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Yours truly,
A. D. Shaffner, Jr.

HUNTING
IN THE
LAND OF HIAWATHA

OR
THE HUNTING TRIPS OF AN EDITOR

The Story of Seven Annual Hunting Trips of the Author, being an interesting narrative of the incidents peculiar to Camp Life among the pines and spruces in the North Country—The Land of "Hiawatha." Establishing the location of the scene of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," giving a full description of the beautiful Tah-qua-me-non River, on which "Hiawatha" builded and floated his phantom canoe, together with its early history and traditions, and illustrating its Great Falls, also giving one of the beautiful legends of the Tah-qua-me-non.

BY
A. D. SHAFFMASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM VIEWS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

In presenting this work to the public, the author does so, knowing full well no attempt has been made to make this narrative other than it is, the simple recital of incidents peculiar to Camp Life in the woods. He offers no apology for perhaps a liberal sprinkling of the Nectar of the Woods which has been allowed to leak in and permeate the breath of his narrative; nor for the unbounded love which he breathes for the Wild, and the creatures of its domain.

It is sought to preserve for the use of future lovers of the Woods and Waters, these plain tales, and to dedicate this work to all who may read these pages and find aught of pleasure, solace or satisfaction therein.

ALLEN DYER SHAFFMASTER.

Bronson, Michigan, August, 1904.

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HUNTING

IN THE LAND OF HIAWATHA

OR

THE HUNTING TRIPS OF AN EDITOR

FIRST ANNUAL HUNT

CHAPTER I

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings ***
—Pop.

“When do we start?”

“This afternoon, Dick. Have you your outfit ready?”

“All ready except loading a few extra heavy charged shells, you know we may need such if we should run onto a b——”

But the sentence was hardly finished when I broke into a hearty laugh, and chaffingly took up the unfinished subject by adding, “bear.”

“Yes, bear. You’ve done nothing but talk about bear, deer, wolves, wildcats, panthers and th’ other varmints that’s, as you ses, is roamin’ round in them north woods, for more’n ‘er month past, an’ I don’t believe in going up there with no toy gun.”

And the speaker, a broad-shouldered, muscular mechanic, standing over six feet in his stockings,

with a pleasant open countenance, lighted up with a pair of honest blue eyes, and a half quizzical smile on his face, continued the work of oiling up a heavy single barrel shot gun which he held in his hands, while he continued: "I've hurried up this gun, cos I wanted to take it with me, an' it's all my own work. Yes, it's an eight bore, weighs thirteen pounds, and it'll shoot clean thro' a —! Well, you just wait and see what it will do."

"All right, Dick," I replied with a smile, "we will finish packing our box, then away for the happy hunting grounds."

After a pleasant trip of some 350 miles, through one of the handsomest and most picturesque sections of the state, through Paradisian Southern Michigan, via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., and for 300 miles due north on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Ry., famous as "The Fishing Line" gliding through alternate forest and woodland, interspersed with the countless sylvan lakes, which makes this line of railroad famous the world over as traversing the finest fishing country in all the known world, we arrived at Trout Lake, a small station on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry. I had been advised by Editor Jones of the St. Ignace Enterprise, to try this place, so we were soon enjoying the hospitality of the Trout Lake House. We made camp on a little peninsula, about half a mile from town, where we hunted with indifferent success for about a week. There seemed to be quite a number of deer, but the number of hunters were in excess of the number of

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THE BIG BUCK OF '98.

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CAMP NO. 1, 1898.

deer. We only saw one deer, a very large buck, in our week's stay, but shot quite a number of partridge and ducks, and Dick shot a very large porcupine, tipping it from the foremost branches of a lofty hemlock with one charge from his big gun. The animal would weigh about 25 pounds, and Dick examined it with a good deal of curiosity, as it was the first one he had ever killed. We secured a quantity of its quills and I cut off two of its feet to take back with us as souvenirs to show our friends.

Believing that we would not be very successful in getting deer at this place, and as time was slipping away, the season having opened on the eighth, I proposed that we move our camp farther up the line, in a more remote section of the country, and Dick assenting, I fell to studying a small state map which I carried in my pocket.

"See that river?" I exclaimed, as I pointed to a thread-like line on the map.

"Yes, but what of that," replied Dick.

"Well, I believe that near that river—the Tahqua-me-non, there is plenty of game, and I propose that we pull out of here at once."

"All right, Al, I don't believe we will get anything here. Too many hunters, and luck seems to be against us."

The result was, when the train bound north came along, we were passengers, bag and baggage, and after about an hour's ride through a series of spruce swamp and wild tangle, which at once

stamped it as a game country, we arrived at Eckerman ~~about noon on Saturday~~, Nov. 13.

It was a queer looking place, and a typical back-woods one at that. Only a few houses, not over half a dozen, mostly log or half log and half frame structures. We spent the afternoon in loitering about the place and picking up such information as we could in regard to the country, and in securing the services of a teamster, a Mr. McMullen, to take us out on the following day. The next day (Sunday) we were hauled out into the woods some ten miles north, by Sam McMullen, the teamster. He drove us about a mile off the stage road, which is nothing but a winding team trail through unbroken forest, and deposited us near a small cold spring of running water, in the shelter of a group of hills, and in the shadow of towering hemlocks. We did not reach our camping place until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as we had not brought a tent, we had to build a camp. I selected a place at the base of a sloping bank, and between two big trees which had fallen parallel with each other, and about ten feet apart. With the aid of a shovel and our axe to cut the roots, we dug and shoveled alternately, working like beavers, and just at dusk, had the satisfaction to move into our snug little quarters, which were about 8x12 feet, and just high enough to stand upright in. It was a real hunter's camp, I told Dick, as we had constructed it with our own hands. An old canvas, with plenty of hemlock branches, made a good roof, while dirt, logs and more branches

formed the enclosure. A large box we emptied of camp duffle answered as a door, we entering our hut first, and placing the box in the opening afterwards. We made a bed of freshly cut hemlock and spruce tops, and set up our camp stove, brought water from the spring, and were ready for the night, which was now upon us.

Being eleven miles from any human habitation, we were alone in the heart of the forest. It was a new sensation for Dick, who seemed to regard the approaching gloom of night with considerable uneasiness. But I reassured him with encouraging words, and we prepared our supper.

The next day we cut some wood, and watched on runways near our camp, but did not see anything. We began to get more familiar with our surroundings, and made some excursions into the woods.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.—We did not wake very early this morning, it is so dark here surrounded by tall trees and we have no window in the cabin, only such light as steals through the cracks and our lantern which we keep burning most of the time when at home. Started out at 8:00, and I took a north and easterly course while Dick went a little way south to watch a runway. I returned to camp at 3:00 this afternoon, having followed a runway back into the woods three or four miles. I saw three deer, and fired at each, but did not get one of them. I only saw the flag of the first one, and fired at random; the second one was back in the thick brush and among the trees, and although I fired three

or four shots at it, it did not run at all, but walked along as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened; I was about 100 yards from the deer and it did not see me at all. The next one I ran across farther along the trail, and it was a fine buck. I was just getting ready to turn to go home, when he ran out of the woods on my left and I caught sight of him when about 75 yards away; he saw me, but I stopped and stood still and he did the same, looking steadily at me, while I slowly drew up my rifle, and taking a too quick aim fired; the shot apparently did not hit him, as he with a big bound turned and ran into the woods and I fired three more shots at him as he went, but do not think I hit him. There was not enough snow to track or I could have followed him and got another shot, I think, as he did not run very fast nor go very far after I fired at him.

Wednesday, Nov. 17.—Up at 4:50 this morning, and find on peeping out through the chinks of our hut, that the ground is covered with snow. We had breakfast at 6:00 and at 6:30 started with our guns for the haunts of the deer. Dick went in on the east side of the old runway and I took my old trail of yesterday, supposing I could find my way back to the place where I saw the three deer, but after a long tramp I found that too much snow had fallen during the night, which effectually hid many objects which otherwise might seem familiar to me and aid me in locating the vicinity. Dick got into camp before I did, and reported some fresh tracks but no deer. I did not see any

deer either, but plenty of fresh tracks in the snow. We are both tired from the day's tramp and shall retire early.

Thursday, Nov. 18.—We found on looking out this morning that more fresh snow fell last night, and it is still snowing a little. We started out as usual, going east of our camp about a mile and then turning almost due north or northeast.

We found the fresh fallen snow of last night just enough to effectually cover over all the old tracks of yesterday, so it is what is called in the hunter's vernacular "good tracking." It is now just 7 o'clock, and we have finished supper, and Dick had just added the finishing touches to the meal by washing down his last slice of bread with the last remaining pint of coffee in the pot, which makes an even three pint cupfuls he has taken for his supper. When I first came into the woods, I smiled to myself when I beheld the pint cups we intended to use to drink from and wondered if I could down the contents of one of them—strong rich coffee without milk—at each meal, but now after two weeks in the woods I find to my utter surprise that I can and do easily drink two pint cupfuls every meal, and a little swallow now and then between times. Dick drinks the coffee pot empty every chance he gets, and I do believe he could easily drink a barrel of coffee a day if he could only get it, which he cannot here.

It is about the same way with the amount of solid foods which we can stow away in this climate.

Dick got lost today, and returned to camp just

at dusk, white as a sheet with fright, and nearly exhausted. After separating this morning, we each went a different direction, and agreeing to meet at a marked tree at four o'clock. I was there, but Dick did not come, so I returned to camp after first waiting for him until nearly dark. I had a good laugh at him tonight when he told me of his adventure. It appears he was tracking a big buck, and did not pay much attention to where he was going, until it came time for him to meet me at the appointed tree. He started, and after tramping around awhile, he came upon a track in the snow, whick he took for mine, following it until he came out to an open space in which there was a large birch tree with a very large knot half way up. As this tree seemed somewhat familiar, he paused to think, when he remembered having passed the same tree in the morning. He had been following his own tracks of the morning. So he started off in an opposite direction, and as darkness was falling, he hurried his steps, and after thrashing around over several miles, jumping logs, crawling through tree tops, and dodging trees, he again came to a halt, and lo, and behold, the old birch tree with the knot was before him. Now, thoroughly convinced that he was lost, his head began to whirl, and the cold sweat came out on his forehead. But still determined to get out, he started again. He now no longer turned out for brush or tree tops, but plunged madly through them, scratching his face and bruising his flesh, but he minded it not; his gait became a trot, and

his breath came in big gasps. Several times he was on the point of stopping and climbing a tree, he said, but still kept on. At last, by sheer luck, he struck my tracks where I had come out an hour before, and was soon in camp, a sadder and wiser boy.

After he had related the substance of the foregoing to me, I told him that a compass was an absolute necessity to a man in an unknown and pathless woods, and that he would have made a big mistake that might have cost him his life if he had given up for lost that night and climbed a tree as he thought of doing, and told him if he ever got lost to build a big fire, which he could have easily done as there were many dry pine and other trees and stubs of trees, also stumps where a fire could easily have been started notwithstanding everything was covered with snow; when he had a good fire started, I could have located him by the smoke or the light from the fire, and as long as he kept the fire burning no wild animal would approach him, besides he could have kept himself warm, whereas if he had taken refuge in a tree the cold winds and falling snow might have chilled and benumbed him so thoroughly he would be in great danger of falling to the ground and being frozen before help could come. I think this incident taught Dick a good lesson, and I noticed that afterwards he kept close to me in the woods or where he could follow his own back tracks in the snow.

Friday, Nov. 19.—Breakfast at 7:00 this morn-

ing, and while eating the same we find our sugar pail getting quite alarmingly low, that is not the pail but the sugar. This fact leads me to take an inventory of our remaining stock of provisions and I find the following:

Bread, six loaves,
Butter, none,
Baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound,
Cake, none,
Coffee, $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds,
Flour, 5 pounds,
Ham, about 3 pounds,
Lard, 2 pounds,
Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel,
Pie, none—too bad,
Pepper and salt, plenty.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—We have had quite an adventure today, at least I have, at any rate, and tonight dined on venison from a fine large doe which I shot this forenoon. Supper has just been finished, and a good brisk fire is now crackling in the stove while we with lighted pipes are settling ourselves into comfortable positions to discuss the day's events and while so doing rest our rather fatigued bodies, as we have had quite a little hard work today.

After getting a good start this morning, we observed that in traveling towards the bay, we had seen a good number of fresh tracks where the deer had crossed the road all along our backward route, and I told Dick it looked as though there were more deer moving than usual, and as all the tracks

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A. D. SHAFFMASTER, JOURNAL CAMP.

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HAUNTS OF THE DEER.

had the appearance of being recently made, I suggested ~~that~~ ^{what} ~~like~~ ^{it} to ~~place~~ ^{it}.

I stepped back from the runway about four rods to where a good sugar maple offered me a chance to conceal my person from the direction of any approaching game on the runway. Dick found a large hemlock just across on the north side of the road and about the same distance back from the runway. The sun was shining brightly, and fell with diffusing rays upon the surrounding ideal forest scene; not a breath of air was felt or visible by as much as a tremulous leaf—only the unfathomed and indescribable silence of the deep woods—the gleaming sunshine as it caught and, lightning like, flashed for a brief moment, upon the darkly polished steel of my rifle and along its enameled barrel, served to momentarily draw the sweeping gaze of my eye from the surrounding scene.

Scarcely 30 minutes had passed since we had taken our positions behind the trees, when on looking far down along my end of the trail, a moving object, just discernable among the trees, caught my eye; instantly I was on the alert; I had raised my crouching figure to obtain a better sight of the approaching game, for game it was and of the most royal kind. Not for a second did I take my eyes from the sight which then slowly but surely was developing before me. On he came, occasionally half pausing to lower his antlered head and sniff the trail before him; presently he came into full view as the trail wound round a

small knoll and a gleam of sunshine shot from the polished surface of his massive antlers as he slowly turned his head while it was poised high in the air. What a picture of self superiority of defiant pride. Observing that if I would get a shot at all, I must act quickly, I brought my rifle to my shoulder, took a quick but cool, careful aim, at a spot just under the right foreleg, and fired! The sharp crack of the rifle brought him to a standstill, and for an instant I could not tell whether I had hit him or not; but the next moment he started out through the trees on a bound, I pulled the gun into line and crack, crack, crack, went the old 38-55, while in headlong bounds my noble and erstwhile game was making towards the fringe of thick heavy timber a mile to the south. At the sight of my fast escaping game I grew sick and faint and my legs shook and quaked so I could scarcely keep my position.

Dick heard the shots, but sat still, thinking perhaps the game would come on along the runway and he would get a shot, too, so he did not even get a glimpse of my noble buck. After this we started in the direction where the buck was when I first fired at him, and found on reaching his tracks that the distance was about 100 yards, through a rather close growth of trees, and inclined a little down hill from where I fired at him. On the off side of the buck's tracks lying and scattered over the snow was a large bunch of hair cut by one of my bullets (probably the first one) from the buck's neck; it must have cut it there.

as we figured the problem from all points and could come to no other conclusion. The fact that I had missed my game after so careful and deliberate an aim and had yet cut a bunch of hair from his neck after aiming so low as the foreshoulder suddenly shed a great light upon the results of several other occasions related, of where I had fired at a buck on as many different times and had had the mortification and astonishment to see each one of them run off as though nothing had happened after firing three or four shots at each. Dick broke the silence, which, as I gazed most ruefully at that bunch of long thick hair, was exceedingly profound, and said: "If that d—— gun of yours had been sighted right you'd have killed him and the other three you lost before this." I felt the truth and force of Dick's blunt words keenly, for this last shot had opened my eyes to a heretofore unsolved mystery, and the facts stood out plain and unquestionable—I had shot over and missed four of the finest bucks that ever stood on four feet, and all within two weeks' time, and every one of them should and could have been killed in his tracks had the gun put the ball where I had aimed it. It was a new rifle that I had, and one I had never shot a dozen times until I came into the woods. This taught me a profound and lasting lesson, and from that moment I determined if I had another opportunity, that I would aim low enough to fetch down my game or know the reason why. The opportunity came sooner than I anticipated, and in less than two hours from that time I was

bending over the prostrate form of one of the largest and finest does I had ever seen and the first deer I ever killed. How did I get her? Well, it's easily told.

After we had made a fruitless attempt to track up the buck that I had shot at, we separated about half a mile south of the road, and I started on another track while Dick retraced his steps towards the scene of our first adventure of a short time previous. After I had wandered around through the woods for about an hour, I started out towards the road, but not having kept strict account of my bearings, I did not know just what direction to take, so kept going and looking out for the opening where ran the road.

Suddenly and without the faintest sign of the proximity of game, a deer's head bounded up from the ground right in front of me and about 50 yards distance. I did not stop to analyze the subject of how the head came there or anything of the kind, but quick as a wink the rifle bounded to my shoulder, and with the silent warning and admonition of a short two hours ago to hold low, I drew a bead on the immovable and clear cut head before me, and then lowering the gun until the neck of the animal showed through the rear sight, I pressed the trigger. It was all over quicker than I can tell it; but there was a second surprise for me at the same moment. When the rifle cracked, down went the game that I had fired at, and instantly there sprang into view, the slim, symmetrical form of another deer, perhaps

two-thirds grown, which had been lying on the ground ~~and only a few feet~~ from where the other one then lay dying with a mortal wound, the ball having struck it in the right eye and torn the inside of the head to pieces. Fragments of bone and brains were scattered over the snow nearby, and as Dick said when on first viewing the dead doe: "No wonder that deer died, just see that hole in her head."

But to return to the other one, as soon as I had fired at number one and instantly saw it go down, I worked the lever, throwing a new cartridge in the barrel and prepared to shoot again if I saw any chance of the game attempting to escape, but before I could note whether another shot was needed or not to keep my game quiet and safe for me, number two had bounded to its feet and stood, mutely and astonishingly regarding me from a slight knoll 50 or 60 yards away. Up came the rifle to my shoulder, and crack, crack, crack went three shots in quick succession, while from my position, not having stirred from my tracks since shooting the first one, I caught a faint glimpse of a phantom-like, brownish-gray streak vanishing with the rapidity of a streak of lightning through the vista of scattered timber in the distance. Then I paused and said something you could not find in the dictionary, meanwhile my first one was stone dead, as I found on approaching her.

Monday, Nov. 22.—Up at 6 this morning, and breakfast finished, we hustled around and made ready for our departure. We have to carry our

camp outfit and deer through the woods over a mile to where the main road intersects with the one on which we have been camping. It is now 10:30 a. m., and I have just come out from camp with the last load, our stove, which we thought first we would leave in the woods, but finding we had time to spare, I volunteered to go back after it.

Concerning this hunt there isn't much more to tell, except that we reached Eckerman in the evening of the 22d and, with a number of other hunters, took the train for Soo Junction, where we changed for St. Ignace thence across the straits to Mackinaw City and arrived home safe and sound on the afternoon of the 23d day of November, having been absent just three weeks, and enjoyed the outing and its various incidents immensely.

The deer which I shot was shipped home by express, and arrived in Bronson the day following our arrival. The cause of its delay seemed plain enough to me, as when it was loaded into the car at Eckerman, there was at least 10 or 15 other deer carcasses put in at the same time, and before the train had reached St. Ignace, the express car was filled to the very roof with deer; it was a grand sight for the sportsman to behold, and could not help but send the sporting blood tingling through one's veins as one contemplated the spectacle and ruminated on the scenes and transpiring events which must have occurred to bring each and every one of those beautiful inanimate animals from its home in the heart of the deep forest.

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SECOND ANNUAL HUNT

CHAPTER II

She scorned the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
—Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

The editor and George H. Brown, an old timer and buffalo hunter, left Bronson Nov. 10, 1898, and arrived in Eckerman the following day. Although a man past the prime of life, the old buffalo hunter had the vigor of youth stamped on his face, the agility of an Indian, and the cunning of a wolf. It was with this old timer of the plains, who had spent ten years of his life on the border, hunting the buffalo, deer, antelope, bear, lion, wolf and other game, and dodging Indians, that the author received his first real lessons in the art of still hunting big game, and his success afterward he attributes much to that careful training and joyous camp companionship of the old buffalo hunter.

For our camping place we selected a spot 13 miles north and west of the station. This would place us about three miles west from my camping place with Mr. Addicks of last year. We arrived at the camping place, which was near a group of small lakes, about 11 in the forenoon. Our goods were unloaded, and the teamster drove away and left us alone with the trees and wild animals for

daily companions. Not a human soul except ourselves, within six or eight miles of us.

Our camping-place was an open space some five rods square, on the summit of a hill just off the road a few yards. We found a small trail which led down over the hill until it reached a little gem of a lake, only about 30 or 40 rods away, where we should get water to cook with. After getting the tent up and stakes all down, I took a pail and started down the trail towards the lake for water. There was, as I have previously mentioned, a little snow on the ground, which made tracking quite feasible, but not exactly plain. However, while descending the trail until I reached the edge of the lake, I had noticed in coming down a number of deer tracks made the previous night or in the early morning. On reaching the lake and glancing over its slightly congealed surface white with snow, I was surprised to find such a tiny but sylvan gem in these woods; the prospect was entrancing to a sportsman, and stepping carefully along the outer edge, I contemplated the scene with silent but deep admiration. Glancing down at my feet, I was astonished to find the freshly made tracks of a good big bear, and following the tracks with my eye, I could trace his large, open trail entirely around the lake. Finding a clear spot in the ice, I broke it open with my hatchet, and filling my pail with clear, sparkling water, started up the hill in a hurry. When I reached the camp I caught sight of George, running towards the northeast part of

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EAST AND WEST ROAD.

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GEORGE BROWN, JOURNAL CAMP.

the hill, rifle in hand, and bounding over the fallen trees with the ease and agility of an Indian. I wondered what he was after, and fearing to scare the game, if any, did not hail him.

After reaching the tent, I glanced around and saw George approaching, a smile on his face and eyes sparkling. When asked what he had seen, he replied that just after I had gone towards the lake, he thought he heard something running northeast just below the hill, and had grabbed his rifle and ran out in that direction to see if he could catch a glimpse of the animal, if any, but did not see anything. As soon as he related this to me, I told him about the fresh bear tracks I had seen around the lake, and together we went down the path to investigate. When nearly down the hill and in sight of the lake, I discovered the bear track up the same hill coming from the direction of the lake, and headed northeast, and as it was the same track I had seen below, we concluded the bear was down there prowling around until he heard us at the camp, and then he ran up over the hill, and this is what George heard running a few minutes before.

The day was pleasant, with sunshine most of the time, and we worked like beavers getting our tent and stove up and unpacking our goods. About one o'clock we stopped long enough to snatch a bite of cold lunch, after which George said he would take his rifle and go out in the woods a little while, while I finished arranging things about the camp. I got the stove set up, and then took the axe and

cut some dry maple from a tree which had been felled long enough to be well seasoned. There was an abundance of beech, maple and birch wood near the camp, and all dry and easy to cut, so I soon had a good pile of wood in the tent and a crackling fire in the stove.

Grouse or partridge were very plenty, and every day we saw many and could have shot a great number, but only clipped the heads off a few near the camp. They were the finest eating we ever tasted, having a peculiarly fine, gamey flavor not usually found in the partridge of the lower peninsula.

About the third or fourth day of camp life, George mixed up his first batch of flapjacks, remarking at the time that it reminded him of his old life on the plains in the buffalo hunting days of '71. However, he soon proved that his hand had not lost its cunning, as he tossed up the flapper into the air with the ease of a Hindoo juggler, turning it in the air and dropping it into the pan with a flop, browned side up, every time. Such flapjacks I never enjoyed before, light and browned to a turn. Spread with good home dairy butter, a layer of sugar (George never used the sweet stuff, he said), they were delicious, indeed. Three or four days had passed, yet we had not had a shot at a deer, when George came in one evening, with fire in his eyes, and told how he had just a few moments before, caught sight of the biggest buck he had ever seen, but the old fellow only showed himself for a moment, just long enough to show off his fine, large,

rounded form, branching antlers, and then, with one mighty bound, was out of sight in the woods like a flash. George sighed heavily, and filled his pipe, and with lighted match in his hand, continued his story, and told what he would do to that buck if ever he saw him again.

