

ing the many-colored web of thick-coming fancies.

An exclamation of surprise from one of the men interrupted the reverie in which each was indulging, and changed the current of our thoughts. On looking to see the cause of this sudden surprise, we had a full view of a splendid moose, which, drinking in the stream, had been startled by the approaching canoes. For an instant he stood looking at us, but before a gun could be reached from its place, he had turned, given a toss of his antlered head, trotted up the narrow beach, and with one bound up the bank had disappeared in the thick woods that bordered the river. Great was our mortification at missing so splendid a shot.

"Served us all rightly," said Harry; "a sportsman should never indulge in day-dreams when out: he has ample time for this when cooped up at home. In the woods his wits should always be on the alert, instead of wool-gathering. Come, boys: let yesterday go and let to-morrow take care of itself; our business is with to-day; if we had not been 'caught napping,' we might have had moose steak for breakfast and the 'muffle' for dinner to-morrow; and let me tell you that we have missed a great treat by our want of attention to things around us."

This incident dispelled the visions we had indulged in, and once more cheerful conversation beguiled the time till, about five o'clock, we reached a broad, clear plateau, just above the confluence of Clear Water Stream with the River. Leaving three men to get out the stores, pitch the tents, cut boughs, prepare the couches for night, and make preparations for supper, which our early dinner would render welcome after our evening exercise, Jim and Charles took a canoe and the fourth man and went to the rapids below the confluence, while Harry, who rather liked wading mid-deep in the water, walked down the beach to the mouth of the brook, where he could command a very favorable cast, and all were soon at work.—Luck seemed to have deserted them; the fish, if there, determined to stay there, for not one gave evidence of his presence, and after two hours' careful fishing, our anglers returned to their new quarters without a single addition to their victories. This rather disheartening commencement did not, however, affect their spirits. They were thorough sportsmen, ever ready to accept the fortunes of the "out," be they good or bad, without a growl of discontent. A comfortable supper was eaten with good appetites, and after spending another pleasant evening, and hoping for better luck in the morning, they retired to comfortable couches and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

Next dawn saw our anglers refreshed, not in the least discouraged by their lack of success the previous evening, but just as anxious as ever to pursue their favorite sport. It had been arranged before retiring to rest, that we should

take the canoes and drop down to Rocky Bend, a noted place about three miles below, leaving the casts in the near vicinity to rest till evening. Accordingly the men were soon ready to start. The stream here, and for some miles below, runs rapidly, and we glided by several picturesque and romantic spots on each side of the river. One place, in particular, was pointed out by the canoe-men as famous on the river, called "Dead Man's Landing," from the circumstance that the body of a lumberman, killed by a large stick of timber rolling upon him, was here embarked in a canoe for conveyance to his last home. Another spot was celebrated as the scene of a serious accident, and of great presence of mind combined with rare powers of endurance on the part of the sufferer. He was alone, and by some mishap broke his leg; far from a camp, and many miles from a house, his case was desperate. The only hope for the unfortunate man was to reach the settlement as soon as possible. Dragging himself to the side of the river, he managed to get astride of a log, and with his broken limb dangling in the water, he steered the log clear of obstructions and reached the settlement just as night set in. He soon got surgical aid, and after a few weeks was again in the woods. Every point and every rock had some legend connected with it, and this the canoe-men delighted to relate. Abe was usually the speaker, and as he had a quaint way of telling a story, a keen perception of its humorous points, and a good share of mother wit, his narratives were often very entertaining.

In half an hour we were all busy, now in the noes, now on the rocks, from which there are several splendid casts. As usual, Harry preferred his good legs, but Jim and Charles had each a canoe, and were using their best skill, the former at the top of the Bend, the latter at its foot. Harry went about midway down, waded to a rock, and was fishing a most promising stretch of water around him. Two hours' fishing afforded our anglers some good sport, and the trophies of the morning, though only two salmon and three grilse to the three rods, were quite encouraging.

We returned to camp, and enjoyed a comfortable breakfast, after which Jim, being anxious to catch some large trout, expressed his intention of taking one of the men with him, his rod and gun, and walking to the falls of Clear Water. The men had informed us that speckled trout, weighing from three to five pounds, were often speared in the pools below the falls, and Jim was curious to see these, of which he had often heard, but was still somewhat skeptical.

As this was the day for Fred's return, and as Charles was somewhat anxious about him, he and Harry decided to take a canoe, go as far as Rocky Pond, try their luck at the casts there, and while away the morning, in the hope of being joined by Fred in time for dinner.

After talking over our proposed break-up on the following day, and coming to a unanimous