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DIARY

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Parmachenee Guide.









*Daniel C. Heywood.*





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D I A R Y

—OF—

DANIEL E. HEYWOOD,  
" "

A PARMACHENEE GUIDE

—AT—

Camp Caribou, Parmachenee Lake,

OXFORD CO., MAINE,

FALL OF 1890.

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BRISTOL, N. H. :

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# DIARY.

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In the fall of 1890, being in the employ of Mr. J. S. Danforth, manager of Parmacheene Club, as Trapper, Hunter and Guide, and having instructions from him to keep a Diary of my adventures, I made the following entries:—

## RUMP POND, OCT. 11TH.

Came to Rump Pond to-day, from Camp Caribou, to do some trapping for beaver and rats. Went up stream after dinner, and set eleven traps for rats. Went over to Billings' Ponds, and walked all around them. Found five big roads where they are cutting and hauling wood for winter. I did n't see anything of the house, although there must be a large one somewhere. I saw a deer in the big meadows. I got so close to him before I saw him, and he run so fast, before I got my pistol out, that he got away. I fired four shots after him. Rained and blowed hard all day.

## OCTOBER 12TH.

Cold and windy, but no rain to-day. I went up river and hauled my boat over the log jams—three of them, and poled up most to the Second East Branch, looking for more beaver signs; saw none. Went out to Camp Caribou in afternoon after some more beaver traps. The fleas were awful thick in this camp last night. I wonder where they came

from, I never saw one here before. I suppose the cold weather drove them in from out doors.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, OCT. 13TH.

Went over the Cupsuptic trail, four and one half miles, this morning; then turned due east—traveled until I struck the “Suptic” river at the head of the Big Falls, here I found one of Billy Soules’ canoes,—a little dandy. I put this in the river and paddled up stream as fast as I could one and one-half hours, which brought me to a camp built by Billy and myself. I found seven big traps here belonging to me, these I put in my canoe, and untied my lunch and ate it while I paddled down. The river is narrow and swift above the Big Falls, and I dragged over two flood jams and made one cut-off. I saw lots of deer tracks along the bank of the river, but no moose or beaver. I heard lots of partridges drumming to-day; quite an uncommon thing at this season of the year. The leaves are most all off, and I got home soon after dark. It was warm and sunny to-day.

#### RUMP POND, OCT. 14TH.

I came to Rump Pond to-day with my traps and some supplies. I poled a boat up the river over Rump Falls. I found it good practice for poling as well as a good test for the setting pole. It began with coarse gravel, broad and shallow, but finally it became more narrow, and big rocks with white water and ledges. I had to get out and lift the boat over just one place. I was two hours rowing up, from the time I laid down my paddle and took my setting-pole. I took both boats up to Billings’ Ponds, dragged one over and put it in the pond to use on the beaver. I found their house, it is a big one, with lots of wood put in around it, mostly maple, round wood and alders. I set one trap kind of easy. I didn’t have much time to spare and no stones

to fasten on the traps, so I left them till to-morrow. Got three rats last night and the nose of another. The sky has clouded over to-day,—been all day about it,—and I hear it raining outside now, so I guess it will rain enough to-morrow to wash out the tracks I make setting my traps.

RUMP POND, TUESDAY, OCT. 15TH.

Very windy to-day with many showers. Rained hard all last night; raised the river about four inches. I got six rats this morning going up stream. I got six good rocks the first thing this morning, weighing about five pounds each, and put a strong wire around each of them for beaver traps; then went up to Billings' Ponds to tackle the beavers. I looked the place all over carefully, first; then set three traps—two by the house and one in a path. It is a very good place to catch them, the shores being steep and the water deep. There are lots of berries on the shores of the ponds—witherod, bog cranberries and huckleberries. I ate lots of the former ones, they being just ripened by the frost. I shall take up a dish to-morrow, and gather some of the bog cranberries for sauce. I may as well live kind of high while I can. A little later on, I shall have nothing but bread, and what I can shoot with my pistol, to eat. I found a partridge picking plums, too, and shot her. She fell to the ground and then run. I gave chase, and fired four more shots at her, finally hitting her in the head. It is nice and plump, and I will eat it for breakfast. I got another rat, on my way to camp, in a trap where I got one this morning, and got hold of a mink where I footed a rat yesterday. He got away, though he left it smelling very minky around the trap. I skinned my rats and made some stretchers for them. I surprised myself, after I got back to camp, by throwing up bottles and cans and shooting at them with my revolver, I found I could hit them almost

every time. The sky has cleared to-night, and the stars are shining brightly, so I think to-morrow will be a fine day. I must get out at day-break some morning and see if I can't get a deer.

RUMP POND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16TH.

Warm and sunny all day to-day, looked hazy towards night. I went up to my traps in Billings' Ponds early this morning. Found one of them sprung—the biggest and best one—rather a bad beginning, but I think I will see the beaver that sprung that trap, to-morrow. Got one musk-rat this morning, no mink. Saw something at Willow Springs. Came near getting a shot at it, but it was a little too quick for me. I don't know whether it was an otter, mink or rat. It swam very fast for a rat, and it ran out in the woods twice while I saw it; but it looked like a rat. I cut out the trail to Billings' Pond and Caribou Pond, set one more beaver trap in a hole back of their house, and set an otter trap at Willow Springs. I gathered quite a lot of beaver wood, which I found floating around the ponds, for Danforth, to make a picture frame of. He wants one made of the natural beaver wood, cut and peeled all over by them. I found a yellow birch tree about ten inches in diameter, cut and lodged by beavers. I am going to have that by and by, and I am going to get some of the chips the beavers make in cutting down trees, and make me a picture frame of them. I gathered a pint of bog cranberries while I was at the ponds, and have got them on stewing. I guess they will be a little skinny on account of the severe frosts. It is warm and dark to-night, and no wind, and I wish some one was here and I had my Jack. I would like to go floating for a deer. If I wake early enough to-morrow I will go out at day-break and try for a shot.



## RUMP POND, THURSDAY, OCT. 17TH.

Rained hard all day to-day without letting up a bit. I got a big beaver this morning, as big one as I ever caught, and I have caught some old "sockers." I took him by a fore leg and he went to the bottom and staid there. There was a piece gone out of his tail about the size of a silver dollar, probably bitten out by another beaver in a quarrel, or perhaps when he was small some old fellow bit that tail for a joke when he was asleep. I got three musk-rats on my way up stream this morning. I set an otter trap in Beaver Pond in the brook that runs from Caribou Pond. I skinned my beaver and rats and stretched them. The former I stretched on the wall of the camp. The mice bothered me last night about as bad as the fleas did the first night I stopped here. One kept running along a crack in the roof until I got my pistol and lay on the bunk with it trained on that crack about half an hour without seeing anything to pull it off at. Finally getting tired of that sort of fun, I blowed out the light. No sooner was it dark than they got into my tin plate and fry-pan and began to scratch. I struck a match, and seeing a mouse sitting on the end of an upright stick of stove wood I fired, hitting the stick of wood at his feet. The mouse escaped under cover of the cloud of smoke that followed the report. I lay down once more and was nearly asleep when a little fellow to satisfy his curiosity began at my ankle to pace me off to see how long I really was. I stood this until he was nearly to my collar, then made a clutch for him. Probably he was six feet away when I got there, however I missed him. I then got up, lit the lamp and made four dead-falls, baiting them with cheese, then crept carefully to bed so as not to jar my traps down, and this morning I had three set and baitless traps and one very flat piece of cheese.

## RUMP POND, FRIDAY, OCT. 18TH.

Calm and cloudy all day to-day. Rained a little in the afternoon. Went up to my traps this morning. Got two rats, but no mink or beaver. The beaver seem to be quiet now, no sign of their being out at all, that is usually the way, when one of their number is caught, for the first few days. It rained all last night and was warm, just the right kind of a night for them. I went up as far as the log jam this morning to see if I could see any signs of them to indicate their leaving the ponds for the river. Saw where something had climbed up the bank in an old beaver road. Either it was a beaver or otter. I shall set two beaver traps on the river to-morrow if I see any more signs. I got back to camp at noon and after a dinner on bread and pea soup (the usual fare), I took the boat, axe and buck saw and went up stream to a good clump of white birches where I felled three of them and sawed them up stove length and loaded them in the boat. I got in a little more load than I intended. The boat was sunk to the gunwales, but I came down all right, and after splitting and putting it in the camp, which took till after dark, I skinned my rats and had some more pea soup. I shot quite a lot at a target with old Long Tom, but I didn't hit very well. I tried the flying can practice again and could hit it every time. Guess that is my best hold, yet it amounts to nothing as it is not much like shooting a deer on the jump or a bird on the wing. I picked up some more little sticks of beaver wood and cut off the beaver's head and put it on the stove in a kettle to boil so I can get the skull for a curiosity. I found one of them mice in my water pail this morning, so I sha'n't have to waste any more cartridges on him. It is dark and warm out doors to-night, and the river is quite high, too high to trap otter or mink.

SATURDAY, OCT. 19TH.

Cloudy all day to-day, rained most of the time and a little colder than the last few days have been. This has been a great day for me, as enjoyable a day as I very often have. I got up into Rump Pond this morning about 8 o'clock, and, while rowing slowly across the north end of the pond, I saw three deer come in at the south end of the pond, and start in single file along the edge of the water, towards the west shore, the same way I was going. I rowed quietly when they were going, and stopped when they stopped to look around; in this way I soon reached the shore, where, instead of trying to paddle on to them with the boat, and trust to their not knowing enough to take alarm and run, I landed, and, taking my rifle, got out and disappeared in the woods, where I could have a chance to work on to them my own way. Luckily, the rain was falling and the ground, leaves and sticks were wet and made no noise. Once I came out to take a look at them, to see where they were, and, to my joy, they were working towards me. I got once more in the cover of the woods, and when I came out again, it was about one hundred yards from where they all three stood. It was a pretty sight, an old doe and two fawns all in the water, feeding, now walking out, then looking around, then going out in the pond further than ever. But I did not stop to study them long. I felt the buck ague taking hold of me the worst way, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. I picked out the biggest one and, aiming at her fore shoulder, fired. She fell in the water, then sprung to her feet, and ran for the woods, and I saw a fore-leg was broken. Quickly throwing in another cartridge, I fired at her again, bringing her once more to the ground, then turning to a little one that was bounding over the grass for the woods, not more than fifteen yards from it, I fired and it fell dead and dis-

appeared in the tall grass. I then began to fire on the third one, and fired till my magazine was empty, and I could see it standing in the edge of the woods. Laying down my rifle, I drew my revolver and fired every shot at that deer, and it standing there not over one hundred and twenty-five yards away, and did n't start until the last shot. While I was loading, the big one had once more got up, and, before I was ready, the two disappeared together in the woods. I did not disturb them, thinking if I did they might run half a mile before stopping; but I knew the big one would lay down not far off if I kept away, so I went on up river, to my traps. I got, as usual, two rats but no beaver. Saw some more signs on the river, and set a trap there. I cut a hole in their dam that holds the pond up, and set a trap there. Now if they do n't show up very soon I shall tear a hole in their house and set a trap there and start them out, so I can get at them. When I came down I ran into Rump Pond to look for my deer. I found the little one, that fell in the grass, all right. It did n't seem to weigh any more than that beaver I caught last Wednesday. I found the big one about one hundred and fifty yards in the woods, dead, one leg broken, and another shot had entered her body between the hind legs, and lodged near her spinal column. But the third little fellow was nowhere to be found. Well, I got enough of them; besides, the one that escaped was very small, and I want an old buck, with a neck as big as a five-gallon keg, for my third deer. I took them to camp in the boat, where I dressed them off and cut their meat up in quarters and hung it up on a parallel bar, in front of the camp, to drain. The big one was shot to pieces so bad inside that I did not save the ribs. I skinned the little one's head out carefully, for setting up. I had a late dinner, 3.30 p. m., but had venison though, for the first time for a long time. I cleaned my

beaver's skull and deer's skulls this evening, put my rifle and pistol in order, made a batch of bread and a kettle of pea-soup, and now, it being 11 o'clock, I think I will turn in. I calculate to go out to Camp Caribou to-morrow with a load of meat. I don't suppose they have any out there.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, OCT. 20.

The sun shone some to-day, for the first time since I started trapping. I went up to my traps this morning. Saw no signs of beaver. Went north from the Billings' Ponds, about one-fourth mile, and found another pond that I did not know of before. It is known as the Upper Billings' Pond. It has a good brook running out of it, that enters the river at the log jam. I followed it down, and found two otter slides on it. I went down to the Lower Billings' Pond, and stopped the hole in the beaver dam, which was flowing the trail to the pond pretty bad, and took the trap I had there, and the one at Willow Springs, and poled up to the log jam, and set them both for otter. Then came down to camp, and got a mink on my way down. I hit him on the head with the ax handle, and, thinking him dead, reached out to take him up, when he bit me through the thumb. It is needless to say that I put force enough into the next blow to kill any animal smaller than a bear. I had a hasty dinner, and packed three hind quarters of venison, with the little hide and beaver skull, etc., in my knapsack, and started for Camp Caribou. Reached camp as they were eating supper. Shot two partridges on my way out. I found everything all right at Parmachenee. The meat I carried out was very acceptable.

#### RUMP POND, TUESDAY, OCT. 21.

I got some more small traps this morning and came back

to Rump Pond. Set five mink traps at Little Boys' Falls for Charley Robarge, on my way up. Set up a line of six sable traps, on my way in, between Rump Pond and Little Boys' Falls. Went up river to all my traps; got three rats, that was all. A little bear got in one of my mink traps last night. It was baited with rats. The trap was a little No. 2 Clipper, and it didn't get a good hold of his foot, so he left it drove into the mud, the clog doubled up and stuck into the bank, where it was tied. I shall set one or two dead-falls, to-morrow, for bear. When I reached camp I found it lighted up and a fire burning, and on entering, found two French fellows there, on their way to Canada. I filled the big fry-pan full of venison, and made a whole baker's-sheet full of bread, with pea soup and tea. We had a good, jovial supper. They could speak good English, and we talked till late.

#### RUMP POND, OCT. 22.

Clear and frosty this morning. The logans and dead water was frozen over, and the frost was quite thick on the boat and logs. I set them Frenchmen across the river, and they started for Canada. I went up to my traps. Got three rats, no mink or beaver. I set a log trap between Billings' Pond and the river, for a bear, and baited it with a portion of the beaver's carcass. I piled enough logs on the drop-log to break an ox's back. It sets light enough so the weight of a small bear's paw will spring it. I then set a small trap near by, with a spring-pole attached to it, for a fisher. I did n't tear open the beaver house in Billings' Pond, as I intended to have done on this visit to the traps, as Danforth advised me not to. I came up to Rump Pond with boat, after I reached camp, and got a load of dry wood and some boards to fix the camp with. After supper I skinned out a beaver's hind foot, which is

quite a job, as it is webbed like a duck's, and to separate the two skins, without cutting either, is rather a difficult thing to do. I thought it would be an odd-enough-looking tobacco pouch or purse.

CAMP CARIBOU, OCT. 23.

Clear and frosty, as usual, this morning. Charley Robarge came early this morning, to see me before I started off to my traps. He came just as I went to the door for the first time this morning. Danforth sent him to tell me to come to Camp Caribou, and go with him to Cupsuptic Pond, to-morrow, to set traps. Charley and I had breakfast together, and then went up to my traps. Got three rats. Set a trap for beaver, where they have been working the last two nights, on the river a short distance above the big meadows. No signs of beaver in Billings' Pond, yet I am sure there are at least two big ones in the house, there. We had dinner at Rump Pond, and after fixing the camp up inside and packing our knapsacks with the deer meat, fur, etc., came out to Camp Caribou. Got here in good season. Packed up most of my provisions to go to Cupsuptic, to-morrow. The sky has clouded over to-night, and the wind blows from the south, which indicates snow or rain.

CUPSUPTIC POND CAMP, FRIDAY, OCT. 24TH.

Cool and cloudy to-day. I packed my knapsack this morning and took some rats' carcasses for bait and came over to Cupsuptic Pond, setting up the sable traps as I came along. I got one rat in Beaver Pond as I came along, out of Alec Robarge's traps. I saw some moose tracks nearly all the way on the trail and some down on the shore of the pond. I found the camp very cold, the moss having blown out of the cracks, leaving it open as a barn. I did n't

have time to-night to calk it, as I cut a good lot of wood and fixed my revolver, which had got in a habit of missing fire. I found five good beaver traps here in camp, and I am going down river in the morning with them to see if there are any beaver there this fall. I got five there last fall. I saw a stick here on the shore of the pond that has been peeled by beavers lately, so there must be one down there somewhere. The pond is mostly frozen over and the ground here is quite hard and I should n't be surprised if we had some snow to-night over here. It is always much colder here than over to Parmachenee.

CUPSUPTIC POND, SATURDAY, OCT. 25TH.

Quite warm and sunny here to-day, although the ice in the pond and logans did n't thaw much. I went down the "Suptic" stream looking for beaver. Went all around where there were plenty of them last fall, but did n't see signs of one. I saw lots of moose tracks and caribou tracks all the way down the stream. I saw one bear's track on the shore of the pond. The tracks I saw were mostly fresh, many made within two or three days, and I made a bark-horn and tried to get an answer out of a moose, but did not succeed. If I had some one with me, or even a rifle, I would go down on the bog and call a while. I brought up a bear trap that was down the stream hanging on a tree, and set it for a bear, as I was on the trail to Arnold's Bog. I baited it with some meat I found in the spring that was hurt. I saw lots of caribou tracks on the trail this side of, and at, Arnold's Bog; they were very plenty. But on reaching the bog I was disgusted at finding that a dam which was built at the foot of the bog had taken effect and filled the stream full and flowed the bog in many places. I could n't go anywhere I wanted to, and came back early and gathered some moss and calked the



camp until after dark. Oh, for a little snow, and what fun I would have with these caribou and moose! I lost my bowie-knife while building the cubby for my bear trap, but was fortunate enough to find it again. I hope there will not be any very cold weather while I am at this camp, for I fear it will be very cold even after I have done all I can with moss and calking-iron. I expect to go to Arnold's Bog to-morrow and take up the sable traps back to Lapwater and set them on the new trail down to this pond and go to White Cap, taking up the traps from the bog there as I go along, also look the bog stream over for beaver. I shall approach Deniston's Bog very cautiously as it is a great place for caribou.

