the quarry, so as to bring it within the field of vision, the deer poses for his picture, as the flash lights up the scene—hurriedly deciding him then, as he takes to the woods for safety. The keenest anxiety now prevails in anticipation of what the film will reveal, and if a good picture is obtained what a joy and pride is there! and the interest becomes more eager as the instrument is reloaded for another snap-shot,—for there is no

limit to the numbers that may be shot, and in all seasons, quite in contrast to the order of things in hunting to kill.

On the following night, we took another direction and made several portages into a small lake in quest of more pictures. My companion this evening was the wife of one of the party and a perfect tenderfoot in the woods, but full of courage and determination. The following dialogue took place between the lady and her husband before the start:

Wife. "I am going out to-night."

Husband. "Well, dear, it may be 12 o'clock before Mr. T. gets back to camp."

Wife. "I don't care if it is 3 o'clock, I am going."

Husband. "My dear, the canoe may upset in the night."

Wife. "I tell you I am going to see the flash-light pictures taken to-night."

Husband. "But, see here, dear, it is very dangerous—a big moose may jump into the canoe."

Wife. "I tell you, I don't care; I am going."

So we went, and a good companion she was, and assisted in manipulating the light with skill as we flashed the deer. To her the deadly stillness of the night as we paddled over the surface of the lake was awe-inspiring and fascinating. Among the timber in the distance could be heard the yelp, yelp of the wolf pack on the trail of the flying deer; although very faint in the beginning the sound became more distinct as the pack warmed in the chase and the scent freshened on the trail. On they came pell-mell towards the lake. We knew by the sound they were running a hot trail, and it was a close call for the noble creature that was making great strides for the water before the pack should overtake it.

Out of the depths of the silent forest came the " Hoo-hoo-hoot-hoot " of the hoot-owl and the echo re-echoed in the distant hills. A slight breeze began to rise, and the black clouds in the west indicated that a storm was brewing, and the night not suitable for hunting big game with a camera. The elements were at work; lightning began to play in the heavens; thunder-clouds began to form in the

distance, and we knew a heavy rain was coming on, but we were too far away from camp to think about reaching there before the storm, consequently we were reconciled to our fate. We had a long portage to make through a dense wood, and if we were to reach camp, it behooved us to start back immediately. Under instructions the guide made for port, while the nimrod put away his cartridge-filled weapon and flash-lights to keep his load and powder dry.

By the time we reached the portage rumbling in the heavens could be heard, and occasionally a flash of lightning illuminated the forest as it seemed to play among the trees, while the party made all haste for camp, the guide in the lead with the canoe on his shoulder, and "Jack" bringing up the rear, throwing its rays forward along the trail. When we reached the end of the portage, it began to rain and the thunder pealed forth clap after clap, each louder than the other, and the lightning was so vivid it seemed the lake was aglow with fire as the forked flashes blazed over the rippling water. Amidst it

all, our little canoe forged its way through the water as the rain came down in torrents. The party was well provided with water-proof coats and really enjoyed the trip hugely, being something out of the ordinary.

Deer Lodge.

After staying about a week at "Deer Lodge," as we named that particular camp, we decided to try another location for pictures. Early in the morning there were "doings" in camp, each individual gathering up his earthly

possessions for a hasty start, and after breakfast all hands were piling into the birch canoes, and sad was the parting as we rounded the point and saw the last glimpse of our Lodge camp. On our way across the lake one of the party threw his troll into the water, unwound his reel, and scarcely had the shining object as it revolved in the clear water disappeared when we heard him shout, "I have him!" and he began to haul in and landed a four-pound lake trout for lunch. The country was full of beautiful little lakes, and after making several short portages we halted for lunch at the beginning of a long rough portage, and while the guides were carrying the equipment across the portage the tenderfeet were trying to start a fire. It had rained considerably and everything was wet, and it was with the greatest difficulty a light could be secured. Finally, the fire was going and things looked favorable for a good lunch. The gong sounded heavy and dull in the atmosphere laden with rain, but all the more sweet to the hungry pack.

