
CAMP LIFE
IN
THE
WILDERNESS
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CAMP LIFE

IN

THE WILDERNESS.

A Tale of the Richardson Lakes.

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD,

ENGRAVED BY JOHNSON.

BY

CHARLES A. J. FARRAR,

AUTHOR OF "RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED,"
"MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND VICINITY ILLUSTRATED,"
ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

"CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS" appeared in the columns of a weekly paper in 1875, and was very well received at that time. After its close in the paper, many were desirous of having it published in book-form, and I finally concluded to put it before the public in that shape.

The story gives the haps and mishaps of a party of Boston gentlemen who spent a summer vacation in the Rangeley Lake region, and is in the main true, although, in portraying some of the scenes in the story, I have taken the usual license of authors. The book is well calculated to while away a leisure hour, and furnishes a good deal of reliable information to those who think of visiting the lakes. The gentlemen who composed the party are all called by fictitious names, in order to avoid a publicity that would be unpleasant to some, if not all, of them.

CHARLES A. J. FARRAR.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Jan. 1, 1879.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PARTY WAS FORMED.

IT is quite natural, as summer approaches, for people to begin to talk and plan as to where they shall go, what they shall do, what friends to include in the party, and so on.

As the summer of 1874 came creeping along, I began to canvass the probabilities of my taking a vacation, and in what quarter of New England to spend it, for the question of "stamps" would not allow me to go more than a thousand miles from the "Hub." The more I thought of getting out of the harness for a while, the more determined I became to shake off from my feet the dust of the city, for a few weeks at least.

The numerous new summer resorts that are continually coming to the front, really make it a hard

thing, for one who has no special preference, to decide where to go; for the poorest of them, of course, has its own peculiar charms, and will always find some one to sing its praise.

So far as I was personally concerned, I wished to go where I could have the best time for the least money; and I believe a large proportion of the people in this world feel the same way, although they may not care to own it.

After turning the matter over in my mind for a while, I concluded that I could do no better than to go down to the Richardson Lakes, the two pearls of the Rangeley chain, situated in the wilderness of northwestern Maine; for I knew if I went there, I was sure of a good time, and plenty of healthful recreation.

Having decided as to what point of the compass to direct my steps, the next question was, who to get to accompany me. One man on a "camping-out" excursion is *not* enough of a good thing.

I ran rapidly over in my mind a list of my acquaintance who had a *penchant* for throwing a fly, or running their eye along a gun-barrel, and mentally made note of about thirty, most of whom at convenient times I interviewed.

While all received the idea of such a trip with enthusiasm, they were not equally all decided in

their opinion of going; and I concluded I could count on about fifteen. But as the time for starting arrived, so rapidly did the ranks decrease, that I began to think I should have to go alone. However, seven stuck to their promise, your humble servant making the eighth. We went, and had a splendid time, as I think you will allow after following us through the trip.

The most difficult matter to decide was, when to go and how long to stay; but we finally agreed upon the last two weeks in July. I would have preferred waiting until the 1st of August before starting; but as most of my friends could not get away in August, I accommodated myself to them.

We held an informal meeting on Monday evening, July 13th, and settled all the details. One of our party (whom I shall call the Governor) and myself had concluded to take our wives part way with us, and were to go by rail. We were to start on the following Wednesday morning, while the rest of the party, with the exception of my brother, had determined to leave Boston the next evening on the Portland steamer, meeting us at the Grand Trunk Depot, in Portland, Wednesday noon. My brother accompanied the Governor and myself.

We had decided to go by the way of Andover, that route being the cheapest, easiest, and most di-

rect; and the estimated expense of the round trip to each gentleman was twenty-five dollars — an amount that we found to be correct on settling up at the end of the trip.