WHITE CAP CAMP, SUNDAY, OCT. 26TH.

Warm and sunny all day to-day. I went over to Arnold's Bog this morning and took up the sable traps up to Lapwater on the old trail and set five of them on the new one down to Cupsuptic Camp. Saw three partridges and missed them a few times on account of my tinkering with my revolver last night, but when I got the hang of it I laid two of them out with a vengeance. It shoots harder than it did before I set the barrel up closer to the cylinder. I got to Camp Cupsuptic and got dinner and left as quick as I could with what bait I had. I followed the bog stream up about a mile and then left it and struck for the old White Cap trail and took up the traps as I went along, as we are going to abandon that line. Where I hit the bog stream I found a beaver dam and signs of at least one beaver there. There may be more below there, but no more above. I will look them up and set some traps next Tuesday. I saw both caribou and moose tracks on Deniston's Bog and vicinity, none very fresh though. I went to White Cap Pond just at dusk, but did not see any game. Set three

traps between camp and pond. I brought over some flour, butter and tea from Cupsuptic, but there was no need of it as I found plenty of everything here. It seems nice to get back into the White Cap country again where there is a promise of some big game, yet there is something about the deserted beaver dams where I caught beaver last fall, the abandoned White Cap trail and the damming up of Arnold's Bog, that makes me feel about as the Indians used to when they watched the white men falling trees for a long time and then turned away saying, "White man much fall trees, much trees much bear, much moose; no tree no bear, no moose; Injun starve; ugh!"

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, MONDAY, OCT. 27TH.

The sun rose clear this morning, but clouded in about 8.30 A. M., and a little snow fell on Panther Mountain as I was going over and setting up the ox-bow line of sable traps. It was a very fine snow, which represented fine hair cut up. I started early this morning, knowing I had a hard day's work before me. I shot three partridges before I got to Eastman's Drizzle, which was all I saw for the day. I saw a little owl, the third one of the kind I ever saw, and the only one I ever saw that was not in a barn. I believe the specie is called the barn or screech-owl. He was very tame, and I put some meat on a long stick and tried to feed him, but he would not eat it. He was about the color of a cat-owl, only had white spots on its wings. Its body could not have been larger than a swallow's or at largest, a snow-bird's. I saw a bear's track in the mud at the first crossing of the Arnold's River, and caribou tracks in several places, especially at Eastman's Drizzle. I reached the foot of Arnold's Bog at 4.20 P. M., and, knowing that I had no time to lose, I made the best speed I could along the west side of the bog. Hitting the trail between here

and the bog, arrived at camp in time to stop up some holes with moss, before dark. I guess I shall have the camp quite warm by the time I get ready to leave. I looked the dam over a little as I crossed on it. It has two gates and both are down. It is calculated to hold ten feet of water, when the gates are down, and two feet when they are up. I was in hopes to find the bog still unfrozen, so I could come down with the boat, but it was not, so I had to climb windfalls for it. I ate a partridge for supper, and found it very good, although it is the most unpalatable meat, for me, that I have. I saw one rabbit, the first one I have seen this fall, and I shot him, because I wanted some meat. The wind is blowing quite hard to-night, and a fine snow falling. There is about one-fourth inch already, and it is cold enough so it does not melt, and I am in hopes there will be enough before morning, to track a deer or caribou; if such is the case, I shall have to try them a chase, in the morning, after I set some beaver traps on the Bog Stream. I didn't have any blankets last night, and the fire-wood was dry fir, and only lasted about half an hour, at a single filling up of the stove, so I did not get much sleep. But I have more blankets at this camp than I ever use, so I will sleep up a good lot ahead to-night for fear I camp on a track to-morrow night. I picked up a novel over to White Cap last night, entitled, "The Silent Rifle", and brought it with me to read. I have read about half of it to-night, and have come to the conclusion that I could write a more sensible lie myself. I know I could write a more reasonable one. For example, read diary of Daniel E. Heywood, fall and winter of 1890 and 1891.

#### CAMP CUPSUPTIC, TUESDAY, OCT. 28.

Cloudy all day, to-day, except about five minutes about ten o'clock, A. M., when the sun came out brightly, but

soon disappeared. Snowed last night about three-fourths inches, a fine, sandy snow. The weather was cold enough, to-day, so the snow did not melt any, yet it was too warm to freeze anything. I started out, this morning, to set my beaver traps, with the intention of going still-hunting after the traps were set; but, finding a fresh caribou track before I was hardly off the bog, I hung up my knapsack and set my ax against a tree, and drew my revolver, to give that caribou a try. In less than ten minutes after I started on the trail I came in sight of it, standing under a big spruce, about sixty yards away. I took a careful aim, and fired. I saw a little fir-tree, exactly in range and near the caribou, quiver as I fired, and, as the game did not move, I knew that little bush had turned the bullet, which had missed its mark. The second shot cut that same tree short off and broke one hind leg, high up, which caused the caribou to fall to the ground, and, by the time it could regain its feet, I had run to within a few yards of it, and shot it through the heart. It was a medium-sized cow. I dragged it to the carry to my bear trap, and there left it and went and set four beaver traps. I found the stream dammed by beaver for quite a distance, some eight or ten dams in all. Probably two beaver are there. I cut holes in the dams, and set my traps beside them. I did not see any more caribou tracks or deer, either. When I got my traps set I came back to my caribou, and dressed it off and brought the meat to camp. It was so late, then, that I thought I had better cut wood and wash my camp dishes. I cut wood till dark, and got a good pile. I skinned out my caribou's head, as it was my first one and had horns about five inches long. I want to get a collection of heads with that pistol. I think I will go to my traps in the morning, and then strike for White Cap to see if I can get another caribou around Deniston's Bog. I want to get a beaver to

take home with me, so I shall stay a day or two longer. I do n't think there is enough snow out to Parmachenee to amount to anything still-hunting. I wish, very much, that I had my rifle here. I can hit all right with my revolver, but it has not the smash and tear that a gun ought to have for big game. I filled and lighted my pipe when I left camp this morning, and when I killed the caribou it was still going. The snow has fallen a little most all day, and there is over an inch of it now; but it seems a little warmer to-night, and the snowing has stopped, so to-morrow may be my last day's hunt on this snow.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29.

The sun rose clear this morning, and it was warm all day. The trees dripped in the forenoon. I first went to my beaver traps, which I found setting all right. I saw the track of one small beaver on the bank in two places. That may be all there is in the family. After I saw my traps I found the trail that leads to White Cap, which E. I. Herrick spotted, and partly bushed out, last summer, and with a blanket for the camp, and my dinner and axe, I went over to White Cap Camp, in the hopes of finding some fresh signs of something larger than deer. I crossed five deer tracks, some sable tracks, saw two partridges, but no moose, caribou or bear. I had a caribou's tongue boiled for my dinner, with toasted bread. I believe that tongue was the sweetest meat I ever ate. After dinner I went over to the pond, and then returned to this camp on the same trail I went over on, hoping that a deer had crossed it since I went over; but there had not, so I cut some grass from the river bank, and picked some caribou moss, and finished calking the camp. It is warm enough now. I found a pair of Canada jays at work on my piazza helping themselves to my meat, and I sent one of them under a pile of

brush, with a broken wing; the other "skun out." I heard a shot to-day, in the direction of Parmachenee. Perhaps there is some snow over there, and they are out still-hunting; if such is the case, I ought to be there. It has been cloudy all the afternoon, and has snowed some, and is snowing to-night; but it is a damp snow here, and must be nearly, if not quite, rain at Parmachenee. So I think I will go to my traps as early as possible to-morrow, and then put in the remainder of the day hunting deer. I will not waste any more time looking for caribou, etc., but will go out and just polish off an old buck with a pistol.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, THURSDAY, OCT. 30TH.

Cloudy and warm all day, to-day. Snowed a little most of the time to-day. Snowed about two inches last night. I arose before daylight this morning, and had an early start after deer. I went up to Lapwater, about two miles west of here, and then left the trail, and struck south, onto a big, hard-wood hill. Here I soon struck a deer's track, and, after following him up the side of the mountain, one and one-half hours, I started him, on top of the mountain. He ran a little way and stopped, and circled around. I tried many ways to get sight of him, but the damp snow and the gusts of wind from every quarter, prevented me from getting sight of him. The snow packed under my feet much worse than I had an idea it would. At last I got tired of playing with that deer, and turned to go east, and hit the river, and follow it up to camp. But I soon came to a very large buck's track, going the same way I was, so I followed him. He led me through as bad traveling as I ever went through. I followed him across the river, and about one-half mile into an old wind-fall, thick with raspberry bushes and little scrub firs; and then, as he had not found a place mean enough for him to stop in, I gave him

up, and came to camp. Arrived at 1.30 P. M., hoping that deer has got there by this time. If old Long Tom had vomited on him, his head would be skinned out by this time. I went to my traps on the Bog Stream this afternoon. Saw no signs of beaver. Guess he has gone down into the bog. I got some of the caribous' dressings, for bait to-morrow, as I have determined to go over that line of traps, before going to Camp Caribou; I mean the Ox-bow line.

#### WHITE CAP CAMP, FRIDAY, OCT. 31ST.

Snowed one-half inch last night; froze some, but the sun rose clear and warm this morning. I started for White Cap by way of Ox-bow, as soon as daylight appeared. I was two and a half hours crawling through the white maples and dry kie around Arnold's Bog, which was the hardest part of the trip, unless I except climbing onto Panther Mountain at the north end. I met two men, at the dam, as I was eating a lunch there. They were from Megantic, and had come to inspect the dam. I saw a rabbit and a large flock of robins to-day. The rabbit was still grey, and the robins, too, make me think we are going to have an open fall. I saw where a small bear crossed my line twice. The tracks were very dim, so I did n't attempt to follow him. I may find them to-morrow, fresher. I saw several deer tracks, but no caribous'. Got five sable, rather better than I expected. The reason I did n't go home to-day is because I did n't want to go without any fur. I shall, no doubt, get two or three sable to-morrow, to take home with me. The traveling was very hard to-day. The snow was nearly a foot in depth on Panther Mountain. The trees were very pretty on the nor' west side. The frost was two inches thick, and represented ferns, etc., as frost always does. It bothered me considerable, on account of covering the spots, and I was obliged to look behind me frequently, to

see the side of the trees, that were clear from snow. I got here in time to cut some wood before dark. I was very tired and hungry. Skinned my sable and a weasel, of which I caught two, but am not going to stretch them till I get to Parmacheene.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, NOV. 1ST.

I came over to Cupsuptic from White Cap this morning, where I found Danforth, Joe Robarge and Clark Hill. Nobody was at the camp when I arrived, but Danforth soon came, and later, Joe came too. Joe had been out hunting, and fired four shots at three deer, missing them all. It was decided that he was to come to Parmachenee with me. Accordingly, we started with some meat, and the caribou's hide and got here at 4 o'clock. We made some preparations to go to Black Pond to-morrow to carry a load of provisions to a party in there, and some for ourselves, so we can stay and hunt or cut carries, accordingly as the weather may be. Snowed this forenoon, a damp snow, but there was hardly any snow at Parmachenee.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, NOV. 2ND.

Warm and snowy to-day. We all three went still-hunting all day. Charley and I went over towards Little Magalloway. I jumped four deer, but did not see any of them. Shot a sable, tore quite a large hole in his hide. I forgot to take any dinner with me, so I came in at 3 P. M. and stretched my sable and put up our stuff to go to Black Pond to-morrow. It is raining to-night, and I guess Joe and I shall have a wet trip to-morrow.

#### BLACK POND, NOV. 3RD.

Joe and I came here to-day. It rained and snowed in the forenoon, and we got quite wet, but in the afternoon it



was colder, and snowed an inch. We got in at 3 P. M. Found Alec Robarge and Mr. Clarke at the camp. They had not killed anything, although Alec had seen several deer. Joe and I saw one partridge and a rabbit. Crossed several deer tracks. I am somewhat afraid it will be cold to-night, and be crusty to-morrow. However, I calculate some of us will kill a deer to-morrow. I have n't got any rifle, but I have got old Long Tom, and about eighty cartridges. I made a good pea-soup to-night, for breakfast, but it looks so good, I think I shall have to have some of it to-night.

BLACK POND, TUESDAY, NOV. 4TH.

Snowed a little last night, and some to-day. Warm enough, yet not enough so to make the snow damp. We all four of us hunted all day. I found one big deer and jumped him, but did not get a shot. None of us got a sight of one to-day. I took a long tramp, did not see any tracks in the afternoon. Danforth and Clark Hill arrived from Cupsuptic about noon. They run a line through this forenoon. Clark shot one small deer, and snapped again at a very large buck. His rifle missed fire and he lost him. It was nice still-hunting to-day. We all met here to-night, and told our stories, and cracked our jokes, and laid our plans for to-morrow.

UPPER BLACK POND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5TH.

Warm and sunny all day, to-day. Snow was damp in afternoon, and wind blew. Very good still-hunting in P. M. I left Lower Black Pond early this morning, and came over to the Branch Camp without seeing any fresh deer tracks, but after crossing the branch, I saw plenty of tracks along the left side of the stream, in the windfalls and alders. I kept along the edge of the swamp, watching for a track of

one coming out, and soon saw a deer jump under cover of the bushes, too quick for any kind of a shot. I went up the Barker's Lake trail, about one-half a mile, and struck across to here, where I ate my lunch at 11 o'clock; then started again, and went around the pond, across the Barker's Lake trail, and most down to M. I. Abby Pond, without seeing any fresh tracks, and very few old ones; then I turned south, down along the branch, to near the camp. I struck the Upper Black Pond trail, where it joins the Barker's Lake trail, and came up it, to near the height of land, where I came to a very large deer's track, going with the wind. I followed it a short distance, with a strong wind at my back, and he got the scent of me and ran, without my seeing him. Then I came all the way to camp without seeing any more tracks. I cut some wood, although I found plenty, and had a good supper. I traveled very fast to-day. It has been a perfect afternoon for getting deer, but they are not very plenty. When they lie down, they always find a place where a hunter has no possible chance of seeing them, and when it is crusty on the south side they all go there. They very seldom go near the nice, hard-wood hills, except to pass over from one swamp to another, and travel so fast, when going over, that a hunter can't overtake them. In fact, they are better educated here than is good for the country, and I am going to Rump Pond to-morrow to attend to my traps, and let the still-hunting go to grass; and if I still-hunt any more it will be where there are some deer, and have not had their ears perforated with buck-shot.

#### RUMP POND, THURSDAY, NOV. 6TH.

Warm as summer, and sunny all day. I left Upper Black Pond early this morning and went down to Lower Black. I tried one deer on the way, but jumped and lost

him. I met Clark before I got to Lower Black, and we both came back together. I got a lunch and started for Rump Pond. I came down the usual route until I reached the Beaver Pond on the First East Branch, then took Beraus' tote road across to the Canada tote road, which I struck near Beraus' old camps. I found it very good traveling, much better than I anticipated. I crossed one good sized bear's track, and many deer tracks. The tote road lead me through a great deal of as bad dry kie on both sides, but I passed over as pretty a ridge as I ever saw, an excellent place to hunt. I was three hours and thirty minutes from camp to camp. I reached camp to find a smoke coming from the funnel and in answer to my call, Mr. Lewis came across the river and got me. Lewis and Fred Cobbs were at this camp. We got to shooting our pistols and rifles, of which we had one apiece. We broke every empty bottle and punched every can we could find. We played match-anty till quite late, and then retired to dream of shooting deer.

#### RUMP POND, FRIDAY, NOV. 7TH.

Warm this morning ; did not freeze last night. Lewis went out to Camp Caribou after a load of provisions, and Fred and I went up river to my traps. I found Rump Pond and Beraus' frozen over, and some ice in the eddies, but it was all melting very fast. I found every trap had been visited by bears, as I passed up stream. I lost one mink, one rat, one squirrel and the bait from every trap, by them. I laughed at all that and remarked that I "hoped they liked beaver also," as I had my dead-fall at Billings' Pond baited with beaver. On reaching Billings' Pond, I approached the dead-fall carefully, having seen bear tracks around every trap below there, and when I got where I could see it, I thought it was sprung, but not will-

ing to believe my eyes, I held my breath till I got where I could look behind it, and then I threw down my hat and fairly howled with delight, as I saw a nice, fat bear with his neck between the drop-log and the bed-piece. He weighed about one hundred pounds, and appeared to have been killed instantly when the log struck him. Billings' Pond was frozen over, so we went around to the beaver traps, where we got one small beaver. Then as there was no more use for a boat there, we hauled it back into the river, and I paddled it down. I located another place for a bear trap, and then returned to camp. Lewis arrived soon after we did, with a partridge, and after dinner we all went up and built another bear trap near the outlet of Long Pond. The boys took hold and helped me and we accomplished the task in one hour and thirty minutes, and baited it with beaver. Then we returned to camp, which we reached about dark. I shall set another dead-fall between the river and Caribou Pond to-morrow, as I have seen two or three sizes of bear tracks, and I think I can catch another bear. The bear that I got was a male one. He came into the carry and went to the boat, and got into it; smelt around, thought he smelt beaver and then went straight to the trap. The beaver I got was in the same trap as the other one was, but he was the smallest one I ever got, weighing about thirty pounds. I had more fun with that bear than I could have had with three bears if I had been alone. That is the only trouble with my hunting, there is always things taking place that are too good to have alone. I did not skin either of them to-night, as they are hard to skin and I want daylight for it. Fred saw a fox at the outlet of Rump Pond, but was too quick for him to get a shot at him.

CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, NOV. 8TH.

Wild and windy to-day; rained hard this forenoon.

Charley Robarge came early this morning, while I was skinning the beaver, to have me come home to guide a man. He helped me skin the beaver and bear, and had dinner with us. We got about two gallons of oil off the bear; he was very fat. I cut off his head for his skull and teeth, which were a very fine set. I gave the boys some of the oil, as they helped me set the trap and make another. After dinner Charley and I went up to the Caribou Pond carry with the last beaver for bait, and went in to the first ridge and set another bear trap; we set a good one, one that will last three years. I saw tracks of bears enough to make me think I shall get one more, larger than this one. Then Charley and I came home as quick as we could with the hides and beaver-wood. Got to the camps soon after dark. Found Danforth at home. The day I left Upper Black Pond he shot a nice buck with his 44 Smith & Wesson revolver, and Joe shot another with a rifle. Danforth thinks he will have that bear-skin tanned for a floor mat.

