

at this point about two feet deep. I was drenched to the skin, my cartridges were spoiled, and I was in a fine rage at losing my moose so stupidly.

"Presently there was a wild dashing and splashing, and to my astonishment the animal rushed past me, heading up stream. But he did not go far in that direction. His career was checked by the impassable barrier of a waterfall about twenty feet high, which sent a muffled roar through its cloak of gigantic icicles. Then the animal turned, and dashed wildly down stream before my tantalized eyes; and soon I perceived that he was effectually "corralled." The place we had fallen into was a natural trap for any creature that could not climb like a goat or a monkey. I could emulate either, so felt in no way anxious as to my own exit. Not a hundred yards below the fall the stream was blockaded by the trunks of several large trees, forming a perfect fence.

"The animal, realizing that he was imprisoned with his foe, had worked himself into a frenzy of terror. At first I thought of course he would attack me, after the manner of his kind when brought to bay; and I prepared, with some misgivings, to defend myself as best I might with knife and gun-stock. Then I thought I had better take advantage of his panic and attack him before he should recover.

"There was a long branch of water-ash stretching right across the bed of the stream, and under this the moose had to pass every time he dashed up or down

stream. Dropping my useless rifle on the bank, I swung myself on to the branch, and the next time the animal passed beneath I dropped upon his back and flung my arms round his neck. The animal got frantic at this, and made such fierce leaps and plunges that I don't see how I managed to keep my perch. Presently the moose resumed his wild gallop up and down stream, at a pace which I knew must soon exhaust him. Before I had been on his back two minutes I wished most heartily that I was well out of the scrape. The moose was never built for a saddle-horse, and this fellow's gaunt back-bone was like a knife, on which the working of his tremendously high shoulders ground me as if I was on a rack. I dared not throw myself off, lest he should spring upon me and mangle me with his keen-edged horns. Soon, however, his pace began to flag. Then I spurred him to fresh effort by yelling ferociously, till at length he staggered and fell forward with his nose in the water. I sprang to my feet, drawing my knife as I did so, and——"

"Supper's ready, sir!" interrupted Barney, respectfully, approaching with a tin dish of smoking steak.

"We didn't wait to hear the conclusion, which, indeed, we could readily enough imagine; but, in the course of the meal, Sam soliloquized reflectively"—

"It was my first moose, and I was mighty proud of it at the time. But the way I got it was more like butchery than sport, and I wouldn't do it again for a good deal!"



"I DROPPED UPON HIS BACK, AND FLUNG MY ARMS ROUND HIS NECK."