We had just about got well started on the meal when the flood-gates of the happy hunt-

ing grounds on high were let loose, and in less time than it takes to write it our plates were filled with a new dish composed of rain-water, the lake trout baked to crisp, and baked beans. But the tenderfeet all declared and vowed that the experience was fascinating, and a trip abroad could not compare with it for pleasure and enjoyment. The party in its majority was made up of men inexperienced in this kind of life, and it was an occasion for some serious thought as to how they would take a ducking like this one. They looked like veterans, and I can assure my readers they never saw a more enthusiastic crowd of campers bubbling over with enjoyment when we had pitched camp for the night some twenty miles farther on by a lake-side. And no wonder! The camp was pitched on a beautiful spot at a time when the lake was so calm and the reflection so perfect that it was almost impossible to tell where the shore-line met the water.

A rainbow of unusual brilliancy, with second and third reflections, appeared just in front of the camp.

Out from beneath the overhanging white

222 Impossible to Tell the Shore-line.

birch tree, with mother in the lead and her brood following, came a flock of fish-ducks skimming over the surface of the water, leaving in their wake a trail over the smooth surface, growing broader and broader, and, as

Sheldrakes

far as the eye could carry, the sheldrakes, mere specks in the distance, could be seen making haste to reach the opposite shore for cover.

In the morning we had early callers in camp, neighbors who dwelt among the stately birches—brothers of the forest which have stood for ages, tottered some of them and fallen, with now a covering of green moss, affording shelter and protection to the ruffed grouse

An Ideal Spot for Game.

who live and enjoy God's own country, as one of the party expressed it. Just at the peep of day they made the call, and after investigating the tents, cooking utensils, etc., and strutting around the yard, they disappeared

into the depths of the forest from whence they came, as the blue smoke began to curl up and up among the trees in a northerly direction, indicating that breakfast would be ready by and by.

The guides were anxious to get us to stay

Beaver House.

as long as possible in the woods, and were under the impression that if we were not successful with our pictures we would pay a premium for good snap-shots. Finally we offered the guides two dollars extra for each moose picture, and they were at once anxious

to take us where we could see plenty of moose. About the break of day, all hands were ready for an excursion into the hunting grounds among the lily-pads and swamps. After making several portages and crossing several of the most beautiful little lakes, we arrived at an ideal spot for game.

Beaver Dam.

Under positive instructions imposing quiet, the canoes glided noiselessly over the water into the haunts where the moose feeds. The sun was well up in the heavens as the birch-bark passed with never a swish over the smooth

surface of each little pool, separated by narrow passages from its neighbors, all making one continuous chain covered with willows, swamp-grass and lily-pads, the greater part of the latter, however, eaten off by moose.

Stems of lily-pads could be seen sticking up out of the water, with here and there a

Beaver Lake.

bunch of roots floating on the surface, indicating where moose had been feeding. Along our way, we saw several beaver houses ingeniously built from wood and mud for protection.

And farther down the little animals had built a dam across the stream with logs, some of them more than a foot in diameter; thus causing the water to back up, covering considerable land.

On each side of the stream, large trees, that had grown and flourished there, had died by reason of the water; and there their trunks stood bare and gaunt; and ere long the flooded tract will become a large meadow, owing to the labor of the little beaver, where the moose will congregate during the rutting season, and where I have no doubt many a battle royal will be fought over their love affairs.

Emerging from a little narrow stream into a large body of water, we saw a cow moose in the water feeding; but, the wind being unfavorable, she threw up her head, sniffed the air, and started for the bush, before we could get within range for a shot with the camera.

On our way down a sluggish stream between two small lakes, wind and sun being favorable, we almost held our breath as the guide drove the canoe round several curves with silent skill, until, around one headland,

229 Bewildered.

before the victim was aware of the presence of a human being, the bow of the boat was within twenty-five feet of a large cow moose. Lifting her head, there she stood on the bank with ears turned forward, looking at the strange object with her large bright eyes, visibly bewildered as to what to do.

Jewel of Windy Lake.

Occasionally she would turn her head one way, then another, as though she would like to turn around, but was afraid to do so. Presently her ears went back and hair stood up,

and slowly turning round, she retreated into the timber out of our view.

Down the sluggish current, as smooth as glass, we proceeded, passing countless lilies—the reflection of the trees in the water as they towered high above on either side making an impression upon the mind long to be remembered.

Returning about an hour afterwards, just as we re-entered the pond, there on the western side of the water, we could see two moose feeding, one of which, however, soon took to cover. The other, a cow, continued to feed, seemingly totally unconscious of us. Taking the windward side with the shadow of the boat and its occupants away from the moose, the guide in the stern with paddle in hand sent the frail craft many feet nearer the quarry with every stroke; and the little whirlpools made by the paddle could be seen one after another at regular intervals as they diminished to nothing in the boat's ripples in the distance.