#### CUPSUPTIC POND, SUNDAY, NOV. 9TH.

Warm and considerable rain and hail. I came over here to Cupsuptic with a load of kerosene and peas and a cake of maple sugar. I met E. I. Herrick and Joe on the trail going to Parmachenee. About an inch of hail fell over here this afternoon and then rained. I went over to my beaver traps on the Bog Stream; found one trap sprung; took up one of them and returned to camp, and went up to the beaver-works on the brook that runs by this camp, the one that Danforth found; it is a nice dam. Danforth set a trap there, but I could not find it, as it was getting dark, and I did n't know just where it was; perhaps a beaver is in it; however, I set the one I took up on the Bog Stream and returned to camp wet and hungry. The bushes are covered with sleet. I found Alec and Mr. Clarke here. They

saw a big deer yesterday, but did not get a shot at him.

WHITE CAP, MONDAY, NOV. 10TH.

Left Cupsuptic Camp at eight o'clock A. M. Went around Arnold's Bog, on the east side; found it better traveling than on the west side. I took up the traps on the Ox-bow line, and brought them in in my knapsack; there was thirty of them. I only had one sable and a partridge in them. I did n't cross any fresh tracks at all, but I saw lots of deer tracks made last night and yesterday and some very large caribou tracks, on the north end of Panther Mountain, some three or four days old. There was about one foot of snow on Panther, with a hard crust on top of it, which hurt my ankles, but the most of the way it was quite good. On arriving at camp I found Alec and Mr. Clarke had been here to-day and taken dinner, leaving me a kettle of pea-soup, which I was not long in getting away with. The gentleman that I expected to guide went to Black Pond where Clarke Hill was, and Clarke is guiding him. I am going back to Parmachenee to-morrow, as I expect to be called on to guide Mr. Deniston soon. I cut some wood to-night; some of it was green fir, and it do'n't burn worth a cent.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, TUESDAY, NOV. 11TH.

Clear and cold last night and this morning. I left White Cap this morning for Cupsuptic, with forty traps in my knapsack. Saw two deer, a doe and fawn. It was so crusty I was not looking for them, and did not see them till I heard the big one whistle and jump in the crust. I got a quick shot at the small one as he was fast disappearing, but did not hit him. I followed them about two hundred yards and saw them again, and fired three shots, but the distance and thick trees and their jumping around prevented my

getting any aim. I reached camp to find Joe here preparing diuner. After dinner I cut on the Black Pond trail and he chopped wood at the camp. Alec and Mr. Clarke are gone to Camp Caribou; they left this morning. They left a fox hide hanging in the camp, shot most in two, and minus its tail.

CAMP "SUPTIC," WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12TH.

Clear and cold this morning. Joe and I went on the Black Pond trail to-day. Clarke Hill and Mr. Brewster came down from Black Pond and got dinner at this camp, and then returned. I had just tobacco enough, by being temperate, to last me to Parmachenee, but they filled their pipes, which left me about one-half pipe full for to-night and to-morrow; rather a good joke, I think, as I asked them very eagerly if they had any tobacco to spare, that I was most out. We found it quite slow cutting to-day and only got about one mile, but we got over the worst of this end of the trail. I went down to the beaver dam on the stream above the camp, and walked around on the ice on the pond, it being frozen thick enough for that. They do n't seem to want to come down to the dam where the traps are. I should like to make an opening in the dam and set a trap in it; but guess I won't till I see Danforth, as he found it and set the first trap. Cold and clear to-night. Going home in the morning.

CAMP CARIBOU, THURSDAY, NOV. 13TH.

Cloudy and cold this morning until about two o'clock p. m., when the clouds broke away, and the sun came out warm. Joe and I left Cupsuptic with a load each of meat, hides, beaver-wood, etc. We found the traveling very slippery on account of the late rain and hail. On arriving at Beaver Pond we made a shelter for the boat and put it

under it. Had our lunch at the camp and then came on to the lake, which we found partly frozen, but had no trouble in getting to the island. We found everybody and everything all right. The falls at the foot of the lake roar loud to-night, and the sky looks like a storm. Now for four or five inches of dry, fine snow, and woe to the deer that we get track of—down they will go and drive a horn into the ground clear to their head in the fall. I expect that Joe and I will go to Beaver Pond to-morrow to hunt and trap.

AT THE FARM CAMP, NOV. 14TH, 1890.

Joe and I came over to-day to cut wood and repair the camp, until the snow is proper to go still-hunting. Danforth came over with us and gave us some directions about the work. We cut some wood and put up some shelves in the camp, and cleaned it up. The stove bothered us about an hour before we could get smoke through the funnel; by that time, with the aid of two extra joints on the funnel, we got a hole melted around a junk of snow and ice that had settled in the knee, and after that it drew first-rate. We had to break some ice this morning in leaving the island, but it has been warm and pleasant all day. The clouds roll over and look like summer, but the air is so dead that I think we shall have a storm soon, yet it may be snow. I made a mouse-trap this evening—a dead-fall. I made the cubby drop-log and every part just the same as I make a bear trap. I made it on a piece of board, locking the corners and staking it down fast, so every piece is solid to the board, and I set it and caught four mice in it. They looked just like the bear I caught at Billings' Pond, only on a smaller scale.

FARM CAMP, SATURDAY, NOV. 15TH.

Had a white frost last night. Joe and I sawed wood all



day; got a good pile, two or three cords. We split and piled about one cord into the camp, enough to last three weeks; the rest we put in the boat-house. Clarke Hill and Mr. Brewster came home last night. Joe and I put in a boat and went and got them, and set them across to Camp Caribou. I suppose they went to Magalloway settlement to-day. The sky clouded up this afternoon, and just before dark it began to snow a fine, damp snow, and there is three inches of it now; so to-morrow must be a good day for still-hunting, and Joe and I must get a good, early start and see if we can't get a deer. I made a cake-board this evening and put some panels in the door of the camp, which were out. Joe is not feeling very well to-night and may not do much to-morrow, but I don't intend that "Johnny" shall find me sleeping, if he comes over this way to hunt to-morrow.

#### FARM CAMP, SUNDAY, NOV. 16TH.

Warm to-day; no snow after daylight. Snowed five inches last night. Cold enough to-day so the snow did not pack much. Joe and I started as soon as we could see to walk, but we found "Johnny's" tracks going by our camp towards Birch Corner. Alec went with him. They passed along about ten minutes ahead of us. We had breakfast and set around sucking the muzzels of our rifles about an hour before daylight. Joe and I went up on the north side of Moose Brook. Joe jumped three deer, all of which he saw, but did not get a shot. I jumped six; all but two of them I started before I saw their track. I shot and killed one doe. I missed her the first shot, and set her to running, and hit her in the neck the second shot. She lays in the trail about one and one-half miles this side of Beaver Pond. Danforth fired at two bucks with his 44 Smith & Wesson revolver and missed them both. He killed one at

Black Pond with it, lately. Alec did not see any deer at all. It looks warm to-night, not below freezing, but warmer than it ought to be for still-hunting. Alec came over to stop with us to-night. Another early start in the morning. I must have a good buck.

FARM CAMP, MONDAY, NOV. 17TH.

Warm to-day; rained and snowed after 2 o'clock P. M. I did not see a deer all day, neither did Alec or Joe. I whistled one, so did Alec. The old and new tracks looked alike this morning; it was hard to distinguish them apart. The snow packed and crunched under our feet most of the day. I do n't know whether Danforth had any luck to-day or not. He got in late. Charley fired three shots from the island, for a signal to him. Joe and I heard it, and went out doors just in time to hear Alec answer with three shots from Birch Corner, and think it all was from Alec's rifle. I answered with three shots, and started to find him, thinking he had lost his compass, or got hurt. I fired at intervals of five minutes as I ran, getting an answer every time, and soon met him all right, and learned the cause of his first shooting. When we arrived here Charley had come over from the island to get us to go for Danforth, but we fired again and he answered from his boat on the lake; so we settled down, and had our supper. It is snowing hard to-night, big flakes and damp ones. Joe and I are going down to Black Cat in the morning, for our day's hunt.

FARM CAMP, TUESDAY, NOV. 18TH.

Warm and snowy this morning. Joe and I put in a boat and went down to Black Cat. It was snowing very hard when we went down the lake; it came in big, damp flakes from the north-west. Snowed four inches last night

and this morning. The snow layed in the water from here to Moose Brook, two inches deep, making it hard rowing. It has been a good day for still-hunting. The dry limbs of the birch were falling everywhere, on account of the heavy load of snow on them; and in many cases, whole trees came thundering down. Joe and I each got a buck though they were small. Mine had spike horns, seven inches long, and Joe's did not have any horns at all. We killed them both about 11 o'clock. I fired at mine six times, four running shots, and two standing ones. I hit him both times standing, through the hips. I went after another small one and saw him twice. Came very near getting a shot at him. Joe saw one after he killed his, but got no shot. We both dragged our deer down to the boat-landing, and brought them up to the island, and left them there. We took out their inwards, where we killed them. When we reached the island, which we had to through a channel made by Charley's boat, we found Charley had been to Long Pond, and killed a small doe, and had her there. We found Alec at camp when we arrived. He had had hard luck, and got no deer, although he had made some long chases. It is freezing some to-night and I fear to-morrow will be too crusty for any good hunting. Mr. Danforth did not hunt to-day, on account of Mrs. Danforth's being unwell. We found the deer were all down in the swamps to-day, none on the hard-wood hills at all.

#### FARM CAMP, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19TH.

It froze a little last night, but it snowed this morning and was warm, so the crust did not amount to anything. I went to Birch Corner; Alec and Joe went in the vicinity of Long Pond. I hunted a long time before I found a fresh track; it was after ten o'clock when I found a track

of a good-sized deer that was following slowly on the trail of two other deer that were running. I followed him four hours, expecting to see him every minute. Finally he overtook the two that he was after, in a swamp. I crept around on their tracks, which were nice and fresh, till they left the swamp for the hard-wood, where they must have scented me, for they ran a long ways. I followed them one-half mile and they kept running, and it being time for me to return to camp, not knowing just where I was, I started, arriving here at 4:15 o'clock P. M. Alec and Joe were at camp. Alec saw one deer and shot at him on the jump, and missed him; Joe did not see any at all. Those three I followed were the only tracks I saw. I think we will all go down the lake in the morning, hunting at Black Cat and towards Pittsburg, as the deer are getting very shy around Birch Corner. It is warm and snowing some out-doors, to-night; there is six inches of snow, now, on the level, and to-morrow may be a good day, if it does not freeze to-night.

#### FARM CAMP, THURSDAY, NOV. 20TH.

Cold and windy to-day. Froze last night. Joe and I took a boat and went out through the ice, in the channel that we made yesterday and day before. We landed at Flat Rock Point and went along the shore and across Indian Point. We saw one deer track, but it was so crusty and hard walking that we gave up the idea of hunting and returned to camp, where we took a light lunch, and then started after the doe that I shot and left on the Beaver Pond trail. I did not know just where I left it and on account of the snow that had fallen, we walked right over it, both of us stepping on it without seeing it, and passed on nearly a mile, and then, knowing we must have passed it, we came back, and I, being behind, noticed

once, as Joe stepped on a little mound of snow, that it yielded rather more than most rocks or knolls do, so kicking away the snow, I uncovered the deer. I reckon the next time I leave a deer in the woods I shall stick up a stick or spot a tree to mark the place. Alec went to Birch Corner and he had a queer experience, something I have read of in "Van Dyke's Still-hunter," but never saw, myself. As he was walking along the trail near Birch Corner he saw a good-sized doe running by, and raised his rifle and fired three shots at her. The third shot hit her, killing her outright. He then dragged her to the trail in a good place to skin her, and set his rifle against a tree about ten feet away, when, as he was stooping over her, knife in hand, he heard a trampling in the crust, and looking up saw a large buck, about twenty-five feet away, come to a halt and stand looking at him. Alec made a move to reach his rifle, and the buck wheeled about and run. Alec sent three shots after him, without hitting him. No sooner was that buck out of sight, than a second one came hurrying along on the trail of the doe, but seeing Alec or smelling the smoke, did not stop, but turned tail and run after the first. Alec fired twice at him, but missed him, also. Those bucks were in the "running" season after that doe, and had Alec known they were after her he might easily have killed them both. The first one, he says, was a very large one with a heavy set of antlers. He came to camp and got his knapsack and brought his deer in on his back. We skinned them both and hanged the meat in the workshop. We skinned out both the heads this evening, for mounting. He and I made a soup for breakfast and Joe went to bed an hour earlier than ever, because Alec and I put the eyes into our soup. We can't see why they should not be as good as boiled eggs. The wind is blowing hard to-night, and it is the coldest night yet, though I don't sup-

pose it is very cold compared with the weather we shall have soon. Alec and I are going to Birch Corner, to-morrow, to hunt a little different way than we usually do. Our plan is for one of us to follow on the trail and the other to make large circles ahead of him and cut off, in the hopes of getting a running shot. Joe is going up towards Beaver Pond to hunt.

#### FARM CAMP, FRIDAY, NOV. 21ST.

Quite cold to-day. Alec's hunt yesterday inspired us with new courage, and we all three went hunting. Alec and I went to Birch Corner, and Joe toward Beaver Pond. We did not jump any deer, although we saw many large tracks, made last night. We came in quite early and split some wood and calked the camp. I took a pick-pole and crossed the lake on the ice for the first time this year. I saw Danforth's picture-frame, made of beaver-wood. It is very pretty and odd looking. I found the ice about two and one-half inches in thickness. Danforth sends us to Cupsuptic and anywhere we think best, to-morrow, to hunt. We do n't expect to find much crust over there. I expect Clarke Hill will be over in the morning to go with us.

#### SATURDAY, NOV. 22ND.

Lost in the woods again. Alec and I planned last night to go to Cupsuptic, by going first to Birch Corner, and then keeping on east about three miles, then turn north and go around the head-waters of Moose Brook, and strike the trail near Lapwater. So we started that way, and Clarke and Joe went the usual way, by the trail. When Alec and I had traveled about four miles, I, who was ahead, saw a small deer arise from its bed, about one hundred yards off, and, through a haze of white maples, I

took aim and fired at it, and missed it slick and clean, we followed on it's trail a little way, and Alec saw it run once. It was a little one, but I felt very much chop-fallen at missing it, but now I am very glad it took care of itself. We jumped another big one in open growth, as we tramped along. It was nice hard-wood all the time, and as tracks of deer were plenty, we kept a sharp lookout for them, and our trouble was rewarded at last, as, coming to the top of a hill, we saw a very large buck coming to his feet, not over twenty-five yards from us. He was so quick that he ran before we could get a standing shot, but the woods was open for a long ways, and we was soon at work with our Winchesters, in a way to make things lively. First, we noticed he run sick, and then a well-aimed shot brought him down altogether. He was a big fellow and had one shot through his neck and another behind his shoulder. He had a good head of six tines, two on one horn and four on the other. We cut him up, and made a knapsack of his hide, having only one with us, and divided up the meat and went on, expecting to find the trail soon as we had turned north ; but, being cumbered with our load, and finding it much farther than we expected, night overtook us here by the edge of the worst fir-swamp we have seen all day. We had one little ax with us, and we soon started a good fire, and, having some butter with us, we cut off some slices of venison and broiled it on some spits, and had some butter on it. We warmed some birch slabs for plates, and it was the sweetest meat I ever ate, and we ate a hearty supper on it. It is 12 o'clock now. We are not going to sleep any to-night. It snows most of the time, and is quite cold. Here is no brook so we melt snow in a butter can to drink. We got a sable and partridge to-day. But that shooting was the finest thing that I ever took part in. I had my last cartridge in my rifle barrel, preparing to give him a parting

salute, when he plowed a furrow in the snow. Our packs are very heavy, about eighty pounds.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, SUNDAY, NOV. 23RD.

Snowy to-day, and a little colder than yesterday. Alec and I ate a hearty breakfast this morning, of venison broiled with butter. We had a lunch at twelve last night. We chopped up a whole birch, about twelve inches in diameter, for fire-wood and after midnight we fell into a doze many times. The night was not cold enough to endanger us any from freezing, and the sleep we got done us a great deal of good. We started early; tried to get around the fir-swamp by going east, but to no avail; we wallowed in brush and snow, and climbed old, down trees for about an hour, and my pack hurt my shoulders so bad, on account of the straps being only spun yarn, that I left it to go on and reach the trail, and then come back and help Alec through. But I traveled for two hours in a northerly direction, and having got out of the swamp and reached a big, hard-wood hill, I turned back. I met Alec in one-half hour coming with his load. I had no idea of going back after mine that day, but finding that he had lost a bundle of clothes out of his pack some way back, I thought I had better go and get it; so, at eleven o'clock A. M. I was just where I was at 7:15 o'clock that morning. It did look as though there had been some very poor judgment, but I cut the bones out of my meat and started on Alec's trail. I had persuaded him to leave part of his load and now he had, as near as I could calculate, three hours the start of me. I ate a large quantity of raw meat, as I walked along, which done me a great deal of good. I found where one large deer had crossed his trail after he had gone along. The hill I was on when I turned back, proved to be a big one, indeed. I was very warm before I



reached the top of it, and was about as faint and near gone as a fellow ever is, when I pitched over on the north slope. Here I ate more meat, and afterwards felt better. Alec stepped about eight inches while climbing, but now he let out to about two feet and I was obliged to stop five times or more, to him once. I knew he was bound to reach a camp that night, and so I knew I had got to, for he had the only ax with him. Well, I hit the new Cupsuptic trail about two miles from camp, and found he had gone on. I hung to my load and reached camp about three-quarters of an hour behind him. I was troubled with cramp in my legs and hands a good deal in the evening, so I could not write. We found Clarke and Joe at camp. Joe had been out hunting that day, without success; but Clarke was sick and could not go. The snow is about eighteen inches deep over here, and hunting good. *We ate some supper to-night.*

CUPSUPTIC, MONDAY, NOV. 24TH.