During the night several inches of snow had fallen, and on stepping forth from the tent that morning we found there was good tracking. George started north and west, while I struck out east for the stage route, to mail a letter and bring back mail.

Although we tramped over miles of territory that day, scarcely a fresh deer track could be seen, and we concluded that the game had taken shelter from the storm in the big swamp or in the thick clumps of hemlock far back in the woods. Both returned to camp near evening, tired and somewhat discouraged from the day's hunt. A brisk fire soon cast a glow of warmth and comfort around us, and a big appetizing supper, consisting of boiled potatoes, fried onions, grouse, fried in butter and big flaky flapjacks, and rich coffee, put us in good humor and cheered our dampened spirits.

During that night and the next day a large lumbering camp moved in right near us, and as we learned they were going to lumber all winter in that vicinity, we became thoroughly disgusted, and decided to move.

During the next two days we did nothing except to make arrangements for moving, and in looking

up another camping site, which George discovered some three and a half miles south and west. We were soon moved and our tent set up for the second time.

The location was a splendid one, at least five miles from any other hunter's camp, and far enough from our late lumbermen friends to keep silence between us. It was right on the edge of the great swamp and where the line of hardwood ended, so we had both hardwood and swamp ground for hunting, as well as plenty of good dry beech, maple and birch trees handy for fuel; good water we found only a few rods from the tent. There was an abundance of signs of game all around us. That afternoon, towards evening, it was a dark and cloudy day, the sky betokening snow, George was cleaning a freshly-killed grouse near the tent, when he heard the long-drawn out howl of a big timber wolf, about eighty rods away, out in the swamps. This made the blood tingle through our veins, and we looked forward anxiously to the morning when we would start out.

Before the first rays of light swept across the eastern horizon and had half a chance to penetrate the forest seclusion of our camping site, we were up and had toasted ourselves by the side of a good hot fire, which was from time to time replenished with sticks of good dry maple cut from seasoned trees the evening previous. The never-failing coffee pot had boiled until its savory odor, escaping from the singing vessel, filled the tent with richest aroma.

A hot flapjack for myself and a pint of hot, rich coffee, with a good lump of butter added and sugar to sweeten to the taste, and I was buckling on my belt, feeling for reserve cartridges in my hunting-coat pockets, and ascertaining at the same time the location of my pipe and tobacco. I was just preparatory to stepping from the tent, but first most critically examining my rifle—let her slip out a cartridge to see if it was loaded and the action was perfect, then I was ready for the start. George never eats anything for breakfast, and I believe that he must belong to the anti-breakfast society; a swallow or two of coffee is all he wants, and grabbing his rifle he goes through much the same performance as myself as to examining its workings, and placing any possible doubt as to whether it is loaded and in perfect working order at an end by throwing back the lever until the polished brass shell and soft-nosed bullet is plainly seen, then closing the lever with a satisfied snap, he sweeps aside the flap of the tent, steps forth softly, pauses a moment on the outer edge to look and listen, then, before I have time to take a second glimpse, his stalwart form noiselessly slips away into the semi-darkness of approaching dawn and is lost in the shadows of the great trees which surround us.

After fruitlessly walking a good many miles, and seeing nothing, I started for camp, and getting there just before dusk. That evening we went over the events of the day. George had been west several miles and then turned north. He said that

after leaving me in slashing, and when he had been gone on ~~his way~~ ~~an hour~~, he heard the cry of a panther a little south of where we separated, and perhaps two miles west.

"Say, old man," I exclaimed, "you must be mistaken, as I don't think there are any panthers here," but George replied: "Al, I know that cry too well; I've listened to 'em many and many a time on the plains in the old buffalo days of '71, and it was the regular shriek of a big cat or panther. We called them lions, mountain lions in the West, and they are mighty cunnin', too; one night one sneaked up to our tent and stole a forequarter of freshly-killed venison from under my saddle, which I was using for a pillow, and although he only had to draw it from underneath the edge of the tent and slip it away from underneath my saddle, I should have heard him, but didn't. The next morning we could see his trail where he came and went off towards the hills very plainly. I tell you, Al, this is a wild country, miles from any settlement, and when you can go out and see deer, wolf, lynx and bear tracks all around you as we can, there is a pretty good likelihood of there being some panthers here. Anyway, I'll swear that I heard one scream three or four times today, and I had a notion to go back to you and warn you of what I had heard, but I knew you were well armed, and although you might not hear a cat scream or know it was approaching you, I felt pretty sure that you would be on the lookout for anything moving, and

get the drop on him with that 30-30 of yours before he could reach you; but Al, I want you to be sure and get in nights before dark, or I shall be worried."

After listening to George's earnest words of warning, I told him that I guessed it would be just as well if both of us got to camp before night set in, and in future, panther or no panther, I should keep a sharp lookout when passing under trees, and especially where a lynx or cat could spring down onto its prey.

While we were thus talking, and our pipes had been filled and refilled once or twice, George suddenly raised himself on his elbow, at the same instant saying "Hark," and raised his arm in a cautionary movement, inclined his head slightly, while we both remained motionless and perfectly quiet for a full minute. Then, raising himself from the bed where he had been reclining at full length on the blankets, he cautiously approached the flap, and drawing it carefully aside, stepped forth. Calling to me to look out; a second later I did so, and found the surrounding scene one of beauty, indeed. The storm clouds had passed over, and the moon, almost full, was shining brightly, while all around was nearly as light as day. It was an entrancing scene, and we stood with uncovered heads under the shadow of the giant trees, silently admiring this moonlit forest scene. After we had retreated back into the tent, George said: "Seemed just so to me when I told you to listen

that I heard something or other a-runnin' round this tent, and that's why I stopped you talking, but I don't see or hear anything. In the morning, Al, just look for tracks and see if anything did come near us, will you?"

"Of course I will," I replied, and in a few moments we were both snugly tucked away in our woolen blankets, with each trusty rifle on either side of us.

The following morning we were up early, and ready for a start before the break of day, but concluded not to start out until we could see the sights on our guns, as the moon had then gone down and it was quite dark.

Getting tired of walking around and seeing no game, I turned towards the camp, which I reached about 11 in the forenoon. After building a fire, I bethought me of what George suggested the previous evening about looking for tracks near the tent, so took a little circle around to see for myself. About three rods to the south of the tent, in an old logging road leading into the swamp, I could distinguish tracks of some kind made in the early part of the previous evening, bending down and looking at them steadily I could see very plainly that they were wolf tracks, and following up the trail a little further, the tracks became more numerous, and a regular path was beaten in the center of the road. There was a big pine tree lying across the road about 16 or 17 rods from the tent, and when I came up to it, I could see the foot-prints of the wolves on its upward side, and

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CEDAR CAMP—GROUP NO. 1.

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CEDAR CAMP—GROUP NO. 2.

also noted with some astonishment that the snow was all melted off and hardly packed down on one favorite spot on the tree where the wolves had evidently sat in the cold moonlight watching our tent during the hours when we slept, all unconscious of the fact that game was actually within a few rods of us and sitting on that log and calculating the chances of getting a square meal. We kept the lantern burning, so that every movement in the canvas tent could plainly be seen, as our shadows were distinctly outlined wherever we stood up or moved about. Walking back towards the tent, I found tracks within 30 feet of where lay our innocent heads during the night.

This last discovery was an eye opener to me, and right there I made up my mind that it was wolves that George had heard running near the tent the night before. I ground my teeth in silent rage at the unparalleled audacity of these gaunt creatures that infested these woods in daring to come right under our very noses, and be off without our ever seeing one. As near as I could judge by the numerous tracks and size of foot-prints there were at least half a dozen or more in the gang, and one was a monster, too; his track showed a foot-print fully four inches through each way, and his steps were two feet apart, showing what a long-legged, monster he must have been.

That evening after George returned we discussed the wolf question, and decided then and there that it would scarcely be healthy for more of these

brutes to come prowling around our tent by moonlight while ~~we were around~~. Neither of us had seen a deer that day, but both had seen numerous fresh tracks, and we promised ourselves a deer to hang up before night, at least George said that he was going to get one sure.

We were up early the next morning, and found the snow nearly gone again, there having been a thaw, in fact there was no tracking as the earth was bare. George got away with blood in his eye, and said he was going west towards the river. As usual I went north on the old road and spent several hours watching for any deer that might cross. These roads make a good place to stand and watch, as one can see a half mile each way in most places. Nothing more than those pesky little red squirrels came near me, and it seemed as though the woods were full of them. They would come right up to my bootleg, stop, look, turn and run off a few yards, then stand up and chatter; such a lot of scolding as one big fellow did give me, I almost felt like throwing a stick at him, because he made so much noise.

About 10 that morning I returned to camp, somewhat discouraged, and was about to kindle a fire, when a small piece of manila paper stuck in the slide of the lantern, caught my eye. This is what I read: "Al, I have killed one. Take the north road to where it turns east and then come north until you find me."

The paper dropped from my fingers in a hurry,

and I grabbed up my rifle and started up the north road as George had directed me. It was about a mile and a half's walk, and before I had approached within 150 yards of the place, I could easily make out the form of a big buck lying in the road. I was soon on the spot, and examining the wound, which had considerable interest for me, as George was carrying my 30-30 smokeless Marlin, and this being the first deer hit with this modern gun while in our hands, I felt some curiosity to see the effect of the shot. George soon came out of the woods nearby, a broad smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye, and approaching the noble game —a beautiful ten point buck—which, even in death, looked majestic and inspiring. To my question as to how he got him, George smiled, rolled his chew into the other jaw, and replied: “I was coming along on the north road about 7:30 when, as I got right here, I saw something move just a little off there to the left in that thick brush; I stopped in my tracks and looked again, and could just make out a brownish-gray spot about 4x5 inches through the thicket, and said to myself, (mentally, of course), ‘now that’s a deer, sure,’ but what part of him I was looking at I didn’t know. Squaring around I slowly drew up the little 30-30, ran my eye along the barrel until I caught a good bead right on the center of that suspicious looking spot and pressed the trigger. Before the gun cracked there was a tumble of the game that I never have seen equaled, not even when I used the old

50 Sharps in the buffalo days. Say, Al, I would have given ~~\$5 if you could have stood here and seen him go down. If that buck had been a fat steer in a slaughter pen and struck with an iron maul in the forehead his feet would never have went out from under him any quicker; down he went all in a heap, and though he tried to stagger to his knees, he could not do it. I saw he was suffering terribly, the blood gushed from the wound in his neck, and in mercy I shot him through the brain to end his misery. The look of human reproach that he gave me out of those great brown, liquid eyes of his, almost broke me down, and for a moment or two, I confess Al, enthusiastic hunter as I am, I almost regretted that I had killed him. But as the remembrance of days I had spent in hunting him, and, cold and hungry and tired, to return each night to camp almost despondent, and without even a shot, flashed through my mind, and my eye took in, with glowing pride, the fine round form, the perfect antlers, and his noble breast, I was a hunter again, and could not help but gloat over my noble prize, the finest buck I ever killed."~~

"And what do you think of the little 30-30, now?" I asked, as we both drew a few feet away to take a seat on a fallen tree near the roadside.

"Why, Al, when I first started out with that rifle, I called it a pop-gun, good to shoot red squirrels or grouse, but never expected to kill a deer with it; you know I wanted to change guns with you

just for luck. But I'll tell you right now, that's the strongest shooting gun I ever held to my shoulder, and I have held some of the best. She's a bird of a gun, and I would not be afraid to face even a grizzly with it now."

As there was no snow on the ground, we had a pretty lively tug, dragging the buck down to camp, about a mile and a half. At last, we had him there, and soon succeeded in suspending him from a pole, which was propped up against two big pines, and here he hung, until we started for home. Say, ye lovers of the game of game, and the mystic charm of the forest, you should have been there to dine with us that evening. Such a feast was never (to our minds) set before two hungry hunters, for you remember we had not tasted food nor drink since before daylight that morning. It was just a little before dusk when our task of hanging up the buck was completed, then George began to swing the axe around pretty lively, and the hard maple and dry birch chips flew through the air like hailstones, while I hurried to the spring (a few yards in the woods), to get our supply of water for the night. A crackling fire made grotesque shadows dance along the walls of the tent, while the lantern cast a soft amber light over all from its high position on the center pole, where it was suspended by about two feet of wire and swung back and forth like the pendulum of a clock.

Such an appetizing odor as filled our snug canvas home that night makes me hungry just to think of

it—the rich aroma of the boiling coffee mingled with the irresistible odor of frying venison, and the steam from the hot frying pan as George flipped the browned, flaky flapjacks into the air, all drifted up together to the walls of canvas above us. We drew our camp-stools up to the table, (an upturned dry goods box, about $2 \times 2 \times 4$ feet), and well—to use the expression of the waifs of the street, we didn't "do a 'ting to the layout' before us."

It was 10:30 the next morning before we met, after leaving the tent together before daylight, and I had been up the north road watching the different crossing places, while George had been in west a couple of miles. I was returning to camp along the north road, when I came to a place where the road was tracked up as though a flock of sheep had crossed there. I counted five or six different tracks, all going east, then I walked along a few paces and discovered George's tracks in the wake of the fleeing deer. So when we met on the road a little ways below I knew that while I had been up the road about a half mile watching for game, George had driven six deer across below. George was in a bad humor, and I managed to gather enough information from him to find out that he had gone west about two miles, and driven out about a dozen deer, mostly does and fawns, he thought, but did not see the game, except an occasional glimpse of a flag way ahead through the thick woods and brush, impossible to shoot at, of course.

He followed the flock, a ways, then they broke and scattered, six of them going east, and the rest west. He tracked six up across the north road, and said:

"I knew I was getting pretty near the north road, and that you were probably somewhere along there, and I just held my breath when the gang ahead of me kept right along in that direction. Every moment I expected to hear your rifle but was keenly disappointed on reaching the road, and found the deer had crossed unmolested and that you were nowhere's in sight."

We went to camp and cooked dinner, then started again. We went back up the north road and George took the tracks of the six deer and followed them east about a mile and a half. I also went north and east, but was a mile or two north of where George was working. About 2:30 I was returning down the north road having seen nothing but tracks, when I espied George seated on a log 50 yards below. When I had approached him, he jumped up and said:

"Well, I've killed a small one."

"Good," I exclaimed, "where is it?"

"About a mile and a half from here," he replied, indicating with a wave of his hand the direction, due east. We started on his back tracks and in half an hour I was bending over the still warm body of a fine four-pronged buck, which would weigh 175 or 200 pounds.

"I thought you said it was a small one," I said.

"Well, it is a small one," he replied, "ain't it?"

"Not at all, it's a dandy, George, and such a fine noble head and well formed antlers. He is nearly as large as the big five-pronged we have hung up at camp."

The snow was crimsoned with blood where the buck lay, and a trail of blood was plainly visible where George had dragged him after he fell.

While we were preparing to hang him up and dress him, George related the exciting narrative of his lucky shot, the best one, he said, he had ever made, which brought down the buck.

While engaged in hanging up the game, George told the story of the lucky shot, about as follows:

"After following the six deer about two or three miles, first east then north, and finally south, I suddenly came upon the tracks of this buck. The track was very fresh, and I decided to leave the others and follow this one. He was going south on a walk, and I knew by his actions that he was hunting a soft and cozy spot to lay down after his morning's meal, therefore I watched his zigzag trail pretty closely; the snow was the best tracking of the day, but I knew if ever I got sight of the fellow I would have to go slow, and keep my eyes open. At half a dozen different places he had pawed away the snow and thrashed over the leaves to find a suitable place to lay down, but for some reason, he kept going on through old dead tree tops, under small hemlocks and over brush and logs; I following as still as a cat the last 80 rods,

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HOMeward Bound.

never lifted my feet from the ground, but shoved them through the snow, and literally felt my way along with my toes—more than a dozen times I almost held my breath when I stepped on a stick for fear it would crack, and I would lift my foot from it as suddenly as though it was an egg or a hot iron I was treading on. Around, like a letter S went my game, and at last I knew I was pretty near him—felt sure of it, and I was ready. I held the old 38-55 in my hands, cocked and ready to shoot at the first movement and it came mighty sudden, too. Feeling my way ahead thus carefully, suddenly a big ball of grayish-brown, ornamented with a fine pair of antlers, bounded into space about 10 rods to my left. I stopped as quick as I could, and drew up my rifle all at the same instant, the buck had made one jump and was just bounding into the air about 10 feet high, it seemed, when I caught a line sight, and pulled the trigger.

“The sharp crack of the rifle lost itself in the thick woods, and as I glanced along the line of his retreat, I caught one glimpse of my game still a-going.

“‘Well, I’ll be d——d,’ says I to myself, ‘I never touched him.’ But just to see which way he went, I concluded to follow a short distance. I soon had his tracks, and followed it about 15 rods from the place where I fired at him; at first I could not see a sign of the game being hit, but on going 10 rods further, I saw a small drop of

blood on the snow—but hardly believed it was made by my bullet—still looking far ahead in the direction of the trail, I saw where he had slowed down to a walk, and thought it was rather cool of him to walk away from me in this style, a few steps farther along, a glance at my feet so astonished me that I stopped short in my tracks and simply stared at the sight I beheld. There he lay, the snow all crimsoned with blood, and not over 20 feet from me. ‘Dead,’ did you say? Well, I should say so, as dead as Julius Cæsar, and when I approached and laid my hand on his rounded sides, at the slightest pressure, the blood spurted from a round bullet hole in his left side, turning him over, found I had hit him just below the paunch, on his right side; bullet had passed through his lungs, and came out just back of fore shoulder—drilled a hole right through him.”

“It was a crack shot, George, and no mistake,” I replied, after eagerly listening to his story, “and I don’t see how you could follow him so far as you did and not even crack a twig; it was the work of a sure-enough-hunter, and as good a piece of skill in still hunting and quick, unerring shooting as I ever came across.” To this little piece of really deserved flattery, George simply smiled, wiped the knife blade on his boot top, dried it on the palm of his big hand, and handed it back to me with the remark:

“Well, Al, old boy, how will a little fresh venison taste after this day’s work?”

We returned to camp, loaded with venison, and began active preparations for supper.

The evening came on apace, and was ushered in by a glorious full moon, which flooded the open places with light almost as clear as day; it was perfectly still, with quite crisp air. The scene around was so alluring that I decided to go out by moonlight for a couple of hours. Leaving George to toast himself before the fire and enjoy his pipe, I took my rifle and started up the north road.

I would I could command fitting language to describe the beautiful scene around. I have stood under the soft and melting beams of silvery light radiating from a beautiful full moon, set in the clearest of far-famed Virginia skies—have felt the inspiration which fills the soul of the lowly negro with delight and brings to his lips a song, as rich in melody as the mocking-bird's tremulous note, and which trembles on his lips as dew-drops on the grasses at his feet; I have viewed with enchantment, the opalescent beauty of a calm and placid sea under the sheen of a semi-tropical moon, and looked upon other scenes where Luna was goddess of the night, but none could compare with this beautiful winter night scene in the North Country. No murmurings of human voices, no sound, save the soft rustling of some frosted leaf, moved by the breath of night. All earth seemed transformed into a fairyland of snowy whiteness, over which reigned the august stillness of death, millions of

scintillating gems sparked on twig and bush and leaf, and the immaculate crust of snow, which, like a vast mantle of crystallized gems, covered the earth, and seemed to reflect back the light from above.

I felt enraptured at the scene, and scarce dared tread upon a twig for fear of breaking the solemn stillness of the hour. Here was Nature clothed in her garb of purest white, bedecked with jewels a thousand times more brilliant than precious gems. The giant pines around were robed in garments of white, their lofty tops surmounted with graceful clinging formations from the snowy world. Every star seemed to shine with added light, and not a cloud in all the heavens. Again and again I paused along the road, and tried to assure myself I was looking for game, but I could not shake off the mystic spell that held me, and the more I pondered on the theme, the more I became convinced that it would be sacrilege, indeed, to break the charmed spell with the cruel crack of my rifle, even should a deer be seen, therefore after enjoying the beautiful moonlight forest scene, I began to retrace my steps towards camp.

The following day we left for home. Thus ended our Second Annual Hunt, and for us both one of the most enjoyable times of our lives, and on reaching home safely, we felt as though we had been given a new lease of life, and exhibited such appetites that our families were simply scared.

THIRD ANNUAL HUNT

CHAPTER III

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes.

—Byron.

IN CAMP.

Here we are in the heart of the grand old forest again. The year that has passed since last we enjoyed the delights that come to the enthusiastic hunter and Nature lover indeed seems a short one, but it is past, and new scenes unfold themselves to us each day.

We arrived in Eckerman on November 2, and found that a very nice, new hotel had been erected on the spot occupied by the old log one where we stopped last year. So we put up for the night at this new hotel, and found everything neat and clean and very comfortable.

About 7 the following morning we got started, having just a fair load, George and Cell going on ahead afoot. The morning was frosty and clear —a nice pleasant day following. We had decided to go to the old camping place of the year before, north and west about thirteen miles. When about six miles out and just after we got through the big swamp, a bolt in the tongue of the wagon dropped out and before the teamster could stop his horses, the front wheel on the left side of the wagon

went into the ditch with the result that the right front ~~wagon~~ wooden affair, was broken off. This was a most disagreeable dilemma and no way could we see to fix it up. So the teamster started back for another wagon, while George and Cell went on ahead afoot to cut out the road if necessary, where trees had fallen across the track.

The teamster returned about 2:30 in the afternoon; we unloaded the goods and placed them on the fresh wagon, which proved to be a dilapidated affair, about as poor as the first one. We arrived at the camping place, near Al's lake, where we camped first the year before, at dark, having had to stop several times to tie up the broken parts of the wheezy old wagon and thereby lost lots of time.

Night having overtaken us, we stopped and made a temporary camp at the lake by the logging camps, occupying one of the old log buildings to sleep in that night.

George built a big fire alongside of an old pine log and we got up a nice lunch from the remnants of our lunches on the train and made some coffee, and after smoking our pipes around the big blazing logs for an hour or two, turned in and made a bed with our blankets in one of the old camps.

We awoke the next morning, feeling refreshed despite the mishaps of the previous day, and then we decided to remain where we were, while the teamster hitched up his team and started for home.

Breakfast was cooked in the open air, and par-

taken of, after which we went to work and cleaned out one of the smallest of the log camps that had been used for an office, for our use, deciding that would be much more comfortable than a tent.

We had grouse for dinner, as Cell had shot five coming in the day before. There seems to be any number of these fine game birds in the woods here this year, as the boys said they saw many more that they did not shoot.

While working near the camp this afternoon, I saw a big, fine grouse about 30 feet from camp; got Cell's gun and shot it. Two others flew out near the spot at the report of the gun.

Went out to the stage road today (Saturday, Nov. 4), and met two other hunters, a Mr. McCall and companion of Mancelona, Mich. They are camped about five miles southeast of us, and are our nearest neighbors. One of them had just found the rusty barrel of an old rifle, lying in the leaves and dirt near a deer path in the woods. I took it and examined it carefully, and told him that in all probability the spot where he found it marked the scene of some long past and unknown tragedy—as it is too well known that a man never leaves his gun in the woods while he is alive. The old barrel was rusty and was an inch or two longer than our repeating rifles, stocks and all. The bore was at least 50 calibre and it was an old timer, sure. How it came there, how long it had been there, who it belonged to, will no doubt forever remain a deep mystery.

Sunday, Nov. 5.—Hung out my thermometer today. A little snow last night; but a pleasant day. Saw two deer in the woods today while taking a walk. George and Cell also report seeing several deer.

Monday, Nov. 6.—Ice formed in basins last night, and thermometer indicated 42 above zero in the middle of the day. A little cold snap but it did not last, as the weather continued warm during the day.

Tuesday, Nov. 7.—I went out to postoffice today. Our postoffice is a wooden box nailed on a tree on the stage road, where the stage driver leaves our mail. We have the following written on the lid of the box:

A. D. Shaffmaster.

George Brown.

M. M. Clark.

Camp 2 miles west.

This is the proper thing to do up here, as all who see and read it know where there is a hunter's camp and who is in the camp.