Occasionally the moose would look up after diving her head into the water for a sweet morsel of lily-pads, with which in her mouth she

would stand with head erect. At such instants everything about the canoe became as still as a floating log; then, just as soon as the head went down again, the guide would give another stroke of the paddle, thus sending the boat nearer and nearer until within one hundred feet of the game, when the artist took a snap-shot.

Startled.

This accomplished, the canoe reached within thirty feet, when another snap was taken.

Now things looked a little serious, for the large ears went back and hair forward as she

233 A Threatening Manner.

advanced towards us in a threatening manner, when the guide shouted, "Shoot her, Billy, shoot her."

By this time, we were within twenty feet; and had she decided to charge, as at first she

On a Gallop.

seemed minded, it would have been impossible for us to avoid a serious mishap; because the momentum of so large a body, although shot through the heart, inevitably would have carried her on to the canoe, with consequently greater danger for us than following a shot

at long range. In the bush, close by, we knew she had a calf; this fact, no doubt, caused her to consider well the question of a charge, and, changing her mind, she started at a gallop down the shore, making the water splash as she travelled for some distance before entering the bush.

INDEX

Anecdotes.
  Buck-fever, 158
  Doctor's story, The, 102
  Fish-poachers, 89
  General H.—and the moose, 110
  Lillooet, 6–9
  Marten vs. Martin, 50
  Mexican cowboy The, 127
  Mexican hermit, The, 141
  Mexican photography, 144
  Miles' version of it, 117
  Tenderfoot fishing, 206
    on the crossing, 159
    treed, 189
  Trapper Goodfellow, 56
  "Wildflowers," 3
Ashcroft, 1
Aztec caves, 149
  ewer, 148
  pottery, 148

Bat, in flashlight, 214
Bear, feeding, 16, 47
  Silver-tip, 58
  Stalking, 60, 62
  trapping, in Columbia, 81
    in Kippewa, 170, 172
  -trees, 188
Beaver, 80
  dam, 228
  feeding, 190
  house, 227
  meadows, 56, 99
Bighorn, sheep, 27
  Habits of, 32
  Hunting, 1
  Stalking, 28
Birch-bark, History of, 90
  Uses of, 93, 106, 109, 180, 182
Birds.
  Chewink, 98
  Cranes, Sandhill, 45, 174, 187
  Ducks, 94, 147
  Eagle, 81
  Geese, Canadian, 50
  Grouse, 18
  Hawks, Fish-, 174
  Jays, 140
  Kingfisher, 107
  Logcock, 66
  Loon, 174, 183
  Moose-birds, 119
  Osprey, 46
  Owl, 192, 194
  Partridge, Pine, 176, 196, 224
  Sandpipers, 3, 47
  Whiskey-jack, 13
  Woodpecker, 140
  Wren, 122
Bread-making, 34

British Columbia, 43
Brush River, 44
Buck-fever, 158
  -hunt in Michigan, 162
Butterflies, 22, 33

Calling a moose, 199
Call of the wild, 62
  to arms, 85
Camp fire, 59
Campbellton, 86
Canadian geese, 50
Canoe repairing, 109
Caribou-bait for bear, 65
  dew-claws, 100
  Hunting, 83
  Road, 1
  Stalking, 99
Casas Grandes, 126
Cave Valley, 146
  Dwellers, 146
Chihauhua, 137
Chipmunk, 83
Choke-cherries, 16
Columbia River, 43
  Sunset on, 69
Companionship, 70
Cranes, Sandhill, 45, 174, 187

Dan, the deer hound, 153
Decoy for geese, 52
Deer, Black-tail, 21, 23, 26, 110
  charging, 164
  feeding, 193
  Flashlight of, 215
  Photographing, 110, 119
  swimming, 162
  White-tail, 136
Deer Lodge, 219
Doctor's moose story, The, 101
Dogs trailing, 155
Ducks, Black, 147
  Fish, 94
  Mallard, 147
  Teal, 147

Eagle, Golden, 81
Ewer Cave, 148
Evolution of the birch-bark, 93

"Fiddle-top-ferns," 59
Fire, by lightning, 196
  Danger of, 59, 135
Fish.
  Pike, 170, 177
  Pickerel, 181
  Salmon, 124
  Trout, 18, 41
Fishing on the Restigouche, 89
Flashlights, 214
Flies, Black, 95
Flowers, 22, 34
Fog, like a pall, 23, 35
Fraser River Road, 4