I accepted the position of general manager for the party, and purchased the following stores: Two dozen cans condensed milk; one pound tea; six pounds coffee; ten pounds white granulated sugar; seventy-five pounds pilot-bread; one-quarter pound pepper; one box salt; one jar pickles; one jar catch-up; two cans beef soup; one can chicken soup; two bottles Jamaica ginger; one box mustard; one bottle Halford sauce; six pounds soap; five dozen lemons; fifteen pounds ham; ten pounds butter; one bushel potatoes; one quart vinegar; ten pounds Indian meal; twenty-five pounds salt pork; four boxes cigars; one package matches, and a few other little articles. Our stores went by boat to Portland, and express to Bethel. All of our stores held out, with the exception of sugar and butter, a second supply of both articles being obtained from the Upper Dam Camp. Of the pilot-bread we had some twenty pounds left.

We obtained a good supply of fishing-tackle from Bradford & Anthony, and were indebted to Mr. Prouty, a gentlemanly salesman in that establishment, for hints in regard to the selection of flies.

Some of the party, who thought more of gunning than fishing, visited the store of Wm. Read & Sons, where they procured all they stood in need of in the way of arms and ammunition.

And now to introduce the excursionists to my readers. First of all, was the Governor, hale and hearty, and one of the most genial companions it has ever been the writer's good luck to fall in with. Then came the nice young man of the party, whom we shall designate as the Artist, and who did some very creditable sketching, for an amateur, while we were away. Third, was a young man who had a surprising faculty for forgetting everything that he should have remembered, and whom we shall call Professor, on account of some of the profound jokes with which he sometimes astonished us. We could also boast of a musical genius in the party, who was known among us as Mozart. Fifth on the list came the untiring philosopher, who always took the world at the best, and will figure as the Farmer. Next came a will-o'-the-wisp, as active as a flea, known to some of us as the Pathfinder, a sobriquet that stuck to him all through the trip. These, with my brother, whom, from his entire lack of interest in fishing, gunning, or anything else that appertains to sporting, we sarcastically dubbed the Sportsman, and myself, who, from my connection with the press, was

known in the party as the Scribbler, completed our number.

A tent had been sent with our stores, to serve us as a shelter when we reached the wilderness; and some of the gentlemen, who proposed sleeping in the open air, myself among the number, had purchased hammocks.

The morning of the 15th of July proved as pleasant as we could wish, the only drawback being the heat, the thermometer during the day rising to ninety-six degrees in the shade. The Governor and myself had concluded to take our wives as far as Andover, and leave them there at the hotel, while we pushed on to the woods, and captured the noble trout, and gave battle to the lively midge.

At half-past eight we left the Boston and Maine Depot in one of the Company's elegant parlor-cars, and steamed rapidly out of the city. I think that I have remarked before that it was warm; before we had ridden five miles we came to the conclusion that it was absolutely hot. The beauty of the scenery, however, was some recompense for the heat, as the country looked at its best, and an ever-varying panorama unrolled before our gaze as we swept onward toward the Forest City.

About eleven o'clock the Governor brought forth a basket which was filled with sundry good things,

and the way they disappeared was a caution to dyspeptics. While assisting at the feast, I felt something pressing on my knee, and on looking down beheld the head of my little dog, Spot, who was eying me very wistfully, and who intimated by a gentlemanly wiggle of his tail that he was interested in the proceedings, and would like to take an active part in them. He had been very quietly lying at my feet since the train left Boston, but the smell of the dainties had been too much for him, and he had given me a gentle hint that he should like to be remembered. His mute appeal I could not withstand, and he shared our lunch.

We reached Portland on time, and crossed the city to the Grand Trunk Depot. We found the Montreal train in waiting, and procured seats to our liking. Sportsman started off to look up the rest of our party, and found them in the smoking-car, playing euchre. He returned, accompanied by the Farmer, who reported the rest of the gentlemen well, only longing for the woods.

At quarter-past one the train started, with our party all on board; and here I will leave them, to go back and give a history of the steamboat trip.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE STEAMER JACK BOWKER.

TUESDAY evening, July 14th, a party of six young men gathered on India Wharf, in front of the steamer Jack Bowker, and from the peculiar manner in which most of them were dressed it was quite evident to even a casual observer that pleasure and not business called them from the city, on that balmy summer evening.

