

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Cariboo hunting—Shoot a magnificent stag with very large horns—  
Exciting chase after a large cariboo—Miss our companions—A  
good supper and a miserable night—A visit from Bruin—Return  
to headquarters—Beauties of the autumn scenery—Incidents on  
our journey home—Genuine hospitality—Arrival at the mines—  
Depart for Engiand—Cross the Atlantic in a brig laden with  
copper ore—Man overboard—Arrive at Swansea.

NOT to weary my readers with a monotonous account of our doings from day to day, I will merely give an account of one good day's sport, which at the time was especially welcome, as I had not pulled a trigger for a week. Finding the deer scarce in the vicinity of our camp, we agreed to try some country lying the other side a high ridge, distant nearly twenty miles. We started at daylight in different directions, arranging to meet towards sunset at a certain island of woods, according to Joe's account half a mile