

ing will sooner make him realize the importance of being ever on the *qui vive* than the sight of game, and we were no exception to the rule. The guides' conversation dropped to monosyllables uttered in an undertone, while the Captain and the writer devoted their attention exclusively to scanning the banks of the stream as we glided onwards and into the Penobscot. Several years before this time a friend of the writer, unarmed of course, had suddenly come upon a large member of the cat tribe that was swimming across this very stream, and we knew that bears had not infrequently been seen on the shores of Pes'kebégat.

The West Branch, in the parlance of loggers, "had on a good pitch," and for two and a half miles after we first turned into the river we found that the current hurried us along with considerable speed. In the channels the water was, on an average, over two feet deep, and the bed of the stream was for the most part comparatively smooth. Rooted in it were patches of a coarse grass, whose blades were flat and narrow, like ribbons. The long snake-like forms writhed and bent in the current, their heads now sinking low beneath the water's surface, and again rising as if to take breath.

It has been the writer's experience, that in still water, when there is little or no wind blowing, two men paddling steadily and with moderate force can impel a lightly laden canoe at the rate of a mile in about seventeen minutes. The speed of a canoe is rarely accelerated, on Maine rivers at least, to the rate of a mile in eight minutes, and then only for short distances and over reaches