Wednesday, Nov. 8.—Up before dawn today and started for the woods. The day opened with fog and mist, and was too warm to hunt. I saw a big buck, but he was walking fast through the thick brush, and I only got one glimpse of him, so could not shoot. George shot at a big doe this morning, but missed her. Cell went out to the postoffice with letters for home. This evening George came

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GEORGE BROWN AND 250-LB. BUCK.

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McNEARUF'S HOME ON TAH-QUA-ME-NON RIVER.

in and reported that he had killed a fine young buck over south. This evening as we were preparing our supper, a small, white weasel or ermine (putorius erminea) made his appearance in camp, darting across the floor like a miniature meteor. He is a cute little fellow and so pretty. His eyes are almost red, his fur as white as snow, except the tip of his tail, which is just as black as jet. We notice that the mice (deer mice) which have been so plentiful since we came here are keeping hid or else the weasel has caught some of them. The first night or two Cell complained that they awoke him during the night by getting into his hair, as we lay with our heads towards the log wall. Since then we have changed front, and lay with our heads the other way, and Cell has not complained. We have seen a dozen of these tiny little creatures running along the logs or scampering over the floor all at the same time. At first they were inclined to cut our clothing and chew holes in our gun cases, but we commenced to feed them by placing a basin on the floor, and adding all scraps of bacon, crumbs, bones, etc., left from our meals each day, and now we get along very nicely together. These deer mice are larger than the domestic mice you know at home. They also are more pretty, having a little strip of fawn-colored skin from the throat down, extending to the tips of the hind feet. Their ears are very long, and when they run, they exhibit the characteristics of the deer family by always going with their

tails up in the air, which makes us all laugh every time we see one darting along. Well, the day is done. I shot two nice big grouse, George shot a nice buck, Cell got nothing.

Thursday, Nov. 9.—Another day gone, and again we are smoking around the evening camp fire. We all started out early this morning, each one going in a different direction. George went south, Cell went up the north road, and I went northwest, into the big elbow. In attempting to cross over from one road to the other, I made an error and went north instead of going south and was lost for three hours, in the big elbow which is formed by the river and swamp. This elbow is about nine miles long and six or seven miles wide, and after crossing a road which runs east and west, it is an unbroken forest, with not a road or path except the deer trails in it.

George killed another deer today, a big doe, and saw several more. Cell did not see any.

Friday, November 10.—The fire is crackling in the camp stove tonight while sitting around its glowing sides are the three hunters, all tired and hungry as wolves. Cell came in early this afternoon and has been cooking a big basin of beans, these are about done, and George is stirring up the batter for his famous, or as Cell sometimes calls them infamous, flapjacks. But Cell has not yet been in camp long enough to feel the keen edge of an appetite which would turn a grindstone or make mince meat out of a pine log, so we sort

of pity him and smile softly as he occasionally makes some remark about certain alleged indigestible dishes. I have set the coffee pot on the stove, and already its savory and pungent odor, as the little bubbles of steam escapes from the lid, fills the cabin.

Suddenly George says: "Al, take your knife and cut some steak." This reminds me that we are to have our first venison steak for supper. George had killed a small buck today, which really was only a fawn, and we decided to eat him and not try to ship him out, so Cell and George carried him up from the woods about a mile distant, swung on a spring pole, and now have him skinned and nicely dressed, quartered and hung up on the outside of the cabin. My hunting knife is soon snatched from its sheath in my belt and placing a quarter of the deer on a box, which I use for a meat block, I proceed to cut off slice after slice of the dark red and flavorful venison, which is soon transferred to the hot frying pan, where it is done to a turn with butter and plenty of salt and pepper to season.

The supper that we enjoyed that night was the counterpart of many another one in the happy days which followed.

Saturday, Nov. 11.—It has been a most beautiful day here today, and we all have had quite a day of sport. This morning George went one way and Cell and I started out for a short walk down an old logging road, which was cut in here last

winter and runs west and north from the other side of the lake. ~~We did not~~ We did not expect to see much, as we only intended to go a short distance along the road, mostly looking for grouse and signs of deer. Cell carried his hammerless shot gun and I had my 30-30 rifle. For about a mile or so we strolled along, seeing no grouse and occasionally the footprint of deer in the soft earth along the way.

In going around a little bend of the road which borders a small lake on the left, Cell was a few paces ahead of me, when he suddenly dropped to the ground on his knees, and raised a warning hand to me. I thought he had seen a bear and began to instantly get ready for business, also remembering that my gun was loaded with hard or full metal cased bullets, which I had expected to use on grouse. A small pine tree afforded a perfect screen for Cell, as it lay across the road a few paces in front of him, gestulating and urging me to come up. I dropped down on hands and knees and began crawling towards the pine tree, having already caught sight of the game—two large deer—a buck and doe, which were feeding alongside the road some 25 or 30 rods distant. After reaching the coveted spot, I peered out, but the game had moved towards the north side of the road, and I could not see plainly where to shoot, so I whispered to Cell and handed him my rifle as he was in a position where he could see the game and had watched all

their movements, and had already laid down his shot gun.

He drew the rifle towards him, and leveled it at the buck and fired. At the crack of the gun we both partially rose to our feet just in time to see the buck give two or three jumps and stop along side of the road. The doe passed out of sight. I knew by the way he jumped that the buck was hit, and whispered so to Cell; after standing still a minute or two and watching the game, with gun ready to fire, we walked towards the spot very cautiously. Approaching within about 15 rods, Cell again raised the rifle and fired. Almost instantly the big antlers swayed and shook and the buck fell to the ground. Cell was almost wild with joyous excitement, and I sat down on a log nearby while he started back to get George if he could find him to help hang up the game. I sat there in silence perhaps 10 minutes, when I saw four deer run up across the hill about 50 rods west and were out of sight in a twinkling almost, so did not try to shoot at them. Cell returned in about a half hour, accompanied by George, and we soon had the buck hung up.

This evening George came up and said he had shot a doe about 80 rods north of where Cell got the buck, so Cell went back with him to help hang it up.

Sunday, Nov. 12.—A very nice day, a little cloudy. What little snow there fell on the 10th and 11th has melted. The soil here is a sort of

sandy loam, and the earth surface is warm, consequently the snow melts almost as fast as it falls, unless it snows very hard. ^{www.lib.utexas.edu} We had venison steak, coffee, flapjacks, fried onions, boiled potatoes, honey and other delicacies for dinner. Tidied up around the camp and Cell and I wrote letters home.

Monday, Nov. 13.—Another warm day, all hunt, and Cell had the luck to get another deer today, a doe of fair size. He went down the north road this morning near the place where we saw the buck and doe the other day and just a little further north from the place where he got the buck, and while standing in the road, a doe walked out of the brush on the opposite side of the road about four rods away, and he opened up on her with his 30-30 Winchester. The first shot sent her and three other deer which he had not seen before, off through the thick brush like flashes of light, their white flags bobbing up in the air as they got away from him; the doe kept going and Cell blazed away three times. Then he took the trail, which was a very poor one, there being no snow, and by following the small clots of blood, he, after an almost fruitless search, found her lying in a runway on the side of a ravine about 40 rods from where she was first shot. She was hit by all three balls, and is badly shot up, the shots all being body and paunch shots. George helped him hang her up. George and I saw no deer.

Tuesday, Nov. 14.—Still another warm day,

thermometer hanging on the southwest corner of the cabin outside registered about 38 above zero. Cell and I went out to the stage road to send to Emerson for chewing tobacco for George. A damp, foggy day with mist in the air.

Wednesday, Nov. 15.—Rain today and fog; a poor day to hunt, as every branch and twig is dripping wet and the great woods were as still as death itself. Cut wood for the stove this forenoon and stayed in camp the rest of the day. Towards evening Cell went up the hill about 25 rods northwest of cabin and sat down on a stump to watch for deer, with no idea whatever that one would come near him, but the unexpected oftentimes happens. It did today, and he had been at his post only a short time, when just at dusk, he saw a good sized doe coming down over the hill from the west, and when she had approached within about 12 rods of him, he pulled up and fired at her. At the crack of the rifle, she jumped, threw up her flag, and ran partly around him in a semi-circle. Cell came tearing down towards me as I was approaching from an opposite direction, and told me about the shot. I told him I thought he had missed her, overshooting the mark in the poor light, as it was nearly dark. We looked for signs of a hit, but found none, so concluded it was a miss.

Thursday, Nov. 16.—Up at 5 this morning. I went to Brown's lake, and the old camps, a distance of about three miles north and west, but saw no deer. Again Cell has shown his "tender-

foot" luck by killing a fine buck in the same place only a few rods from the camp and where he shot at the doe only last night. The buck was coming across on the trail from a different direction this evening, when Cell was standing by a tree, only having been there a few minutes; the buck was walking along slowly and did not see him, and when the game came out into the path about six rods away, Cell fired, the ball hitting the buck in the neck, severing the windpipe as completely as if it had been cut with a knife. The buck made three or four jumps after being hit, and fell dead. I helped Cell drag him to camp, each having a grip on his antlers. After supper George dressed him, and now he is hanging up near the camp. Cell appears to have wonderful luck in getting shots and deer, and though rarely ever going away from the roads or far from camp, he appears to have the deer run right onto him.

George saw three deer today, but got no shots; I did not see any, but a fine marten came within ten feet of me, while I was sitting down on a log in the woods. I did not shoot him, as I had my rifle loaded with soft-nosed bullets and I was afraid there would not be anything left of him except perhaps the hole, if I hit him, so I did not shoot.

Friday, Nov. 17.—A damp day with mist and fog; the thermometer ranges between 38 and 40. We are getting anxious about our venison in the carcass, as this damp, warm weather is likely to

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THE BEAUTIFUL TAH-QUA-ME-NON.

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THE EDITOR AND HIS BIG BUCK OF 1900.

spoil the meat unless a change in the weather comes soon for the better. No deer today, but it is my turn to laugh at George now. He came in just at dark, panting like a hunted wolf, and after a little bantering we were able to gather from him his story. He thought he would go across from one road to another in the big elbow northwest of us where I got mixed up some days ago, and, ha! ha! the old buffalo hunter, trapper, and man of the woods, actually got lost himself, and had a compass, too. He said he walked clear round the road that runs north and west from here, and when he failed to strike the other road, kept going. The sky was dull and leaden, and shadows began to creep into the great and silent woods. He soon found himself at the edge of the swamp, and paused. A long drawn out howl from some gaunt and hungry wolf greeted his ear. This was too much for him, and he "lit out," he says, and somehow or other got home.

Saturday, Nov. 18.—Rain today, no hunting—we all stayed in camp nearly all day.

Sunday, Nov. 19—A little rain this morning, temperature 40 above. Cell and I went to the Tah-qua-me-non river to-day, which is about nine miles west of our camp. We started about 8 this morning, each carrying his rifle, and our gallon oil can, as we were nearly out of kerosene oil and knew we could get some at Frank McNearuf's farm on the river. We had a good, long walk, and a hard one, too, before we arrived at Mr. McNearuf's

place, which we reached a little before 12 o'clock. The road runs straight west, or is supposed to go straight, but it is up hill and down dale—through the woods all the way, two miles of which is swamp. We saw many fresh deer tracks across the road in the soft earth, and when we were going through the swamp we saw, in the mud in the middle of the road the tracks of two big moose. They were going towards the river, and followed along in the road for perhaps half a mile, when they turned off into the swamp.

Cell and I reported the seeing of the tracks in the road at McNearuf's camp, and they told us there that the two moose (cow and bull), had been seen quite often during the summer and fall near where we had seen the tracks. So that settled it in our minds as to whether there are moose in Michigan or not. McNearuf's is the only farm in this section of country, and he is the only settler we know of also. His farm embraces about 25 or 30 acres, I should think, of cleared land bordering on the Tah-qua-me-non river. After our arrival, we met several hunters at McNearuf's place, who were camped just across the river, and we were invited to go across and call on them. We accepted the invitation and walked from the house to the river bank, about 30 rods. Here we found half a dozen canoes and several boats, and it was at this time that I first caught a good sight of this famous river. I simply stood and looked and looked, while Cell, in ecstacies of delight, jumped into an Indian canoe,

in company with one of the hunters just mentioned, and their neat craft soon was gliding like a thing of life, silently but swiftly across the dark, smooth, glassy-like surface of the river. The river at this point was about 25 or 30 rods wide, and the current strong; the average depth being about 30 feet in mid stream. The banks are gently sloping, with a nice green sward on the cleared side and sandy shore.

On the opposite shore, there is a dark fringe of trees, mostly cedar, which stand very close to the water's edge, and the air was so still, the surface so smooth, that it was almost like gazing into a mirror to look upon the placid stream before me. On and on rushed the silent but fast flowing current, and over all hung that mysterious silence known only to a spot like unto this. I thought of the days gone by—of the startling scenes which must have taken place on the bosom of this river and along its banks. Many and many an Indian birch bark canoe and pirogue had glided over its surface; some in peace or in the pursuit of game and some in the terrible strife and warfare known only to the wily savage of the wilderness. How the night fires must have lighted up the surrounding inky darkness, for I firmly believe that in these great forests it is, on a dark night, the darkest place on earth, at least it is to my knowledge and experience.

I soon found myself on the opposite shore also, and then we were invited into the hunters' camp, a log house about 14x20, constructed of cedar poles;

there was one window and one door, no floor but mother earth. They had two or three bunks fixed up and a table and an old cast iron stove, and taken all together it was a very fair camp. We found that there were six hunters and they had killed eight or nine deer and shipped all home on account of the warm weather.

In a small enclosure along the river bank, made of boards, they showed us a large number of good big fish, black suckers, pickerel and muskalonge, and told us to take out all we wanted. So we accepted three fish, a pickerel nearly three feet long and two smaller fish, and soon took our departure for the other shore.

Having finished our business, Cell and I gathered up our loads—he having four loaves of bread tied up in a bundle and strung on his back, while I carried about 12 pounds of fish over my shoulder, besides our rifles, and started for our camp, where we arrived about four in the afternoon, tired but feeling well repaid for our long walk.

Monday, Nov. 20—Up at 5 this morning. I started to go west, but found where two bucks had fought a terrific battle last night or early in the morning hours, only about 80 rods from our camp, and in and along both sides of the east and west road. The earth was plowed and cut up where the two contestants plunged their sharp hoofs into the ground; the brush was trampled and torn down and leaves scattered about over half an acre. I found one spot on a small knoll, where one of the

bucks had been thrown to the ground by his rival, and probably somewhat injured by the sharp antlers of the other, as there were bunches of loose hair scattered all around, an imprint of his body as he lay on the ground could easily be seen. I tracked the fighters quite a distance, until the trail grew fainter and soon found where they had separated, a buck and doe going south and the other buck turning northeast.

The footprints of the doe, as she stood in the middle of the road and calmly watched the fight of the rivals for her favored presence, I could see plainly. At this season of the year, the bucks are courting the favor of the does or mating, and when two bucks meet, one of which may be accompanied by a doe, there is an instant challenge to combat, and the fight opens in earnest. The doe stands near by and watches the battle, which sometimes ends in the mortal wounding of one or both of the fighters; or they may get their horns interlocked together in such a manner as to never be able to separate, and then both starve to death. Such instances are recorded. In the event of a victory, the gallant hero who wins the fight, is always accompanied by the doe who stood near and for whom he fought, and the two go off together while the vanquished fellow sneaks away into the depths of the forest to nurse his bruises and console himself as best he can until he shall have better luck himself.

Tuesday, Nov. 21—Rain today and fog; stayed in camp this morning. In the afternoon George

and I went out a little while. George shot at a big buck ~~www.libtool.com.cn~~ this afternoon west of camp, but did not get him. Don't know whether he was hit or not.

Wednesday, Nov. 22—Cell went home today. He took his departure while George and I were north and west of camp, and we did not know he had gone until our return this afternoon. He left a note for us, saying he got a chance to go out, and as he had been looking for some one to take himself and game out for a few days past, it did not surprise us. He took only one deer and saddles of another, both bucks, while his third one, a doe, he had to abandon in the woods, as the venison had spoiled. This weather is too warm, 37 today and soft and rainy. The wolves howling near camp awoke George about 5 this morning. On examining the ground, we found where a big wolf had come within three rods of the camp, and left his big round footprint, as large as George's fist, in the soft earth in the middle of the road.

Thursday, Nov. 23—Temperature 31 this morning. A little snow is falling, but melts as fast as it comes down. George and I went out and salted our venison, hoping this will help some in keeping it. The weather is so warm and soft, we fear the meat may not keep. I found a flower in bloom yesterday in the road.

Friday, Nov. 24.—Still a little snow falling by spells. Temperature, 38 above. George and I brought in three deer today from the woods and hung them up on a big pole at the camp. One

of the bucks we brought in was George's biggest one and must ~~weigh over 200 pounds~~.

This afternoon I went over south, and seeing a slight movement through the thick brush about 18 rods away, watched it until I made out the form of a deer. The brush was very thick, but I knew it was a deer, as I could make out the neck and fore legs. I had been sitting on an old tree top, when the deer first came into sight. The deer was standing still, and so dark was the day that I could scarcely get a bead on the game, but took a careful aim and fired. At the crack of the rifle, I saw a deer jump and make several lunges away from the spot where I had fired. With a new shell in the barrel and gun ready to fire, I made my way slowly towards the spot; on looking around after reaching it, found a few drops of blood; this I followed up, it forming an indistinct trail over the leaves for 8 or 10 rods, when I found large pools of blood, and knew the game was mortally wounded. A few rods farther along, I found the deer, a large doe, lying on the leaves, quite dead. George and I went down to the place towards evening and hung her up.

Saturday, Nov. 25.—I went to the postoffice today and sent by stage driver to Emerson for tobacco and sugar, two of the luxuries of camp life. George was out of chewing tobacco, and could not hunt, he said, without it. Temperature 38 today, sky cloudy. The wolves howled again last night near the camp.

Sunday, Nov. 26.—We went to White Fish Bay today. It is about six or seven miles east of our camp. The scene on the bay is beautiful, indeed. The white sandy shore, with its fringe of forest paralleling it for miles, and the broad expanse of water extending into space until sky and water seem to meet in one grand sweep of vision, is a novel and beautiful sight for one to behold who has been for weeks confined in the heart of the great woods. This is the first daylight, it seems to me, I have seen since I came into these woods.

Following along the sandy shore, we soon came in sight of a camp—a lumber camp. I had my kodak and took several pictures of the bay and shore, and when I turned it on the camp, and told a man I was going to take a picture of the camp, he jumped around like a boy, and cried to me to hold on until he got all the boys to stand on the outside. So I waited and in a few moments the men came pouring out, like bees from a hive, and I lined them all up on the outside of the camp. Then I took several pictures of the crowd. They came up then and begged me to send them some pictures, asking my price for same, and saying that they seldom or ever have a chance to get a picture taken in the woods. Their earnestness and good natures made me smile, and I told them I was not taking the pictures for money, but to secure a private collection, but would send them some if I could, and providing the pictures were good. See illustrations—Cedar Camp.

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GROUP OF HUNTERS IN FRONT OF HOTEL.

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STATION AGENT BUSSETTE, DAUGHTER AND FAITHFUL WATCH DOG

Monday, Nov. 27—My luck again today, and I have another nice doe. I started southwest this morning, and saw a number of good fresh signs of game. About 10 this forenoon I crossed the old southwest road and started to go west, but stopped a few minutes by a large hemlock tree to watch a runway. I had not been there long before I looked south down the road and saw a deer walking across the road, headed west. Quick as a flash I drew up the 30-30 and getting a line on the fore shoulder, fired. There was a streak of grayish brown west into the woods, and all was still. I did not know what to think. The distance was, perhaps, 20 rods, and the light rather poor, but had I missed a deer standing broadside towards me and walking across the road, at even that distance? The thought was enough to make a fellow feel chagrined, indeed. But I started for the place and soon discovered the trail across the road; saw where the deer was when I shot, as I found a few loose hairs on the opposite side of the deer's tracks, and knew then the ball hit her somewhere. Thus encouraged, I took the faint trail, following it on the leaves under the low branches of small pines and hemlocks, over old dead tree tops and logs, for a quarter of a mile, when I found some blood, and a few rods beyond there lay the deer, not yet dead, but kicking a little.

A shot in the head put her out of her misery, and I hurried back to camp to get George to help me hang her up. About noon he came in, and we went

down and cleaned her out and hung her up. The wolves had an awful powwow last night, and kept George awake until nearly 12 o'clock with their awful noise. There must have been a dozen of them, and they were howling in four different directions perhaps a mile or less from camp. George says he can hear a wolf howl from two to four miles on a still night. We expect they found the carcass of Cell's deer and other parts of game which we had left in the woods, and were howling to let all the other wolves know of their good luck. George saw two deer today, but got nothing.

Tuesday, Nov. 28—I went up the north road today to see if the wolves had touched the carcass of the deer Cell left lying in the woods, and also the other parts of venison scattered around, but the sly fellows, though they howled enough to scare all the live deer in the woods out of their usual haunts, have not yet touched the meat thrown around. After we are gone they will get together a good-sized pack and devour everything in sight, but as long as the hunters are in their vicinity they will not touch meat or dead carcasses, as they prefer live meat, pulling down wounded and small deer every night. We have seen their tracks on runways where they were chasing small deer a number of times. A little rain today; temperature 29 above. George shot at and hit a big buck, but as it was nearly dark, he had to give up the trail and come home.

Wednesday, Nov. 29—I went out to postoffice

this morning. Still raining, and everything dripping wet. Tonight it looks like snow, but as we expect to start for home tomorrow, we don't care a fig whether it snows now this season or not. Such a warm season and no snow we never experienced before. George came in this evening and reported seeing five deer today over in the southwest corner, and shot at one, but thinks he missed. This is the last night in the Journal camp of 1899, and we made merry. Cooked all the choice things we could find, cleaned up the onions, honey and other dainties. Now you will smile, of course; onions, as dainties, eh! Well, you would think so, too, if you lived the life of a hunter in these woods for a period of three or four weeks, as we have.

Thursday, Nov. 30—George is fretting because he thinks I have made a mistake in the day and date as to when the teamster was coming after us, but I tell him I am certain this is the day and the right date. The fact is it is easy to lose track of the date and day in the woods where no calendar is at hand and every day is almost the counterpart of every other day, as each comes and goes. However, here comes George, a smile on his face, that means the teamster is coming, as he has been out to the road to look and listen for him. Adieu, grand old forest, until another year.

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FOURTH ANNUAL HUNT.

CHAPTER IV.

To a WATERPOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

—*Bryant.*

ECKERMAN, Oct. 30, 1900.

Arrived today at 11 a. m. Found our cook stove and groceries here in good condition. Stopped at the hotel over night. Weather warm, and a little rain.

Oct. 31.—Started this morning for camp, at 8 a. m. Loaded goods on wagon, and had a big load; all walked into camp. I was first one in. Found everything looking natural. Load arrived at 12 noon. Went to work and fixed up the roof where it needed it, by laying on tar paper. Set up our stove and made a table to eat off. Prepared and ate dinner, consisting of half a dozen grouse fried in butter, and were excellent. The boys were hungry after their long tramp and did ample justice to the meal. After dinner, cut some wood, and made beds of freshly cut hemlock and spruce boughs. The weather is warm, temperature 58 above and some mist in the air.

Thursday, Nov. 1.—Up at 6:15 this morning. Found it rainy, with fresh northwesterly winds. breakfasted and then washed up the dishes. About 10 a. m. I went west down the log road half a mile but it began to rain, and I came back. Buck and Bennett also went out a little while, but came in on account of the rain. About 1 p. m. Buck and Bennett took the mail box out to stage road and nailed it up on a tree. The box is a regular U. S. iron box, with our names painted on it as follows:

C. C. Bennett,
P. A. Buck,
M. M. Clark,
A. D. Shaffmaster.

It continued to rain by spells all day, and was so wet and nasty we could not go out to look around, so hung around the camp. Tonight at 7:30 it was a little cooler, the temperature being 42 above, a fall of 16 degrees in about 24 hours. Flies and bugs are still in evidence here, and the grass and wild clover is as fresh and green as it is during June in Southern Michigan.