As the last bell sounded, sending forth its warning for all on board the steamer to leave who were not passengers, and for those who were on the wharf that were going, to look alive, five of the young men above alluded to made a rush for the boat, upsetting an old applewoman, who blessed them in pure Celtic, and a yellow-haired dog with a kink in his tail, who showed his disgust of such a performance by snapping at the heels of one of the party, but without doing any harm.

After going on board the boat, the five made their

way to the upper deck, and thence to the stern of the steamer, where they could see their companion on the wharf, who was patiently awaiting their re-appearance.

"We'll see you in Portland to-morrow, if the boat don't sink during the night," sang out the Artist.

"All right!" answered the gentleman on the wharf. "Don't smoke too many cheap cigars and drink too much lager, fellows, while you are loafing in Portland to-morrow forenoon."

"We never drink beer," replied the Farmer, with comic solemnity.

"Except when we're asked," added the Professor.

"Did you order a coffin before you bought your ticket, Mozart," yelled the Sportsman, as the fasts were cast off, and the boat began to leave her moorings.

"Yes, two of them," returned Mozart; "I did not want to leave the Farmer unprovided for."

"*Au revoir*," called out the Artist, as the boat cleared the wharf.

"*Bon voyage, Messieurs*," replied the Sportsman, as he turned and strolled up the wharf.

It is needless, perhaps, to say, that the five young gentlemen on the steamer were the Artist, the Farmer, Mozart, the Pathfinder, and the Professor, who preferred going to Portland by boat, and who

were to meet the Governor, Sportsman, and myself at the Grand Trunk Depot in Portland the next day.

As the gentlemen turned away from the rail of the boat, across which they had been talking to Andrew, a nervous-looking old lady touched the Artist on the arm, and asked him if he thought there was really any danger of an accident that night.

She had been listening to the talk of the young men, taking it all in earnest, and the remarks about the "boat sinking," and "coffins," had affected her rather unpleasantly.

"Well, the fact is, my dear madam," replied the Artist, with a grave look, "that remains to be seen. You see the machinery on this boat is not so heavy as it should be for her tonnage, and if the walking-beam of the engine should come in contact with the piston-rod while the thermometer stood at sixty degrees, and the cylindrical vacuum of the horizontal tubular boilers should waltz with the steam-gauge around the fire-box doors, and should then acquire a leverage of any extra pressure from the barometer, the hydraulic force-pump might fail to throw a sufficient stream of water to generate steam enough to eat the anchor with, and in that case I should not want to be answerable for what might happen."

"Law sakes, you don't say! Why, what a lot of

larning that young man has got," said the old lady, turning to her niece, who was with her.

"But you can rest assured, madam," continued the Artist, "that I shall look after the engineer of this boat, and see that he does his duty."

"That's right, mister; don't you let him sink us," added the niece.

A snicker from the Farmer, followed by a haw-haw from Mozart, set the whole party into a roar, and the gentlemen moved off, leaving the old lady very much astonished, as she had not been able to see where the laugh came in.

"I say, gentlemen, how about the state-rooms?" asked the Farmer.

"The Professor and I," answered the Artist, "have both engaged a state-room, and have the keys in our possession. I will take the Pathfinder in with me, as there are two berths, and you or Mozart can go in with the Professor, and one of you get another state-room; or three of you can bunk together if you prefer it."

"Mozart and the Farmer can room with me," said the Professor; "there is plenty of room for three of us."

"Do you snore?" asked the Farmer.

"No," replied the Professor; "but Mozart does; you can hear him a mile off."

"Well, we'll put him out if he does. That's the kind of a man I am," laughed the Farmer.

The question of sleeping being settled, the party went out on the forward deck to have a smoke, and enjoy the animated scene before them.

They took seats, and talked of various things appertaining to the trip, watched the vessels as they bounded gracefully over the waves, spun "salt yarns," and had a good time generally, until the gong sounded for supper, when they arose and made their way to the table.

Taking seats, they attacked the eatables in a manner that spoke well for the cook's skill and their appetites.

"How many nickels for this supper?" queried the Professor.