No snow last night. I went to my traps on the Bog Stream. Got one small beaver; found lots of otter tracks. I took up all but one beaver trap there, and that one I set for otter. I set five traps among the beaver works above this camp, including the bear trap. When I reached the beaver pond last mentioned, the first thing I done was to go through the ice into the water above my knees, putting one arm under nearly to my shoulder, also; but I stayed and set every trap, five in all, and then returned to camp. Alec and Joe hunted all day, without getting anything. I felt first-rate to-day. My moccasins hurt my toes so bad to-day that I went to work this evening and made me a pair out of the buck's hide that we brought in last night. I was not long about it and they are the most comical looking things I ever saw, with the hair all on; but I have

great confidence in them. Clarke is not growing any better and is going home to-morrow; the rest of us are going to make an early start for deer in the morning as it is snowing a little here to-night and we can tell a fresh track as soon as we see it. Alec cooked the beaver to-night after he skinned it, and he and I ate some of it and it was excellent. He boiled it.

CUPSUPTIC, TUESDAY, NOV. 25TH.

Warm and cloudy to-day. The snow packed considerable in the afternoon. Snowed some last night and this forenoon. We all went up to Lapwater and there separated. I went a piece with Clarke, who went to Parmachenee, and then turned off south. I found many yards of deer, but the paths were so thick, it took me a long time to get one singled out. They were feeding on the round-wood plums which the heavy weight of snow had bowed down to within their reach. I followed my deer about one hour, after I got him singled out, and then ran on to him, to within thirty feet. It was too thick and bushy. He started before I saw him. I fired once after him and ought to hit him, but did not. He was, I think, the largest buck I ever saw, with a set of antlers which seemed to spread over two feet at the points. Alec got two does. He shot the first one before he followed her a rod and when he got her all dressed and fixed ready to leave, he looked up and saw another one standing about twenty feet away and looking at him; so he shot her. They were very large ones. Joe did not get a shot at all, to-day. I made Alec a pair of moccasins like mine, this evening. I like mine first-rate. Our flour is nearly all gone and some one has got to go to White Cap to-morrow to get some from there.

## WHITE CAP CAMP, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26TH.

Froze last night and snowed three inches. Windy and snowy all day. I went hunting in the same place I hunted yesterday. I wallowed in snow nearly to my knees till afternoon, without seeing any tracks, except two fawns, and I did not want them. I came to camp and had a lunch and then sarted for White Cap; it was two o'clock. I found the snow very deep and the spots covered with snow, which made me some trouble. The snow was four inches above my knees. I did not reach Deniston's Bog until it had begun to grow dark, and when I got into camp, it was as dark as it will be any time to-night. I found some genius had been here and burned all the wood that I left, and not cut any more, besides the bag of flour I come after is very low. So I had to go to work in the dark and hunt up some dry firs, which are not plenty in daylight, and cut wood enough for to-night, to cook and dry my clothes. I banked up the camp with snow, knowing that would help out the wood question a great deal. I saw the track of one deer, coming over, but had no time to follow it. I brought over the shoulder and leg of a small deer with me. I fried the meat on it for my supper, and made a stew of the bone for my breakfast. I heard one shot before I started for here. It was from Alec or Joe. Hope they got the buck I missed yesterday.

## CUPSUPTIC, THURSDAY, NOV. 27TH.

I had a good comfortable night last night. I came back to Cupsuptic this forenoon, Crossed two deer tracks, but they were made in the night, and going down into the swamp, so I did not follow them. After dinner I chopped wood. Joe arrived early and we both chopped wood. We got a good pile before night. I made a soup and cleared off the table. Neither Alec or Joe saw any deer to-day.

They both saw a buck yesterday, and shot at them running, but missed them both.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, FRIDAY, NOV. 28TH.

Cold and cloudy to-day. No sun in sight all day. We all of us went up to the beaver dam to dig them out. We broke the ice down around the house, and, while one of us watched it, the other two went down and cut a hole in the dam, and drew off all the water. We saw no beaver, and after the water was all gone, we tore open the house. We found it warm and steaming inside, but no beaver there. Then we went around the pond, breaking down the ice, and digging into all the holes in the bank. The snow bothered us some, but we hunted everywhere for them in vain. It is a mystery to us where they hid so quick, for we dug to the end of every hole we found. I got a foot wet, about an hour before we quit, which caused me considerable trouble. Joe was sick with a bad cold, and did not go out in the afternoon. Alec went up on the old Arnold's Bog trail, and got a sable in a trap he had set near the dressings of the deer he killed. He got a sable there yesterday, too. I went over on the Bog Stream and took up an otter trap, which I had there. Saw some otter tracks on the snow in several places. I hunted up the Bog Stream for deer, but saw no fresh signs. Came home on the White Cap line. We left five traps setting around the ruins of the beaverworks. We expect to have a beaver in some of them in the morning. We are going to Lower Black Pond in the morning. The brush is so thick, and the snow so deep here that we can't see a deer more than thirty feet away. We think we can do better up there. No snow fell last night or to-day. Alec and I ate the brains of two deer, for breakfast this morning, fried in butter. We found them first rate.

## CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, NOV. 29TH.

Snowed some all day ; the sky looked like a heavy snow or rain. I went up to the beaver traps as soon as I could see this morning. Found four traps sprung, and the fifth setting, but not a toe or hair in one of them. I hung all the traps up in trees, and gave up beat again. Alec went to Black Pond again, and as Joe's throat was sore, and he was sick generally, I packed up my knapsack with heads, empty cans, etc., and came home with him. The snow gradually grew thinner as we approached the lake. We halted at beaver pond, and had a lunch, then came on. We had no trouble in crossing the lake on the ice. We found Danforth and all hands well. Danforth had shot three deer, with his revolver, and lost them all. The hunting is good around the lake, and I think I shall hunt here awhile, instead of joining Alec at Black Pond, as I had planned to do.

## CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, NOV. 30TH.

Warm and sunny all day, and looked very much like rain. We put a boat on a sled, and went down to the Magalloway landing to make a road. We found the ice one and one-half inches thick, in the thinnest places, and from that to four inches, with four inches of snow on it. We cut holes all the way, to let the water up, so it could freeze. Joe and I went hunting the rest of the day, to get some partridges for Mrs. Danforth to take home with her, as she intends to go soon. I took my revolver and got a shot at one partridge, which I hit quite hard, but lost. Then I followed some deer, and soon had a good shot at a small doe. I fired once standing, and three times as they ran. I found I had missed them, and returned to where I done the shooting, to find the cause of the accident. I found the shot had hit a white maple about two rods before

it reached the deer, which turned it aside. It was very aggravating, as it was a good shot, and would certainly have killed, if not for the bush. I followed another larger one, and fired at it, as it run from behind a top, but missed that also. Joe got two partridges.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, MONDAY, DEC. 1ST.

Cold and windy all day, real zero weather, the first such weather we have had this fall. I went to Birch Corner hunting. I had to thrash my hands and rub my ears to k ep Jack Frost away. I overhauled one nice little buck with seven tines on his horns, and laid him out in his tracks, the first shot. Then the fun began. If I had been cold before, I was colder now, and I was forced to put my hands inside the carcass many times, while dressing it, to keep them from freezing. I found another buck's head hanging in a tree, by the trail, with a note pinned to it, to have it set up, and kept for Cal. Johuson. I brought both heads home with me. We ate pop-corn and told stories to-night till some of us fell asleep and nearly choked ourselves with a mouthful of pop-corn. Joe hunted to-day but without success.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, TUESDAY, DEC. 2ND.

Cold and windy to-day; fifteen degrees below zero this morning. Charley and I went hunting to-day. I found some deer in the lowlands at the head of the big bog, but it was bushy for me to get at them. I, not feeling very well to-day, having a cold on my lungs, was very uncomfortable with the cold. Came in early. Jim Bragg came with a span of horses from Erroll this afternoon. He unhitched them before coming onto the lake, and drove them one behind the other and reached the island in safety; then we went down and hauled the sled up by hand. Charley saw

a buck and shot at him, missing him, several times. I have been thinking, to-night, that if I was to lay out in the woods to-night, as cold as it now is, and not feeling real tough, that I should not be worth hunting up to-morrow. The snow is getting most awful hard to wallow through all day. I think I shall go on snow-shoes the next time I go out hunting, until I find a fresh track, and then take them on my back and hunt.

CAMP CARIBOU, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3RD.

Very cold and windy to-day. We loaded Mrs. Danforth and the little boy into the sled with the trunks, etc., and hitched one horse onto the pole, with fifty feet of line between him and the sled, and led the other horse on ahead. Two of us carried the pole between us and we went down to the outlet on the ice, which is glare most of the way, in safety. We saw them off in good trim, though starting on a long, cold ride. We had to face a nor' west wind back to camp, with the mercury twenty-one below zero, which nearly froze our faces. We had an uncontrollable tendency to laugh, as we looked into each other's faces, which were very red and stiff with cold; and the more we laughed the more pleased we were. My throat was very sore to-day and I was so hoarse I could hardly speak, besides being lame all over. We put some boats that were on the island, under Caribou and Moose Lodge, and then I stayed in the house the remainder of the day and doctored myself. The weather moderated some before noon and a heavy snow set in from the south-east, which lasted all the afternoon and night. Danforth and I are going to Black Pond to-morrow, to carry Alec some snow-shoes to come out on, if I am well enough to go. Danforth poured a little of Johnson's Liniment onto my throat and the region about it, before I went to bed.

## CAMP CARIBOU, THURSDAY, DEC. 4TH.

Warmer this morning, twenty-one above zero. I repaired some snow-shoes to-day, as I was not in condition to work out-doors. I fixed three pair. Danforth went hunting on snow-shoes and found one deer, but did not get him. Alec came home about one o'clock P. M. He stayed at Rump Pond last night. The snow was nearly to his waist coming down this morning through the woods. It took him four and one-half hours on the trail; usual time in summer is one hour.

## RUMP POND, FRIDAY, DEC. 5TH.

Weather was mild to-day; snowed a little, at times, all day. There was two feet of snow in the last storm. Joe and I got ready with some provisions and a big iron-locker, which we loaded onto a sled and drew up to Little Boys' Falls; then I took the locker and Joe the knapsack, and broke ahead all the way to Rump Pond. My lungs were in such a fix that I could hardly keep up, and I could n't go ahead at all. It was very hard breaking ahead, and Alec plowed such a furrow in the middle of the road that it was continually causing our snow-shoes to tip up edge-ways, giving us a burrow in the snow. We got here in about two hours, and after dinner started to our traps. There was much water on the ice on the river, and we got our snow-shoes wet more than forty times. When we got to the last bear trap at Billings' Pond, which was all right, it was so late and I was beginning to feel as though I had been shot through the chest, that we turned back to camp to finish seeing the traps to-morrow. Joe got here to camp a long way ahead of me; I got here, though, in season to eat my share of the supper. We saw several deer tracks and otter holes to-day. The deer's bellies drag in the snow most all the time. If we had a crust on this snow I



would do some still-hunting of a serious nature, a kind of still-hunting that requires more muscle than science.

CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, DEC. 6TH.

Cold this morning. Our snow-shoes' road froze so hard on the river that Joe and I went up to Billings' Pond without any on. We took up every otter and beaver trap. Did n't have a thing in any of them. We started for home at 2:30 o'clock. Got here soon after dark. Snowed this afternoon, and the wind blows from the south, but it is warm to-night. Danforth and Alec has gone to Cupsuptic this morning, and Joe and I are going to follow them to-morrow. My cold was much better to-day.

CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, DEC. 7TH.

Windy and snowy to-day. Joe and I started for Cupsuptic this morning. I felt well enough when I started, but when I got to Beaver Pond, I gave up and left my pack and came home. I was very tired; when I got home I slept most of the afternoon when I was n't coughing. I came into Danforth's room late in the afternoon. Mrs. Robarge doctored me. She put a mustard plaster on my left side as I had pleurisy. I had to keep moving it. I had it all over me before morning. Cliff Wiggin came up with the mail to-night and went back.

CAMP CARIBOU, MONDAY, DEC. 8TH.

Clear and warm to-day. I put in my time coughing and dozing in my chair and on the bed. Got over the crick in my side before night, so I could cough pretty well.

CAMP CARIBOU, TUESDAY, DEC. 9TH.

Twenty below zero this morning. Sun rose clear and warm. Clouded up about noon. Snowed some towards

night, but now it looks like rain. I took all day to write five letters. I felt some better, but my coughing was quite bad.

CAMP CARIBOU, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10TH.

South winds to-day, with some snow. I worked hard all day, coughing and walking out doors and back. Danforth, Alec and Joe returned from their hunt to Cupsuptic. They arrived about three o'clock, P. M., with three quarters of venison and a good head, the best one of the fall hunt. It finishes the hunt for this season, so Danforth says. He and Alec shot it together. They fired sixteen shots at it before they brought it down, so it would stay. They followed him on snow-shoes, still-hunting him, till Alec saw his horns above the snow, as he laid behind a knoll or mound of snow. Alec fired for his head with his rifle, putting a bullet through both ears and creasing the top of its head. Up jumped deer and ran, Alec hitting him in the hind quarters and breaking a thigh the second shot. Then began the chase. Still-hunting was finished, and the snow being three or four feet deep both men struggled to get the chance to break a road for the other. Soon Danforth got the lead and out-winded Alec so much as to get out of his sight. Soon Alec heard him firing with his revolver and then saw the deer crossing in front of him and emptied his rifle at him, without causing any serious injury. Later on in the hunt, as Alec told the story, they were together and saw the deer suddenly spring to its feet and start on the run; Alec fired, and down he came, flat and motionless. They both hurrahed and shook hands, and after getting their breath and making a few remarks about the hard run and final good shot, turned to go up to the spot where the deer layed, when, as they looked, they saw him, not where he fell, but hardly visible for snow flying,

and fast disappearing in a distance; then they had to hunt him some more. To finish it up, Danforth shot the last shot into his shoulder. He was a very large buck, with a heavy set of antlers with seven tines. Some Frenchmen stopped here to-night, on a trip from Canada to break the road for winter use, hauling supplies. They seemed to have had a very hard time. They were eight days getting through, the snow being between three and four feet deep, and crossed by many wind-falls. There was eight men and as many horses. They held a council of war out in the guides' office this evening. I was in Danforth's room; it sounded like a lot of swallows in a barn as I have heard them on a bright morning the last of June, when they were all busy building their nest and talking about them. I have noticed as I lay on the hay, for I often slept there in the warm weather before the new hay was put in the barns, that when a swallow came in with a load of mud or a feather, that after he deposited it he always stopped to talk a moment in some unknown tongue, before going for another load. Now I recognize it, to-night, as the genuine Canadian French.

CAMP CARIBOU, THURSDAY, DEC. 11TH.

Quite warm to-day; south winds and some snow. Alec and the boys went over to the farm and cut wood. I was whooping around all day with a cough, like a Mississippi steamer stuck in the mud. I dug some on a coke which I am going to dig out hollow, and polish up and carve with many, many designs, such as tigers, doves, Indian devils, and pretty girls, highland caribou, and swamp angels. I cut through the side of it in one place, making a hole, which I shall have to make unnoticable by using it for some animal's eye. Quite a large crew came up from Ellingwood's camp, with horses, to meet the French toters

at the head of the lake, and take their hay down from there and break a road for them; there is much water on the ice. Danforth presented Alec with a 44 Colt's revolver, brand new, never fired, and the belt-holster re-loading tools, for a Christmas present; quite a fine present, it appears. Revolvers are fast becoming popular among Parmachenee guides. I am going to have me another revolver, an old tiger, shooting the same cartridge as my rifle. My old one shoots first-rate, but it is getting wore so it doesn't always work well. I shall keep it, though, for the good it has done. The game I have killed, as I remember it, is two deer, one bear, one beaver, one sable, one caribou, besides many partridges, rabbits, porcupines, and some still smaller things not worth mentioning, and it is good for a lot more service, yet. We had two games of auction pitch to-night, Danforth, I, Alec, Joe and Charley. We had an interesting time of it, Joe winning the first game and I the next. We had plenty of nuts and candy on the board.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, FRIDAY, DEC. 12TH.

Mild and quite sunny to-day. Alec and the boys cut wood. Danforth put our cross-cut saw in order. I am feeling a little better this forenoon. I went out in the wood-shed and sawed some wood for my little stove and brought it in. I found it much colder outside than I had anticipated; the north-west wind and occasionally snow squalls and the sunshine, made me cough and drove me to my den, quite different from the cold weather that I experienced three years ago the twenty-ninth of this month, when I first left home. Not my first experience in hunting or camp-life, by any means, for I have many fond recollections of Umbagog Lake, where, as soon as I was large enough so my mother would trust me alone with a gun loaded with a "partridge charge", I commenced to hunt;

so, when, at her death, I was left to my own way, I naturally thought that hunting was the most manly profession a boy could engage in.

Although for years I had had nearly the whole of Umbagog Lake, including the mouth of the Magalloway River, for about eight miles up the stream, and the Androscoggin down to Errol Dam for my hunting grounds, where I made havoc with the musk-rats and minks, occasionally getting a deer or bear, I had an idea that if the stories I had heard were true, I could easily double the amount of fur that I usually caught, by going further up the Magalloway or up through the Rangeley Lakes to the Cupsuptic. I chose a partner that had once rowed across Cupsuptic Lake and knew Deer Mountain at sight, he being a good walker and somewhat used to the woods. It was the first partner I ever had, and I determined to stick by him all winter. We started in October, the twenty-third. Our luggage was largely of traps, from the No. 2 Clipper to the No. 3 New-house beaver trap. We had a baker and two rifles and two revolvers. It took us nearly a week before we reached our place of camping for good. We spent several days exploring the woods, before we commenced building our camp. But at last, thinking we had found the right place, we commenced work and put up a camp, as I have often estimated it as I lay on the berth, ten feet square with an open fire in it. We afterwards had a stove in it, and used the fire-place for a gum bin. When everything was complete, we went home after something which we could not get when we first went in, and on the night we reached home there came a nice snow-storm, so we determined to remain and hunt a few days. We hunted the few days, and then a cold night rendered the lakes impossible to cross. So we both went into the logging swamp to work till we could cross the lakes on the ice, and when that time came, which

was the twenty-fourth of December, my partner thought he would remain where he was till spring, and then join me in the spring hunt. So I started with a heavy pack, *i. e.* a two-bushel bag of clothing and trinkets, a pair of snow-shoes, a rifle and ax. I came through from pond in river, below Richardson Lake, to the head of Cupsuptic Lake, in two days and reached camp early in the afternoon. I bought a piece of pork of Billy Soule, whom I found getting in his annual supply of ice, as I passed by. I liked the appearance of him very much that time, and he invited me to come over and see him when I got straightened around. I thought we would be neighbors that winter, there being only about a mile between us.