Friday, Nov. 2.—Temperature 36 this morning when we arose. After a little mist, followed by some rain, it cleared up, and the sun shone brightly for the first time since we arrived in this county. The boys fixed up the bunks today, and Buck went out to the postoffice and brought us in sporting magazines, papers and letters, which we all enjoyed reading and looking over this evening.

I took a good tramp southwest, and was out from 9 to 4:30. Saw a few signs, but the deer seem to be very still and are not moving around much yet. There is lots of feed for them, as the old log roads are well grown up to grass and wild clover and there are considerable beech nuts in the woods this year. Buck shot a porcupine today, he calls it his "mountain lion." The grouse seem to have kept in hiding since the rain set in; I have only seen two today, and did not get either of them.

Saturday, Nov. 3.—Cut some wood this morning, and then the boys went into the woods to look up runways and deer sign. Temperature this morning was 29 deg., the lowest yet, and there was a good frost last night. Buck went out to the postoffice today and brought back mail. This evening, while we were eating supper, we were all suddenly startled by the crash of something falling on the roof of our camp. On stepping out doors we found that a small hemlock tree about six inches through had fallen across the north end of our roof, knocking over our stove pipe, and breaking one or two roof boards. There was a high wind prevailing at the time, and fearing other trees near by might topple over on us in the night the boys took the axe and cut two that looked a little suspicious. Our big bed, which is built Indian fashion, clear across one end of the camp, is all right, and we all sleep in it with plenty of room and comfort indeed, and though every space is occupied, we do not feel crowded. Our cabin now presents

a genuine sporting appearance, with rifles, axes and belts and hunting clothing hung up in all manner of places.

We have everything as snug and comfortable as anyone could wish for. Our new cook stove is all right, and we can cook or bake anything we wish, and have hot water in the reservoir, too. These things are luxuries in these woods, I can say from past experience.

Sunday, Nov. 4.—A nice clear morning this was, with a slight frost last night. Temperature this morning was 31. I spent the day in writing letters and going out to postoffice, also visited the Mancelona hunters' camp, four miles southeast. This camp was built and is occupied by J. N. McCall, and the Chapman brothers, all well-known sportsmen of Mancelona, Mich.

Monday, Nov. 5—A hard frost last night, and temperature 29 this morning at 7:30. About 9 a. m. it began to snow, and kept snowing by spells until noon, when it began to rain and snow alternately the rest of the day. I went out this morning southeast to look up runways, and got pretty wet; returned at noon and changed my wet garments for dry ones. I saw two grouse, and got one with my rifle. Buck was out and returned at noon, and said he saw a deer. In the afternoon Bennett was out and saw two flags.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—The ground was almost white with snow this morning when we arose, and it

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OUR U. S. MAIL BOX ON THE STAGE ROAD.

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THE DRS. OUTWATER'S CAMP.

looked as though we would have some tracking snow, but the temperature began to rise in the middle of the forenoon, and the snow soon melted. In the early morning I saw the tracks of two big wolves southwest toward the swamp. The wolves are just beginning to run, I think, and will soon begin to howl in the night.

This day was one of great interest and excitement to the outside world, on account of the general election, but to us here, it was the same as any other day. We expect to hear the results of the election in a few days.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—Temperature 30 this morning. It snowed a little today, but melted as fast as it fell, and made everything nasty and too wet to hunt.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—Buck went to postoffice today and brought all of us letters and several daily papers, which we enjoyed reading around the table tonight. This afternoon we cut some wood, and I carried it all into camp, so tonight we have a good supply on hand. At 8 p. m. it is snowing hard, about 2 inches already having fallen. Buck appears to be the lucky hunter, as he saw the first deer tonight just at dusk. He had been out on an old road southwest of camp watching for deer, and was coming in. When about 30 rods from camp, he saw a deer standing on the side of the old log road which branches off and runs to the little lake. It was getting dusk, but light enough to shoot. He fired, the deer jumped to the other side of the

road, and stopped and looked at him. In his excitement he stood there and pumped out two or three cartridges on the ground, supposing he was shooting at the game, in his absent-mindedness, I suppose. After a few such exciting moments, he got aroused and fired at the deer, but she stuck her flag up and ran like the wind.

Friday, Nov. 9.—Up this morning at 5:30, and as I peeked out of the window a white vista of fleecy snow met my gaze; I went out doors and measured the snow, which was at 6 a. m. 15 inches deep. It continued to snow all the morning, and at 11 o'clock the beautiful covered the earth to a depth of exactly 20 inches. After breakfast I went to the lake for water ploughing my way through snow above my knees. The scene around after the great storm was beautiful—like a fairyland—the land of snow. The trees were laden with it, and presented a grand spectacle. I went out and walked around, and took several views of the snowy scene which, when developed by the photographer, will help our home people to realize what a snowstorm is in this region.

Two or three flocks of wild geese came flying over our camp this forenoon, and the boys all rushed out with their guns and made things lively for a few moments, but never touched a feather as we could see. The birds were well up and a good ways off, and it was snowing hard at the time, so that one was almost blinded by the falling snow when looking into the air. The geese were driven by

the big storm and no doubt looking for open water. I went out to our mail box today, took me two hours and 15 minutes to make the round trip of five miles, through snow about two feet deep. It was a very hard and disagreeable task, and I was not only very tired on my return, but wet through with the melting snow and sweat from extra exertion. It has stopped snowing, and tonight at 8 it is freezing. The boys sat around camp most of the day, reading daily and weekly papers a week old, and magazines. It has been a long day and pretty tedious.

Saturday, Nov. 10.—This morning dawned cold and clear—24 above at 7 a. m. The boys all started out quite early for deer. The walking was very tiresome and slow, as the snow was above our knees in most places. Buck went north and Clark and Bennett south, and I went southwest. I saw three deer and killed two bucks, one a spike-horn and one a three-prong. I hung up the spike-horn buck alone, and finding I was pretty tired, went towards camp, met Bennett, who returned with me and helped me hang up the three-prong. They were both killed about 15 minutes apart, and both were shot through the neck. Both fell at the crack of my 30-30, and never got up after they went down. It is my best score in one day so far in deer hunting, and consequently I feel pretty well satisfied with my day's work. Distance of shooting 60 and 80 yards. I saw a number of fresh tracks and a big doe coming home tonight, but did not shoot at her

as I wanted a big buck. I could have killed the doe easily. We are all tired tonight, and will retire early to get a good start tomorrow morning. Clark did not see any deer today, but Bennett got a shot at a spike-horn buck in the thick brush this afternoon, but scored a miss. He also saw two other flags, but could not get a shot at the game.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—The weather remains about normal—cloudy all the time, and temperature from 24 to 34. Hung around camp today and cleaned our guns. This evening we had oyster stew and baked beans, with hot biscuits and honey. Tomorrow the boys all expect to be out early making the most of the tracking snow, which is about right; it has packed down and thawed enough so that one can walk about fairly well, yet is deep enough in some places to make it hard traveling. Looks like snow tonight.

Monday, Nov. 12.—All out this morning early. I went to the southwest, took a look at my two bucks and found them hanging all right and keeping nice as the weather is cool enough and it freezes every night. After looking at the bucks I took a big detour farther south and west a long distance from camp. Coming back through the big woods, I saw what I made out to be a deer in the thick brush. Taking careful aim at a spot just back of the left fore leg, I pulled the trigger. At the crack of the 30-30, down went the deer. Walking carefully up to my game, I discovered to my delight it was a fine large ten-point buck with beau-

tiful spreading antlers, and a bold handsome face and full, rounded neck. He was, indeed, a grand prize, and I could not help feeling a thrill of satisfied pride in realizing that I had killed the largest and noblest game in this country and in a place far remote from even a log road or hunters' trail. Not knowing where I was at the time, I drew forth my compass and took a direction which I knew would take me out to an old log road which I came down on in the morning. Walking for 40 minutes, I reached the road and then was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from camp. Tonight the boys all came in and reported not killing a deer today, but saw some and lots of tracks.

Buck shot two more porcupines today, getting them out of a big hemlock, and says they looked so large up there he did not know but what they might be bears until one struck the ground, after putting a ball through it. At noon Buck announced to the boys in camp, he had seen two deer, shot twice at them, but missed. After lunch, they all started again, and tonight we find Buck had seen four deer today, but did not get any of them.

Buck had an adventure today. He went north near Clark's lake, and saw a deer, fired at it and wounded it; the deer ran, though, and he tracked it by the blood. He traveled around and around, and got across the East and West road, and picked himself up over south on the angling road. He did not know where he was, and got pretty scared. Taking his compass in his hand, he walked until

he came to another log road, and in it he saw a large black stump which he recognized as having seen several days before, and then he knew where he was, and easily reached camp. He says the little compass saved him.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Buck and Bennett accompanied me to where I killed the big buck yesterday and helped me to drag him out to the log road. It was a job which we found was good exercise. Buck and myself each grasped an antler and started. The snow was 12 to 14 inches deep, and we slid him along over brush, old tree tops, logs and through holes where we sunk waist deep in the snow. We found our wind sadly broken and had to stop to rest and breathe often. After going quite a distance, Buck discovered that he had lost his hunting knife which had slipped out of its sheath in his belt and had fallen somewhere in the snow. We went back and looked for it, but did not find it, so I promised him a new one in its stead when we reached home. The last half mile Bennett, who had gone out ahead of us with the guns, came back and assisted us. I hitched a small rope I carried in my pocket around the buck's horns and placing the rope over my shoulder, went ahead, holding up the animal's head and pulling at the same time, while my two companions, on each side, dragged away with the antlers. After over two hours' very hard work we had him out to the log road and hung up. Then all went hunting.

Clark reports tonight that he got a shot at a nice big doe running today, but missed her. He is beginning to feel encouraged, as he thinks his old good luck must be returning. The wolves, seem to keep away, and I have seen but two tracks this fall where there were dozens last year. I am told by Sam McMullen, the mail route owner, who travels the roads through these woods every day, that the wolves are over on the other side of the Tah-qua-me-non river, in the big swamp and will not get over on this side until the river freezes over, as they will not swim a big stream like the Tah-qua-me-non.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—All got an early start this morning. I was the first one out, and struck a fresh track a little distance from the camp and followed it nearly five hours, but did not get sight of the game. Buck did not see anything today nor Clark. Bennett saw two deer this forenoon, but only got a glimpse of them and did not shoot; this afternoon he went out to the mail box and on the way saw a fine young buck about 20 rods away standing in the road. He fired at him, but missed, and away bounded the buck, flag up and heels cutting the air. After Bennett returned from the mail box he targeted his rifle and found it shot too low, and that, he says, accounts for two misses he has made. He now has the sights arranged so he thinks he can stop the next one that he sees. Today we received papers from home giving us the first direct information of the result of the recent general

election. Buck, after trying to hit deer with sights set on regular notch and fired several times, has elevated the rear sight to second notch and says he has been shooting too low, as in targeting his gun the other day he found the ball fell several inches on a distance of 10 rods. I told him he was more likely to overshoot than undershoot when firing at deer in the woods where the light is most always poor, and the aim must be taken very quickly.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—Having sent word to the teamster, he came today and we went down the old log road, cut out the fallen trees and got my deer. Before he came, however, I went down and cut off the saddles of the spike buck and carried the venison nearly to camp, when I met the teamster and Bennett. So the boys are well supplied with nice, tender venison steak, and shouldn't go hungry. I took some kodak pictures, packed up my things, and after a hurried meal, we started for the railroad station. Buck also made up his mind to go out. It began to snow soon after we started, and snowed very hard all the time we were on the way out.

We reached the hotel at the station at 7 in the evening, having driven about 14 miles since 3:30. We were a little damp and cold from the storm and long ride, but a good warm supper and a pipe around the big stove in the hotel soon put us in a happy frame of mind. Clark and Bennett expected to stay about a week yet in the camp.

Sam McMullen, the teamster, and who also drives

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AL AND HIS BIG BUCK OF 1901.

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OUR CAMP AT SILVER CREEK.

the stage from Eckerman to White Fish Point, and has probably hauled out more deer carcasses than any other man in the country, estimates my big buck will weigh, dressed, 200 pounds. He also says it is one of the largest and handsomest looking bucks he has ever hauled to the station.

After arriving home, this buck was dressed and weighed, and tipped the scales at 206 pounds. I have the head finely mounted, together with the other two bucks I shot this fall, and they form a part of my collection.

Clark and Bennett arrived home at Bronson a week later, having secured one nice four-point buck. They reported the snow two feet on the level, and consequently hunting was practically impossible. Thus ended our Fourth Annual Hunt.

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FIFTH ANNUAL HUNT.

CHAPTER V.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight
Stand like druids of old.

—Longfellow in Evangeline.

“Hello, Sam.”

“Hello, Al, how are you sir?”

The following conversation took place on the platform of the little station at Eckerman on the 28th day of October, 1901, as two men garbed as hunters and carrying two guns each and other paraphernalia of the woods, stepped from the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic train, which stood puffing and panting on the rails, while a number of straggling passengers boarded it for its destination east.

After releasing his hold on my right hand, which had been as a grip of iron, big, bronzed and smiling Sam McMullen, my old reliable teamster, turned with an half inquiring glance towards my companion. When divining his thoughts I said: “Mr. McMullen, this is Mr. Clark Green, a prosperous farmer-sportsman of my own county, who has come north to get a little taste of real sport.” As the hands of the two men met and exchanged grips, I could see that each was mutually pleased, and a new name had been added to Sam’s long list of visiting sportsmen. After arranging the details of our trip into the woods with our teamster, I

secured a pencil sketch of the location of the camp of Dr. J. E. Outwater, a resident of my own town, who was camped six miles south. The following day we paid a visit to Dr. Outwater's camp, finding it very easily through Mr. McMullen's direction and the Doctor's marks or blazes on the trees. The Doctor's camp was located about two miles from Hulbert lake, sometimes called "The Glimmer-glass," on account of the extraordinary transparency and tranquillity of its surface, and about two miles from "Deerfoot Lodge," owned by the Hon. Chase S. Osborn, and Judge Joseph H. Steere, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Mr. Roys J. Cram, of Detroit, Mich. The camp was admirably located in a little opening on a gentle rise of ground, yet sufficiently screened by nearby towering pines and hemlocks, to give it an aspect of sylvan seclusion and the charm of forest solitude.

As we approach with the silent tread of the Indian, we note the presence of a woman and little girl on the outside of the tent. So occupied are they with their duties they do not see or hear us until we stand before them only a few feet away, with extended friendly hand and a pleasurable smile on our faces. Hastily looking up from her task of preparing dinner Mrs. Outwater recognizes us, and gives us a very warm handshake and a most hearty welcome. We were soon comfortably seated on a bench (not upholstered) on the outside of the tent, and exchanging views and comments about home, friends and camp.

Emma, the daughter, looks rosy and healthy, and brings us a good, nice, cool drink of water. Mr. Shedd, grandpa, is there, and just as natural as though he was in his own door yard in Bronson. I note that the camp site is a good one in a clear spot, free from falling trees and high enough for a dry camp floor. The tent is large and well banked up with split slabs backed with rich soil, thus making the tent air-tight and warm, and snug for cold weather.

Mrs. Outwater soon had a crackling fire in the camp stove, and the delicious, savory smell of roasting partridge fills the soft air, and we are invited to sit up and have some dinner. Well, we could not refuse that, and such a dinner as it was. Roast grouse with rich dressing and nice bread and butter, coffee and milk, and everything to delight the heart of the hunter and appease his hunger, which in these parts is always with us.

Before the dinner was finished the doctor himself put in his appearance with his old, reliable 45-90 rifle on his shoulder, his long visored cap, felt footwear on his feet, and lugging a bunch of steel traps which he had gone out to bring in.

This was the last we saw of the Outwater party until we all had returned home after the fall's hunt. The Doctor killed three fine deer and his wife, Dr. Eva J. Outwater, succeeded in killing her first deer, a nice big buck, besides helping to kill her full share of some 70 grouse and other small game. They report a splendid time during their ten weeks

in camp, and are planning another hunt for next season in The North Country. The Outwaters have camped and hunted in Arkansas, Indiana, and Michigan, and are both enthusiasts for camp life, and are their own taxidermists, having at their home a large collection of fine mounted specimens which they have secured and mounted while on their different trips.

Oct. 31.—Loaded up our outfit and started for our camping grounds this morning about 7 o'clock. The place Mr. McMullen had picked out for us is thirteen miles north on Silver Creek, therefore our camp will be known as Silver Creek Camp.

Clark shot a grouse on the road coming in this morning, and another in the brush tops of some fallen birch trees near our tent this afternoon.

We get our water supply from Silver Creek, a beautiful but small, clear stream flowing over a pure, white bed of sand, which trickles and murmurs day and night, winter and summer, and is only about forty feet back from our tent. It is the finest and purest water I ever enjoyed in camp in Michigan, and only equalled by the ice cold streams from which I have drank in the Rocky Mountains. It seems as though I am always thirsty here, and drink and drink of this aqua pura from Nature's spring far back in the hills. It makes one's teeth chatter to drink it, even on a warm day, and is so clear and sweet it seems like nectar. Along the banks of the stream overhanging each tiny brink are green ferns and velvety moss of emerald hue, and the aromatic

spruce and hemlock branches nod above its laughing waters and add their fragrance to the distilled liquid of Nature's fountain.

Silver Creek Camp, Nov. 1.—Well this has been a busy day for us both. We worked around camp and made many improvements. Clark went out this morning and cut a small wagon load of fresh spruce and hemlock boughs which I made up into a bed, then we laid on the heavy canvass to keep the dampness away, and followed this with three or four heavy quilts and warm woolen blankets, then placed our pillows and our bed was complete, as soft and rich a resting place as any one could desire.

Nov. 3.—Went to the home of Mr. Weaver today, three-quarters of a mile north, and he showed us the way up to the old beaver dam at the head of the creek. On the way to the dam Mr. Weaver's dogs (he has three) scared up a small deer in the swamps, and also a grouse which Clark finally brought down with his shot gun out of a tree where the bird almost escaped our vision.

Arriving at the beaver dam I secured some kodak pictures of the dam which is some ten rods wide and four feet high. I also took views of the beaver houses and the pond. We saw a maple tree about twelve inches through, which had been cut down and fallen into the pond by the beavers. Clark and I both brought away relics of the place in shape of sticks which had been cut off by the beavers, the marks of the animals' teeth being plainly seen on the hard wood grains.

Nov. 5.—It began to rain this afternoon, and is still raining this evening at 8 o'clock. The wind is blowing hard and fast increasing into a gale. The old canvas walls and roof of our tent heaves with every fresh gust of wind like the waves on Lake Superior, it seems to us, and while I sit here by the table writing Clark puffs his pipe and solemnly shakes his head, and ominously glances upward toward the apex of the tent as though he fain would gaze through the dark and hazy covering above him and pierce the inky gloom of the sky around, for there is terror in that mournful howl of the sweeping gale, with its rush of pelting rain drops as they beat upon the canvas roof. There are trees standing near our tent, in fact all around us, and we hear their lofty tops swaying and tossing in the air, and the howl of the blast through the forest. It is a terrible night, and we feel how utterly helpless is man in times of nature's wrath, when she tosses her great seas into mountains of crest and foam, and the thunder of the breakers on the shore makes the earth tremble. How frail and small we seem unto ourselves, how insecure is life and all living and animate things, except in the watchful keeping of Him who rules the universe.

Nov. 6.—The rain storm of last night turned into snow toward morning, the gale subsided also, and this morning the ground was white with snow. We went out and cut down several

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AL HAS A FRESH KILL.

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CLARK GREEN BRINGING IN A DEER.

suspicious looking trees which stood near and leaned towards our tent.

Nov. 7.—It rained again today and is raining tonight. This afternoon I took a stroll west a couple of miles and saw two large deer. This evening we read the Journal and other newspapers from home. Our mail is left by the stage driver right at our door almost, as we have put up a box on a tree, and arranged with Mr. McMullen, carrier of the U. S. mail on the stage road, to leave our mail while we are in camp. Tomorrow is the first day of the open season for deer hunting, and we shall retire early in order to get an early start.

Nov. 8.—We were up and started this morning about daylight. I went southwest and then south over a group of irregular shaped hills which we call in hunter's parlance, "hogsbacks." These hogsbacks, or ridges, form a part of the best localities for deer, and wherever there is a hogsback there is the never failing draw or deep cut paralleling the ridge. Over these high ridges and down through these deep draws the wild deer love to roam. This is their play-ground. Open streams, fed by springs far up in the wooded hills, flow in winding fashion down through some of the very deep draws. Some of these draws are almost as dark and deep as a full fledged canyon in the mountains, and when the top and sides of the hogsback are thickly covered with a heavy growth of hemlock, with their dark green and heavy

foliage shutting out the light and forming deep and gloomy looking hollows, with plenty of beech, birch and small brush for an ideal close cover, you had better go pretty careful, as there is almost certain to be deer somewhere in the vicinity.

During the day I have caught sight of four deer, all running and all at big distances. I fired shots at two of them but could find no evidence of a hit, as the game got out of sight so quickly I had hardly time to think what had been done before they were up and gone. The deer also appear to be very wild this opening of the season, and seem hard to approach.

This evening as we were preparing supper and the tent glowing with warmth and comfort, we exchanged views on the day's hunt. Clark reported seeing one deer which was running and he got no shot.

Nov. 9.—Both of us have been out all day, and guess we both have had a tramp, at least I know that I took the biggest tramp of my life today, under the circumstances. This morning I had gone about two miles west, intending to strike much the same ground as yesterday, as I felt sure there were deer in that locality, and if I could only manage to get in their locality without the game taking alarm, probably could get a telling shot. About 10:00 in the forenoon, as I had seen no deer yet, and feeling like taking a little exploring trip, I decided to walk across the strip of

woods I was hunting in to our camp grounds of last year ~~on the~~ ~~East and West~~ road. Now the distance, I had been told, was about three or four miles straight south, so I decided that by noon I could be at our former old camp and then resting up a little, hunt back over the strip, and get into camp towards evening, and the following account of the adventure, which was published in *The National Sportsman* for May, 1903, is herewith reproduced as fitly describing my day's jaunt.

I paused in my hurried walk, and mopping the sweat from my perspiring brow, turned in my tracks to take a swift glance at my surroundings, the ground that lay back of me as well as that before me. The sight sent a chill to my very heart. It was an old log road leading I knew not where, through a great swamp, with nothing to be seen but a swamp and cold leaden sky, while dreariness, dark, gloomy and foreboding, seemed everywhere. On every side were the tall cedar, spruce and hemlock trees, while pools of water and oozy slime filled the old road; dead trees, fallen branches and an occasional pine stump lined the way, not a very inviting prospect indeed. My mind was running quickly and seemed to travel a million miles a second, while I began to meditate in audible tones. Some of the words I fear would not look good in print, so I will not repeat the whole dialogue which I was carrying on with myself, and some unknown

cause which I sought to blame for my ill luck. The colloquy ran as follows:

"Well, you are a good one (meaning myself) to come out here this morning and get lost in this little garden patch of woods." This strip was 12 by 15 miles, and it was nearly night. "Here you have hunted over this doggoned peninsula and two-thirds of the United States and never failed to get into camp before, and confound your clumsy being, if I don't actually believe you will have to roost here somewhere in this beastly swamp with wolves, bears and lynxes prowling around you this night and not even a place to build a fire. Al, you ought to hire a good kicking machine just as soon as you (if you ever do) reach civilization again, which now seems rather doubtful. Where in 'Hail Columbia' does this infernal road lead to, anyway? I know I have followed this stupid compass straight south since morning, and how did I cross that road which runs west? And how in the Kingdom Come can any live man travel straight south for half a day and not cross two roads running due west which are supposed to be four miles from his starting point?" And so the argument went on; meantime I noted the gathering clouds in the western sky which betokens an early night and one of the deepest darknesses in this latitude. All these thoughts ran through my mind quicker than I can tell them, besides many others unexpressed. I knew that in some manner I had missed my calculations, and was mixed in my bearings; I knew also that I

had little time for reflection, and that unless I wanted to stay in that horrible swamp all night and perhaps wander around for days after, I must do something to put myself on the right road out, and do it quickly. In vain did I scan the roadside for some familiar object, a tree, a stump, or a log which I could recognize as having seen before, but, although I had hunted in the Big Elbow country during four years past and tramped all over the ground, I failed to recognize anything I had ever seen before.