"It costs us fifty cents each," replied the Pathfinder; "and I'll try and get my money's worth."

"You won't have to try very hard, the way you eat," said the Farmer; "I expect you'll cause a famine in this party before we get back."

"I say, fellows, let's try and have some fun out of this supper. Suppose we make a run on the victuals, and what we can't eat hide under the table?"

"By George, Mozart, I'm in for that," assented the Artist: "the cold tongue is all gone! I'll call

for some, and as soon as we dispose of that, let all take turns in calling for a plate."

This idea was carried out, and one waiter was kept trotting all the time for tongue.

"That darky will earn his wages this trip," said the Professor.

"I guess he will," acquiesced the Farmer, who had just sent him for another plate of tongue.

After a dozen trips from the pantry to the table, the waiter reported the tongue all gone.

Then he was ordered to bring some cold corned beef, which he did, with the remark:

"'Pears to me you gemmen are awful eaters."

"Yes," replied Mozart, "we can eat a little when we try hard."

After the young men had eaten all they wanted, they began to hide the food under the table, placing the plates upon vacant chairs near them, and pulling the table-cloth, which hung down low on the sides, over the victuals to hide them. Finally the steward began to "smell a mice," and came to the table, and wanted to know what they were trying to do, — telling them he did not believe they had eaten half they had called for.

"Of course we haven't," said the Artist, with a sly wink at his companions. "You see that empty seat there," nodding towards one directly opposite;

"well, Tom Collins has just left it. He is the fellow who has been doing all the eating. He's the biggest eater in Boston. I was surprised when I found him at the table. I thought, if you had known him as well as we do, you wouldn't have let him have a seat at this table for fifty cents. Nobody will feed him in Boston except on the European plan. Why, he is the identical fellow who ate a dozen chickens and a turkey at the Revere House on a wager last Christmas."

"Well, he won't get any breakfast on board this boat," replied the steward. "I'll look out for him in the morning."

After this the party adjourned to the upper deck, and had another smoke. As they finished their cigars, Mozart proposed they should go into the saloon and have a game of euchre. This the others readily assented to. But as they arose to go, the Farmer asked them to step up to the wheel-house with him first, for he was going to "put up a job" on the captain. When they reached the wheel-house, the Farmer stepped up to the window, and inquired if the captain was there.

"Yes, I am the man. What do you want?" asked a bluff, good-natured-looking individual.

"Well, I came up to tell you that there's a man down in the gentlemen's cabin who says you are a

drunken sot, and it will be a wonder if you don't run the boat on shore before morning. I thought you ought to know he was talking that way."

"Yes," chimed in the Artist, who saw the joke, "and he says you have no more idea of what your duties are than a female rooster."

"And," added Mozart, "he just told the steward that if you had your just deserts, you'd be in state-prison for killing a man in Portland last summer."

"What a confounded pack of lies!" roared out the astonished captain. "Where is the lying scoundrel? Take me to him, and I'll throw him overboard. Do you know him?" yelled the officer, who was almost beside himself with rage.

"I know him," put in the Professor; "he's a Boston man, and his name is Tom Collins."

"I'll Tom Collins him!" shouted the captain, coming out of the wheel-house. "Show me the man, gentlemen, and I'll make him suffer for this."

"Certainly, come right along," said the Farmer, tipping a wink to his friends. "Give him fits! I would — that's the kind of a man I am."

"I'd thrash him out of his boots," proposed Mozart.

"When you get to Portland, have him arrested for trying to cause a mutiny, and sue him for defamation of character," suggested the Pathfinder.

The party, led by the Farmer and the captain, descended to the gentlemen's cabin. Looking around, the Farmer perceived a quiet, inoffensive-looking gentleman, in whose face he recognized the familiar features of a well-known Boston clergyman, sitting by the table reading. Pointing to him, the Farmer exclaimed:

"That's the man, captain! Pitch into him!"

Then all the jokers made themselves scarce.

The captain rushed up to the individual who was reading, and bawled out:

"What do you mean, I should like to know, by telling such yarns about me to these gentlemen?" giving his hand a wave in the direction where he supposed the informers stood.