I found my camp all right; I cut some wood and soon had it warm and comfortable. The following day was spent in banking up the camp with snow, cutting wood, putting up shelves, etc. I got it so I thought I could live there all right, and as I had changed my mind somewhat about trapping, I prepared to go out after gum the next day and look for deer, also. I had set my mind on picking two-thousand weight of spruce gum that winter, and pick up what fur I could.

I arose early the following morning, and after breakfast took my gumming apparatus, buckled on my belt, in which I carried a Colt's revolver with ammunition, and set out. I tramped all day in eighteen inches of snow, getting but little gum and seeing no fresh deer tracks until near night, when I came into a fine yard of deer. The tracks were fresh and I thought best not to disturb them till the next day, as I had but little time that afternoon, and being a little uncertain just how far it was to camp. So I turned due east by my compass, and soon reached camp, finding it not over one mile from where I found the deer. I ate my supper, examined my rifle and put everthing in order

for a grand hunt the next day. I had no notion of eating flapjacks and pork all winter without any fresh meat.

The next morning, which is the day of which I had in my mind on beginning this article, and the most memorable day of that winter for me, was a bitter cold one. The snow was blowing through the trees in fitful gusts, causing them to crack and shed many an old, decayed limb. Occasionally I saw the sun through a haze of frost, which assisted me to keep my course. I took my back tracks, made the night before, and having wrapped myself in an extra pair of pants, an extra shirt and pair of mittens, with ears tied up, proceeded straight to the place where I had found the deer-yard. I found fresh tracks and at once began stalking them, but they appeared to have just begun their day's ramble, the same as with me, and although I trailed them for probably several miles, I did not overtake them until noon, when I jumped them from their beds, five in number, and sent them bounding across a swamp which I knew was very near my camp.

I went to camp, which was nearly in sight of where I lost the deer, had a hasty dinner, and set out after them again. They led me across a swamp and then turned west, still keeping their jumping, till I had reached a point where the swamp was quite narrow and as I must cross it again in order to get to camp, and finding a good buck's track, which was, apparently, going to cross the swamp, I left the running deer and took it. I soon found I was following two deer and very large ones, too. They would separate and go a long distance and then meet again. I knew it was my last chance that night, which was fast approaching, so I used every caution to make the most of it. I followed those deer about a mile and came very near firing at a stump once. Finally, after crossing the stream and reaching the high land which I knew must lay back of my camp, and on

emerging from a thick growth of small firs covered with snow, tired, leg-weary, discouraged, I was first struck with the open and level appearance of the forest in front of me, and then started in a wild excitement as I observed a large buck lying in a perfectly open space, not over five yards off. There he was, at last, the finest specimen I had ever seen, and till to-day, I think, I never killed a finer one. His neck looked to me as large as a water-pail, and his sleek, reddish-brown coat on the snow had an effect on me which I shall never forget. His horns were finely curved and contained, at least, eight tines, and worst of all he was looking directly at me. I noticed that he must run at least fifty yards before he could get out of my sight, and I at once reckoned him as my meat. He looked like a small mark for me to hit as I had not much confidence in my skill with a rifle at that time, so I began slowly to drop into the snow on one knee, raising my rifle steadily as I done so. But just before I had got my position to shoot, he suddenly turned his head, layed back his ears, and sprang into the air. He did n't get up like a cow or sheep, as I expected he would, but simply shot out of the snow as if blown out by a charge of powder. As he left the snow I fired, and quickly loaded, and seeing my prize making for a thicket with long, graceful bounds, I cooly fired again and again. At the last shot, which was at a point where he was clearing a wind-fall, I felt sure I had hit him, unless I had shot behind. I ran down to where he layed when I first saw him and fired my first shot, and no blood or hair did I find. I followed him up to where I fired the last shot, and found it had sailed over the wind-fall just right just where I wanted it, and must have hit him, so with my eyes on the snow, eagerly looking for blood, I hurried along his trail, and soon ran blindly onto him, and saw him go flying through the woods, like a bird on the wing. I sent another shot



after him and then gave chase. I soon found I had broken a hind leg above the gambrel, and as it was actually growing dark, and was very cold and windy, I shouldered my rifle and turned and ran as fast as I could through the deep snow in the direction of camp. I felt sure I could run down a three-legged deer all right, and that handsome head made me feel rich.

The thought of the other deer, deer in company with the one I had shot, occurred to me as I went plunging through the snow, and I was sweeping the woods around with my eyes as I ran, when suddenly out from under some leaning trees where he had took refuge for the night from the storm, went a big deer. I began to pull off mittens and brush snow off the sights of my rifle, but before I was ready to shoot he had disappeared. I watched him steadily, and thought I should have seen him further off, and got a shot unless he had stopped. So moving to one side, so as to get a view where he had disappeared, I saw the line of his back from his tail to his neck. I dared not see any further for I knew he was looking for me. "Now no more knee rest or hesitation in shooting deer when they are looking for you." I had learned an important lesson, though paying dearly for it. I took my position and aimed at the edge of the snow below his back, as well as I could in the dim light and fired, breaking his back near his hips. I ran up and sent a ball into his head to kill him the quickest way, then as quickly as possible took out his inwards and buried him in the snow. Now it was too dark to see to shoot, and in twenty minutes it would be too dark to travel, and I knew not how far I was from camp, but I thought it could not be over one-half mile. I had some hesitation about leaving that deer-skin there, for if I had to lay out on such a night as that one promised to be, a deer-skin would be very convenient. But I knew I could find the lake, at least,

and so once more ran down the slope and in less than ten minutes, I saw the camp directly in front of me. I had gone directly to it without hitting any of my tracks made that morning.

Well I was very thoughtful that evening, as I sat on my berth, my feet on the stove hearth, smoking a short clay pipe. I had killed a good big, fat buck, but he did n't have any horns, and I had a beauty somewhere with a broken leg. I didn't know how he would act the next day, but I was very anxious to find out. I had never had any experience with wounded deer, but I concluded he would stop very often, and I would soon get another shot and lay him out.

The next morning, the thirtieth of December, I was off early. First I dragged my deer, which I left the night before, down to camp, and put it inside to keep it from freezing till I could get time to dress it; then taking my rifle and a lunch, went for the deer with the broken leg. I soon found him in a swamp, where he had taken the greatest caution to stop where nothing could approach him by way of his trail, without alarming him in season to escape. He had layed down eleven times in as many different places, and went off clearing wind-falls as high as my head, seeming not to mind the absence of a leg in the least, and besides being broken it was thrashing around in the brush when he run, and dragging behind when he walked. I followed him all day, starting him five times only, and each time from a point where he could not be approached unobserved, and each time bounding off in every respect equal to a well deer. I gave him up late in the afternoon and reached the lake after dark, about one-half mile from camp. That night there fell a foot of snow, which rendered all old tracks invisible. I regretted very much to lose him and until to-day I never lost a deer or anything for which I so

much regretted as that old fellow that sailed over the spruce top while the woods rang with the voice of my little thirty-eight Winchester.

The following winter (1887) I spent collecting spruce gum, of which I got 2,363 pounds, which I sold at five cents per pound, besides thirty pounds of a finer quality, which brought from one dollar down to fifty cents per pound. Night after night I came in with from thirty to sixty pounds on my back. I called on Billy Soule often and got many of my supplies there. Excepting neighbor Billy, I seldom saw a man, and learned to be happy after my day's work was done; I was content to sit and pick over gum many nights till twelve o'clock, and, although it seems incredible, it was the happiest winter I ever did and probably ever shall spend. I stayed till the winter broke up, and then moved over to Billy's, to whom I am indebted to for the first job in guiding that I ever took.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.

Cold and windy to-day; the boys sawed wood. Danforth worked around the office and his room. I put on my snowshoes and went over to where Alec and the boys were cutting wood. They had a nice pile, and plenty more good yellow birches standing around; from there I went up to a hedgehog's hole, with the hopes of finding him out and having an opportunity of boiling out his skull, as I always have a prejudice against hedgehogs, owing to several incidents which occurred at home where they were much more plenty than they are here. It was always a daily task for some of our family to look over the cattle and horses every night, and visit those in pastures away from the main farm at least once a week, to see if there was any hedgehog quills in their feet or noses, and I have often seen an ox come to barn at night with his nose looking at first sight, fairly gray

with quills ; then we must tie him up close to a strong post or tree, and blindfold him, and then while one held him by the horns as best he could, another draw out the quills with a pair of nippers, which was done by quick pulls as they came much easier that way. It takes about seven days for a dose of quills to work into the flesh below the surface beyond the reach of the nippers. I once saw a musk-rat with long quills eight or ten in number, drove far into its nose. How they could have reached such a depth without killing the rat, is a mystery to me, but the way he got them was plain enough and was the same as in the case of the cattle which I have just mentioned. He no doubt saw the hedgehog on some log that projected into the water and out of curiosity approached it till he was near enough, when it lent him a blow with that heavy tail bristling with quills. They often are seen around old fences and even in the open field or pasture far from the woods ; thus the oxen get their curiosity satisfied. We had a dog that was death on hedgehogs. She treed eleven one summer, all of which was killed. Sometimes she got her nose too close, but always kept quiet and allowed me to pull them out. I have known her to sit and watch one for three hours before anyone came to shoot the hedgehog. That was the only way we could tell whether she had a hedgehog or a squirrel. She would hold the former all day, but the latter she would give up in a short time. Once while making maple sugar in spring I noticed some mornings that a hedgehog had been around the sugar-house gnawing things some, and I disliked his presence very much, for fear he would tip over a tub of syrup or gnaw through the side and let the syrup out. Besides all the damage he could do, I did n't want him around anyway. I did n't propose to associate with any such company. Several times I tried to follow him to some tree on the morning crust, but either he took

to some hole, or else I lost the track, owing to the snow being too light. I might have trapped him, and so I did, but he would get out of the trap by way of not getting into it right, every time. One night I thought I would make sure of him, as I was obliged to remain at the sugar-house all night, in order to keep the sap boiling, on account of a big run. So I took a double shot-gun with me, and slept in front of the arch-door, which gave out sufficient heat to make it comfortable all night. About midnight I heard my friend knocking around the wood-pile and treading on some birch-bark. I layed quiet till I had him located, and got my eyes open, then sprung to my feet, gun in hand. Instead of his looking up in surprise, or turning tail and rounding up to await an attack, his quills bristling in every direction, he came out by me like a frightened dog, and started up a steep incline. Unfortunately, I had glanced into the glowing arch, which rendered me blind as a bat, it being a very dark night ; but I let first one barrel and then the other go as I heard him go scrambling from my presence. The next morning I found I had missed him, but I thought I had given him such a scare that he would keep away in the future. Soon after the night I spent at the sugar-house came a day of sugaring off the syrup on hand. When this was done and the sugar removed from the pan, there was, of course, quite a lot left sticking to the pan. As I should boil sap next there would be none wasted. On the night following the sugaring off, there fell three inches of damp snow, and as I entered the sugar-house the next morning I noticed I had another visit from my friend, and this time he started my envy, for he had been in the pan lapping it and leaving quills scattered around inside sticking to the pan wherever he touched it. It was necessary therefore to wash the pan which would waste at least one barrel of sap, or the produce from thirty-five trees for one day. I

observed his tracks as they came and went on the snow, and taking the latter ones I hurried off, determined to either kill him or plug him into his hole, till I got through making sugar. His tracks led me into a thick cedar swamp and, as the snow was beginning to yield to the warm April sun, I got dripping wet, as I pressed through the bushes. I soon came to where he had took to a hole under a ledge, and kneeling down, I looked for a long time into the dark cave. When my eyes got accustomed to the darkness I saw him about ten feet in. I got out a small thirty-two Colt's revolver and began firing at him, and soon was able to draw him out with a crotched stick. He was a big fellow, weighing at least forty pounds. I had no more trouble with hedgehogs that spring.

I also well remember an incident that occurred to me when I was not over seven or eight years of age. It was nearly the first time I had been away camping out. It was in May. The ice was still in the main part of the lake, but the rivers and around the outlet of the lake, where my oldest brother George had a hunting and trapping camp, was open. I had begged to go with him and been allowed to do so. We started early in the morning from home, as we were going to go on the ice most of the way and draw our boat on a sled. The morning on which we started was a clear, cold morning in spring. The ice had frozen during the night, so we were able to walk on it, drawing our boat and provisions without any difficulty. The woodpeckers could be heard drumming on the hollow stubs, and the birds were flitting merrily about in the trees, while the crows flew in pairs and even in small flocks, calling to each other from a distance. Everything seemed to be busy, and feeling that one day in the spring, on such a morning, was worth three in mid-summer ; but before we reached the open

water, where we must use our boat, the sun which had been filling the whole eastern horizon with crimson for more than an hour, rose, causing the surface of the ice to grind under our feet and the sled runners, like four inches of corn, and our march became a tiresome one ; but at last with a breath of relief, we reached the open water, and I got in the boat and George ran it into the water, springing into it with me, as the ice broke under his feet.

The object of this hunt was to capture two hundred rats, which were very plenty around the outlet and up the Magalloway. As we reached the shore at the landing by the camp, we found that a large spruce tree which had stood near the water's edge, and near the path, had fallen into the water, blocking the landing. George ran the boat into the top and I stepped out on it and held the boat, steadying myself all the time in fear of falling into the cold water. George stepped out of the boat, made it fast, and taking an ax went ashore on the tree, cutting off the branches on the upper side of the tree as he went. When he reached the shore he called to me to follow which I did, though in great fear of falling in, but I reached the shore in safety. Then we went up to the camp, and on opening the door which had been many times nearly ruined by hedgehogs gnawing their way into the camp, we noticed that they had been occupying the camp regularly, and the boxes and table and various other articles had been badly damaged by them lately.

George took a survey of things, talking a great deal, very much unlike a parson, and finally remarked : " Well, let's go down and get a load of stuff from the boat." As we emerged from the camp we heard a cracking of brush beside the camp, and looking over saw two large hedgehogs hurrying away towards a large tree. " Ah !" exclaimed my brother, " Here is the fellows that have been raising h—l

with our camp stuff. You go for the gun and I will watch them till you get back. I feared very much to venture alone on the log, which lay between our boat and the shore, but the fear of being called chicken-hearted prevented my making any hesitation; so I turned and ran for the boat; when I reached the shore how far it looked out to the boat, and if I should fall in returning with the gun, I should probably lose it. I wished I was already wet for an excuse for not bringing the gun; but I only waited a moment before I was nervously edging along the log. I had nearly reached the boat and began to gain courage, when I lost my balance and went feet first into the ice-cold water. I could not swim, and it was some ten feet deep, but I must have caught a branch as I went down, for I went ashore hand over hand alongside the log, in much less time than it takes to tell it. Then all dripping with water I hurried up to camp to tell of my accident, which needed no explanation only that I fell in going instead of coming back with the gun. My brother regarded me a moment with a curious smile and then said: "Well, you stay here and I'll try it." And as the hedgehogs had both taken to a tall spruce tree, I had only to stand and shiver a few moments when my brother came running back with the gun, and aiming at the lower hedgehog, sent a heavy load of No. 2 shot through it, bringing it lifeless to the ground. He instantly cocked the other barrel and threw it to his shoulder, when a thought struck him. Being a kind-hearted fellow, he was going to let me shoot the other one to cheer me up. So loading the barrel already fired, with a lighter charge than was formerly in it, as one of them "old rat charges" would have rolled me in the brush, or caused my head and feet to change places, he handed it to me, put me in a position where I could see my mark which had climbed nearly to the top of the spruce, and said: "Now take good aim and I



guess you 'll fetch him, and do n't be afraid of the gun." I accidentally cocked the wrong barrel, and looking as smart as I could, took aim and fired. I lost the fun of seeing the hedgehog come tumbling down through the branches, as I was at that time engaged in extracting myself from an old spruce top. Fortunately my brother watched the gun and saw where it landed. That was the first hedgehog I ever killed, and the first time I was ever laid on my back by the recoil of a gun, but by no means the last time. We got a fire to going in camp, and I dried my clothes and was once more comfortable.

That night my brother set his gun close by the berth where we slept, also having a lamp and matches handy. I being very weary with my day's work, slept soundly, but my brother always slept with his ears at half cock. Along in the night, when I was sleeping soundly, I was terribly startled by a thundering roar from my brother's gun, and as I demanded, "what in the world had happened," he chuckled a moment and then pointed to a hedgehog which just filled the hole in the corner of the door, with his head all blown away by the charge of shot. Thus by these and other experiences, I may say my brother, George, first broke me into the realization that a hunter's life was not all cream and honey.

An old lady stopping at my home teaching school, was very much frightened one night by a hedgehog. She was very superstitious, and her imagination was something great. She heard something rustling under her window at night, and then as the hedgehog began to gnaw on the clapboards, supposed it to be a burglar trying to force open the window. She was not the only one to hear the gnawing, for my brother, George, although asleep in the chamber, had heard it, and knowing what it was, arose, drew on his pants,

and taking his double gun, was creeping around the corner to where he could hear the gnawing going on. The old lady had about determined to scream "robbers!" when there came a flash and heavy report of a gun, and she at once imagined a human being lying under her window, bleeding from an ugly wound in the side. She was, however, pacified the next morning on finding, instead of a dead man, only a little, insignificant hedgehog.

I was once very much disappointed by an affair which occurred to me while guiding at Billy Soules'. I was with a gentleman named Ostby, and on this particular day, Billy was with us at a pond some six hundred yards in diameter. We were out in a boat paddling around the outlet, fishing. It was a quiet, sunny day in the month of June. The fish refused to bite, and we ceased talking and began to look for some game. We had been thus occupied perhaps twenty minutes when there came a wailing cry from across the pond. It commenced in a high key and ran off in short, lamenting notes, similar to a young puppy. I had never heard a cub bear, but Mr. Ostby had and declared that to be one. Billy was also of the same belief, and I thought it sounded very much as I should expect a young bear to cry when in distress or abandoned by its mother. Billy was in the stern with the paddle, I in the middle and Mr. Ostby in the bow with a shot gun and alder rod. I touched him on the back and said in a whisper, "drop your rod overboard." He done so and took up his gun, and Billy turned the boat about and paddled noiselessly along the shore in the direction of the mysterious sound.