While I stood thus for a moment contemplating these problems, I heard the howl of a big, gaunt wolf coming from out of the swamp on the west. I glanced at the old reliable 30-30 held in my hands, felt for the extra cartridges I always carried, and knew I had 30 besides those in the rifle, and I had fired but one shot and that at a running doe, early in the day, but scored a miss. That blood-curdling howl coming from the depths of wilderness and unpenetrable gloom sent the cold chills chasing up my spine, and while I felt secure enough during the daylight, I knew when night came on I should, in this swamp, be in a bad position; therefore I hurried along, splashing through water and slime and brushing the twigs from my eyes as I pushed along the edge of the road, hoping that I should soon find my way out to some road that I knew.

In the morning I had started to walk across a strip of woods four miles wide and hit an east and west road on which I had camped for three pre-

vious seasons. There was a road which branched off the old east and west road two miles west, and I had figured to cross this branch first as it ran about west, also, but turned north after three miles. At 12:30 I crossed a road running west and supposed it was the branch road, and that I would come to the main road in about thirty minutes, but having walked steadily for three hours since and not found it, I knew I had crossed the main road beyond where the branch road came into it, and was therefore far south of the road and too far to try to retrace my way. But I must get out.

At last I came to another log road running east, and remembering the stage road should be east of me, I started on this road, almost fearful it would after all lead me farther into the swamp, but I pushed on, hoping for the best. After 30 minutes' hard walking, what was my joy to see before me in the distance the tops of two canvas tents. Oh! how good that sight seemed to me, and I hurried on. Approaching the tents I soon discovered all were empty of human beings, as the hunters had evidently eaten a hurried meal and gone into the woods. The tents were pitched on the edge of the hard-wood and swamp, and the road led into the hard-wood east, and I started, knowing that if I desired I could return to this camp and stay all night. However, as the hard-wood offered a good place to build a fire, make a bed and rest, I did not much care, but I could not repress a shudder when I thought of myself lost in that dismal swamp. It was now past four o'clock and twilight was falling.

The road I was traveling was hard and smooth, and I made fast time, and 30 minutes brought me to another road running north and south, which I discovered to my great joy was the old stage road which ran directly past our camp. I knew exactly where I was as soon as I stepped onto the stage road, and it was just eight miles south of our camp. Drawing the lunch from my hunting coat pocket, I devoured it eagerly as I pushed along, tired, but glad I was lucky enough to reach the good old road before dark.

At a little past six I stepped into the tent. What a glorious supper we had that night! The frying-pan was heaped with fresh, juicy venison steak, the rich coffee boiled to a perfect tone, and what appetites we brought to invade that meal! After supper, we piled the camp stove full of wood and, filling our pipes, I related to Pardner the adventures of the day, and he in turn told me of his. The memory of that hour is with me yet, and will always be a vivid recollection in my mind. As I peeped from the tent and beheld the starry firmament above I felt almost like reciting those beautiful lines of Shelley's:

"How beautiful this night, the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this marvelous scene.
Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

Nov. 10.—Today, Sunday, we stayed in camp nearly all day, but in the afternoon took a walk west a mile or two for exercise, but saw nothing worth mentioning.

Nov. 11.—Clark went west today about a mile and a half, and after spending about three hours in the woods, and not seeing anything he started home by way of the log road, and saw two deer running north across the road ahead of him, about twenty rods. They were about six rods apart and going like a cyclone, but he pumped two shots out of his 40-82 cannon at them, just to augment their speed a little.

I went east this morning out towards the bay, but although signs were quite plentiful, saw no deer. About 3 this afternoon it began to rain and soon came down in torrents, accompanied by wind, thunder and lightning. I had to run for more than a mile after I reached a road, but got almost drenched then before reaching camp. This is the first time I have ever known a genuine thunder-storm to occur in this northern country in November. The storm which followed tonight was terrible, and rocked the tent and made the great trees bend and groan over and around us until we were so nervous we could not sleep until after midnight.

Nov. 12.—This morning the ground was covered with a fresh fall of snow, which came last night after the rain, and it is cooler. Going in south and Clark straight west, I struck some ridges southwest of the

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THE BEAVER HOUSE, FIRST VIEW.

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THE BEAVER POND.

camp, and after tramping a couple of hours I had the good luck to jump two big deer, and shot at the buck as he went out of his bed on the jump, but did not hit him.

I was coming up over a sharp ridge, or hogsback, and paused just at the edge of the hill to look the ground over carefully before going farther. A large buck and doe were lying in plain sight of me about ten rods to the right, but so cautiously had I approached them that they did not hear nor see me until I stepped out in plain view on top of the ridge. I had just turned my head to take a sweep of the little valley to the left when up went the two deer together, the buck rising from his bed and leaping into space in a sort of uncoiling way, it seemed to me, so I had only time to get his movement and pull the trigger; but he was away in a second, fast disappearing amid the trees far to the west, while his mate, the doe, I did not see at all after her first jump, but both went in the same general direction. Going on farther west I saw another deer, but this one was running also, so I did not try a shot, as it was too far and uncertain.

Clark had a regular picnic, he says, having seen six today. He shot at two standing, but did not kill either. He says he had a peck of fun but got no deer. I told him he was having fine luck in seeing game, and he would score some of these days.

Nov. 13.—I returned to camp at 11 today, and in a few minutes afterward Clark came in and said he had killed a nice young buck about three miles

west. We finished cutting some wood which I had begun, took a hurried lunch and started for the scene of the killing, to hang up Clark's buck. We reached the place after an hour's swift walking, and I soon cut the deer open and dressed it out, and we hung it up good and high, away from the bears and wolves.

It was so near night after we finished our work of getting the buck in shape to leave it in the woods that we started for camp and did not get in until dark, and so tired, too, we could scarcely walk.

Nov. 14.—This morning Clark started west, and after going about two miles saw a nice doe running, but she was too far away before he could shoot, so he let her go unmolested. I took a trip east out towards the bay, as my former trip in that direction was cut short by the rain, but saw nothing but fresh tracks.

Nov. 15—This morning, when we stepped out of the tent, we found about 8 or 10 inches of snow on the ground, most of which had fallen in the past 24 hours, especially during the night. I got out at 5:15 and built a fire in the stove, then started for a runway a half mile south, to watch for an hour or so. I watched faithfully until nearly 7 o'clock, but saw no deer. Came back to the tent, got my breakfast, and started west. Before I had proceeded on my way a mile I struck the track of a big buck, and immediately followed it. The trail was a fresh one; could not have been over half an hour old, and I did my best to get sight of the old fellow, as I

knew by the tracks and other signs he was a big one, and well worth getting.

After three hours of the hardest work I ever tried in my life, and not catching sight of the game I concluded to draw off and let him go, so I started south, struck the road west again in about an hour, coming out a mile west of where I started in north on the trail in the morning.

I struck in south, angling to the west, and after going about a mile up jumped two very large deer about 60 rods off to the southwest. They ran like the wind just as I sighted them, and of course shooting was out of the question, but I consoled myself with the thought that I was again in the vicinity of game, and it was worth something to see it, even if I could not shoot.

After the deer had passed out of sight, I started in the direction they went, going very slowly and cautiously. I had reached the top of one of those sharp ridges and was standing still, looking down a V-shaped draw to the west, when I caught sight of two deer walking slowly along the bottom some fifty rods away. The wind was in my favor, and I stood far above them, and they were headed north, while I faced west. Presently they stopped in a little copse of brush which was so thick I could only make out one head and nose, which protruded from just behind a small tree some six or eight inches through. I drew a bead on that sharp pointed mark, but said to myself, too far away, and the mark too small, but before I could shoot one of the

deer began walking away to the north, and as it came to a stop in a partially open place I pulled my rifle on him and fired. At the crack of the rifle he lunged forward, or jumped. I don't know which, and away he went like a cyclone.

I marked the spot as well as I could with my eye, and after throwing another cartridge into the barrel, started to find the trail and investigate as to whether my bullet struck him or not. The distance was about 35 rods, and a downward slanting shot, so I feared in the darkness of the woods, under such circumstances, I had overshot my mark. After some time I found the trail, and there was no evidence of a hit so far as the game was concerned, but I did find where my bullet splintered a small tree which stood some 60 feet from where the deer stood when I shot, and happened to be directly in line with the game, although at the distance I was shooting I did not see the tree at all. The bullet struck squarely in the center of the sapling, passed through, and left the wood in splinters. Whether the ball glanced or I shot too high I don't know, but I took the deer's track and followed it about a mile, and no blood signs appeared; but how he did jump! I have seen some tall running by deer before, but this exhibition took the plum. At one place he leaped over a tree-top four feet high, in the middle of a jump of about thirty feet, and a little further along he plunged down a deep draw, and his track down the steep sides looked like the path of a small avalanche.

When he reached the bottom there was a small pond of water with a little ice, and snow covering it. Into this he landed squarely in the middle from his last jump coming down the other side, and the water was muddy for 10 feet around on every side, while water flew out in all directions, and could be seen on the snow. This little bath seemed to be really just what he needed, for he unlimbered himself right then and there in a way that would put to shame a Rocky Mountain sheep, and up the steep hill he went at terrific jumps. I could scarcely climb the place, it was so steep, and caught hold of bushes to keep from sliding backward into the water.

At last I reached the top of the ridge, and Great Scott, what an exhibition that buck must have made as he cut through the atmosphere after reaching level ground above the ridge! The tracks were so far apart I could scarcely believe that one jump would cover such a distance. Pretty soon I came to a place where he had been joined by another deer, and they both lit out for tall timber together, running side by side. As it was now getting dark, I started for camp, which I reached after dark, tired and happy, and with a good appetite.

This evening, after a hearty supper and a delicious pipe, we had a good laugh over the acrobatic sprinting of my lost deer.

Nov. 16—I got up this morning at 5 o'clock, cooked my breakfast and started west again, turning in south and going over about the same ground

I did yesterday, where I saw the four deer. There were no ~~www.lesbooks.com~~ signs to be seen. The deer which were in that part of the woods yesterday were evidently not there today, as I hunted the ground over very carefully and found no tracks fresher than those made last evening or yesterday afternoon. Still I concluded that game must be somewhere in the woods, so I started farther west than I had ever been before.

I crossed an old road and struck in due west, vowed that I would go on clear to the river, nine miles, but that I would have a deer before night. My blood was up and I meant business. The way the game had been playing hide-and-seek with me during the past few days was all very good as a joke, but it was no joke to go without meat in the camp, so I determined to bag some venison or know the reason why.

After crossing the old road I continued on west, coming to another draw. I descended to a level piece of bottom covering a few acres, with trees scattering. Crossing over this I approached the opposite bank which was very steep, and began to climb to the top. Just before reaching the top I paused to look over the ground ahead. Nothing appearing, I walked on slowly. Pretty soon I saw where a deer had jumped from its bed and ran west. This was a fresh track too, and I felt encouraged. About 40 rods farther along I saw where three deer had been lying down among some old birch tops, and had evidently heard or seen me coming and

had run. Then I made up my mind to go slower and be more ~~cautious~~ ^{cautious} ~~like the game~~ was certainly in that locality, and I meant to get the drop on one before long.

Finally I stopped near a large beech tree and watched closely for any signs of game. Ten minutes passed. I was getting cold and restless, and wanted to move on, but something impelled me to wait just a minute more. So I stood perfectly still another five minutes, and just as I was about to take a step forward I caught sight of a moving object a little to my left which was coming out from among the trees. A second glance and I saw it was a big buck, a royal old fellow with antlers like a rocking chair. He was coming a little toward me, but going across my line of vision to the south. His head was swaying up and down gently and from side to side as he walked along rapidly. The distance was perhaps 25 rods, and it took me about three or four seconds to decide what to do, but I did it quickly. I decided to shoot on the spot, as I knew if he got the least bit of my wind, or saw a movement of my body, he would be gone in a twinkling, so I drew the old 30-30 down fine on his shoulder blade, held low and pressed the trigger.

Did you ever stand behind a trusty gun and see the game fall as the gun cracked? Then you know my feelings that next moment, as I noted the big, noble buck drop to the ground at the crack of the rifle. But though he is down I never say he is mine until I know it, and can place my hand on

his inanimate body, so in a twinkling I had worked the lever, ~~thrown~~ ^{which I had taken} out the empty shell and had another one in the barrel and gun held in position for instant use. He began to lunge forward, and once or twice attempted to get up on his knees, but would fall back to the ground only to try again. I never can bear to see an animal suffer, and so I approached slowly to within about fifty yards, aimed a shot at his neck just back of the ear, and he fell at the crack of the gun never to rise again.

Well, here was my game, and royal game, too, a ten-point buck that would weigh probably 250 pounds. But I was alone, and some miles from camp, so I decided to try and hang him up. The job was bigger than I anticipated, and after working and tugging for two hours I gave it up. The buck had been killed about 11:30, and so at 1:30 I was still in doubt what to do. At last I whipped out my hunting knife, slit him open and cleaned him out, and then drew the carcass on top of a fallen tree, allowing it to bleed nicely and concluded to leave him there and go back to camp and get Clark to help me handle him. I blazed a trail back to the old road, and then started for camp, where I arrived just at dusk.

Clark was in and had the fire going. He said he had been east and had seen a big buck running, but could not get a shot at him. In the afternoon he came into camp and then went to Weaver's for supplies, and brought back bread, cookies, fried cakes and a pail of nice, fresh milk. These are

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OUR LOAD STARTS FOR THE RAILWAY STATION.

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ON TAH-QUA-ME-NON BAY.

truly luxuries in camp life, and we are very glad we have so good a place to camp, and that Mr. Weaver and his estimable wife are so good to us, to supply our wants in this line. What a repast we enjoyed this evening! Nothing can be compared to the feast we sat down to, not even a banquet. I think we quit eating from exhaustion. Certain it is, one never feels that he has enough in this climate.

Just before retiring Clark stepped outside the tent and heard the shrill cry of a lynx back of our tent, in the direction of the swamp.

Nov. 17.—There is good tracking snow now, and sleighs are being used on the stage road. We see plenty of deer tracks every day, but no wolf or bear tracks. The grouse which were so plentiful the fore part of the season seem very scarce, as I have not seen one in two weeks.

This morning after breakfast we started to the scene of the killing of the big buck yesterday by myself, and after an hour's hard walking reached the place and proceeded to finish the job which I was unable to do alone yesterday. First we secured a couple of kodak exposures of the old monarch as he lay on the snow in the heart of the forest. Nothing had been near or touched the carcass, but just as we were taking a picture the howling of wolves far to the west could be heard.

To hang up a 250-pound deer in the woods is easy if you know how and have a good axe or hatchet, and a mighty hard and difficult job if you

don't know how. But as I had hung up a few before and ~~and we helped to swing up~~ a larger number, we went to work and did the job in good shape in fifteen minutes. First we selected a young tree, tall and straight, with forked branches near the top, which Clark shinned up something after the style he would use in case a bear were after him. His weight soon bent the tree to the ground where I stood. I grabbed the top branches of the tree and held it down while he cut off the limbs, then Clark sat on the top of the tree, holding it down with his weight, while I dragged the buck up to the crotch we had cut the top from, and inserted the antlers into the V-prongs of the tree, then tied them fast with a bit of rope, so it would not slip. Then we left the tree to swing up, the buck's body holding the top down. In the meantime we had cut two poles about eight feet long, each having a crotch at the end. Clark took one pole and I took the other. He stood on the left side of the tree on which hung the buck, and I on the right.

The crotches were inserted or placed against the tree just back of the buck's head, and when firmly planted each one seized his pole in both hands, bent our bodies and lifted the dead weight, at the same time exclaiming together, "Up he goes." At each upward pull we slid our poles along so they caught in the ground and held the body where we lifted it. Three or four lifts resulted in placing the carcass high enough so that the hind legs swung six inches clear of the ground, and

we voted it high enough. Once firmly hung up in this style ~~a deer will keep~~ nicely for weeks in the woods, and the wolves will not touch it. The blood also drains out nicely, and the head being out of reach a bear will rarely touch it

After finishing the job of hanging up my buck, I consulted my watch and found it was 1 o'clock. We had a lunch in our pockets which we ate, after which Clark started back toward the spot where I had killed the buck, saying he would go on farther west, and then towards night start for home. I took my gun and started in west, going perhaps a mile, following along a little stream and up over some sharp ridges.

It was quite still in the woods, but as it had been thawing the snow was soft and one could get along quite still. I saw the largest number of deer tracks I had seen in one day, but mostly tracks a day or two old.

At half past two I turned north, intending to hunt straight out to the road which I calculated was a mile or so to the north and ran east and west. After going north about 80 rods I all at once saw a deer jump up the side of a ridge, stop on top and stand perfectly still, ears thrown forward, and evidently looking and listening for the noise and suspected danger it had felt, as it probably heard me coming but had not seen me yet. Of course at the first movement of the deer I stopped, looked at the object sharply, and made out what I supposed was a good sized doe.

It was then getting quite dark in the woods, the sun being hidden behind the clouds, and I had just come up out of a deep draw where it was almost like night, it was so dark with the thick hemlock tops loaded with snow. Aha! I thought, that's a nice little doe, just what we need for camp meat, so I raised my rifle, drew down fine on the shoulder and pulled the trigger. What a wonderful and fearful thing is the modern high power smokeless rifle! Why, that deer seemed to fall before the gun cracked. It went down all in a heap, and I could not see anything of it except its feet, which seemed to be dangling in the air. It was a long shot, so far that I had feared before I fired that even if I hit the deer it might only be wounded and get away. The distance was nearly 200 yards, and at last I came up to the spot. The snow was crimsoned with blood, and there lay the game shot through the neck about 8 inches below the nose.

Always a merciful hunter, I drew my hunting knife from my belt and cut the jugular vein in its throat, and turned it over on its side so it would bleed out good. Wiping my knife on some leaves and snow I began to wonder how I was to get my game out to the road. I had some rope left in my pocket, so I tied a piece around the deer's head, took the other in my hand, first passing the rope over my shoulders, grasped my rifle in the other and started. There was a very deep draw right in front of me. I took my com-

pass as a guide and made straight north, as I knew by so doing I could reach the road. Down that draw we plunged, that is I did, the deer sliding over the snow like a toboggan. I got about half way down when the blamed thing bumped against my heels knocking me off my balance and away we went headlong down into the snow, deer, gun and man together. After sliding 30 feet and rolling and tumbling I managed to stop myself, untwisted the rope, brushed the snow out of my eyes and took an inventory of myself and load. After a second or two spent thus I discovered we were all there yet, but a little soiled from handling as it were, but still in the ring. So getting things in shape I again started for the bottom of the draw which I reached without further mishap.

At a quarter to six, I reached the tent, just about exhausted, and wet with sweat. My long, hard pull had told fearfully on me and I was ready to quit. Clark had supper all ready and was out to the road looking for me.

We decided to skin the deer at once, as it was still warm, and could be done so much easier than after the carcass had become stiff and frozen. So we took our lanterns, grabbed our hunting knives and fell to work. In 15 minutes the hide lay in the tent, the carcass was quartered and hung up on spikes driven into a near-by tree, and we washed up for supper. Hungry, well, you don't have to guess again, for we had an appetite something akin to a half-famished wolf.

After a good, hearty meal, and pipes were lighted, and the fragrant blue smoke rolling up around us in graceful little curls and clouds, Clark told me about how he had seen a nice young buck when he was on the way home in afternoon; the deer ran across the road about 20 rods ahead of him, stopped a few rods this side of the swamp and looked at him. He raised his rifle to shoot, but before he could press the trigger, the buck gave a sudden bound into the air, and was away in a flash over the hills. I tell him he must be quick and sure of his aim to get them, as they don't give you much time to shoot. But he is doing pretty well, and we both feel pretty well satisfied with our luck so far. At 9 o'clock we turned in, rolling the warm woolen blankets well around us, and dropped off into pleasant dreams.

Nov. 18.—Clark went out this morning and traveled some three miles west. He reports seeing a very large buck about 30 rods off; the old fellow was walking along pretty fast, and the brush was so thick around he could not get a good shot at him and waited for a better view. But pretty soon the buck gave a terrific snort, and away he went, his big white flag high in the air, as he bounded over a hill, and was gone, snorting as he ran. Clark says he could hear the thump, thump, of his powerful hoofs as he pounded the frozen earth at each mighty bound, and the still air fairly reverberated with his defiant snorts.

Could some of those who have that "tired

feeling," and can't get up an appetite, have been here tonight to sit down with us to supper, I imagine they would have forgotten their ills and abandoned their dyspeptic thoughts in the contemplation and realization of a feast for king or peasant. Here is our spread, which I believe would tempt most any hunter to become suddenly hungry:

	Venison Steak
Cold Boiled Heart	Fried Bacon
	Fried Onions
	Potatoes with Jackets on
Fresh White Bread	Buns
	Dairy Butter
Hot Coffee—Rich and Black	
	Fresh Milk and Cream
Sugar	Clover Honey
	Raspberry Sauce
Cucumber Pickles	Cold Baked Beans
	Spring water from Silver Creek
Crackers	Fried Cakes

After enjoying the above menu for our supper, we sit for an hour or two before our cozy fire, puffing at our pipes and spinning over again some yarns half untold. I step to the outside of the tent, and gaze into the sky. There is a beautiful crescent or half moon, which is surrounded by fleeting clouds, which float over airily, leaving occasional periods of darkness succeeded by flashes of bright moonlight which floods the forest around, glistening with its coat of snow and frost.

All is still as death, and I withdraw to the tent
where warmth and good cheer abound.

Nov. 20.—Went out today and dragged Clark's deer out to the road near mine, so we can load both in at same time and place tomorrow morning. As I could not get Mr. McMullen to haul us out before Saturday or Sunday, he having so many other parties to get out of the woods, I secured the services of Mr. Weaver, who says he will see us out tomorrow. So tonight we enjoyed another big feast, and after many pipes and yarns we turned in for the last night's sleep in the camp of 1901

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A. D. SHAFFMASTER AND HIS GREAT WOLF.

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OUR CAMP ON SILVER CREEK, 1902.

SIXTH ANNUAL HUNT.

CHAPTER VI.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

—Thomson in the Seasons.

Eckerman, Nov. 4.—Arrived here at noon today after a hard, tedious trip, made so by close quarters in the cars, as the train was crowded and we were cramped up in an uncomfortable position all night, consequently had no sleep.

On arriving, found my box and bear trap, which were shipped by freight, had arrived all right. There is the largest crowd of hunters this year I ever saw since coming to this section to hunt. Some 38 hunters came in on our train today, and more arriving each train. The capacity of the hotel here is taxed to the utmost to take care of them. However, thanks to the goodness of Mr. Martin, the landlord, we were given the best room in the hotel, and our other wants were equally well supplied.

Nov. 6.—Here we are again in camp; arrived at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The roads were something awful after the rain of yesterday, and Mr. McMullen had such a big load we had to walk nearly all the way in. Clark Green, who is with me again this year, walked all the distance and I rode four miles and walked nine. The old camp

site looked natural as ever, and the little brook, or Silver Creek as it is named, was babbling along as brightly and sparkling as ever. We drank from the ice cold stream again and oh, how good it seemed.

The bear trap came all right, and every time Green looks at its massive jaws and big iron ring and heavy chain, he bursts out laughing, and says it looks big enough to hold an elephant. But it requires quite a trap to hold a bear, and that is what we want. In a few days, or soon as possible, will set the trap, hoping to get a "bar."

