

decision on that point, Jim and his guide set out on their walk to the falls; Charles and Harry, with a canoe and two men, started for their destination, taking guns as well as rods, more strongly convinced by their late experience that when in the woods a gun should always be within reach. Leaving them to pursue their way and enjoy the beautiful morning, we will return to Fred, and see how he has fared since we parted company.

We left him taking his siesta under the shade of the tent, as the heat of the meridian sun indisposed him for activity or exertion. His prolonged sleep in the morning had amply satisfied the demands of nature, and he now lay dreamily enjoying the luxury of laziness. This is a feeling that few, except sportsmen, realize fully and enjoy entirely. Life in the woods, away from the bustle and cares of business, with no harassing anxieties of mind to distract him, leaves him, surrounded by the beauties of nature, perfectly free to follow his inclinations, be they what they may. In this lies one of the great charms of camp life, and happy is he who, with a love of nature and a taste for sport, can look forward, as summer approaches, to the time when, turning the key of his office on all the cares it contains, he can seize rod and gun, hie to forest and stream, and enjoy a respite from the sterner duties of life. Fred felt and enjoyed all this, and pleasant pictures of future outings flitted before his mental vision. Rousing himself from these seductive reveries, he carefully cleaned his rifle and gun, so as to be in readiness for the evening hunt, overlooked and arranged his fly-book, examined his leaders, removing all chafed lengths and substituting others more reliable. In these congenial occupations he passed the afternoon till dinner time, after which, the declining sun having lost its fierce power, he proceeded to the outlet of the lake, and spent the evening in catching some fine trout.

As Abe had decided to change the scene of his operations, and to proceed to the head of the lake, where a favorable locality for his purpose was known to him, it was necessary to start early, make the passage of the lake, and reach the place by the time the moon rose. This was all done; an open glade in the forest was reached, Fred was favorably posted, and the operations of the previous evening were repeated, but this time without success. For several hours did Abe exert his utmost skill on the "call"; no answering low, no approaching tread rewarded his exertions; at last he gave up the attempt, observing that it was too early for calling, and that the success of last night was a rare piece of good luck. Our disappointed hunters returned to camp, and after arranging for an early start down stream next morning, betook themselves to repose, and soon forgot their chagrin in sound sleep.

Early in the morning they were all astir; striking tent, and loading the canoe, the antlers of the moose conspicuous in the bow, the choice portions of the meat carefully envelop-

ed in the hide, they were soon on their downward course to the mouth of the stream, intending to breakfast there, and thus give Fred another opportunity to fish the cast where he had been so fortunate on the upward trip. The passage down was quickly performed, for all the obstructions were, perforce, removed in going up; about seven o'clock they reached the mouth of the stream, came to a halt, and while Fred threw the fly, the men prepared breakfast.

The utmost exertion of Fred's skill lured only two grilse to their fate; these were taken in fine style, without any incident worthy of note. Despatching breakfast with a good appetite, Fred decided to lose no time in descending the river, so he took down his rod and placed his rifle within reach; the canoe, assisted by the current, was rapidly propelled on her course. The downward trip was even more pleasant than the upward one; Fred's success as a shooter of moose put him in a happy mood and disposed him to enjoy the ever-changing scenery brought to view in their rapid course; he thought with complacency of meeting his companions, and indulged a feeling of pride and triumph as his eye rested on the splendid antlers in the bow of the canoe. Two hours of vigorous exertion accomplished as much of the downward voyage as four hours of excessive toil did of the upward one. About eleven o'clock a turn in the stream brought the woodsman's primitive post-office full in view. The missive was soon read, its contents communicated to the men, and of course all were in a state of expectation and excitement. Abe felt certain that the bear was still prowling about the deserted camp, searching out the fragments of food, offal of fish and the various debris of an encampment; so a plan of approach was arranged.

Fred and Abe were to land at the mouth of the brook, and cautiously approach the site of the late camp by the path through the woods, thus taking advantage of the cover afforded by the trees. Tom was to drop silently down in the canoe, hugging the shore, so as to keep out of view, and be ready to bar the retreat of the bear should he take the water. Accordingly, Fred, with his rifle ready for instant use, and Abe with the gun, one barrel loaded with ball, the other with slugs, were put ashore at the entrance to the path, and cautiously approached the camping place.

Abe took the lead, with the understanding that if he saw the bear, he should fall back, give Fred the first shot, and be ready to lend his assistance if needed. They came, in this order, within sight of the deserted camp, and halted to reconnoitre. Seeing no indications of Bruin's presence, Abe directed Fred to remain quiet, and crawling on hands and knees, under cover of the bushes, he reached a spot that gave him a fuller view of the locality. Rising cautiously to his feet, he again scanned every inch of the camping ground. Although not visible, Abe's knowledge of the bear's habits made him