Occasionally we were guided by the cry which seemed to come from a point very near the water's edge, where the evergreen trees grew in a dense cluster hanging out over the dark waters, entirely obscuring the sun around their

trunks, leaving a shaded cool place, which seemed a very inviting place for a she-bear to lay down, to suckle her cubs. As we approached the spot by the skillful paddler, I again touched Mr. Ostby, saying, "Cock your gun and make ready to shoot, for if that 's a cub, the mother is there too, and will be ugly." He drew back both hammers, and I, myself, reached around under my left elbow and drew forth an old Colt's revolver, observed that it was loaded, and holding it in position to shoot, sat straining my eyes into the dark space among the tree trunks, expecting every moment to see a bear rise to its feet to interview us. We had run our boat within fifty feet of the shore, when again came the wailing cry, this time very near; and I heard Billy whisper, "Oh fush, do n't shoot him, you may frighten some game." I turned quickly to him and followed his eyes, saw a hedgehog sitting on a log which projected out into the water, where he had come to take in the beauties of the scenery and sing a few airs. I was disgusted beyond description, and would have fired on it but for Billy's persisting against it; however, we left the old fellow undisturbed and passed on in sullen silence.

I once saw a hedgehog swimming in the lake and killed it. It had crossed from an island one-fourth mile distant, and was near the shore when I saw it. I never knew any good to come from a hedgehog, and there is no end to the trouble which comes from them in localities where they are plenty. Besides their quills and their gnawing of articles left around camps, one hedgehog will reduce a shade tree to ruin, be it poplar, elm, birch, maple, beech or any other hard-wood tree, in one night; therefore I always expend the contents of my revolver on one, wherever I meet it, and think I take no charms from these woods by so doing.

## CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, DEC. 14TH.

Cloudy and mild ; some wind from the northwest in the afternoon. Jim Bragg came with Mr. H. P. Wells and Mr. Marston. Mr. Wells stops with us till January second, while Mr. Marston returns to his business in a week. I am to guide the former, and Alec the latter. We spent the afternoon looking over our kit and making preparations.

## CAMP CARIBOU, MONDAY, DEC. 15TH.

Quite warm in forenoon, snow slightly sticky. Danforth, I and Mr. Wells went over on the Birch Corner line a piece, and turned off to the north, crossing Moose Brook, and hitting out at the hedgelogs' works, and coming down the logging road to the lake ; we saw no signs of game. Had dinner in the woods and enjoyed a good tramp. Alec and his man had dinner at Beaver Pond. They found one deer and run him away. Mr. Wells and I developed some plates to-night, which he exposed on his way up yesterday and to-day. Had good success with them. We have prepared to go to Cupsuptic Pond to-morrow where we hope to meet with success and bag a deer.

## CUPSUPTIC CAMP, TUESDAY, DEC. 16TH.

Cold and clear to-day. Twelve below zero in the morning, but perfectly clear and sunny. We all came over here to-day. Took some photographs on the way over. Crossed several deer tracks on the way over. We arrived about two hours before dark.

## CUPSUPTIC CAMP, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17TH.

Mr. Wells, Danforth and I started on a hunt this morning ; went over in the direction of Gouger's Gulch. The weather was quite warm, yet not warm enough to make the snow melt. We found some deer and jumped two of

them; I took the tracks and run them across Arnold's River, and about one hour north. I ran and calculate came near catching them, but they separated and I lost him. We found the snow-shoeing very hard, as our course lay through a country which had blown down, and thickly sprung up with young firs. Danforth and I took turns at breaking ahead. In many places the man ahead, while walking over what appeared to be a large knoll, would suddenly disappear to his armpits, and find he had broken through the snow which had covered a thick growth of small firs. Then he was obliged to cut the small trees in front of him, and tread the snow down to the bottom for some distance, to where it would hold him again. Of course it was more comfortable for the one in the middle.

The trees are all loaded very heavy with snow over here, causing very many of the slender ones to bow low enough to touch their tops to the surface of the snow. We found deer tracks in plenty to begin with and then worked along in the general directions which they ran. They soon began to appear fresher and soon after entering a growth of maples we found where they had been this morning. I brushed the snow from the rifle and gave it to Mr. Wells and fell in the rear, where I remained watching out as best I could. We overhauled them where they stood feeding from a spruce tree which had lately fallen. When we reached the place where they had started, jumping some eight feet at a jump, making a hole in the snow about as large as a water-pail, at each time they struck, Danforth, who was ahead, and had not spoken above a whisper for a space of half an hour, suddenly halted and looking at Mr. Wells, with a smile of consolation, said, in his usual tone, "There, Mr. Wells, those deer are right in the further one of them holes, and the one next to it." "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Wells, handing me the rifle.

We turned away, and began preparing for a lunch, when I expressed a desire to give them chase. It was granted and taking a biscuit and the rifle, I lit out after them. On a down grade, which I soon reached, I was able to press them so hard that they soon separated, which I took to be a last resort to escape, as they always do that, knowing that only one will be followed; but although I strained every muscle, I did not even get in sight of him. He skirted close to Arnold's Bog and the river also. After crossing the river, the running was better for him and worse for me. He led me through four deer yards, in which he ran for some distance, thus getting the advantage of me. I gave him up, about one and one-half miles from Arnold's Bog. It seemed much longer as I came back. On the bog my clothes froze stiff all over me, as they were wet with perspiration and melting snow. On arriving at camp, I found all there, except Danforth, who had gone up the river to look for the beaver. He came, however, before I had finished brushing the snow from me. He looked at me for a moment, evidently studying my countenance, and then broke out, "Where did you leave them?" I told him that I left them about three miles this side of Megantic Lake.

CAMP CUPSUPTIC, THURSDAY, DEC. 18TH.

Warm and snowy early this morning. The snow fell in blinding clouds, driven by a heavy north-west wind. Six inches fell last night. The weather grew steadily colder all day, and the snow continued to fall. We went in search of the beaver. They had come down the river, as was indicated by the trail they made through the snow, and occasionally a bush cut off. But we could not find where they are at present, although we searched the river, below the pond, and all the streams entering the pond.

After we had satisfied ourselves with hunting beaver, which we did about two o'clock, we struck for the trail, which leads to Arnold's Bog from here. On reaching the boundary, we turned to the right to search for an iron post, which we knew was planted there. There is supposed to be one at every half mile, but we calculate they are planted at spaces of not less than two miles. We passed it without seeing it, as it was under the snow and showed no mound above. Finding, however, that we had passed it, we retraced our steps, looking for signs of an ax, as Danforth remembered of cutting the alders away from it four or five years ago. Soon we found the stub end of an alder, cut by an ax, appearing above the snow. We removed our snowshoes and using them for shovels, commenced digging for the iron post. At last we found it. I was dispatched after the camera which was at camp, and as Mr. Marston had remained at camp, since dinner, he accompanied me back to take a look at the iron post. Mr. Wells exposed five plates on it, each one different from the rest, by having one of us, or some snowshoes and a rifle or ax in it. Alec was out alone this afternoon, but did not find any game. Our camp is warm and nice, even in the coldest of weather, quite different from what it was last fall or early this fall, before the snow got deep. On the east side of the camp the icicles reach from the roof, even to the snow, the whole length of the camp. Alec, Danforth and I all sleep in one berth, and under one width of blankets. We put Danforth in the middle, between us, and lay "spoon fashion," so as to keep him nice and warm. Sometimes he struggles and complains, and then we know he is suffering with cold and we cover his head and lay closer. My legs found considerable fault with me to-day for the work I forced upon them yesterday.

## CAMP CARIBOU, FRIDAY, DEC. 19TH.

Cold, windy and snowy, as usual. We arose early as usual and had a good breakfast, served by Alec as usual. After breakfast we talked matters over, and as Mr. Marston was obliged to go home on Sunday, next, we concluded best to return to Parmachenee to-day. Alec and I took the lead, and cumbered with our packs, which were nearly as heavy as when we came in, and the newly fallen snow in the trail, we had hard work to keep far in advance of our sportsmen, who were looked out for by Danforth. The frost gathered on Alec's beard in a great quantity. Icicles formed on his hair around his forehead. We took turns in breaking ahead, but in spite of our exertions Danforth came up before we had done scarcely anything at Beaver Pond Camp. We made a good fire, and brushed the snow from all hands, and soon had things warm and nice inside. We had dinner of toasted bread and coffee, brought along in our packs from Cupsuptic. Before removing his snow-shoes, Mr. Wells took a photograph of the camp, Alec and I being at work before it. Alec was unaware of Mr. Wells' proceedings and failed to hear the usual "All ready now, steady!" and struck a blow with his ax, spoiling the first picture. The second was all right, however. After dinner we smoked and talked as long as we liked, then tied on our snow-shoes and continued our journey. When we came onto the lake the wind struck us with a sharpness which caused us to turn away our faces and hurry on. Alec and I had just time to brush off our snow before the rest of the party arrived. The fire in the office was doing its duty when we entered, and soon we were each of us spread out all over a chair.

## CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, DEC. 20TH.

Clear, sharp and no wind all day. Mr. Wells and I



worked in the dark room till dinner, developing plates. Had very good success with them. It was very interesting to me to watch them as the figures came out on them. One I had a special interest in. It was my photograph, taken as I stood with my revolver in my hand, but when we developed it, there appeared two dark lines across it on a parallel with my breast. Danforth said it made me look just exactly as though I was guarding a stockade ; but I don't think so. After dinner, which was a very good one on account of an old stew, the best one I ever tasted, Danforth, I and Mr. Wells, put on our snow-shoes to go and visit Little Boys' Falls. The water was coming onto the ice rapidly, and as we passed over it on the river, it caused a funny sensation to come over us, a fear of slipping down or sinking to the bottom through the wet snow ; either one was impossible though. Alec and Mr. Marston had been up ahead of us in the forenoon, but the water had come up in his tracks, so we could not keep in them all the way. We reached the falls and took three views there ; the sun had fell so low that our views were all in the shade. On our way down we all three got into the water, wetting our snow-shoes several times, causing the ice to form on the underside of them rapidly, as we walked until we could reach a place where the water had come to the surface and froze ; here we would halt and knock the ice off, and go on. Before we reached the lake the sun, which had been shining constantly all day, had disappeared behind the Parmachenee Boquet, and as we came from the cut-off down to the camp, we witnessed as pretty sunset as I ever saw, without any clouds. The whole western horizon, clear around to the south-east, was tinged with every color from light yellow to dark blue, and there are many shades between the two. As we arrived at camp the teams, which take Mr. Marston out to the settlement in the morning,

arrived. Mr. Wells, after thinking for some time in silence this evening, remarked: "I believe it is harder work to travel on a lake or river than it is to go through the woods." I informed him that it was much harder, though no one could understand why it should be until after trying it once. Every step being exactly like the rest, makes it very tiresome, though any one can make more rapid progress for a few miles on a lake than he can crooking and dodging through the trees. I calculate that ten hours of walking on the lake would make the toughest man alive as tired, *i. e.* leg weary, as the tiredest. Yet any one accustomed to snow-shoeing can go ten hours through the woods on comparatively good snow-shoeing and come in fresh and hearty.

I remember of coming in one night quite hearty, though not so fresh as I might have been had I not been so very hearty. I was in company with Billy Soule in the spring of 1888, about the middle of March. We were trapping for beaver on the Cusuptic River, some twelve or fifteen miles above Camp Parmachenee. We had a small camp located here in a convenient place, with an open fire in the center. The morning to which I refer was a regular spring morning, cold and frosty, the snow was crisp and very easy to pass over. We started before sunrise, as is the custom at this season of the year, to look over some new country further up the river, than we had been. So rapid did we press on, that before the sun had thawed the crust any, we had put several miles between us and our camp. At noon we fell a tree, which grew near the river brink, on to the ice and sitting down on this, ate a lunch consisting of a few cold flap-jacks and meat. After this we again continued our march up stream with some intentions of going to Arnold's Bog. This idea, however, was soon given up, and having

found three families of beavers, and set all the traps we had along with us, we turned to retrace our steps to camp. It was after twelve o'clock when we turned back, and the surface of the snow was soaking full of water, the coarse snow yielded six inches at every step. Our feet were as wet as they could be, and our snow-shoes three times the weight they were when we started out in the morning. Step by step we urged ourselves on, once in a while saying to each other, "Just think of that stack of flap-jacks we are going to have for supper." We were both ravenous hungry, and began to make plans for supper before we were within a mile of camp. Our custom was for one to fry flap-jacks for the other till he was full and then change, and the other fry for the first man. I said as I glanced at the fast falling shadows in the valleys, and noted that we should be very late to camp, I said "I'll tell you what I'll do, Billy, when we reach camp, and get a good fire going, I'll fry for you first, till you are full, if it takes me till midnight to fill you up, and then you just fry for me till I say enough, and you will do well." "No sir," exclaimed Billy, "I'll fry for you till you say enough, and then you can take your time to cook for me."

Thus we disputed as we walked on, and came as near quarreling as we ever did, and finally reached camp, after dark, aching in every limb. We soon had a cheerful fire crackling at the chimney, and the figures danced on the walls. We both made for the dough pan and the dispute begun fresh to see who should eat last. Billy being the oldest and firm in his determination to first cook while I ate, I gave in, consenting to eat first, but first remarking, that I would make it sweet for him before he got to his supper. The fry-pan smoked, Billy shouted and threw the flap-jacks high in the air catching them again in the pan as they fell, and when they were cooked to a nice brown on both sides,

turned them out into my plate, saying as he did so, "Ha, here's a good one for you, Dan! put it into you! plenty more where it come from!" and again he would cover the pan with a batter of thin dough. As I calmly drove my fork through the eighth flap-jack and carried it to my mouth, Billy's jovial spirit began to fag. He no longer shouted, "Here you go, Dan! I'll have another ready when that disappears!" but instead would simply turn them out, in my plate, on my legs or even the ground beside me, without a word, and quietly commence another. While I was buttering the eleventh one, which, like all its companions, was the full size of the fry-pan, he glanced into the dough-dish and drew a long breath. I thought it about time to quit, beside I thought I had given him a sufficient punishment. Not a word had been spoken for ten minutes, although our—my supper I should say, had begun with laughter and many jokes. As he carelessly let the twelfth one fall on the ground between us I remarked in a cool, steady tone, "There Billy, that will do for me to-night." In answer he adopted the same tone with which I addressed him, only a trifle more low and sullen, and growled out, "It won't will it?" To clear away all chances of any hard feelings I burst into a wild fit of laughter, in which Billy joined, and soon I was seated, fry-pan in hand, tossing the smoking flap-jacks in the air, while Billy ate his fill, and we finished our day by smoking the pipe of peace.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST.

Cold and clear at daybreak this morning, but along the eastern horizon were long, black clouds; as the sun arose it soon disappeared, and the clouds grew thicker. Mr. Marston took an early start for Berlin this morning, but as the road is bad on account of the recent snow, he will probably spend two whole days in reaching there. Mr.

Wells took about twenty photographs and views to-day. We curtained the office windows and worked in there. He had some bad luck with the portraits on account of it being so dark. I made some peanut candy after supper. Snow began to fall at three o'clock P. M. The weather has moderated and a foot of snow is quite possible. Alec went up to the Black Pond trail as far as the upper dam and left a load of kerosene and other imperishable things, cutting the brush as he went. He carried his revolver for the first time, and shot a partridge and squirrel. His trail will be a great help to us when we go to Black Pond, which we shall probably do soon after the arrival of F. S. Billings.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, MONDAY, DEC. 22ND

Snowy and windy all day; warm in the morning but colder before night. Jim Bragg came with S. F. Billings and David Billings. They arrived early and in good condition. Mr. Wells did n't venture into the woods to-day, but took several interior pictures, giving them from four minutes to one hour exposure, with good result. I received four letters to-night, two from my sisters and one from some one else's sister. I got tired of the office to-day and wanted to go away in the woods. I thought of the difference between this winter and three years ago, when I was gathering spruce gum for the market. Spruce gum is gathered either in the early fall, before the snow has fallen to a depth to make traveling very hard, or else in March, when snow-shoeing is very good. Although much of the gum is under snow and can not be got in the spring, so much more country can be taken in in a day, which is much longer in spring than fall, that, on the whole, I can gather more gum in spring on snow-shoes than in fall on bare ground. A man with experience can average forty pounds per day. The quality consists of all that grows on

spruce trees of the gum or pitch kind, with a good supply of bark, and is called "barrel" or "rough gum," and sells at from four to seven cents per pound. From 100 pounds of barrel gum may be sorted one and one-half pounds of clear gum, which sells at from thirty cents to one dollar per pound. This kind of gum may seem to be the kind that pays best, but on the contrary, it does not pay to pick out the finest quality as the barrel gum will bring a cent more a pound with it in. The gum grows, usually, in a crack in the trees, which extends from the ground up, sometimes the whole length of the tree, but usually not above ten feet. It also appears where a tree has been injured by another falling against it or on account of having been "blazed" or "spotted" with the ax.

The very finest quality of clear gum appears on the bark of the spruce, coming out and hanging down like thick molasses, being very transparent and hard to see, as it appears where no wound has been inflicted on the tree. In the case of "seam gum", the farther up the gum runs the better the quality. Very little if any clear gum is found less than five feet above the ground. Gum must be gathered in cold weather, when it is brittle, and will not stick together. The method of gathering it is very simple. One has an axe of good weight and length of handle, and a bag or knap-sack on his back, and a catching bag in his hand. This bag is usually made from an ordinary meal-bag cut off at the middle with a hoop sewed into it to keep it open. The advantage this arrangement has over a tin pan or pail is, first, when not in use, it can be carried in the hand carelessly, without danger from spilling its contents; second, it does not catch any snow while being carried through the woods, as it falls from the bushes. When the gathering bag is filled, its contents are looked over, and the largest pieces of bark thrown out, and then

emptied into the pack. Not much time is expended picking out bark and sticks in the woods. It is generally sorted out thoroughly after it has been carried to camp. Of course there are many wet and snowy days to be contended with, and a gummer can use his own judgment as to whether it is going to pay him better to work hard and suffer exposure, than to lay in camp and take care of himself, and lose his time.