Silver Creek Camp, Nov. 7.—The weather has been fine today, and we hustled to get our camp in shape for convenience and comfort. It took us all day to complete the job, but tonight we can survey our day's labor with satisfaction. We have everything as cozy and snug as one could wish for in the woods. This year we have a log camp, which we thoroughly fumigated and cleaned out and fixed up. We had to build a door and put it on with a lock and iron hinges which I had in my box for such a purpose; also repaired the roof, using a roll of tar paper, and built shelves in the room, and built us a comfortable bed. Our bedstead we nailed up of boards, and placed poles lengthwise of the frame. Then we placed freshly cut spruce and hemlock boughs over the poles, then added a big supply of clean baled hay and fine tops of spruce and hemlock. On top of this we spread a clean,

white, new canvas and nailed one end of same high on the wall over the head of our bed, so the effect is one of neatness and cleanliness. On the canvas we spread our woolen blankets and several quilts, then our pillows, and the result is, I can tell you, a bed of great comfort and rest.

Nov. 8.—We started this morning at daylight, Green taking the north side of the west road and I the south side, both of us going west as the wind was blowing from the west. The woods were what is known as still; that is, not much wind and no noise to speak of such as rustling dry leaves, swaying branches, etc. The recent rain made the leaves damp, and one could walk very still; but if we could go still the deer could also, and their sharp ears and alert eyes were always in readiness to see or hear any approaching danger, it seemed. I felt good and wore my moose hide moccasins, which are said to be the stillest hunting shoe made, and I can tell you I went up through those woods with the tread of a cat—not a twig did I crack, but though I walked two or three miles, up to 11 o'clock I saw no deer, partridge or other game.

Resuming my tramp I did not see anything until about 1 in the afternoon, when I caught sight of the body of a deer standing some 8 rods away and so I could not see its head as there was a tree in front of it; I noted that the portion I wanted to shoot at was visible—that is the fore

shoulder—and drawing down fine I pressed the trigger.

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As the 30-30 cracked, the game tumbled in a heap, and up jumped another deer some 10 rods to my right. This was a doe and she was already in the air and going fast, but I cut loose again and she kept going, as the shot was not expected to hit her. My game proved to be a fine little buck. I went to work then and hung him up and after seeing that he was nicely cleaned out and bled, I blazed a trail to the north road, and reached camp at 3:30.

I met Green on the way and he was going out again after having been back to camp since morning. He reported seeing two deer, but both were running so fast he could not get a shot. He came in again about 4:30, and said he had seen another small deer, also on the run and fired at him just to help him keep up speed.

Silver Creek Camp, Nov. 9.—Raining again tonight and the weather continues warm. We worked around the camp nearly all day, but took a walk in north along the edge of the swamp to look for bear signs, as we heard yesterday that bear had been seen in there and a man told Green he had shot at one twice last Thursday, but did not get it. We expected to set our bear trap if we found signs to warrant it. Before we got to the place we saw three deer, a doe and two young deer, and Green shot the doe. So we had to hang up the one he killed and blaze a trail to the

nearest road. This took us about an hour, and then we returned to camp, not having found the place we started for. We will try again in a day or two to find the place, which is in the edge of the swamp northwest of our camp two or three miles.

The effect of camp life on our systems is magical. Now as for myself, I can hardly believe it, but I feel like a boy. I can eat as much as any two ordinary men around home, and sleep like a log at night and in the morning I arise and feel rested, although at night I am often very tired from hard work, tramping in the woods and doing work around our camp. There is lots of real hard work to be done in a camp, that is, if you want a comfortable camp, and live neat and clean, which we do. We keep everything as neat and clean as at home, especially our persons and our table. Dishes are washed after each meal and a neat, white table cloth spread over the table.

For a carpet, we use freshly cut and gathered spruce and hemlock boughs, and scatter on the floor, which lends a softness to the tread and distills in the camp the spicy aroma of the woods.

Nov. 10.—We did but little hunting today, but put in the time looking around. This forenoon we brought in the little buck which I shot on the 8th, and I skinned one half and cut off, leaving the saddles to send home. After finishing dressing the deer, we hung up the pieces on spikes driven into nearby trees to keep until such time as we wanted to use it. This evening we had a pretty

good supper as the following menu will show:

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Venison Steak		Fried Bacon
	Buckwheat Cakes	
Canned Plums		Crabapple Jelly
	Clover Honey	
White Bread		Dairy Butter
	Fried Cakes	Cookies
Coffee	Condensed Milk	Spring Water

The weather was bright today, but cooler, temperature 28 above this morning, and a little frost last night. We are looking for a snow storm now most any time.

Nov. 11.—A hard rain and wind storm is raging with unabated fury tonight—the rain beats down on our tar paper roof like the noise of roaring musketry, while the wind sweeps through the forest swaying the tree tops and branches like reeds; how the moaning sounds roll along in billows of flying spray, as the heavy gusts strike the woods. But our cabin is snug and cozy, a fire snaps and crackles in the stove, while the savory smell of roasting venison floats up around us.

Today I tramped south and west four or five miles, returning at 1:30 this afternoon, as I wanted to send out on the stage the saddles of the little deer I cut up yesterday. I sent the venison out all right, and hope it will reach home in good condition. While I saw eight deer today, I did not get a shot at but one of them, and that was

fired at a running doe; all the others I saw got up and ran before I could get close enough to shoot. Green saw but one deer today, and fired at that one, which was on the run, and as he says, in a hurry.

Nov. 12.—Not much accomplished today, as it was a poor one for hunting, everything was soaking wet from the storm of last night. Green saw one deer, a big buck, which was running, and too far away to shoot at with any chances of hitting, so he let him go. I was out only a part of the day, but did not see a deer. I found some signs of bear in west of us about two and one-half miles.

Nov. 13.—A little snow last night followed the rain, but not enough for tracking. Received my first letter today and some papers from home. Green did not see any deer today. I went in south and west and had a queer experience. After getting in the woods a mile and a half or so, I thought I saw a large deer standing still, or a log which much resembled one; so I watched it as carefully as I could for a minute and decided it might be a deer, so pulled up and fired, as I of course expected if it was a deer that the shot fired at it would decide that for me, but it did not, as the object remained perfectly still, and though I looked at it as sharp as I possibly could for fully five minutes after firing at it, I could not see a single movement, so concluded it must be a log, I then started to walk over and see where my bullet

struck, when, to my astonishment, the supposed log turned into an immense buck, which had been coolly watching me all the while, and never moved a muscle when I fired at him. He started to walk away, and I shot at him again as he moved away among the trees, and a doe which lay near him jumped up and ran away. He was out of sight so quick I could not tell whether I hit him or not.

This is the first and only instance I ever heard of where a deer stood still after being shot at and then coolly walk away after the second shot was fired at it. It was one of the biggest bucks I ever saw, and I regretted more than I can tell that I did not get him.

Nov. 14.—This has been a bad day for our business. I went about three miles west this forenoon and it began to rain hard, so had to return to camp and got a good soaking before I could get in. Changed all my clothing and put on dry clothes and did not go out again.

Nov. 15.—It rained again last night all night and snowed a little this morning, melting as fast as it came; and made it nasty getting through the woods. Green went east and north and saw two deer, both on the jump, and he did not shoot at them. I started south and traveled west. About 9 this morning I saw a buck running towards me in the thick woods, and as he came to a stop, fired at him at about 20 rods; the light was so poor in the woods and I shot so quickly, I guess I missed him, and he jumped into the air

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WHERE THE BEAR WAS CAUGHT—GREEN'S DEER.

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A. D. SHAFFMASTER AND THE BLACK BEAR.

and started to run around me to the south, and I fired three more shots at him as he ran. At the third shot I saw him lunge to one side as though hit, but he kept running. There was no snow and I could not track him so I had to let him go. I think, though, he was wounded, but could not tell.

There are lots of wounded deer this fall on account of no snow to track them. We try not to shoot at one unless we think we want it and can kill it.

Nov. 17.—We started west this morning with high hopes of success, but alas for hunters' luck, we did not see a deer in that direction. It seemed as though every deer in the woods had hid away somewhere and no amount of still hunting would disclose his whereabouts.

After returning from his tramp west, Green went out near our camp along the edge of the swamp along towards evening and saw two deer, but did not get a shot at either one, as they jumped and got out of sight too quickly for him to shoot.

Nov. 18.—For a change, the sun actually shone a while today, and it seemed so good to see the welcome sunlight again. The weather continues very warm, and we sweat like butchers walking and working today. This has been quite a day of adventure for us and myself especially. I started southwest this morning, still-hunting for deer, and just for luck followed the blazed trail past the spot where I had my little buck hung up.

Arriving at the spot, I noted that some animal had been there and eaten nearly all the entrails I had thrown out when I shot the deer some nine days ago. There being no snow, my most careful examination of the spot failed to disclose the slightest clue as to what kind of an animal had been nosing around there. But I made up my mind that it must have been a bear. Yes, it must surely be a bear, I argued to myself, and looking carefully around me, I left the spot and struck out straight southwest, into what I knew to be the most secluded and wildest part of the woods, far from any road.

The sun was shining brightly, while a fresh southwest wind whispered softly through the trees and swayed the restless branches to and fro, causing just the slightest rustle among the leaves. It was just such a morning as would delight the heart of a sportsman, and fill his soul with silent joy. I drew a breath of inward satisfaction as I sharply scanned the scene around me, and felt the fresh breeze in my face. I had come up through the woods pretty careful, not cracking a twig, but after passing the spot where the animal had worked on the offal of my deer, I proceeded slower and with even more caution. In the parlance of the woods, I went through the woods "just like a cat," stopping every few steps to watch. I had not gone far from the spot where I killed the little buck, when as I was standing and watching I caught a glimpse of some animal coming towards

me from out the thick woods ahead. At first sight it appeared quite small, but as it approached coming in a very cautious and slinking manner, crouching almost to the ground, I saw that it was much larger than it appeared on first sight. During the few seconds it had been approaching me, I got ready for important business, and stood perfectly motionless, rifle cocked and finger on the trigger. On it came straight towards me until it had approached within five or six rods, when suddenly it stopped, in a half crouching position, its body all concealed from my view, except its head; it seemed to be intently listening, and sniffing the air to detect the approach of any danger. All of this passed almost as quick as thought, and I had to act quickly. The very moment the animal stopped, I had it covered, and in a second more I had drawn a fine bead on the center of its forehead, and simultaneously with the pressing of the trigger the sharp crack of the old 30-30 awoke the stillness of the forest, and the animal dropped in its tracks. Quick as thought I pulled the lever, and threw in another cartridge, and watching it closely, began slowly and carefully to approach the game.

Imagine my surprise on getting near to it to see it was a very large and ferocious looking timber wolf, of which so much has been said and written. Well, I just laughed softly and began to feel pretty good at my luck. How it was I came to get the drop on this old straggler which no doubt had pulled down many a deer and had made the dark

deep forest resound with its blood-curdling howls on many ~~a wintry night, so hard to tell.~~ I made back to camp and after we got a lunch, Green and I went and brought her in. It was the first wolf Green ever saw and the second one I had ever seen close to me in the woods. We had a terrible hard job to get it to camp, trying first to drag it and then tied it on poles and carried it. At last we got in just at dark, and so tired we could scarcely step. This evening the four hunters across the road came over to look at the wolf, as they had never seen one. They all shook my hand and said: "Well, good for you old man, you're all right." We hung it up on the side of the log cabin, and I will measure it in the morning.

Nov. 19.—I measured the wolf this morning and the result is as follows: From tip of nose to tip of tail, 6 feet; length of fore paw, 22 inches; head from ears to nose, 13 inches; body, height from ground, 30 inches; around chest, 32 inches; length of tail, 20 inches; estimated weight, at least 100 pounds.

Hunters who have seen it pronounce it one of the largest ever killed in the county. There is a state bounty of \$15 on a full grown wolf and \$5 bounty in Chippewa county.

As though this was not enough for one day, Green discovered that a bear had torn down the deer he had hanging up in the woods and had eaten about half of the hind quarters. This had been done since last Saturday when the deer was

all right. So we got down my bear trap and set it under the deer, hoping to catch the thief. We also set four wolf traps where the animals had eaten the entrails of my deer.

Nov. 20.—“It never rains but it pours,” is an old saying, and this would seem to apply to us in hunting.

I led the way along the blazed trail to where we set the bear trap by Green's deer yesterday. We approached the spot rather carefully and after ten minutes' walk was able to make out under the dim light of the surrounding trees, the form of the deer, still hanging, apparently just as we left it. On nearing the spot, however, I paused, and said: “See? the clog is gone.”

“Sure enough,” replied my companion in a surprised manner, while we stepped near to the spot where the trap had been set. Meanwhile my eyes had been roving round, and I quickly exclaimed: “There is the trail going right towards the swamp. Now, let's after him.”

The marks of the big clog, which was attached to the trap, made a plain trail as it dragged through the leaves, and the route taken by the bear was easily followed by the eye. We walked along rapidly, keeping a sharp lookout for any new signs of the captive. After proceeding in this manner some 200 yards, we paused to listen.

“I can hear the chain rattle,” Green spoke in a low voice, “It's down there in the direction of the

swamp," he continued, while I began to peer in that direction

"Aha, I can see him," I said, at the same time pointing to a coal black object seemingly motionless, among a clump of tree trunks a few yards ahead. We approached the game softly, Green smiling and gripping his gun. When within about 30 feet of the bear, which had gone as far as it could, the clog having been dragged between two trees, thus stopping his progress, we paused, and Green said: "Shall I shoot him?" "Yes," I replied, "shoot him just back of the foreleg."

As Green raised his old 40-82 to his shoulder, the bear rolled his little snapping black eyes towards us, omitted a little subdued growl, and showed us his good set of teeth.

Bang, went the old 40-82, and instantly that bear gave a leap into the air, coming down on his back, and began to roll over and over on the ground at the same time giving out a sort of whine or squeal. Green still stood there, smiling at the antics of the bear, and a smoking gun in his hands.

"Pump another cartridge into your gun, quick," I said, "that bear has squealed, and if there is any more bears in this vicinity, which I more than half suspect, we are liable to have doings on our hands immediately." Green's lever clicked, as another cartridge slipped into the barrel.

Suddenly Green's eyes sought mine with an astonished look in their depths, and he whispered, "Hist!" I asked him in a subdued tone what it

was, and he said, "Seems just so to me that I heard something out there in the swamp cracking a twig or stick. There it goes again, right in there behind those thick cedars."

"Give him another shot to stop his squealing," I whispered, "then we will attend to the other cases."

Again Green's old cannon roared through the silent woods, and our bear gave a convulsive shudder, and lay still.

"I hear sticks cracking again," said Green, his jaw dropping about an inch, while his eyes had a wild look in them as he peered into the swamp ahead of us.

"Well, it's the old parent bears, I guess, and they may attack us," I whispered. "You watch your side and I'll watch mine, and the first glimpse you catch of a black head coming out, give it to him, and I will do the same." We waited a few minutes but nothing showed up. After resetting the bear trap again, we departed.

It was then about 10:30 and we dragged the bear out near the road, a distance of perhaps three-quarters of a mile and left it behind a log. We wanted to do a little hunting and expected to come and get the bear towards evening.

Green went in on the blazed trail where I shot the wolf the day before, to look at the traps we set up there and then hunt farther in. I struck into the woods opposite where we left the bear and went west about a mile, when all of a sudden up jumped two deer and ran off like the wind. I was

almost even with them before they saw me, and so when the first one jumped, up went the old 30-30, and a shot went after it; I could not tell where that deer went after I shot, and then the second one jumped and started off about like a sky rocket. Up came the old rifle again and crack! she rang out, and to my astonishment down went the deer, rolling head over heels in its headlong flight. I walked up to it and saw it was a small doe, but fat and nice.

I cut a couple of poles and after cutting her open and cleaning her out hung her up so high I think no bear could reach anything except her feet and then he would have to stand on his haunches to do it.

Deer are not safe this fall left in the woods, there are so many bear and we know of three deer being torn down by them and the carcasses being partly or wholly devoured.

Towards evening we went and brought in the bear, which we were able to do with the assistance of two of the hunters across the road who kindly volunteered to help us. We tied Mr. Bear onto two long poles, and then placing the poles on our shoulders, two men on a side, the procession started, and we reached camp about dark, where we hung up the carcass on the side of the log camp.

Nov. 21.—We went to look at the bear trap again this morning, but it was not disturbed, everything being just as we left it yesterday. Green went hunting afterwards, while I returned to camp. I worked around camp the rest of the day fixing

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GROUP NO. 2, A. D. S. IN CENTER.

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THE LOAD READY FOR THE STATION.

up things, also more thoroughly cleaned out the bear and ~~washed it out the blood~~ with cold spring water.

Green returned about 1 o'clock, having seen nothing, and we took several views of the bear and wolf.

The weather is a record breaker for this section; 44 above today, and we sweat like butchers walking and carrying nothing. A straw hat and one shirt is plenty to keep one comfortable here.

A number of hunters have seen our bear and estimate his weight at 175 to 200. He is very fat and as black as a coal. When we hung him up today he seemed a good deal larger than yesterday, and was about as large as an ordinary man. The wolf is the largest of the two animals, that is, longer. I have measured both, and find this so.

Nov. 22.—Looked at the bear trap again this morning, but nothing was disturbed near it, so we took it up and carried it some 80 rods farther into the swamp and reset it, as bear signs were quite plenty there. Afterwards we brought in Green's deer and cleaned off what was good of the carcass and Clark sent it out by a camp team to be shipped home by express.

Nov. 23.—When we went to look at the bear trap this morning, what was our surprise to find a fine dark marten in it. I was afraid his fur had been damaged by the big trap and its ugly pointed jaws, but on removing the marten found it all right and

not a blemish on the fur. It seems the marten sprang onto the plan of the trap to get the piece of venison I placed there to tempt a bear, or else he could not have sprung the big trap. We reset the trap sprinkling the bait with fish oil first and then dragging it around up to the trap through the woods. Bears can smell fish oil a long distance it is also a good lure for marten and fisher.

After returning from the trap we fixed up our game on the outside of our camp and I took some kodak views of the same to show our friends at home. Then I went to work and skinned the wolf. I found it a hard job as I don't pretend to know much about such work, but finished my job after an hour's hard work. I then salted the head and hide to preserve them for the taxidermist.

Towards evening I took my rifle and went about a mile and a half southwest of camp and up jumped two deer, but they got out so quick and ran so fast I just fanned them a little with one shot. Green was out also, but did not see any deer.

We expect to go out to the station tomorrow the 24th, so we are getting our things ready tonight.

We broke camp on the 24th, and on the following day I went to Sault Ste. Marie, where I had no difficulty in securing the bounty of \$20 on my wolf, and at the same time saved the head for mounting. This I left with a taxidermist in Grand Rapids on my way home, and received it nicely

mounted a month later. The head now, with the bear, and eight fine bucks' heads adorn the walls of my office den, and as I look up at the life-like heads, former denizens of the woods, I have a great longing for just one more breath of the glorious air of the grand old forest away on the Lake Superior shore.

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SEVENTH ANNUAL HUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks.
—*Bryant, in Thanatopsis.*

SILVER CREEK CAMP, Nov. 6, '03.

After nearly a week's hard work and all the troublesome incidents attending the arrival into camp, we are here and located. We had an awful time this year getting our goods which we shipped by freight and also our baggage checked, all of which we had to wait for several days after our arrival. Then we had to wait for a team to haul us into camp, and at last on Wednesday afternoon, we managed to get started. We had a big load and did not leave the station until afternoon, and consequently did not arrive at camp until dark. The teamster did not get there until about eight o'clock, and in the meantime—Sager, Clark, Russell and myself—who came on ahead on foot had anything but a cheerful time waiting for the arrival of the team. We reached our camping place on Silver Creek just at dark. After waiting for the team in vain for an hour, we went into an old log camp and the boys started a fire inside. The smoke nearly put our eyes out, but it was better than standing outside in the cold and darkness. Coming

in Joe Sager shot a grouse and I missed one. Joe also saw a small deer.

About ~~twelve~~^{eight} o'clock the load arrived, and as the moon had by that time sifted through the clouds we could see to unload our goods without a lantern. The teamster fed his team and returned to the station, while we, after unloading our goods, put up the big tent (Sager's), and made a temporary bed, also set up the stove and had a cup of hot coffee. It was a pretty tired lot of men who turned in at 11 o'clock to sleep on a pile of poles covered with tents and quilts, but we were so tired we did not mind the ridges on the poles nor the absence of a spring mattress.

Our party consists of eight members this year all residents of Southern Michigan, and enthusiastic sportsmen. With the following brief introductory we shall continue our narrative: First, there is C. C. Bennett, one of the pioneers of our county, and an old-time sportsman, genial and overflowing with boyish enthusiasm, even if he is in his 73rd year; then there is P. A. Buck, the jolly butcher and grocer, who dearly loves a good story, and M. M. Clark, the well-known hardware man, the son of a sportsman, and himself a devoted enthusiast of the rod and gun, and who has accompanied the author on several successful hunting trips; then there is Thomas Russell, a prosperous farmer and an old timer, who has been on many a deer hunt, and loves the sport yet; Joseph Sager, another prosperous farmer, and also the son of a pioneer,

and grandson of Big John, the Indian hater, who belongs to the younger generation of sportsmen; J. T. Pickhaver, the brawny blacksmith, an experienced deer hunter, and his partner from Coldwater, Mich., D. A. Buck, at present the efficient sheriff of Branch county, who is a successful and enthusiastic sportsman; lastly, the author, whose love for the woods and its wild creatures has led him to penetrate some of the wildest portions of the country in quest of recreation and sport.

Our bed is a dandy, and reaches across the entire east end of the tent—14 feet. We made the bed long enough to accommodate six men. After building the frame work, we put on small green springy poles, then covered all with a foot or more of hemlock, spruce and cedar boughs, all cut green, and so fresh and aromatic that the odor of the balsams will help to lull the tired body to sweet sleep and healthful rest. On top of the boughs we placed blankets and quilts until we have as soft and inviting a bed as any hunter could wish for. All of us brought each a pillow and so we are fixed nicely for sleeping quarters, one of the most essential and important factors in camping.

We also put up our mail box on the stage road—the stage passes within sight of our camp. We can get and send mail every day if we choose, quite a luxury when you consider we are thirteen miles from the station and postoffice.

The weather, which was very warm during the first few days here, is now growing colder. It

spits snow today, and as I write this tonight I can hear the northeastern wind beating the branches of the forest trees until they give out weird sounds—sounds of the night, those eerie rustlings of bush and leaf and twig. The lofty hemlocks sway with restless motion and the forest seemes awaiting the swirling snow and the early presence of winter, but we are so cosy and so warm, and the tent is aglow with light and fragrant smoke, lazily curling from four pipes, while the boys indulge in a quiet game and ye editor writes and writes.

Nov. 7.—Art Buck and J. T. Pickhaver, of Coldwater, and P. A. Buck, of Bronson, arrived in camp this evening. They had a hard time of it to get here, having hired two rigs to bring them in, one teamster dropped them six miles from camp, and so they hired a camp team that happened along to bring them the rest of the way. We were just eating supper, but hustled around and got up a new feast for the hungry new arrivals.

Nov. 8.—This being the first day of the open season for killing deer, most of us took to the woods early. Art Buck was the lucky man, and got a nice eight-point buck. He, with Pickhaver, Joe Sager, Clark, Bennett, P. A. Buck and Tom Russell, all went east towards the bay. Art separated from the others and took an old logging road running towards the bay. This he followed two or three miles, and when in sight of the bay, up sprang a big buck and started off on a jump.

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ON TOP OF LOOKOUT RIDGE.

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SAGER AND THE EDITOR BRINGING IN AL'S DEER.

Art got busy with his old 40-82 Winchester, and began pumping lead at the old fellow as he bounded along, his big body seeming a comparatively small mark as he dashed out and in among the brush, and under the dark shadows of towering hemlocks, but the aim was true, and the buck fell down to stay after the third shot. Art rushed up to his fallen game and drew his keen-bladed hunting knife from his belt and cut the buck's throat so he would bleed. Then he realized for the first time that although he was Sheriff of Branch county, he was alone and miles from camp, and that he had a hard job on his hands, so he let out a yell for help, which he declares could have been heard four miles, and should have disturbed the slumbers of the ancient ancestors of the Hurons and Chippewas, whose bones quietly rest in their Indian burying-grounds, a stone's throw from where the monarch of the forest lay. Only the mocking echoes of his own voice came back to him through the forest air. The trees trembled and whispered strange sounds in his ears, and far out on beautiful White Fish Bay the blue waters of Lake Superior tossed and glistened in the rays of a bright sun. Finding that no one of his fellow hunters answered his call, he went to work in true hunter's style and hung up his buck, and then returned to camp, where he received the hearty congratulations of the boys.