"Yarns! I don't know what you mean! I see no gentlemen," said the reader, quietly looking up from his paper.

"Didn't you tell these gentlemen," — and the captain turned around, and found to his astonishment that all the fellows had vanished, — "didn't you tell some young fellows that I was a drunken sot?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"And that I would run this boat on shore before morning?"

"Most assuredly not! I don't know a soul on the

boat, and have not spoken half a dozen words since the steamer left the wharf."

"Would you favor me with your name?" asked the captain in a little more gentle tone, as the idea came into his head that he had been sold.

"Certainly. The Rev. Theophilus Burr. There is my card," replied the gentleman, drawing one from his pocket as he spoke.

"And your name isn't Tom Collins?" queried the captain, who felt that he had put his foot in it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the clergyman; "that is the joke, is it? Why, where have you been all summer that you have not heard of that before? Tom Collins?—why, he has been the bugbear of Boston for two months! Even my sacred calling did not protect me from that sell. I was called up in the middle of the night, and requested to visit a dying man who lived in a street nearly two miles from my house. I went to the number designated, and found it to be a small house occupied by only two old maid sisters, who were frightened to death by the racket I made to wake somebody. I asked them if a sick man was there by the name of Tom Collins, and they told me I couldn't get in there to steal, and they began shouting 'police!' at the top of their voices. It is perhaps needless to say that I returned home without seeing any sick man. The

next day I met one of my congregation, to whom I related the story, and he informed me that Tom Collins did not exist, and that hundreds of people were being sold by that mythical personage."

"Well, those young scamps had better keep clear of me," declared the captain, with a laugh, for the minister's story had brought him back to good-nature again, "and I hope you will pardon the rough manner in which I addressed you."

"Don't mention it," said the reverend gentleman; "here is my hand, captain, and if you ever hear of Tom Collins again, think of me."

"That I shall, and of the rascals that sold me," replied the captain, as he shook hands heartily with the minister, and left the cabin.

As he started up the stairs, he ran plump into our friends, who, unseen by him, had noticed all that passed, and were enjoying the success of their joke hugely.

"Ah, you young land-sharks, so you dare to play your tricks on me, do you? Didn't you know you were thrusting your heads into the lion's mouth? But to show you that I bear no malice, I'll give you one of the best cigars you ever smoked in your lives, all around, if you will all promise me not to say a word about this until after you leave the boat."

The gentlemen readily promised, and they all adjourned to the captain's cabin, where he set out a box of fine Regalias, and the jokers spent a very pleasant hour with him. After leaving the captain, they concluded to turn in.

The Artist and the Pathfinder went to their state-room, and the Professor, the Farmer, and Mozart to the one they were to occupy, after cautioning each other to get up early.

"What number did you say it was, Professor?" asked Mozart.

"Sixty-one," — looking at his key as he spoke.

"That's farther aft," said the Farmer.

After looking at several of the rooms, they found sixty-one, and the Professor tried to insert the key in the lock, but it would not go in.

"Confound it, this key don't fit!" said the Professor, struggling away at the keyhole.

"Here, let me try it," proposed Mozart; "the Professor has smoked so many cigars to-night, he is tight."

"It seems to me I hear somebody in there," said the Farmer to Mozart, who was punching, wrenching, and banging away at the door trying to get the key in the lock.

Just then, from the inside of the state-room came a voice that caused Mozart to suspend operations.

"Murder! thieves! Captain, somebody is trying to break into my room!" came in shrill feminine tones through the door.

"Hold your noise! What are you doing in my state-room?" retorted the Professor.

"Fire! robbers! Get out! Don't you come in here!" again shrieked the female.

"Look here, fellows, this must be a mistake," said the Farmer. "Let me see that key."

Mozart passed it to him.

"Do you call that sixty-one, sleepy?" he asked, showing the Professor the figures on the key. "It is *nineteen!* you looked at it upside down. Your room must be clear forward."

"So — I — did," said the Professor slowly, as if he couldn't comprehend it.