I once gummied with a fellow that would gather and bring in thirty or forty lbs. twice a day. He used an instrument similar in appearance to a large tunnel, with a rounded chisel fastened to one edge, and a jointed handle in the snout. With this he could reach gum twenty feet above his head. I never tried an arrangement of that kind, but it seems very good for collecting a finer quality of gum. A large quantity of the finer quality is collected by lumbermen during the winter. Farm boys also gather it, as a method of obtaining a little pocket money, and having a good time in the woods. Near where I used to live, and where I was born, lived an old lady, who must have been over fifty years of age, who used to pick gum at quite an extent. Once she got lost and wandered till nearly night, when discovering her situation, she sat down on a log, drew out her pipe, and after filling and lighting it, commenced shouting at intervals, till some one at my home hearing her, went to her aid, and led her home.

The clear gum is sold pure just as it is bought at the retail country stores, but the rough or barrel gum is put through a series of refinement before being used. I was taken into an apartment and shown where one year's harvest of gum, gathered by myself, was refined. There was a box which would hold two hundred pounds of gum. It was shaped something like a hopper, being nearly square, one end being narrower than the other, and the bottom

sloping towards the narrow end. In the bottom was a wire screen two inches from the bottom. A hole was cut in the narrow end close down to the bottom of the box. Into this box was run a steam pipe, one inch in diameter, the other end being attached to a tightly covered kettle on an arch or furnace. The wire screen was covered with a layer of spruce boughs, and the gum after being washed in cold water to remove everything that would float, was turned in and covered with a tight cover. A barrel was set under the hole in the box, to catch the gum as it melted and run out, and the steam turned on. The steam pipe entering the bottom of the box, would melt the gum and cause it to flow down through the boughs, which would strain out all particles, allowing only the clear gum to run into the barrel, which when cool was solid like rosin. This was shipped to a firm in Portland who gave fifteen cents per pound for it, and this firm, after putting it through a process known probably only to themselves, turned it out wrapped in paper, in small cakes, each containing one chew, which if sold at one cent each, would give them an enormous profit.

I know a gentleman who has bought gum in and around my native town for years. He tries it out and, while still hot, pours it over a smooth surface of marble, cuts it into squares, wraps each square, by itself, in a neat-labelled paper, and sells it out in different cities of New England, and makes much money by the operation. It seems to me as though chewing gum must be very rare in some of the western states, and that a sale might be worked up there so as to make gumming more of a business. One man which I sold gum to, sent a sample to a firm in Nebraska, asking what price he would pay for gum of that grade, and received a reply that he did not know what it was, and if the sample which was sent to him was pure gum.



## CAMP CARIBOU, TUESDAY, DEC. 23RD.

Sunny and mild to-day. Danforth, I and Mr. Wells went over to Cal. Johnson's logging works to get some pictures and ideas for Mr. Wells to write an article on. We got a sable at Birch Corner, where Alec killed his doe. We struck Little Black Cat and soon after crossing came into a two-sled road, which we followed up among some yards, and after looking them over and taking some pictures of them, took a road and followed it up to the camp. We reached camp just after the crew had left after dinner, forty-five men. Either they had eat everything eatable in camp, or else there never was anything. The camps were built new last fall, but they were the toughest in appearance, on the inside, that I ever saw. They were well furnished with stoves and blankets, but I don't think the men's camp had been swept since the day it was built. Mr. Wells saw the lumber yards and two-horse teams drawing logs, but I had no time to go up where the choppers were at work. We arrived here late in the afternoon, to find the lake and island well tracked over with snow-shoes, where Billings had been practicing. We made preparations to go to Lower Black Pond to-morrow. John Olson came to guide David Billings.

## LOWER BLACK POND, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24TH.

We spent considerable time packing up this morning. We loaded our knapsacks and rifles on a sled and Olson, Alec and I drew it. The rest of the party strung out behind. The wind cut down the lake, making our beards white with ice and frost, and stimulating us to activity. The walking was good on snow-shoes on the lake and river, and we threw lemons at each other at times as we passed on. When we reached the branch we set up our sled in the snow and took our knapsacks on our backs.

Our packs were not above the usual weight and we made good time. The trail, made by Alec lately, was a great help. When we reached the upper gate dam, which we did soon after noon, we guides, who were ahead, began preparing for a fire and luncheon. I dug a tea pail and cups out of the snow, and we shoveled a hole for the fire and for the sportsmen to set in. Dry wood was very plenty and soon after all hands arrived we had a brisk fire burning. Coffee was prepared and bread toasted and we took a good lunch. Mr. Wells photographed the scene after lunch was over, and we started on. When we reached the end of Alec's trail, which was one and one-half miles from camp, Danforth, who had a light load, came to the front and broke all the way to camp. Some of the boys were quite tired until they saw the camp. Mr. Wells and F. S. Billings took pictures before we unpacked or took off our snow-shoes. Plenty of wood was in camp. We shoveled the snow all away from the door-yard and banked the camp up to its eaves with the snow, which is four feet deep. We soon had our outside leggings off and drying, and the camp was warm and nice. Fried steak, bread and syrup, with tea, butter and sugar, made our supper. Early in the evening we began making preparations to relieve Santa Claus of the most of his load. Seven pair of long stockings were pinned together and thrown over a pole, which lay on the collar beams of our camp. There were no end to the talk and jokes at the expense of old Santa. Soon after the light was extinguished a few dusky forms could be seen moving around our stockings and considerable paper and birch bark rustling.

LOWER BLACK POND, THURSDAY, DEC. 25TH.

Cold and sharp this morning. We overhauled our stockings the first thing after camp was warmed. They

contained chiefly kindling-wood and birch bark, but I had two cigars and a watch and five dollar bill. Alec and Olson had each a five dollar bill, cigars, some candy. Each article was thoroughly discussed and its merits all settled and declared to be "just what I wanted" before another was removed. Danforth had an imitation clock filled with candy and a bottle of "Hood's Sarsaparilla." The sportsmen each had a mink skin, well tanned, besides Mr. Wells had a case of eighteen lead pencils and a fish-hook large enough to catch a cod-fish on. A weasel skin appeared in Frank Billings' stocking and a fine cigar cutter. After we had all been to breakfast Alec and I were sent to look for deer and kill one, if possible. Alec left in the direction of Cupsuptic Pond, with rifle and snow-shoes, so I went in the direction of Black Pond. I was aware of the presence of a cold breeze as I hurried across the pond. I entered the woods at the upper end of the pond and struck off west. I tramped through maple swamps and along a hard-wood hill for a long time, and then, as I entered a vast track of dead-wood, stretching away to westward and down hill, I turned more south. I wandered awhile in a cedar swamp without seeing any deer signs, and then lit out south to cross the branch and go over around Sable Ridge. I had got into the valley of the branch and could see across onto Sable Ridge, when I saw a good deer track. He was ploughing quite a furrow most of the way, and going west. I at once turned and began following him at a good brisk walk. Sometimes he jumped and ran a few rods, but most of the time he walked and I could see that snow was up to his belly.

After going thus for about one-half mile, I jumped him out from under a spruce top where he was laying. As soon as I found his tracks were jumping regular, I put my hand into the snow in them and finding them fresh, and knowing

I had really started him, I broke into a run. He kept about the same elevation running west, and keeping among spruce trees as much as possible, where the snow was the thinnest. In about three minutes as usual my wind gave out. The cold air choked me and made my teeth ache, as I was obliged to breathe through my mouth to get air, and even then it seemed as though I must suffocate. This however lasted but a few moments, and I got my second wind. The sweat began to start all over me and I pulled the throttle-valve wide open and charged on regardless. I had a bet with F. S. Billings in the morning, of twenty-five dollars, that I would run down and kill a deer less than fifteen minutes from the time I started him, and I put on all the steam possible, at the first end of the chase. I studied the track that my game left and it promised very good luck in less than fifteen minutes if I didn't break a snow-shoe. Sometimes he was stuck for a moment in an old brush-pile, but most of the time he made about eight feet at a jump. The longer I ran, the better I felt, and on a down grade I endeavored to jump a log without losing any headway, and in doing so I caught my snow-shoe sending me head-first into the soft snow some ten feet down the hill. I was up and off, having no spare time or breath to compliment that log with.

I had looked at my watch soon after starting, and my hopes ran high, as I noted the crooks and sudden tacks my deer was making. The first thing I saw of it was the steam of its breath floating off in the sunlight, the background being dark, but soon after I caught a glimpse of the deer itself. With all my remaining strength I made a spurt up a hill, a few yards and saw my game buried in the snow about twenty-five yards away, struggling to get through a pile of brush. I instantly fired behind its shoulder and put a stop to its running. It was a good large doe and had

warmed me up in good shape. After walking around it for a moment and getting my breath, I dug a hole in the snow, put in some boughs and laid the deer on them all straight, as I was told not to put a knife into it if I got one, but keep it for a subject to photograph. So I covered it first with boughs and then snow, and struck out for camp as fast as I could. I had caught her in twelve minutes, and as it was only twelve o'clock, I hoped to reach camp in season for Mr. Wells to come out with his camera that day and get his pictures. But I was further away than I anticipated, and I came into the trail where it leaves the two-sled route, about two miles from camp. From this point to where I left the deer is not very far. Took me about five minutes to sail down, but sailing down and climbing up on snow-shoes is two different things.

I got to camp as quick as I could, to find Alec skinning a deer which he had drawn in, also. He got his quicker than I did mine. He either run faster than I did or else the deer didn't run so fast. It was a little buck. Danforth passed out his "Hood's Sarsaparilla" before I got my snow-shoes off. Great excitement reigned in camp to-night, which Alec and I did not try to lessen. Alec had shot one deer, and there was another running ahead of it which he did not try to get; and I had seen another deer between where I killed one and where I came into the trail. It was a small one, but I run it down in less than five minutes and passed by it, leaving it standing in snow up to its chin, as I had no desire to kill it, nor need of its meat. I let it live, thinking it would be a good target for some of the sportsmen to-morrow. F. S. Billings called it my little pet fawn that I was going out to kill to-morrow. The boys caught a good string of fish up to the pond to-day, fifty-two in number. It was so late when I got to camp that we postponed any further work till to-morrow.

## BLACK POND, FRIDAY, DEC. 26TH.

Cold and sharp. Danforth, I and Mr. Wells started out on my buck tracks to the scene of my hunt yesterday and to give Mr. Wells a shot, too, if possible. The rest of the party went after the deer that Alec let go. When we reached the place where I run by my second deer, there were plenty of fresh tracks going through the woods in all directions, some of them made by a very large deer. I had the camera and our lunch on my back and a rifle in my hand, so I stayed back with Mr. Wells and let Danforth mouse around. We could see him every few minutes, as he followed up one road and down another, searching the trails carefully for a fresh track. In a few minutes he struck the tracks of a big deer that had gone off up the hill, clearing the snow ten feet at a jump, although it was nearly four feet in depth. Danforth turned partly around, beckoned us to follow, and then disappeared, going at an easy run up the hillside, on the trail of that unfortunate deer. I did not quicken my pace any knowing that Mr. Wells could not stand it, but picking out the best walking to be had, and breaking down now and then a branch, or kicking the snow off the logs, which we stepped over, I kept steadily on. I took advantage of all the cut offs I could, going across the corners, whenever there was a sudden turn in the pursuer and the pursued. Soon our deer came to the trail which me and my deer made yesterday, and followed it for nearly one-half mile, this gave both Danforth and his game better running, and they scored first-rate. I could study the tracks, and tell about how the chase was getting along. I soon found that the deer was an uncommonly large one and was being hard pressed. He would amble along easily when the big spruces were thick, in order to get rest, and then when he reached open growth where the snow was deepest, he would let out with all his might, as in doing so

he reached bottom at each bound, and could therefore jump again. But whenever he missed bottom he was obliged to wallow through, to where he could get another start. But where was Johnny all this time, let me ask? Johnny had not walked a step since he first started, that I could see by his tracks, and he kept leaving them as far apart as when he started. In one place another deer came into line behind Danforth and run on his snow-shoe track for some distance in front of Mr. Wells and I forming a procession of five. In about an hour from the time we commenced the chase, we came to a good down grade. Here apparently, both deer and man gained courage, they certainly gained headway. At times it looked as if it was too good running for the game, and then his jumps would become very close together. It was getting past noon and we had been going directly away from camp, nearly all the time. I suspected Mr. Wells was becoming tired, and perhaps a little discouraged, when we saw Danforth coming back towards us. We stopped and hailed him, "Hallo, he is a tough one ain't he?" "Yes," replied Danforth, "but come on, I got him pretty well cooked down here, he has stopped running, and I can't drive him with clubs." We followed him nearly one-half mile, and then saw the head and ears of a big deer, looking at us over a knoll. Mr. Wells took the rifle and shot him through the head. It was as large a buck as I ever saw, but he had shed his horns some time ago. We took two photographs of him, and then I began to skin him, while Danforth prepared and built a good fire. I had him nicely dressed as soon as Danforth had finished cutting wood, and Mr. Wells eating his lunch. Danforth and I ate our lunch and warmed ourselves and lighted our pipes, then as Mr. Wells set on the hide and Danforth stood by the fire, I got off a proper distance and took a picture of the whole thing. We hung up the

meat, and taking the hide only, turned our steps toward camp. We walked an hour and then hit the two-sled road almost in sight of the upper dam. Nothing more occurred worth mentioning, till we got about one-half mile from camp, and there we saw where the boys had come into the trail drawing a deer. On reaching camp we found them all within, and all had met with success. Both Frank and David Billings had killed a deer. We could make camp as hideous as we wanted to to-night, but the hideous part was all mine last night. Olson, Alec and I slept under the same set of blankets. I in the middle. The water ran down on the logs beside Olson, and he crowded away. Alec was afraid of hurting Mr. Wells, who had a boil on his back, so he braced away from him. I stood it till after twelve o'clock and then waking up for the fifteenth time, I found I was wedged in tighter than a brick in the pavement. I struggled desperately, and as soon as I got a little above the centre, I bounced up about two feet and my two friends who had tried so hard to keep me warm came together with a slap. I slept in a chair the remainder of the night and kept fire which was very comfortable.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, SATURDAY, DEC. 27TH.

Seven inches of snow fell last night. Wind blowed to-day, but it was not very cold. Mr. Wells and I started about nine o'clock P. M. to come out to Caribou on account of the camp being crowded too much. Alec and J. Olson came part way with us to get the meat that we all killed yesterday. I went up to my deer with Alec to show him where it was and Olson went along with Mr. Wells till he came to where we came into the two-sled road yesterday after Wells shot his buck, and then branched off after that meat. After showing Alec my deer I hurried off after Mr. Wells, but did not overtake him till he nearly reached



where the trail passes near the branch the Canada tote road crosses it. Here I came up with him and took the lead. My pack only weighed about thirty-five pounds. It was more tiresome on the river and lake than in the woods. We saw where two deer had crossed the river a short distance above Little Boys' Fall. We hesitated about following them, but being hungry and some tired, gave it up. They crossed this morning, going east. Reached camp about three o'clock P. M. Spent the remainder of the day developing plates. The photographs of our big buck was all three first rate, but we got a double exposure on the camp some way, and spoiled it. Mr. Wells was much disappointed about it, as he wanted a picture of the camp.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH.

Cold and windy all day. We did not venture out nor take any photographs. Spent the day mending Mr. Wells' moccasins and finishing his plates. The mercury fell from four above at three P. M. to twelve below at dark, promise of a cold morning to-morrow. The snow blew in clouds on lake all day and the air was filled with frost. The sun could be seen at times like a flap-jack in a fry-pan after dark, but such visits were not very frequent and of short duration. I did not like sitting in the office all day and we planned to go for those deer that crossed the river above the falls yesterday morning.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, MONDAY, DEC. 29TH.

Twenty-one below zero at five this morning, but grew warmer rapidly as the sun rose and a fine snow set in. We started, not very early, for up river. Spent considerable time on the way. Had lunch at the place where the deer crossed river. I cut down a good, dry fir stub, which

made a good fire. We had coffee as usual, with plenty of pastry, and after eating our fill, hung our knapsack on a branch and, taking the rifle and ax, crossed the river and went off on the trail of the two deer. The best we could do we was obliged to pass through as bad traveling as I ever saw, all up and down steep hills. The thick firs on the hillsides supported the snow some five or eight feet above the ground, making it appear smooth enough, but in walking out on it we would sink sometimes out of sight in it. Our snow-shoes would tip up, and down we would go, and once down it was very hard to climb back on top again. The valleys were a swamp of alders and the ridges on top thickly grown with cherry-trees and old spruce tops. On one occasion I went back to assist Mr. Wells, who had broken through and gone to his arm-pits, when, as I gave him a lift, I went in, also, far down among the brush, and we struggled there in a pile for some time, before getting our snow-shoes straightened out and beating the snow down to enable us to climb out.

We, however, found and jumped our game at two o'clock. I hesitated about beginning a chase so late in the day, not knowing where or how it would end; but finally the temptation was too strong, and I sailed into them. They did not run as I would have had them run, could I have chosen the kind of traveling myself, but I came in sight of both of them in less than five minutes. They both disappeared soon, and turned and crossed their tracks. I pressed them as hard as I could in such awful doing and in a short time overhauled the smaller one stuck in a hole among the firs, I returned and met Mr. Wells and together we went back to where I left the deer. He was in a hole in the snow among the firs, which was six or eight feet deep. Mr. Wells got up on a mound of snow to shoot and the deer started again to run. Wells levelled his rifle and just as

he was about to fire he broke through among those treacherous firs and sank to his shoulders. Before I could help him out the bird had flown, and with a howl I once more gave chase. The largest deer had branched off before I came up with this one, and I had noticed her tracks. In about ten minutes I once more came up with my slippery, long-legged "want-him-bad" and, as before, he had fallen through the snow in a clump of firs.

