

ger ears for the slightest sound that might break the profound silence of the forest. This "call" is a trumpet of birch bark about eighteen inches long—the small end an inch in diameter and the large end about four or five. With this simple instrument, long practice enables a good hunter to imitate the lowing of the cow moose so perfectly, that the finest ear can scarcely distinguish between the real and the simulated sound. For a long time Abe repeated his "calls" at intervals, imitating the several peculiarities of the female lowing, but no other sound broke the stillness. For more than an hour had Fred impatiently waited, his eye sweeping the barren, and so still that he was conscious of every pulsation. He began to grow tired of this dull work, and several times was on the point of relinquishing hope and leaving his ambush; but remembering the parting advice of Abe, he determined that his own impatience should not be chargeable with their want of success. This was a wise resolve on Fred's part, for the practiced ear of Abe had detected a sound, and again the "calls" were repeated with all the skill at his command. At length an answering low, faint from the distance, reached the ear of Fred, and again his heart beat with suppressed excitement. Abe felt certain that his knowledge of the habits of the moose, male and female, would enable him to entice the bull within an easy shot, and, knowing Fred's certainty with the rifle, he had strong hopes of a successful issue to their hunt. He now changed his calls to a soft, low note: they were answered by a deep and resonant bellow from the bull. Presently the sound of dry underbrush, breaking under a heavy tread, was heard to windward of Fred's position, and indicated to him in what direction to look for the appearance of his expected visitor; after a few moments of intense anxiety, a large bull moose burst out of the thick woods that bordered the barren into open view in the bright moonlight. He paused, looked round and gave a low bellow; this was answered by a soft low from the tree beyond Fred, and the bull approached the spot in a direct line, so that he would have passed the bushes that concealed his foe. With rifle ready, Fred waited till the advancing animal was within forty yards of him, when taking deliberate aim at the breast, he fired. With a snort of fear and anguish, the huge bull tossed his antlered head and fell heavily to the earth. He immediately rose to his feet and made direct for the woods; this brought his side towards Fred, who instantly stepped from his crouching place, and before the wounded bull had made six paces the second barrel was discharged and again he fell, this time headlong to the earth. A desperate struggle to regain his feet was made, but when half up he rolled heavily on his side, and a few spasmodic kicks ended the career of a splendid specimen of the largest of the deer tribe.

Abe had dropped from his roost on the first report, and was now by Fred's side, congratulating

him on his success. As all necessity for silence was now over, they were both hilarious over their trophy. Abe took out his sheath knife and cut the throat of the nearly dead animal: leaving him where he lay till morning, they both returned to camp, quite delighted with their rare luck in "calling moose" so early in the season.

A few minutes after reaching camp, saw a cheerful fire, the kettle boiling, and our patient hunters prepared to enjoy a good meal after their long and tedious ambush. After talking over the incidents of this victory, and gaining much practical information from Abe's descriptions of former hunts in which he had participated, either as caller or marksman, and sometimes as both, we all betook ourselves to sleep, well pleased with the successful results, thus far, of our escapade from "Camp Comfort."

In the morning, when we woke, the sun was high; the first things that met our eyes as we stepped from the tent were the antlers of the bull on one side, and the skin stretched out to dry on the other. The men had risen with the sun, and leaving us to enjoy our morning nap, had gone to the barren, skinned the moose, removed the splendid antlers and the choice parts of the meat, had brought all to our rendezvous and prepared breakfast before we had shaken off our drowsiness.

We breakfasted off moose steak, with a roasted bone, full of delicious marrow, as gravy.—The moose is never very fat, and generally the steak, though tender and of fine flavor, is apt, unless carefully broiled, to be rather dry; but the addition of the rich marrow of the shank bones makes a luscious dish, and we all enjoyed it hugely.

Breakfast being over, Fred, not caring to catch trout after his more dignified sport, acceded to a proposal from Abe to spend the morning in visiting a beaver dam, some distance up a brook at the head of the Lake. Accordingly, we started in the light canoe, and were soon at the mouth of the brook. With some difficulty the canoe was poled, pushed and dragged up the stream, till the obstructions became so numerous and formidable that we concluded to haul her ashore and make the remainder of the distance on foot. Taking his rifle and giving Abe his gun, Fred was on the *qui vive* for game of any kind, but nothing offered to gratify his wish. After a pretty hard scramble up the rugged bed of the stream, having frequently to take to the woods to pass the deeper places, we came on the dam; but, much to our disappointment, it had evidently been deserted for some years. The dam was broken down, the round houses had fallen in, and nothing was to be seen but the interesting traces of former work. We examined the remains of the haunt with some curiosity. The size of the trees cut down by these ingenious animals and floated into the desired position, was astonishing. Smaller trees and branches completed a very strong structure, which had been rendered