"Let's hurry away from here, lively, fellows, or that woman will raise every one on the boat;" and the Farmer turned away.

They left without further parley; they succeeded in opening the door of the state-room this time, and jumped in quickly, for people were inquiring what the trouble was, and they did not care to answer questions.

In ten minutes they were asleep, and did not wake until seven the next morning.

CHAPTER III.

THE WAIT IN PORTLAND.

WEDNESDAY morning the gentlemen met on the forward deck, and after getting their baggage and the stores for the camp (which had come along with them on the steamer) together, they engaged a team and had them taken over to the Grand Trunk Depot, and consigned to the care of the baggage-master.

Then they sauntered out for breakfast, and finally found a saloon, where they went in and sat down.

Mozart called for "vine fruit."

"What's them?" asked the waiter.

"Beans!" answered Mozart; "and a cup of coffee with them."

"I'll have a plate of mystery," said the Farmer.

"Mystery?" queried the waiter.

"Yes," replied the Farmer: "that dark and mysterious compound formed from the mixture of animal, vegetable, and abominable odds and ends.

The dish that George Washington gloried in, that Napoleon Bonaparte fought and bled for, and which Queen Victoria treated me to three times when I was boarding at Windsor Castle, ycleped hash!"

"Oh! you mean corn-beef hash?"

"That's it, my interesting call-boy!"

"You may bring me," remarked the Professor, "a plate of the conglomeration of the Irish potato and a dissected body of one of the finny tribe."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Didn't you ever hear of mince fish?" asked the Professor.

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I want."

"Now look here, gentlemen," said the Artist, "don't have any more fooling. It will take forever to get our breakfast at this rate. Waiter, bring me a beef-steak and some hot rolls."

"I'll take the same," added the Pathfinder, "with the addition of coffee."

"We all want coffee," said Mozart.

Without further trouble the gentlemen ate their breakfast, and then started out to see the city.

"Let's divide the party," suggested the Farmer. "Mozart and I will go on a stroll together, and the Pathfinder, with the Professor and Artist, can go in a different direction, and we will all meet at the

Grand Trunk Depot at noon and compare notes. Our friends on the cars won't be here until nearly one o'clock, and if we meet at the depot at twelve, it will give us plenty of time to look after our stuff before the train starts."

This proposition was favorably received, and the two parties started off in different directions.

The Pathfinder, Professor, and Artist went up to the post-office to mail a postal-card, then over to the City Hall to take a look at the building, after which they strolled along to the Preble House, to see if any one was stopping there whom they knew.

They had reached the hotel and were about to enter, when the Artist felt a touch on his shoulder, and turning round he stood face to face with a policeman.

"What's your little game?" asked the officer, eying the party suspiciously.

"Little game! What do you mean?" interrogated the Artist, who was indignant at having a "copp" take so much interest in the party.

"Oh, we know you down here. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. The chief received a telegram that you had left Boston, and I've been on the lay for you."

"The devil you have! Did it hurt you much?" inquired the Artist, who, after the first moment of

surprise, saw at once there must be a mistake, and was prepared to enjoy the joke.

"None of your sarce, or I'll put the bracelets on you and trot you off to the lock-up," replied the officer, disposed to show his authority, as a crowd had begun to collect, who were interested spectators of the scene.

"Don't you try it on, my Christian friend, unless you want to get yourself into trouble! Who in the world do you take us for?"

"Oh, you're the swell pickpocket of Broadway, known to the force of New York as Dandy Charlie; and these other two birds are your pals."

"Who are you calling birds, you rotten piece of old crow-bait?" put in the Professor, who did not like the allusion to the Pathfinder and himself.

"Let's go into the hotel," suggested the Pathfinder. "This star has outshone himself on some festive occasion last evening, and turned up this morning drunk."

"You talk about my being drunk, and I'll make you acquainted with my billy," said the policeman, angrily.

"Better introduce yourself to us," argued the Professor, "and then we should become acquainted with a billy-goat."

"Nearest relation to a jackass," suggested the Artist.

"Of course he's a jackass," said Mozart. "Look at his ears!"