I kept back and begun to fill my pipe. Mr. Wells came up some out of breath, and stationing him near where the deer had entered the snow, which was high above its ears, I went around to start him back where he would make a good shot. He came back out of his hole, but did not stop, but bounced off on his back-track as fast as he could. Mr. Wells fired at close range as he run by him, but missed. He fired again after he had got off some seventy-five yards, missing also. I was disgusted this time as I might have stopped him as well as not had I supposed he would not give Mr. Wells a better shot, or even had I thought he could get away by any means with a 44-magazine rifle at play on him. It was now getting late, after three o'clock, and I thought it time to quit, but Mr. Wells wanted him now anyway, so I gave another chase, but he had got onto a deer-road and was making good time, so I gave him up for to-day and went back and met Mr. Wells, and we having lost track of ourselves, took a west course for the river. The walking was not much better on the way out. We wallowed and climbed and cut brush for some time, and after crossing the tote road came out at Cleveland's eddy, not far from where we left our pack at lunch.

We wasted no time, knowing that dark would come before we reached camp, but made as good headway as possible. The recent snows has caused the water to come on the ice quite a good deal; we felt it squash as we walked

over it, and in some places got our snow-shoes wet. I had to watch out sharp for the snow-shoe tracks from the cut-off down to camp, on account of the darkness, but we came in, Mr. Wells not so tired as I expected he would be. We determined to-night to give them same deer another try to-morrow. I do n't think the traveling where they were headed is any better than it was where we caught them, but I am sure it can't be any worse. I was rather inclined to laugh at it at first, as we went after them as much for a pastime as anything else, but after the chase commenced in earnest I got over my laughing. It is very laughable to think of things that when they were happening were of the most serious nature, but happened to turn out all right, and any one having had experiences of that kind generally prize them very high in years later on. I have had some tough times; most of them where my life was really in peril was on the ice or in a boat. I never came very near freezing, starving or getting shot, but for one that has been on the ice as much as I have been, and treacherous ice too, and in storms at both day and night, being in my younger days of a slender build, not possessing the usual physical powers of most boys at that age, what in the world ever kept me from taking a day's bath under water is a mystery to me.

I remember one affair that I took an active part in, that came out rather better than most of my frolics did. It was Nov. 16th, 1882, and I awoke that morning where I lay under the shelter of a rubber blanket at the mouth of Rapid River, on Umbagog Lake. I had the day before been engaged in taking up traps, which were scattered along the east shore of the lake and up Rapid River. I had a few mink and having reached my camping ground after dark, made only the rudest show of a camp. On this morning as I crawled out of my tent, I took in my situation in a

few moments. It was freezing cold, the north-west winds were blowing the lake into foam, and I had many traps on the Magalloway and Androscoggin Rivers, that must be taken up that day, or else be frozen in, for I was sure the rivers would freeze up as soon as the wind went down. Three miles lay between me and the outlet, which must be crossed before any more traps could be taken up, and the wind would be dead ahead all the way. I stood a moment looking out on the turbulent waters and saw the waves go sweeping past, for I was in the windiest part of the lake, when the wind is north-west. I set to work preparing my breakfast, and when it was finished, once more looked over the lake and concluded I would wait a spell, and see if the wind would not go down. I waited, but on the contrary it rather became stronger. So loading my kit into my boat that lay turned over on the rocks, I launched forth, and heading into the wind, commenced the battle.

I had been unfortunate enough this morning to burn the palms of both my mittens, and I took pains to keep the edges tucked under between the oars and my hands. My boat was a ill modeled concern and behaved badly in the wind and waves; besides this there was about one hundred pounds of ice froze into it, my oars began to grow large with ice, and the waves beat me back at times. But I kept steadily at work and made slow headway. I was probably two hours going the three miles but the last part of the trip was much easier than the first on account of the wind blowing off the land making less waves. I entered the river and pulled down towards the dam. Before reaching Mall's carry, I passed through ten rods of thin ice, as I did so thought it would be difficult to do on my way back at night, if the weather held as cold as it was then. I first went up the Magalloway to those traps, and I hauled them in clogs and all, whether they had anything in them or not.

About noon a snow set in, and I suffered with cold a great deal. I hurried to take up all my traps on the Magalloway and when this was done I turned down stream, making as much headway, for I must either reach home that night or be froze out and go home by land, a thing which would have been very difficult for me then. As I rowed away down stream my eyes caught sight of an object apparently swimming down around the bend far behind me. I paused and looked, and although there was no shape to it or anything that looked like anything I ever saw before, I soon concluded it was game and I wanted it. So running my boat in shore close up to the bank I made it fast and taking my gun sat down to watch the mysterious object. At times it seemed about to land, sometimes on one bank and then on the other, it was paddling along in the most careless manner. As it approached nearer I could distinguish the bab, bab, bab, of it at each stroke, and I put buck shot in my gun. As it came abreast of me, it suddenly took the form of a deer's head and standing up in boat making noise enough to cause it to raise its head, I fired one barrel at it and I don't remember seeing a shot strike the water. My sudden appearance caused the deer to turn tail and go for the opposite shore. I stood bewildered at missing such a mark at so short a distance, and I dare not risk the other barrel at the head, I will wait till it is climbing out of the water and then go for a body wound. It soon reached the opposite bank, and dropping its head began slowly to rise out of the water. I let the other barrel go with careful aim. The deer made a great bound up the bank and fell dead. I went across as quick as I could, fairly wild with excitement and joy. I found it to be a very large doe. It gave me a very hard tussle to drag it down the bank and into the boat. It was my first deer. Before this I was shivering with cold, my feet and hands nearly

frozen, but now all at once I am aware both feet and hands are throbbing and burning with heat, and I can stand anything now; and I grasp the oars with fresh vigor, and feeling to have the strength of a giant.

Reaching the mouth of the Magalloway I leap out, drag out my deer which, as yet, has not had a knife in it, then getting in pull down towards the dam. When I leave the boat to go for a trap, I run at the top of my speed. I reached the forks where I left my deer just as the shades of night were beginning to fall. Again I loaded my prize into my boat and pulled for the lake. The only thing that troubled me was the ice above Moll's Carry. It had grown cold all day, and the snow was falling fast and the wind high and coming in gusts. As my boat ground into the ice I saw I was in a scrape, for it was too thick to break and too thin to draw over. I worked twenty minutes thinking it might be thinner further in, but gave it up and pulled for Moll's Carry, which was a carry of about two hundred yards in width, but saving a mile's row. My boat was so heavy with ice that it gave me a hard tussle, but I got it across after a while and then came the traps, blankets, buckets of grub, axe, gun and last the deer, which run like grease over the snow and ice. When all was over it was pitch dark, as dark as any night without a moon and very cloudy. I ate some bread, although I did not like it, but knew it would help me in rowing. I thought of camping, but the darkness prevented my seeing any wood or even a mud-hole. I loaded everything into the boat. There was about thirty yards of ice between the land and the black waters. I shoved my boat across this by cutting holes in it for my feet and soon, by short pushes and much hard work, broke through the ice near the edge and floated out into the clear water. I felt that the hardest part was done, although three and one-half miles lay be-

tween me and home with a night as dark as tar to find it in. The snow had ceased and the wind had increased. At first the water was quite smooth, the wind was aft and helped me along amazingly. I could distinguish the outlines of the mountain-tops and I being familiar with them all had no fear of losing my way. As I drew off the land my boat began to toss on the waves and the quick puffs of wind became stronger, but whenever I turned my head to look forward I saw the legs of my deer projecting over the gunwales, which gave me a feeling of security. My oars were twice their usual size with ice, and the rowlocks being icy also, allowed them to slip around badly. The waves began to make it interesting for me. I could hear them coming up behind me and breaking all around. I could distinguish the largest of them as they followed the boat by the heavy swash as they broke, then as they rolled under the stern it would rise in the air, shoot ahead like an arrow for a moment, then as the wave came amidship it would break and pass on, and the next one take me on its crest and carry me a few yards.

At last I heard the sound of the trampling waves on a rocky shore and knew it was the narrows which, after passing, I should be well protected from the wind. I soon passed them and turned off square along the shore, leaving the breakers to waste their fury out on the rocky point, and pulled along the shore almost in sight of the house. When some five hundred yards from the landing my boat struck with considerable violence against something solid, and I soon discovered that the whole cove was frozen over. I did not wait for it to thaw out, but went ashore at the nearest land, which was a field, and drew out my boat onto the ice and placing everything but six mink which I had on the ground, turned it bottom up over it and with the mink in one hand and a piece of the deer's tail and gun in



the other, I made my way to the house. When I entered the lights were out, but the fire was burning and it was eleven o'clock. Mother had given up waiting for me, thinking I had either camped or drowned before that time. I remember how I swept baked beans and brown bread into eternity that night. The deer I brought home weighed, after being dressed, without the head, hide or feet, 195 pounds, which is very large for a doe, although I should not been surprised or known the difference had she weighed 400 at that time.

CAMP CARIBOU, TUESDAY, DEC. 30TH.

Clear and cold this morning. We abandoned the idea of hunting to-day, it being such a good day to take pictures. Mr. Wells and I went out on the lake and took five views in the forenoon and developed them, found them all right. Went down to the dam after dinner and took some views there. I met three men on the log landing, one of them one of my townsmen. They were just beginning to land timber down there. The sun clouded in after dinner which hurt our business, we got good pictures though. The rest of the party came back from Black Pond. They had had good luck. Killed two more deer since Mr. Wells and I came out. Everybody was in good spirits to-night. Horace Frost and Willie Bragg stopped here to-night. I went to bed early to-night. Heard Danforth telling stories every time I was awake till after midnight.

CAMP CARIBOU, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31ST.

Clear and cold. We used up most of the day taking a few pictures and packing up for the departure to-morrow morning. Jim Bragg came with a four-horse team to take out the party. Danforth and John Olson are going too.

Alec and I will have the whole country to ourselves. It will be a little lonesome for a few days, I expect, but for me I shall be all right after a few days. I am always content after a few days, whether I am alone or not. I can stand it alone longer than I can with company, unless it is the right kind. Company in the back woods sort is quite hard to find. There is liable to be a sort of mutiny in camp where there is only two or three men working hard and in partnership. It takes quite a lot of experience to be able to get along in the woods with a companion or two and have everything go all smooth. Sportsmen who come into the woods on a vacation who always get along well enough anywhere else together, will often quarrel. Black-guarding is very dangerous business, and often brings up hard feelings, especially when there is no third person present. Jokes will certainly grow old after a few days if there is only two in the party and should not be used to any very great extent after they begin to meet with a cold reception. Some men can talk all the evening night after night without saying the same thing twice, and yet be agreeable. Such is John Danforth, but with me there is the same as with many others—times when I simply have nothing to say for a whole day and dislike to be spoken to except on matters of necessity. I once camped with a fellow that always felt grouchy in the morning and much inclined to grumble at everything, but in the evening he was jolly and as good natured a fellow as one could ask for. I soon learned to let him alone when he was in the sulks.

A very important thing to have camp life go smooth is to have a place for everything and keep it there. Of course, there is not so many things in a camp as there is in a workshop to keep in place, but that makes it the more necessary to have them where they can be found. The first thing to be done in the morning is to make up the bed and

then roll it up, beginning at the foot, then the blankets are all straight, and when they are unrolled at night the bed is all ready to crawl into. If any one prefers not to wash the dishes they should be careful not to make it necessary, as a plate well wiped out with a knife or piece of bread and turned over is good enough for a hunter. Another thing I have often noticed in cooking in an ordinary hunter, and that is an attempt to have things as a woman has them at home—something that they have not the material to produce and will come out a failure if tried. The best way to cook is to cook just what you have the material for and know how to use, and have plenty of it and when the meal is finished to take care of what is left and have it fresh and none the worse for age when another meal comes around.

There is many different ways to cook meat that will make it palatable all winter, by changing from one way to another. Steak may be broiled, fried or baked, and will be much more tender and easily digested if left rare, while the ribs and other bones which, for me, are the best part of a deer, can be boiled down to a very rich stew without potatoes, onions or thickening the broth with flour. Bread that has been a little dry makes the best thickening for a stew, and dumplings are very good sometimes if not boiled long after they are done.

It is very natural for any one to be shiftless around camp, letting "some one else do it," but such a person will never succeed very well on account of losing so much time waiting for some one else to get starved or froze out. I can camp out alone with less than half the wood required to keep two persons warm and yet be much warmer than when with a companion and plenty of wood. When alone I lay very close to the fire, which is a long one, and I lay side to it. There is very little camping in the open air at Parmachenee, consequently I prefer a companion. Before

I came to this country I used to go mostly in a canoe, and could therefore carry any amount of camping utensils, but always slept under a rubber blanket or my canoe, which made a very good shelter.

The most dangerous things to encounter when away in the woods is the axe and rifle. The axe I consider far the most dangerous of the two, on account of the chances of it only crippling a man, while a rifle is more apt to kill him outright. There is no way to handle a gun safely but to carry and handle it in a way to keep the muzzle always pointing upwards. How often I have seen men who prided themselves in the careful handling of their arms, on seeing game, cock their gun and swing it around pointing off on a level, and even forget it was cocked, and later discharge it by hitting the trigger. I once had some fine shot fired through my boot in this way, and at another time had a pistol discharged burning a hole through my coat and shirt; the bullet had fallen out in the fellow's pocket or else I should have got that. I think he was more frightened than I was, because I knew at once that I was not shot, but he would not believe it till he saw my skin was whole. However, I don't want to repeat the experience, and any body seeing a companion handling a gun in a careless manner, should call his attention to it.

The usual load for an ordinary man to carry on his back through the woods, is fifty pounds, although this is often run up as high as seventy-five or eighty, and even one hundred pounds. My heaviest load for a long carry is ninety pounds, and I don't want any more of it. I can lug more in the cool woods than I can through burned lands or on a lake or river. I believe the easiest way to get along with a heavy pack is to stop every time it begins to pain you to any great extent and let it rest on a log or rock, for not over one minute and then go on at a rapid

gait. I never had any trouble among the guides of Parmachenee on account of having more than my share of the load. The only chance for a quarrel is with some fellow who insists on carrying some heavy article all the time. It is the same in camping out, they all want to use the axe and cut all the wood, and if any one has got to sleep outside, or there is a deficiency of blankets, they are in trouble about who will take the best place.

Sometimes in going out or coming in with parties there will be other guides from the Ranglely lakes mixed in with us, and I have seen an uncommonly good feeling fellow trying to run by a boat on a narrow place in the stream when the boat in front of him was in trouble. He can do so if he likes, but he at once gets on the bad side of the other guides, and must watch out sharp that he don't get too much load or get in trouble.

A life in the woods is very irregular regarding work, eating, sleeping and the luck in hunting and trapping. The work is accompanied with some and very frequently severe hardships. Our meals are usually two square ones in a day, but our dinner may be all right, it may be a light, cold lunch or none at all. Sleeping is often interrupted by Jack Frost, or the heat from a log that has rolled down off the fire. And if any one has real bad luck he may hunt and trap in vain for six months. But on the other hand there is plenty of game and fur bearing animals moving around in the forest and streams and he is liable to see any of them at any time. It costs nothing to keep a silent mouth and a sharp eye, and those two things will be the cause of killing much game if always made use of.

As far as pleasure goes there is pleasure enough to climb the moss-covered, trackless mountains to their top and look away across valleys and ridges to some range of rugged giants in the distance, and note the many sparkling lakes

and streams that can be seen glittering in the sun, far below or go threading your way through the trees seeing the squirrels dart up the trees and perch on a projecting limb, or stand in silence as you watch a flock of partridges as they scratch in the leaves, and cast a mysterious glance at you now and then, as if in fear you might be an enemy of some sort. Then as one sees a deer, a rare specimen of a buck, or a doe and her fawns, he can't help observing that there could be no other animal that would add the grace to the woods, the down trees or the meadow, or wherever he chances to see them, as these beautiful creatures do. Their every motion, color and air seems to show that they are in their most natural elements, and that the woods was made for them and they for the woods.

There is a pleasure in sitting on a boulder at the edge of a foaming waterfall and watch the spray as it dashes along down the rugged passage, seeming to be in some mad haste to reach the ocean, and when your ears have become accustomed to the heavy roar to turn away and continue your march, the woods seem ten times as quiet as before, and you feel almost afraid of your own footsteps, so startling loud do they sound.

But the happiest moments of my life has been spent between dark and bed-time when, after a hard day's work and a fair day's hunt, I lay alongside of a crackling fire with a roll of blankets under my head and a shelter overhead sufficient to keep off the heavy frost or snow, as it might be, and watch the flames as they dance above the blushing embers and send the sparks ziz-zaging away up among the branches some twenty or thirty feet, each separate spark seeming to leave a streak of fire behind it a foot long. All sorts of objects can be imagined in the coals as they drop to the ground under the fore-stick. The light penetrates the trees for a few paces around, beyond that all

is black as ink, and the hooting of the owls can be heard on the distant hills as they call one to another. A gentle murmur is heard among the trees; it is the night wind rising, then the flames of my camp-fire wave slightly and the embers grow redder and throw out more heat. I turn over with my back to the fire, which has grown slightly chilly. Soon the heat is felt and I can distinguish by the sound of the fire that it needs replenishing.

I get up and standing on two sticks of fire-wood to keep my feet off the damp, cold ground, pile on more wood, which is quickly wrapt in a sheet of flames as the bark takes fire. I fall prone on my face in the back side of the camp fartherest from the fire and wait till the bark has burned, it is gone in a moment. I rise up, unroll my blankets and first looking to my moccasins and knapsack, to see that everything is at proper distance from the fire—my eyes rest thoughtfully a moment on the latter—a moment more and I grasp and place it under one end of my blanket for heading. My rifle is laid carefully over on the back side of my shelter, and laying down on the edge of my blanket nearest the fire, I fold the other over me and begin, as I lay with my face upward, to count the sparks that reach the height of a birch limb that can be dimly seen some fifty or sixty feet up. How steadily I watch each big one as it sails up past the hundreds of smaller ones that burn themselves up before half reaching the limb. I lay here thus occupied for some moments, but soon nature begins her work and I no longer notice the sparks. I lay for a moment with eyes closed, then roll over back to the fire, draw up my legs, throw the blankets over my head and move around till I have taken the form of the letter S, and here I will sleep till October 15th, 1891.



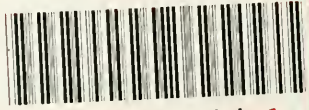








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