

had a good rifle, would quietly open a window sufficiently to get the point of his rifle out, and then shoot at a deer, and if it was wounded it would only run a short distance, when it would be caught and devoured by the wolves in a few minutes, so that nothing of it could be seen but the blood-stained snow, so that my father's efforts to obtain a supply of venison were worse than useless, yet the deer were very plentiful. I can remember when I was a very small boy of sometimes coming across herds of more than twenty in a flock, when the old bucks would shake their heads, stamp their feet, and snort at me, and I would have to stand still and clap my hands together and make all sorts of noises to frighten them so that I might pass them safely, and I have seen packs of wolves in the woods and even in the clearing during the day, for they would often kill sheep for us and even attack young cattle.

Bears

I have also got into unpleasantly close quarters with bears when it was too dark to see them, for they will not run from you like a wolf, but they will very seldom attack a person if left alone and not interfered with, except when they are hungry or in defence of their young. They are very fond of pork and will catch and kill pigs when they find them in the woods seeking beechnuts. The bear is also destructive on grain, especially oats, just before they get ripe. I can remember when very young that my father