Game-warden, Mexican, 128
Geese, Canada, 50
General H.—Story of, 110
George Lake, 187
Goat, 16, 37
Goodfellow's shack, 54
Grizzly, Hunting the, 43
  Stalking the, 58
Grouse, 18
Guide, My congenial, 71
Guides as companions, 37, 70, 225

Hawk, Fish-, 174
Hermit, The Mexican, 141
"Hole" Canyon, 137
Horses, Hobbling, 138
  straying, 11, 134
Hot tamales, 144
Hurricane on Lake Kimbasket, 60

"Jack," 214
Jays, 140

Kimbasket, Lake, 60
Kingfisher, 107, 185
Kippewa, 169
  Morning on Lake, 185
Kodak, Hunting with, 209

Lightning, 196, 218
Lillooet, 7
  Bar-room at, 9
Lodge, Deer, 219
Logcock, 66
Longfellow paraphrased, 124
Loon, 174, 183, 214
Lost in the swamps, 165
Lost on the mountain, 38
Love-call for moose, 110

Marble Canyon, 1
Marten trap, 76
Marten vs. Martin, 50
Mexico, 125
  Game-warden, 128
  Hunting-trip in, 125
  Staging in, 126
Mink tracks, 80
Moose antlers, 101, 182
  -birds, 119
  calf, 91, 235
  Calling, 107, 115, 180, 182, 199
  charging, 203
  courtship, 101
  cow, 91, 94, 97
  feeding, 91, 227, 231
  horn shovel, 197
  Photographing, 121, 230
  Stalking, 114
"Morning, stranger," 74
Mountain goats, 16
  Sierra Madre, 127
Muskoka, 169
Muskrat, 214

Nest of fish-hawk, 174
New Brunswick, 85

"Old Ephraim," 53
Old Mexico, Hunting trip in, 125
  Staging in, 126
Osprey fishing, 46
"Otter," 172
Outfitting, 176
Owl, Hoot, 192, 194

Pack, The baying, 157
Partridge, Pine, 176, 196, 224
Pheasant, 83
Photographing by flashlight, 215
  deer, 110, 119
  in Mexico, 144
  moose, 122, 232
Pickerel, 181
Pike, Trolling for, 170, 177
Playing beaver, 95
Porcupine, 56, 80
Pottery, 148

Preparing the trophy, 106
Ptarmigan, 39

Rainbow, 221
Rainy weather, 220
Rats, Wood, 105
Red Squirrel, 178
Restigouche River, 86, 124
Ridge River, 10
Roosevelt, President, 151

Salmon trout, 182
Sandpipers, 3, 47
"Sanpeet," 131
Scent making, 24, 78
"Scoulaps," 27
Sheldrakes, 223
Shovel, Moose horn, 197
Sierra Madre, 127
Signs of the Wild, 79
Snow-drifts, 16, 20, 34
Snow-slides, 47, 33, 53, 56
Sonora, 137
"Spring greens," 159
Squirrels, 84, 119, 178
Stag in flashlight, 215
Stage ride in Old Mexico, 128
Stalking the Grizzly, 58
Stillwater, 90
Swan, White, 45

Tenderfoot, Hunting with a, 167
  in trouble, 172
  stalking, 179
  trolling, 171
Thunder, 218
"Tog," 80
Tom, the guide, 117
Towing on the Restigouche, 87
Trapper Goodfellow, 54
Trapper's life, 72
Trapping bear, 81, 176
  beaver, 77, 80
  eagle, 81
  marten, 76
Trees, Cottonwood, 79
Trophy, Preparing the, 106, 204
Trout, 18, 41
Trout, Lake, 220
  Salmon-, 182
"Tump"-line, 178
Tyhee Jimmy, 10, 24

Van Dyke, Rev. Henry, 86
Virginia, Hunting in, 151, 153

Water-fowl, 44
  on Kippewa, 174
Whiskey-jack, The, 13
White-Brook Falls, 97
Wife vs. Husband, 216
Windy Lake, 205
Wolf, Gray, 180
Wood-rats, 105,
Wren, 122

PURCHASED 14th August 1936

FROM Murray

PLACE OF PURCHASE Vancouver

PRICE .50