Now the policeman happened to have unusually large ears, and the crowd appreciating the joke, roared with laughter.

"Stop your chaffing, and go down to the depot! You'll take the first train to Boston," said the officer, "and if you don't move fast, I'll arrest the whole of you."

"It's about time this farce was brought to an end," protested the Artist. "We are Boston gentlemen on our way to the Richardson Lakes, to spend a few weeks. My name is Brown, and I am salesman in a store in Boston. My companions are Mr. Jones, and Mr. Thompson. I can very easily prove my own identity, as I am acquainted with several business men in this city; and in order to get rid of your troublesome espionage and unwelcome company, we will go down to Walnut & Co.'s, and Mr. Walnut will tell you what I have said is true."

"Well, we'll go down to the store and see what Walnut has to say about you," replied the policeman, who was a good fellow in the main, but who sometimes went a little too far in what he thought the discharge of his duty.

Accompanied by a sidewalk committee, who had taken great interest in the controversy, the whole

party walked down to Walnut's store, and the hearty welcome with which Mr. Walnut received the Artist, when they entered his counting-room, assured the policeman that he had made a mistake. Explanations followed, and the officer apologized. He told them that a party of three New York pickpockets had left Boston yesterday, and it was supposed they had come to Portland. The Portland chief of police had ordered him to keep a sharp look-out for them, and that if he ran across them he was to send them back to Boston by the next train; and drawing a photograph from his pocket, he added:

"And, gentlemen, you must allow that Dandy Charlie strongly resembles Mr. Brown."

The picture was passed around, and they all concluded that the officer had some grounds for his suspicions, as the face on the photograph was almost a counterpart of the Artist.

"That is the misfortune of being a good-looking fellow," said Mr. Walnut, who saw that the Artist felt a little sore over the affair.

"Yes, that pickpocket is a mighty good-looking fellow," acknowledged the policeman, as he returned the picture to his pocket.

"Now that I have caused you so much trouble, can I be of any service to you?" asked the officer,

who, when he had found out who the gentlemen were, was really sorry for his ludicrous mistake.

"No; thanks," replied the Artist, adding with a laugh, "I hope you won't take me for a pickpocket if we ever meet again."

"No danger of that!" declared the officer. "So, good morning, gentlemen."

After the guardian of the peace had departed, they sat down in the counting-room and had a chat and a smoke with Mr. Walnut, and then went down to the depot.

We will now follow Mozart and the Farmer.

After parting with their friends, the Farmer proposed that they should visit some of the wharves, and if they could find a good sail-boat, hire it for an hour or two, and go out for a sail. This suited Mozart, and they walked along Commercial Street, about half a mile from the depot, and then turned down a wharf where were lying a number of boats and vessels. Reaching the foot of the wharf, they stopped before a large ship that was being unloaded.

An idea seemed to strike the Farmer. It is so seldom such a thing happens, that we hasten to make a note of it.

"Mozart!"

"What?"

"Did you know that I was a ventriloquist?"

"No. Did you know it?"

"No joking, Mozart. I am quite a good ventriloquist; and instead of taking a sail, we'll have some sport."

"Go ahead, my hairpin, and let's see what you can do."

Just then an immense hogshead was lowered from the deck of the ship to the wharf.

The moment it landed, a child's voice was heard, apparently coming from the inside.

"Let me out! let me out!" it called in feeble tones; "I am smothering."

The workmen were astonished, and rolled the hogshead along a little way, looking to see if there was a child underneath it.

"Don't roll me over! Oh, please let me out! I am starving!" came again in a low tone from the inside of the hogshead.

"Och, murther!" said one of the longshoremen; "it's childer there is in there shure!"

"What's the matter here?" asked the stevedore, who had charge of the unloading of the vessel, approaching the little group around the hogshead.

"Mitter enough, sir-r! there's a bye in this hogshead!"

"Are you going to let me die in here? Give me

some air, for God's sake!" came in still fainter tones from the inside.

"Good heavens! there's a child in that cask!" exclaimed the stevedore excitedly. "Here, Mickey, bring me a hammer or hatchet, quick!"