The rest of the boys got nothing, but sighted one or two on the run. The editor saw a deer which

he could have killed, but as it was hardly light yet in the early morning, and he could only see a part of the game, he did not shoot, choosing to rather loose a deer than to take a chance of shooting at a man, so the deer jumped and ran.

Nov. 9.—This has been a lucky day for two of our party—Joe Sager and J. T. Pickhaver, each having killed a buck. Mr. Pickhaver got his on a runway, where he went before daylight and watched as a cat would for a mouse. At just seven o'clock along came a buck and J. T. let him down in good style. Joe Sager shot his deer on the run, hitting him two or three times at 25 rods on the jump—pretty good shooting, eh! The editor got a shot at a big buck just at dark as he was returning from the day's tramp, but could not see or tell whether his shots took effect or not, as it was too dark.

Nov. 10.—Rain today; that is, this morning. It has been so very warm and dry that a little moisture will be welcomed. The editor scored and killed a nice fat doe early in the morning, also shot at another deer running. In the afternoon Art Buck got Bennett's shotgun and went into the edge of the swamp looking for partridge. He did not see any, but saw four nice deer—two of them big bucks. He blazed away at one of them with two loads of buckshot, but the old fellow never stopped to see Art's chagrined look nor to hear the little compliment he spoke to himself about a

man nosing around for partridge with an old shotgun when he should have had a rifle.

Joe Sager, Clark and the writer, went into the swamp near where we got the bear last fall and set a bear trap this morning. Afterwards we brought in Al's deer and hung it up at the camp.

Nov. 11.—We are dining on venison right along now, and Sager's deer is looking rather small, but we have plenty more to cut. Raining again today. This noon, after a cold lunch, composed of limberger cheese and hickory-nut cake, we went out and brought in Art Buck's deer and hung it up at our camp. We have fixed up a big pole and are bringing in our deer as fast as they are killed, and hang them on the pole where we can look after them. The boys went to the bear trap, but nothing doing there.

Nov. 12.—The rain last night turned to snow, and this morning the ground was nearly covered with a light fall of the beautiful. All went into the woods. It was frosty and noisy hunting this morning, but softened up about noon. Joe Sager got four shots at a running doe early in the morning, but did not hit her. The editor draws the lucky card again today, as he killed another nice deer southwest, also located some new choice grounds for deer.

Nov. 13.—Sager, Clark and the editor went southwest this morning, partly to hunt and to also bring in the deer which the editor killed in that section yesterday. We started early in the morn-

ing—in fact, the moon and stars were our light through the woods for the first mile or so, as it was before daylight when the three hunters struck into the road leading west towards the river. With a 5 o'clock breakfast and only a small bite of cold meat, bread or ginger snaps and an apple, perhaps, a fellow is quite liable to get up an appetite by the time the day's hunt is done and he returns to camp at dusk, tired, hungry as a polar bear, but contented and happy. The long tramp during the day through the woods in the keen, biting air of the North Country in November, is a sure cure for that failing appetite and listlessness or tired feeling which oftentimes chains us down in the city.

The chickadee and red squirrel are about the only company we find in these woods. Our little feathered friends are very busy flitting and hopping about from tree to bush and bush to tree, while the little bushy tail scans us from his lookout on some near-by tree or log, scolding and scampering up and down in such incongruous style that we sometimes lose our self-control and burst out into a fit of laughter at the ludicrous antics of these little natives of the game-land who know not man nor fear.

After going some three miles west along the road, we separated, the editor making a detour to the west and south and Sager and Clark going in on the editor's blazed trail to where he had killed and hung up the deer. When some distance

in on the trail he saw where Sager and Clark had evidently shot at some deer, as there was a fresh bullet mark on a birch tree near the trail and fresh deer tracks across the path. In a short time, as he was resting himself on a log, Art Buck strolled along, having drifted off that way. The two soon started along the trail, and were presently joined by Sager and Clark who had shot at two deer running down a hill near the trail, and which they had been tracking to see if a hit had been made, but reported a miss, as the game was going too fast. As the party of four walked along, Art suddenly stopped and said, "Boys, I heard a deer jump." We began looking for it, and in a moment a big buck stepped into sight, but only so a part of his body was visible through the brush and trees. The editor was ahead in the path, and seeing the fore-shoulders and fore-legs of the deer as it stepped behind a bunch of trees, he drew a hasty bead on the shoulder and fired; Art's gun also cracked a moment later. The deer jumped at the crack of the rifles and ran like the wind. We went to the spot where the buck stood and found some hair where the bullet cut it off, but no blood. Then we tracked him a half mile or so, but found no evidence of a wound. The editor felt a little cut up, as he could not understand why his 30-30 did not stop the game in its usual prompt style.

We then went in on the trail and brought out the editor's deer. This we took to camp and hung it up. Bennett and Buck afterwards went out and

skinned it, and we had some choice venison steak fried with onions for supper.

Nov. 14.—Art got a fine big buck this morning on a runway west of camp. The buck came along a little before 7 o'clock and walked up to within 60 feet of him, never saw or smelled him, and Art dropped him with one shot in the neck. After hanging up the deer he went in southwest and jumped four more deer, one of which was a big doe and he fired at her at about 30 rods and cut some hair from her—shot too low or else the bullet fell on the long range. A 30-30 would have got her all right on the dead level. Cell Clark and Joe Sager got a shot at two running, but made no hit. P. A. Buck also saw three deer, but no chance to shoot.

A hunter in the camp across the road from us got lost in the northwest corner today and did not get in until 2 o'clock in the morning. He floundered around nearly all night in the swamp, in darkness, rain and snow, and finally, after the moon came up and the storm had passed, he got out onto the right road and reached camp. We saw him this morning and his hair was standing up straight yet. It will be at least a week before he can wear his hat without a string to hold it on. He had no hatchet or matches. A man who will go into these woods without matches, hatchet or a compass, is simply courting trouble and is sure to find it some day.

Nov. 15.—There was about three inches of snow

on the ground this morning, and a party of us decided to take a trip to the river, as the day was Sunday, and we did not care to hunt that day. So Pickhaver, Sager and George Brown, who is camped just across the road, and the editor, all started on the west road for the river, leaving camp about 8 o'clock this morning. The snow was not deep enough to impede progress, and the walking was therefore very good.

Our path led up over a series of very high hemlock ridges, in a northwesterly direction. These ridges were the highest that we had ever seen in Michigan, and it was a good task to climb up to the top, as it was so steep. The ridges looked bald, from the fact that the hemlock had been all cut off, leaving only the bald top and its bare face, which towered far above the surrounding forest trees. In fact, it seemed like standing on top of some of those high foothills in the Rockies, as the tops of the highest hemlocks could be seen far below us. Having reached the top, we stopped long enough to rest a minute to catch our breath and also to allow the editor to take a snap shot at the surrounding scene with his kodak, then we resumed the journey. The trail led down along the bottom of the draw, after leaving the ridges, which we followed perhaps half a mile. We found after going a ways in the bottom of the draw, that a nice trout stream was trickling along beside us and only a few feet away. This trout stream was a beauty, indeed, and was picturesque, too. Its

waters tumbled and rolled along in and out among the bends and curves of the deep draw, always seeming to say, "Hurry, Hurry."

In the course of the two and a half miles to the river, we saw a good many nice trout, Joe Sager also shot a big plump grouse and knocked the feathers out of another one. We reached the river about 11 o'clock, and then spent about an hour in resting ourselves, also fishing in the river and eating our lunches.

The readers of the JOURNAL are familiar with the editor's description of the famous Taquamenon river, by reading the story of his former hunts, but he is such an optimist and idealist that he cannot look upon such a scene as this without inwardly and outwardly giving expression to a few thoughts of admiration and deep love for the silent beauty and mysterious charm of the place which chained him to the spot. Indeed, so great is his admiration for the sylvan scene such as he enjoyed to-day, that he cannot help but express a wish that every sportsman friend who is a lover of Nature, (and what true sportsman is not), might stand where he did today and with sparkling eye and ever expectant breath, enjoy the same scene of wild and silent beauty. The dark waters of the river reflect with startling clearness the images of the deep cedar forest on the adjacent shore. The winding stream reveals the charm of forest outline and wooded bank as the eye slowly follows its sinuous course.

After reaching camp, the editor learned that Tom Russell had ~~got a shot at a deer~~ running at about 30 rods, but probably did not hit.

A fine maltese cat has been making his home in our tent lately. The boys take turns in petting him and feeding him choice bits of meat. He seems to have been used to luxury, as he always gets the softest spot in which to lie down and the warmest and coziest corner.

Nov. 16.—As there are considerable signs of pine marten this fall, the editor took eleven marten traps out this morning intending to put them all out between the camp and the river. He did not get a very early start, however, and after setting six traps he found on consulting his watch, that it was past noon and also that the weather was fast changing, as it was by this time snowing fast. So he returned to camp. While setting one of his traps, he saw a nice deer coming towards him on the run, but his rifle being about 20 feet away resting against a beech tree, he did not attempt to shoot, but watched the "flag" dancing through space between the thick trees as the deer disappeared in the direction it was coming, it evidently having seen or heard him rattling the chains on the traps as he was setting one.

The editor reached camp about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and it was then snowing hard. After eating a lunch he learned that Art Buck had gone to Emerson, four miles north, to get a pair of woodsmen's shoes like the editor's, and P. A. Buck

and J. T. Pickhaver, had accepted an invitation from a Mr. Scott, a lumberman, who had a lumber camp on the other side of the river, and had accompanied him home in his wagon to hunt in the vicinity of his camp for a day or two.

This evening, just before dusk, Art Buck returned from Emerson with his coveted shoes, and covered with snow, which made his clothing as wet as a rain storm, as the snow melted almost as fast as it fell. About 4 inches of snow has now fallen since morning, and as we retire for the night it is still snowing very hard.

Nov. 17.—The editor took a walk in west today and the snow being about eight inches deep or more it was hard walking.

When some two miles from home, and just as the editor had stepped into the road, he caught sight of what appeared to him to be a good sized doe coming down the road right towards him on the jump; a second glance revealed the fact that the deer was a good big fawn and that it was limping, evidently having been wounded. As it came on towards him he made up his mind it would be only an act of mercy to kill the animal now that it was wounded and would surely fall a prey to the wolves in case it did not fall down when exhausted and die. So he drew a bead on the animal's neck as it came bounding towards him, and at the crack of the rifle the game fell.

He had gone about half a mile down the road when several hunters could be seen in the woods

near the road tracking some animal. The editor shouted to them and waived his hand, recognizing the men as Art Buck, Tom Russell, and Joe Sager. He motioned for them to come to him, and they responded by starting for the road. When Art Buck caught sight of the editor's game which he was dragging, he looked puzzled, and the editor divining the truth, asked him if he had been following a wounded fawn. Art's face took on an enlightened expression, as he replied: "Well, I should say I had, and I guess we have chased it 20 miles." "Well, here is your game I guess," replied the editor, and then he told them how he had got the animal.

Nov. 18.—The weather was clear, bright and frosty this morning—just the kind of a morning to start a big buck, he of the "rocking chair head," and the editor was the one to do it, but as he did not get the game, thereby hangs a tale. He was out to take up some of his marten traps which had become snowed under, and in a very thick part of the woods, when suddenly a brownish gray object sprang into view, moving rapidly at right angles to him through a tangled labyrinth of brush, trees and fallen timber. In an instant the old reliable 30-30 sprang to his shoulder and the shot rang out clear and sharp, while the buck, well, he kept right on going and seemed in a hurry. The editor took his track, and after going some distance, found a few drops of blood; thus encouraged he kept on after the game, tracking him through an almost

impenetrable portion of a cedar swamp, and then out onto the hardwood land on the high hemlock ridges to the south, but never got another sight of the game. It was a very fine large buck, and he regretted very much that his first shot did not stop him as in many times of the past. Towards evening the editor returned to camp, tired and wet with falling snow, hungry as a wolf, but a hunter still.

Arrived at the camp, the editor learned that Joe Sager had got a shot at a small deer towards evening on the edge of the swamp north of the camp. The deer was, like all others Joe declares he ever sees, going like the wind, and of course a flying shot only seemed to accelerate its speed. Tom Russell also reported a running shot, but don't think he made a hit.

Nov. 19.—Snowing this morning; snowed three inches last night. There is about 18 to 20 inches of snow now on the level, and walking is most difficult in the woods where no trail has been broken. Even the deer seem to realize this, as we notice that they will now follow in any track made where they wish to go. If you break a trail through the snow in the morning, you need not be surprised to see where one or more deer have followed along in your tracks during the day either going or coming. The sleighing is excellent, but it is hard hunting.

The boys in the camp south of us report that they found the deer one of their number killed and hung up on Nov. 17. This is the deer Tom Russell

helped to kill, and afterwards loaned the fellow, whose deer it was, a compass and a hatchet, as he had none. The fellow, a young man, who has never hunted before, went home leaving his deer hanging in the woods, and forgot or neglected to blaze a trail out to the road. The next day he, in company with several companions, tried to find the game he had hung up the afternoon previous but though they searched all day, they could not locate the deer. Nor did they succeed in finding it until today, and have spent more or less of the time since in looking for it. Moral: Never go into the woods without a hatchet and a compass, and never kill a deer and leave it in the woods without blazing a good plain trail high enough on the trees to preclude the possibility of it snowing under, so you can at any time return to the spot and bring out your game.

P. A. Buck and J. T. Pickhaver returned from a two days' hunt in Scott's lumber camp on the north side of the river today. They had good luck, too, as Buck reports having killed three deer, a big buck and two young deer, and Pickhaver got one. They report a splendid time and plenty of good sport. Not many hunters over there they say, and plenty of deer. This must be true, as they saw some seven or eight deer this morning while walking from Scott's camp up the river to the bridge, a distance of about eight miles. Pickhaver knocked hair out of one and followed a trail of blood, which led off into the swamp. He did not

dare follow far, as he knew it would be impossible to get the animal out to the road even if he found it dead, as he expected, so they tramped on. They had such royal treatment from Mr. Scott, the owner of the camp, that they cannot speak too highly of him.

Nov. 19.—As the snow is so deep we cannot hunt to any advantage, the boys decided to go home. So we began to arrange things for the home trip. At the same time we had our regrets at going out before the season was over, there being 11 days yet to hunt deer.

Dr. F. S. Sovereen and party, of Evart, who are camped just across from us on the west side of the road are having good luck recently, and we heard one of the boys say today that their party killed three large bucks yesterday. They are now hunting north and west; that is, they go north down the stage road about a mile or so and then go in west towards the river. This part of the country is rather low, most of it being in the big swamp, but there are high places, hemlock ridges and balsam flats, with an occasional island or high, rolling piece of hardwood, all excellent ground for deer hunting.

In this, the concluding chapter of our Seventh Annual Hunt, it is worthy of mention that it was the general opinion expressed by the members of our party that we had all enjoyed a nice time in the woods and had been very successful in getting game, our party of eight having killed 12 deer,

and a good amount of small game. No accident or sickness marred the event, and therefore we all voted the hunt to be a happy one, and to be recalled with pleasure in future years.

The editor wishes to express his high appreciation for favors shown to him by the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry., through its obliging and courteous General Passenger Agent, Mr. Geo. W. Hibbard, of Marquette, who not only takes a personal interest in the welfare of the visiting sportsman to any part of the country reached by The D. S. S. & A Ry., but does all he can through his official capacity to make the trip one of comfort and pleasure. The passenger service of the D. S. S. & A. Ry. is superior to many other systems of Ry., and one can but express a pleasant surprise when gliding along comfortably and pleasantly in its luxurious and richly appointed passenger coaches. The passenger service between Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie is of the best to be found in the land, the trains are all electric lighted and the coaches are of modern build and equipment, having chair cars, sleeper and dining cars on these trains. Our party also found the rates for traveling more reasonable than some other roads and the trainmen courteous and obliging in every way possible.

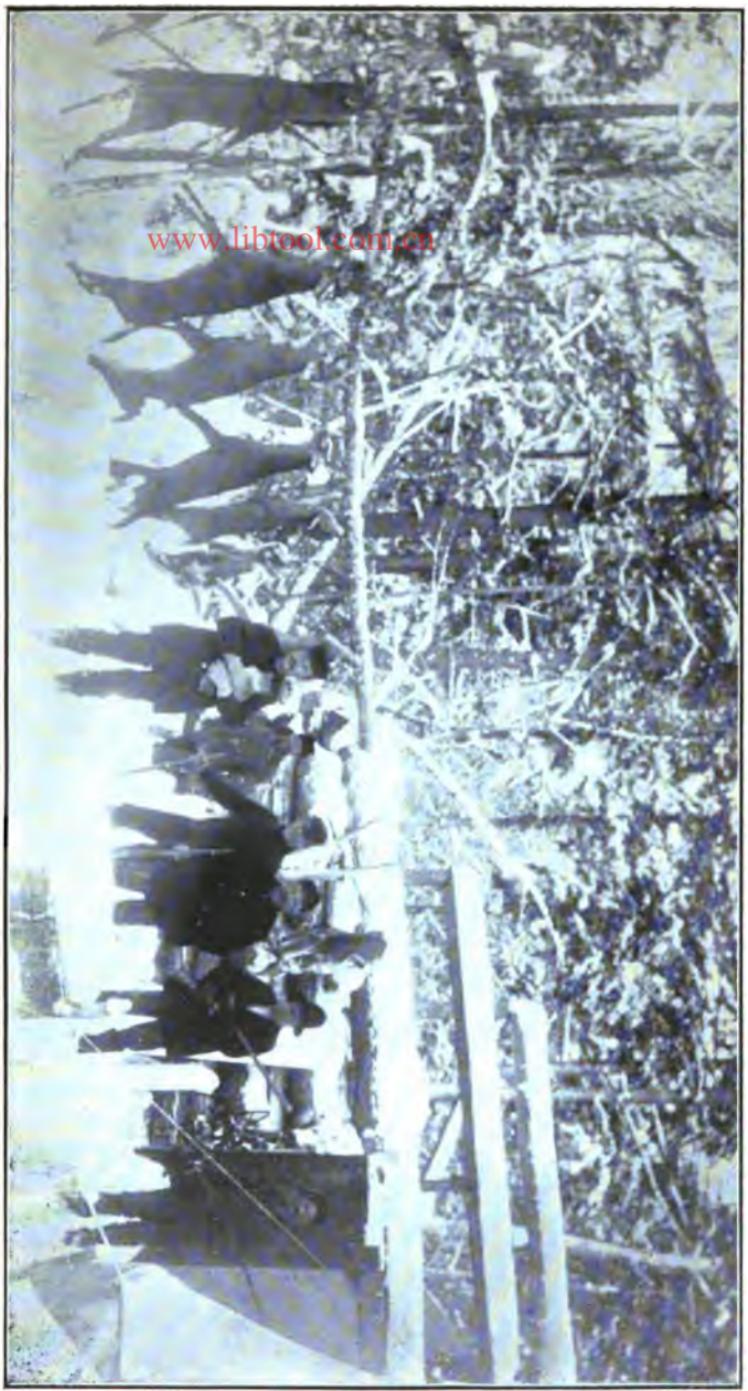
Another fact, this railroad reaches more fine hunting and fishing grounds than any other railway system of the middle west. In fact, there is scarcely a mile of ground along this entire system

that big game, such as bear, deer, wolf, lynx, etc., cannot be found, and the smaller game is most abundant. There are scores of beautiful lakes and sparkling rivers along the line, in the vicinity of which would make ideal camping spots.

The trout fishing in this locality is also unexcelled. There are hundreds of good trout streams, which, I do not believe, were ever fished. Most of these, of course, are back from the railroad, but still can be reached if one has a desire for the rare sport of fishing where no other man has ever fished

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THE CAMP OF 1903, READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT:
M. M. CLARK, LOUIS SCHRODER, ART BUCK, TOM RUSSELL, C. C. BENNETT, JOE SAGER.



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SAGER AND PICKHAVER ON THE TAH-QUA-ME-NON
RIVER.

IN THE LAND OF HIAWATHA—THE
BEAUTIFUL TAH-QUA-ME-NON.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw, * * *
Longfellow, in Hiawatha's Sailing.

Hiawatha, who has not read this beautiful Indian legend-poem?¹ Sung in song and story, dramatized, eulogized, and printed in nearly every language in the civilized world. Very few people, however, are at all familiar with the scene of the poem. In fact, if you should ask ten people where it was that Hiawatha builded his phantom canoe, nine out of the number would say: "Oh, somewhere out west." After careful study of the subject and research, and with the assistance of that well-known sportsman, editor-author, traveler, the Hon. Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., I have come to the conclusion that the river so alluded to in Longfellow's celebrated Hiawatha, is none other than the beautiful Tah-qua-me-non, in the vicinity of which I have hunted during the past seven years, and recorded in the foregoing pages. This river always had a certain mystic charm for me, even before I discovered its true place in the classic scene ground of Longfellow's masterpiece in Indian lore. And now I cannot look upon its swift rushing waters and darkly fringed forests' shores, without a feeling of tran-

scendent happiness, tinged with a sense of awe and supreme nature love for this famous river, which today is not a whit less wild and solitary than it was in the days of "Hiawatha." The following quotation is from Longfellow's "Hiawatha's Sailing:"

In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,

It was by the side of the Tah-qua-me-non that Hiawatha builded his phantom canoe.

Built a swift Chemaun for sailing
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him.

Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows.

In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

In Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha's Sailing," the river is spelled "Taquamenaw," which, according to Indian dictionaries, has been derived from the original "O-tah-ko-bin-naun," which, being given in English means, "He ties them," and in reference to this subject Mr. Osborn says:

"As applied to the Tahquamenon, it might mean a river without a current, or a river with a current tied. The translation also is a prisoner's strings or thongs for tying prisoners. This might refer to the Tahquamenon as being a river tied or hidden in the forest, or a river bound by the frost, as the Tahquamenon is frost bound nearly half the year."

In "Hiawatha's Sailing," the word "Pauwating" occurs, which is given in the vocabulary as meaning "Saut Sainte Marie," the original of "Sault Sainte" or "Ste. Marie," more commonly and vulgarly called "Soo." Likewise, the word "Big-Shining-Sea-Water, or Big-Sea-Water, which means Lake Superior.

In further reference to this subject, Mr. Osborn says:

"This river is undoubtedly the one mentioned in Longfellow's Hiawatha, where it is spelled "Taquamenaw." Indian names are spelled by sound. A syllable, with gesture, may mean an entire sentence, and several syllables, involve a paragraph. Instead of communicating by sentences and paragraphs, the Indian language is almost always a series of hyphenated words, the

meaning of which is extended by the addition of a hyphen and a syllable whenever further meaning is required.

There are Indian Orthoepists, and among them Father Baraga, who contend that Tahquamenon means a "pathway for the people," and I refer you to the line from Longfellow, "Made a pathway for the people." In interviewing the learned members of two O-jib-way tribes, true descendants of the O-jib-ways of Hiawatha's days, one says that "naw" or "non" when affixed to a word means "bay." This is Quis-qua-qum's theory, who further says that "Tahqua" means "short." He did not understand where the "me" comes in, but was of the opinion it had been vulgarly added by the whites. He is certain that "Tah-qua-non" should be the word, which means "short bay." The chief literati of Buz-bik-wo-chik differs a little from Quis-qua-qum by contending that "Tah-qua-me-non" means "sheltered bay" or "point."

