

confident that he was in the immediate vicinity. Beckoning to Fred, Abe placed his bent finger between his teeth, gave a loud, shrill whistle, and both eagerly looked for signs of motion. Almost instantly a bear broke from a clump of bushes in a hollow, where the men had thrown the remnants of food, bones, potatoes, the multifarious scraps and waste that accumulate round human habitations. He immediately made toward the woods. Quick as thought Fred levelled his rifle and fired. The bear was evidently struck, for he gave a low growl, reared himself on his hind legs, and rolled over on the ground. Instantly he was on his feet, making tracks for the woods with all speed. Taking more deliberate aim, Fred fired the second barrel, and again Bruin bit the earth, mortally wounded. He recovered his legs, however, but instead of renewing his attempt to escape, he stood with glistening teeth, growling angrily. Fred reloaded both barrels of his rifle, when he and Abe broke cover and approached; the growling animal raised himself upon his hind legs and growled more threateningly. His breast now presented a fair mark; once more the rifle rang, loud and clear; poor Bruin, struck fairly in the breast, rolled over, tearing up the grass and stones in his dying struggles.

Tom, in the canoe, hearing the first shot, and knowing that further caution was useless, had dropped down to the landing in front of the camp, and now, joined Fred and Abe. Quite elated with his success, Fred determined to carry the carcass, intact, as a trophy to the new camp. It was dragged to the shore and deposited in the canoe. He was neither large nor fat, apparently a juvenile member of the ursine family, but then he was a veritable bear, and to Fred's notion worth a score of less formidable animals.

Taking a parting look at the pleasant scene where he had spent so many happy hours, and keenly enjoyed so much sport, Fred bade adieu to "Camp Comfort." Once more the canoe was rapidly propelled on its downward course, and reached Rocky Pond but a short time after Charles and Harry, having given up all hopes of coaxing a fish to rise, had commenced to enjoy their pipes and hold a friendly chat on the shady side of the river.

A loud shout heralded Fred's approach, and joyful was the meeting and greeting of the friends. Fred exhibited his trophies with pride, received the congratulations of his friends with evident pleasure, and recounted to them the many pleasant incidents of his cruise, which almost made them regret they had not accompanied him.

The canoe-men had "forgathered" and were exchanging long stories of the events that had transpired to each during their separation, and a pleasant hour for all passed quickly away, when thoughts of dinner warned us that it was time to return and introduce Fred to our new quarters.

The distance was soon passed; Harry volun-

teered to prepare for dinner the muffle of the moose, which Abe, with the thoughtful care of an old hunter, had secured for the delectation of our party. The long upper lip of the moose, called by hunters the "muffle," when properly cooked, is a rare dish, and a real *bonne bouche* to the gourmand. The preparation of this dish was a feat in gastronomy of which Harry was proud; we cannot describe, nor could our readers appreciate, the complicated process by which the peculiar cartilaginous mass was compounded into a delicious soup, combining all the richness of the turtle with the peculiar game flavor of venison. We can only say that it was highly relished, and much shall we long for the time when the successful hunt of another moose will enable us again to enjoy this rare and delicious dish.

Jim was not expected to return till evening; with regret at his absence from the last dinner we should eat on the stream, we sat down to our well-spread table, and enjoyed the meal all the more because it was the last we should eat with such pleasant surroundings. We lingered long at table, picked our cheese, drank our coffee, talked over our pleasant "out," and our approaching return to city life,—till the declining sun warned those who intended to fish that it was time to prepare for sport. Fred was anxious to take at least one trophy from Clear Water as a souvenir, and proceeded in a canoe to the mouth of the stream. Charles and Harry decided to devote the evening to packing up, and take their last cast in the morning before setting out on their return. Abe was busy removing the skin from the bear, and cutting the hams into a sightly shape; the rest of the men were variously employed in making preparations for our departure,—some inspecting the canoes, stopping leaks, and planing off the bottom the roughness caused by hard work over the rocks and shallows. Thus busily employed, ere the shades of evening closed in, the principal part of our preparations were completed, and little remained to be done in the morning but to strike and pack the tent—take down and pack away the rods, collect the utensils and dishes used at breakfast, and load the canoes.

Fred returned as darkness set in, a solitary grise being his only reward for an hour's industrious fishing. We gathered round the fire, anxiously expecting Jim's return, and preparing a warm supper to greet him on his arrival. Hour after hour passed in pleasant chat, interrupted at intervals by loud halloos, as a guide to Jim in the darkness should he be within hearing.

As we received no echoing shout in return, we began to grow anxious, fearing he had lost his way in the woods. The men, however, assured us that there was no difficulty in keeping the road, and we concluded that, finding the sport better than he had expected, he had staid for the evening fishing, that he would knock up a temporary camp for the night, and after the morning's sport would rejoin us for breakfast.