

The Finding of Lost Lake.

BY FRED C. ARMSTRONG.

The evening of September nineteenth found a party of six in camp by the shores of Beaver Lake, at the head of Burnt Hill brook, New Brunswick. The Burnt Hill is one of the most important tributaries of the upper southwest Miramichi. The party was made up of three sportsmen from New York, and their three guides, and they formed a very jolly crowd as they sat before the roaring fire of burning logs yarn-ing.

One of the sportsmen at length said, addressing me:

"Fred, I have a proposition to make to you; but as it will demand a lot of skill to succeed if you accept, think it over a bit before replying."

"All right, let's have it."

"Well," said he, "it is this. I want you to start off tomorrow, take a camp helper with you, and cruise until you find a new lake or pond, where we may hunt all by ourselves. I will give you three days' leave and if you find such a lake, spot out a trail to it by the shortest route. Do you think you can do it?"

"I think I can, Mr. Moore. Of course, this is a strange country to me, but I will try and I think I can succeed." And after talking the matter over we settled ourselves in our blankets and were soon in dreamland.

On the morning following, bright and early we packed our provisions in a bag, and Stephen Campbell and I started off for what was to prove a long tramp. We had travelled about two miles, hardly ever speaking, when we came upon a moose standing in the road. He saw us first, but not getting our wind was reluctant to go. At last, however, he went crashing through the underbrush, the maple and rowan twigs rattling against his horns as he freed his way. Not a little relieved by his departure, because a big bull in autumn is like a college freshman—you can never guess what he will do next—we resumed

our tramp, and at four o'clock came to Eagle Bird camp, where another sportsman was. He had secured a large head with 45-inch spread, with twenty points on each side, and after telling us about their exciting experience in getting him, it was too late to travel, so we concluded to stay there that night. We had a fine dinner of moose steaks and trout before turning in.

By six next day we were off once more. I determined to travel south by the compass, through a hilly region to which we were strangers. We climbed many quite steep mountains, and at length from the summit of one, somewhat higher than its neighbors, we saw what appeared to be a deep valley, which we felt sure contained a lake. I climbed a tall spruce, and had hardly got to the top when I heard a cry from Steve. "For God's sake, Fred, come down quick, there is a big black bear coming!"

I yelled to him: "Stay where you are, the bear won't hurt you"; but all to no purpose. Off he started through the woods, like a bull moose—jumping over tree-tops, and breaking down the bushes, so that he could have been heard a mile away.

I shinned down that tree as quickly as I could without actually falling, and looked about for the bear. It took a few seconds to distinguish him—and then I saw a big, black stump, that Stephen had mistaken for bruin. So I climbed slowly back to my perch near the top of the big spruce and took a careful bearing by compass of the valley. Stephen returned, with clothes torn, and face and hands bleeding. He was so badly rattled that he thought the bear had chased him a mile or more, he having escaped merely through his fleetness of foot.

I told Steve we would not take lunch until we took it in the valley to which we were bound. After walking four miles we came to a large barren with a small winding deadwater through its centre. I told