It will be remembered that both the river and bay bear the same title, Tah-qua-me-non, therefore, with the facts as here presented, it seems certain beyond all dispute, that this river, hidden away in the remoteness and fastness of the North Country of Michigan, is entitled to the distinction that the literary people and Nature students and sportsmen of the world will not be long in transcribing to it in its relationship to "Hiawatha."

That the scene of Hiawatha's birth and youth was laid in and about the region of Lake Superior,

in the vicinity of the Tah-qua-me-non river, is further attested by a close reading of chapter three, "Hiawatha's Childhood." Quoting from the poem we find it was:

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs and cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the Shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Gitche Gumee, or Big-Sea-Water, is Lake Superior, and its southern shore, or that portion lying between the Pictured Rocks and Sault Ste. Marie, is famous as the camping grounds of the Ojibway tribe of Indians from time immemorial. This region is rich in legends and traditions, and relic hunters have for years desecrated the Indian mounds and burial places, unearthing beads, arrows, and many other relics of the dead warriors. Only last fall, 1903, I found the skull and other bones of an Indian, where they had been recently unearthed on the high bluffs overlooking Tah-

qua-me-non Bay. While having nothing further to corroborate my belief than the general location of the scene, I am convinced that it was by the ford of the Tah-qua-me-non river, also that little Hiawatha killed the red deer. When Iagoo, the great boaster, story teller and traveler, had made a bow for Hiawatha, he said to Hiawatha:

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows:
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow:
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river.

There is no doubt in my mind but what Longfellow had the ~~Tah-qua-me-non~~ river in his mind when he drew this beautiful pen picture of the mystic Hiawatha and the killing of the roebuck. The location of the wigwam of Nokomis, I believe, was in and about the shore of Tah-qua-me-non Bay. The river by this name empties into this bay and the bay is a part of Lake Superior. The location of the wigwam of Nokomis I should place on the south side of the Tah-qua-me-non river, or about on the spot where at present stands the little settlement of Emerson. At this place is a very beautiful beach of pure white sand, and the scene commands a grand open view of the Tah-qua-me-non Bay. The river flows about three-quarters of a mile north of Emerson, and debouches into the bay. At its mouth it is about 50 yards wide, and there is a bridge across it allowing teams to pass on the stage route to and from White Fish Point. It is very probable to believe that the site of the present bridge marks a natural crossing place on the river, and could easily have been the ford where Hiawatha killed the red deer, as it would be about the distance he would have to have journeyed into the forest to have seen a deer. Even to this day, were the bridge and road not there, one might expect to see a majestic roebuck in the act of attempting to cross at this place, and only a short distance up the river one can find plenty of deer signs, and crossing places for the game.

The poet's description of the scene near the wigwam of Nokomis of its ~~own~~ exactly the place I have alluded to. Allowing for the change in the scene from what it was before the giant pine trees were cut away, the pen picture would be almost ideal, as the spot I have indicated nestles at the very edge of the forest, with "the clear and sunny water" right before it.

When Hiawatha had "out of childhood into manhood" grown, he said:

"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sun-set."

Thus it will be noted Hiawatha started West, "towards the doorways of the West-Wind," and "the portals of the Sun-set." And following him along in his journey in the poem, we find—

So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the mountains of the prairie,
Passed the land of Crow and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the Kingdom of the West-Wind.

It will be noted here that the poet evidently used the phonetic form of spelling, as is illustrated in the words "Taquamenaw," and again "Esconaba." Nearly all the old maps and charts give the spelling of Tah-qua-me-non as did Longfellow,

the word evidently having been spelled from sound. ~~Likewise~~ the same with Escanaba which he spelled with an "o" instead of an "a," as it is spelled at the present time.

After Hiawatha's mystic pilgrimage to the land of the Sunset, he again turned his face eastward, visiting the Falls of Minnehaha, naming it "Laughing Water," and its fame has gone forth over the entire civilized world. I have stood by the side of these beautiful falls, and, like unto thousands of other pilgrims to the beauty spot, worshiped at its shrine, and hallowing in memory the name of the poet whose beautiful verse had made it famous. Not wishing to detract one iota from the name and fame of the falls of Minnehaha, I am contending that a share of the fame which the illustrious Longfellow has cast about this scene on the Mississippi river, shall, by right be divided with Michigan's claims upon the most beautiful part of the life scenes and poetic description of the same in Hiawatha's life, embracing as it does the birth, youth, manhood, and eventful deeds of his mystic life, including, perhaps, the most classic and touching part of the poem-legend, the building and floating of the phantom canoe. As has been shown, the Tah-qua-me-non river on which this phantom canoe was builded and floated is all within Michigan, as also is the "rushing Esconaba," also "Pauwating," Sault Saint Marie, presumably the river is here referred to; "Gitche Gumee," "Big-Sea-Water," or Lake Superior, that is, that portion of the shore of Lake Superior

which is possible to have been meant according to the description of the scenes.

In chapter XVII, "The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis," further proof is found of the scene in Hiawatha's life after his marriage to Minnehaha, as we find him pursuing the allegorical Pau-Puk-Keewis, the Storm Fool, and he journeyed

"On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the pictured rocks of sandstone."

And again in Chapter XVIII, "The Death of Kwasind," the Strong Man, we find—

The Puk-Wudjies knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him,
So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin
Jutting overhang the river.

Down the river came the strong Man,
In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the Puk-Wudjies.

In Chapter XXII, "Hiawatha's Departure," the scene depicting his last days on earth, describes him as follows:

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the door of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis.

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind."

On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! Westward! West-
ward!"

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And they said, "Farewell forever
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-wind Keewaydin,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

LEGEND OF THE TAHQUAMENON.

Among the many beautiful legends which are known by the Indian story tellers in connection with the Tah-qua-me-non river, the following is related by John O-gish-ta, of the Garden River Band, and son of the chief of that band and by Ash-qua-gwon.

A great many years ago, the Menominees and the Ojibways were at war. Among the captives taken by the Menominees was a beautiful Ojibway maiden who was taken into the band, and became affiliated with them, and was looked upon as a member of the tribe of the Menominees. Later the Menominees decided to again send a war party against the Ojibways, many of whom at that time were located on Lake Superior near Tahquamenon Bay. The Menominees left the Green Bay country to cross what is now the upper peninsula of Michigan to Lake Superior, taking with them the Ojibway maiden who was familiar with the northern country, to guide them, feeling sure that she was too friendly and loyal to betray them to her own people, the Ojibways. Finally, after many days of travel, they were on the last stage of their journey, on the way down the Tahquamenon river. In this river there are a series of falls, the highest of which is about 50 to 60 feet, and are the farthest up the river. Above these Big Falls is a long stretch of smooth water. The Meno-

minees did not know of the location of the falls, but the Ojibway maiden knew the country well, and when they began to approach the falls, and even before her keen ear could catch the first murmur of the falling waters, she raised a wild, sweet chant, in which her fellow voyagers joined. The chant swelled louder as the canoes flew onward, and absorbed in the song, the savages did not hear the increasing roar of the falls until they were caught in the swift current, too late to stop or change their course, and the entire party was carried over the mighty brink, to find death in the cool and surging waters below. In this manner did the beautiful Ojibway maiden save her own people and avenge her wrongs.

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HINTS ON THE ART OF STILL HUNTING.

CHAPTER. IX.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air. * * *
—*Shakespeare, in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5.*

These hints are not intended to be a law unto themselves, nor do I wish to be understood as offering advice to the old and experienced hunter, far from it, but these brief notes are offered to those of my fellow sportsmen who have not had the advantage of associating with old and experienced big game hunters and are not familiar with the best printed authority on the subject. Thousands of men go into the woods each year "after their first deer," some get their game and some do not. Now, why do some fail?

Not every man who goes into the woods in these days can kill his deer, there are various good reasons for this. The game is getting scarcer and more wary each year, and, therefore, it takes more skill to secure the game. Dogs are not allowed in most places. To my mind still hunting is the fairest method and the highest type of Nimrod skill to take large game, and especially deer. The successful still hunter must be able to go through the woods still—by this I mean just what I say—you must be able to walk in any direction, over fallen tree tops, among logs and brush and up hill and down, and not crack a twig—that is,

very often. A deer will jump and run at the sound of a twig cracking, and will be out of sight long before the hunter reaches the spot where the deer was when he heard the sound; his long ears and perfect hearing and acute sense of smell and natural alertness, will enable him to successfully elude and dodge you unless you understand the art of approaching the vicinity of the game before the game is aware of your proximity. Wear something soft and comfortable on your feet; likewise soft clothing—corduroy or woolen clothing, avoid all harsh surface stuff, which will "crack" when going through the brush. Do not try to dress in the color of a deer or bear, unless you wish to commit suicide, as such foolhardiness tempts careless men to kill each other, mistaking a moving object for a deer or bear every hunting season. I have found a scarlet colored or red woolen sweater one of the best safeguards and most serviceable and comfortable garments for deer hunting. No man who is not totally unfit to be at large with a gun, would shoot at a man wearing a red sweater.

Then always remember to look before you shoot, and be sure it is living game before you pull the fatal trigger. Better to lose a hundred deer than to kill or wound one fellow man. Go slow; don't be in a hurry. Look closely at every object around you. Stop often, at least every 20 paces. When you stop, always try to be near a tree or bush, to partly screen your body. A few moments to 5 or 10 minutes is usually long enough,

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DEERFOOT LODGE, OWNED BY HON. CHASE S. OSBORN,
JUDGE JOSEPH H. STEERE AND ROYS J. CRAM.

but this part must be acquired; I make it a practice to be guided more by instinct, and the rule to wait in certain places and under certain circumstances long enough to allow any game which might be traveling towards me to come into my line of vision. If you are moving slowly towards the game and the game is working towards you, it won't take long until you gradually come together, or close enough to secure a telling shot. Watch your back track as well as the ground before you, and every time you step, remember that step brings you just that much nearer your possible game; at every step the scene gradually changes, and at some step, it will surely bring you in sight of the game—always try to imagine the next step you take will do this, and if you go still and against the wind, you will get a shot. Never travel on the wind. If you do not know which way the wind is, try this: when starting in the morning, place a handful of green spruce or hemlock branches on the camp fire, then step outside and note which way the smoke drifts steadily. This will give you the right direction to take, which always should be against the wind. If in the woods, light a match and note which way the smoke blows. I sometimes hunt on a cross wind, that is to say, if the wind is in the west, I hunt west, and then turn and hunt either south or north, as the fancy suits me; and if in the east, vice versa. Nearly all large game animals travel on the wind, which is one of their greatest safeguards.

Have a good hatchet and hunting knife in a belt, and always carry a good reliable compass, also a watch. A watch will tell you the time of day, and I always compute distance traveled in a pathless woods or on unknown roads by my watch; a man will ordinarily walk a mile in fifteen minutes on an open road, carrying his gun, and in the woods, he will travel (if not still hunting), a mile in 20 minutes; thus it is easy to tell how far you will go in a day if you note the time. The compass may save your life. Get entirely familiar with it, and learn to hold it while walking, so you can tell exactly the direction you are going. Also line your objects, pick out a tree or limb and practice traveling towards it without the aid of a compass, and in a little while you will be surprised to see how easy you can travel long distances even when there is no sun without using your compass. Never start on a hunt unless you have at least 20 rounds of ammunition as a reserve; not that you will shoot that many shots in a day, but you may lose your way, or some accident happen when you will need to fire signals of distress; arrange with your companions in camp about these things, as to be forewarned is to be fore-armed.

Early in the morning and towards evening are the best times to find deer. Deer feed in the fore part of the night and early part of the morning, and about 10 o'clock lie down if not disturbed.

They will not get up until the middle of the after-

noon if not scared. Then they begin to feed around, traveling along slowly, and cropping a morsel here and there. ~~over and over~~ This is a good time to be around looking for them. When you have killed your game, if alone and far from camp, see that it bleeds well, and hang it up if you can. The method I use in hanging up deer is this: I drag my deer near to a small tree about three inches in diameter, shin up it until my weight bends it so it will swing to the ground; then I grab the branches with one hand and take my hatchet and cut off the limbs on the tree, leaving a little at the top, and a crotch, if one. Then I take a piece of small rope I always carry in my pocket, fasten it to the tree and then tie the deer's head to it securely. The weight of the deer will then hold the sapling down. Then I cut out two poles, each 8 to 10 feet in length, with a crotch or fork at the ends placing one on either side of the carcass of the deer. Then grab one pole, and insert the crotch in the sapling just back of the deer's head and lift or push the body up; then go to the other side and do the same, alternately pushing and raising it until the hind feet clear the ground about a foot. Then it is ready to clean out. Then take my hunting knife and cut the skin from the point where the bones join together, or the brisket, down to the tail, holding back the intestines with my left hand until the cut is clear and open, when I release my hold suddenly, allowing the entrails to fall out in a heap at my

feet. Then reaching up into the interior, I grasp the heart and liver, and pull them out, afterwards either pulling off or cutting the wind pipe as far up in the throat as I can reach. If this is done properly, very little or no blood will adhere to the inside of the carcass, and what there is will drain out perfectly. The head will hang up, and thus the hair will shed water or melting snow. Now you must mark the spot so you can come and get it. I take my gun in one hand, first getting the direction by compass to some known road or outlet, then holding my hatchet in the other hand, walk off, gashing a tree about four feet from the ground every few rods, always from both sides and so marked that a man can follow the blazes in almost a straight line from either direction. Once out upon a known road, the rest is easy.

If you should get lost, don't lose your head, but take things cool. You should always have a good supply of matches, and keep them dry. If you are so far from home or camp that you think gun shots will not be heard, save your ammunition, you may need it, but it is usually best to at first fire a signal of distress—3 quick shots. Then after waiting a reasonable time and hearing no shots in reply, prepare to make the best of it. Build a good fire, and build a temporary shelter for the night. This can easily be done with the brush and leaves always at hand, even if you have no hatchet. Then sit

down and rest your weary body, light your pipe, and thus ease your mind. Keep your fire going during the night, and when daylight comes, you will be able to make your way out if help does not come to you.

Perhaps a word about the care of the gun in camp will not be amiss here. I will give an illustration of our daily routine, that is, that part affecting the care of the gun. After the cravings of the inner man have been fully satisfied, the day's hunt having come to an end, a few minutes work with dish cloth and wiping towel, soap and hot water; placed our table in as neat and tidy condition as it would have been at home. The dishes all washed, dried and put in their places, we next turned our attention to the faithful guns which had been our companions during the day. First the cartridges are removed from the gun chamber, and an oiled cotton flannel rag run down the smooth barrel many times until not a particle of burnt powder can be seen on the white cloth; then gun oil is poured on another clean, soft rag, and the barrel wiped with it so that no rust will get into the deep, fine cut rifle grooves. Then the lever and all working parts, particularly the trigger and hammer, are oiled, and the lever worked up and down to test its perfect working order; then the outside of the rifle barrel is oiled well with a coat of gun grease and an oiled rag drawn across the polished stock and forearm; then the magazine is filled with

cartridges, another pumped into the barrel, and the old ~~reliable weapon is~~ carefully deposited in some handy corner, ready for instant use at any moment.

I do not know of anything in camp that receives more care and attention than the hunter's favorite gun. In fact, a good gun can only be kept so by the most persistent and careful attention. My guns are never allowed to stand over night after being shot without a thorough cleaning and being well oiled, and I never had a pitted or rusty gun. The special borings of the modern 30 calibre rifles especially require the most exacting attention, but it is a very easy matter to keep your rifle clean and well oiled all the time if it is always attended to every night when you come in. In damp weather, in snow or rain, I oil my rifle when ever I come into camp, if it is once or oftener a day. If you do not do this the magazine tube or barrel and other steel parts of the gun are liable to rust.

THE TIMBER WOLF.

CHAPTER X.

Nearly all deer hunters who are well posted on the facts agree that more deer are killed annually by the pot and hide hunters and large timber wolves, than all the deer hunters combined who hunt only as the law provides and during the open season.

Then I learned that many deer are killed out of season in the summer, by the use of a light at night. This is unlawful at any time of year, but many are killed that way.

The large and ferocious gray timber wolves, of which there are a great many in the back counties of the upper peninsula, are another great source of wholesale destruction to the deer. In winter, when the snow lies deep, and a little moisture has prevailed in the atmosphere, then is followed by a cold, crisp spell of weather, a hard crust forms on the snow, which will oftentimes bear up the weight of an ordinary, good-sized man, and even heavier weights, such as a big buck, walking or trotting along slowly, but if the deer are running, and on the long jump, as they usually are, the fore feet of the animal strikes the crust something like the point of a pike-pole being driven with force into the ice, and the momentum of the body,

together with the weight of even a small deer is sufficient to cause the crust to be broken on the surface, thus letting the animal down into the soft, dry snow underneath for a foot or more, sometimes several feet.

A deer thus entangled cannot run, as at every new jump ahead it only plunges through the crust of snow, the sharp edges of the icy covering being like a knife, cut the skin and even sever the legs of a deer if it continues to run in the crust at a great distance; but it is practically impossible for the deer to go very far in the snow crust; thus it is that they fall an easy prey to the howling, blood-thirsty and ferocious pack of wolves, which can follow on the trail of a deer on the crust, their soft padded feet making scarcely a scratch on the surface, save where the sharp, cruel claws cut into the ice, as they leap along over the glistening surface with the swiftness of the wind.

As soon as the unfortunate deer is reached, if it be a large buck, a terrible battle begins at once only to end in the utter destruction of the noble game; the deer is lodged in the crust, and at every attempt to run away, is met by the howling, snarling and jumping wolves, who have formed a complete circle around their prey, and gradually grow bolder, advancing leap by leap, until some bigger and bolder one fastens his powerful jaws into the living flesh of the frantic deer, and with awful ferocity and powerful yanks, actually tears the bleeding flesh from the bones; then the scene

that follows is calculated to fire the blood of any man, it is so terribly real and intensely exciting.

The dash of the leader at the deer and his successful assault, is the signal for the whole cowardly pack to do likewise, and in less than it takes time to relate it, the poor helpless deer is devoured, hide, hair and all, only except the white and cleanly picked bones, which lie scattered about, pointing out to the stray woodsman or hunter who may pass that way, the synopsis of a most common but awful tragedy of the great untamed forest and its savage inhabitants.

The big timber wolf is an animal of great sagacity and cunning, and who can outwit the most skillfully devised plans for his destruction. His animal instinct and intelligence, if I may use this term, often surpass human knowledge. As a rule, he will not take meat of any kind which has been handled by humans or has the faintest taint of anything human about it; he will not enter any kind of a deadfall, pen, pit or enclosure, no matter how famished he is; he will not take poisoned meat, lard drops or so-called poison pellets, and, therefore, is practically immune from poison. There are some exceptions to this, but such instances are now rare. He will not be trapped—it has been tried by the best trappers in the north woods. His tracks can be seen in the woods where he has been pursuing deer or sneaking around the vicinity of your camp, but no matter how fresh the track you never catch sight of his lordship. He is like

a phantom, he prowls through the woods by day and night ~~and yet is not seen~~, and so he lives to prowl another day. His terrible howlings at night and sometimes in the late afternoon, drive terror into the hearts of the defenceless animals within hearing of his blood-curdling yells. He is by nature a coward, a sly, slinking sleuth, who will follow on the trail of his prey for hours until it falls from exhaustion, or is forcefully pulled down by him. He will not hesitate to attack even human beings when driven to desperation by the pangs of hunger; usually the wolf goes in packs or droves, but as his numbers are gradually becoming less, he oftentimes runs or hunts in twos and threes up to a dozen. The largest pack I know of having been in our vicinity in the North Country numbered about a dozen, this being carefully estimated by the howling and tracks. Starting through the woods, the animals scatter out to a distance of say half a mile to a mile, traveling in the same general direction. They move both slow and rapid by spells, according to the circumstances. They are so adroit and cunning, that they will often pass within rifle shot of a hunter in the woods, but he will not either see or know of their presence save by the tell-tale tracks afterwards. When one of the number has found anything good to eat (for instance a dead carcass of a deer, horse or cow, or other flesh morsel), that lucky wolf sets up a howl which is followed by a series of prolonged howls, it being a signal to the

other members of his pack to come to him as he has found something good. Answering howls come from the depths of the forest where his fellows are roaming, and all the wolves then assemble at the place of finding, when a great pow-pow commences, engaged in by the entire pack, each one seeming to outdo the other in intensity and ferocity of blood-curdling howls. If the find proves to be ripe, i. e., in that condition known as putrid, they are indeed, in a happy state, and after howling to call up all the wolves in the woods, at a given signal from the leader of the band, they fall to and devour the carcass, hide, hair and all, leaving only the white bones, licked clean.

Their powers of endurance are almost incredible, and it is said on good authority, a wolf will often travel as far as 80 to 90 miles inside of 24 hours; they will run down a deer even on bare ground in from three to five hours. So it is not to be wondered at that the killing of one of these ferocious and cunning animals should be heralded with joy by all hunters and woodsmen, and the lucky man can claim a state and county bounty of from \$20 to \$25 in Michigan. The man who can go into the woods and still hunt and kill his deer is a hunter, and the man who can match his wood-craft and skill against the timber wolf and kill one in still hunting, is a sure-enough hunter, and is also considered a lucky mortal, as this does not happen once in ten thousand times.

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SENTIMENT OF HUNTING.

CHAPTER XI.

The sentiment in regard to hunting is changing as each succeeding year sees the wild game of our once vast forests more and more depleted. The time is fast approaching when the sight of large game such as moose, elk, caribou, deer, bear, antelope and other big game will be a curiosity to the younger generations. Although nearly every state and territory in the domain of the United States and also Canada has game laws on their statute books to protect the game, the fact remains that it is not protected in the manner desired to have the right effect. The result remains largely with the hunter himself whether he will use such good judgment and exercise good principles when he is in the presence of game.

The days of the pot-hunter and game hog should now cease to be, if ever, as with the multiplied number of hunters and perfected state of firearms, the great net of railroads which have penetrated nearly every portion of our once impenetrable fastness, it is easy enough for most any man to become a game hog at some time or other. He can, if he so choose, kill much more than any decent, natural law would allow for his share,

and I regret to say that some men will do it. But why? Simply, I think for the sake of killing the game. It is not because they are really in need of the food which the killing of game supplies, because the meat is often left to lie on the ground and spoil or to be devoured by carnivorous animals or carrion birds. What a shame it is! No man that pretends to be even human, and who has any principle at all would be guilty of such wanton destruction of the wild creatures which God has created for man's use and not abuse. I raise my voice, with that of tens of thousands of others against the killing of any bird or animal for which there is not a good and just reason. Why should they be destroyed? I think it is often done in a criminal, careless manner, and regretted afterwards.

But all the regrets in the world will not restore to life the most insignificant creature crushed out of existence by your hand. Remember this, you especially of the younger generations, and heed these words. Small and harmless animals are often shot and killed by thoughtless persons simply for the love of killing. Did you ever stop to consider what kind of a world we would have if all these defenceless and harmless animals and birds were forever wiped off the face of the earth? Nothing could be more desolate than the aspect of such a thing, but that is just exactly what will happen if this destruction is not checked soon.

I sometimes feel as though the shedding of blood should be left out, as it seems cruel to deprive the animals and birds of life which fall before the deadly charge; and yet, this is the order, the natural law of life. Man has power to kill and rule all things on the earth, in the air and in the deep, but I believe he should not misuse such power nor privileges simply because he can do so.

You would not go out and slaughter all your neighbor's ducks in his pond, nor kill his flock of sheep because you had a loaded gun and plenty of ammunition; neither should you go out and slaughter ruthlessly nor wantonly the animals and creatures which the Great Creator has given life and freedom; they make the fields and woods, the vast forests and lonely places, an entrancing and inviting picture of animal and natural beauty; all Nature lovers love to seek the haunts of the wild life of mountains, woods and plains. Hunting, I believe, as should be done in this day, should be mostly for recreation and to study Nature. The time has long since passed when hunting can be followed for a living; the forests have faded away, the plains dotted with farms and ranches and civilization holds its sway. The wild game is scarce and the recreation one gets in trying to capture some trophy of the woods whether he succeeds or not, should be the principal reason for hunting. Especially should this be true among true sportsmen and gentlemen.

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