The hatchet was brought, and the kind-hearted stevedore began in a lively manner to rip out the head of the hogshead.

"Be careful! don't hurt me!" again came the voice, apparently right from under the hatchet.

"Not a bit of it, my little dear," replied the stevedore, as he tore off the last piece of the cover, and began pulling out the straw that covered the crockery with which the cask was filled.

"You're just in time — I'm most gone!" piped up in feeble tones again from the hogshead, this time from clear down to the bottom.

Hurriedly the stevedore pulled at the straw and dishes inside, and in an almost incredibly short time was pawing about on the bottom of the hogshead, without having seen anything in the shape of a child. And then a puzzled expression crossed his face that nearly threw Mozart into a gale of laughter, but, at the imminent risk of bursting a blood-vessel, he managed to retain a sober face.

"What a jackass you are!" now came in stentorian tones from right over the stevedore's head.

He looked up, but did not discover anything.

"I believe I am sold," he said, as he commenced to repack the hogshead.

"You bet you are!" came from the inside of the cask again; and Mozart and the Farmer strolled up the wharf.

They crossed the street, and found themselves beside some Irish shanties.

"Here's another chance for fun. Come on, Mozart!"

They stepped into a little yard in front of one of the houses. From an upper window an Irish woman was looking out. In a moment, the Farmer made her say, apparently:

"Murther! Perlace! Somebody 's being kilt!"

At the sound of the voice the woman looked astonished.

"What's the row?" called Mozart, looking up at the window.

"A poor, lone widdy 's bein' murthered here. Perlace! perlace!" apparently came from the woman in answer, who, upon hearing the strange voice the second time, looked frightened as well as astonished.

"What's going on here?" asked a policeman of the gentlemen, attracted by the noise.

"Och, Mr. Perlaceman! come up here quick, will yees?" again sounded from the window.

The policeman rushed up, and Mozart and the Artist, almost choking with laughter, walked away towards the depot.

On their way they came to a large building full of offices, and the Farmer proposed that they should go in. It was a four-story block. They went up-stairs, and pretty soon the cry of "Fire!" in half a dozen different voices resounded through the building, and the inmates began hurrying down-stairs, one making tracks for the nearest box, and turning in an alarm.

The Farmer and Mozart went out with the crowd, and, thinking it might not be healthy to remain longer in that locality, travelled to the depot, where they found their friends; and they all took dinner together in the saloon, comparing notes while they were eating. No mention was made of the Farmer's talents for ventriloquism, for he had made Mozart promise not to tell the rest of the party, because it would spoil some future good time.

Mozart kept silent, and nothing was said of their adventures at the dinner-table, the time being taken up by the Artist relating his experience with Portland policemen.

As soon as the Montreal train backed into the depot, they took seats in the smoking-car; and here Sportsman found them on our arrival.

We will now go on with the story after leaving Portland.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PORTLAND TO BETHEL AND ANDOVER.

AT a quarter past one the train containing our party left the depot and steamed northward. The Governor and myself, with the ladies, occupied seats in one of the passenger-cars, and the single men of the party were enjoying themselves with cigars and euchre in the smoking-car.

We were now a little more comfortable than we had been in the forenoon, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery, which was constantly changing, to our hearts' content. It is a very pretty ride over the Grand Trunk Railroad between Portland and Bethel; and after you leave Mechanics Falls, the hills rapidly grow to mountains; and the nearer you get to the station, the higher and more romantic the mountains appear.

Occasionally some of the party from the smoking-car would pay us a visit; and once I went in there to see who was beating at euchre, and found all the

fellows engaged in helping the Professor put out of sight a large loaf of cake that he had brought from home. That was the kind of a game which I understood very well myself; I accordingly took a hand in it, and found the cake to be excellent. After the lunch, I returned to the passenger-car again.

At quarter of five the train stopped at Bethel, seventy miles from Portland, and we stepped out on the platform in front of the depot, glad to leave the cars after our long ride, we having travelled about one hundred and eighty-three miles since morning.

We took possession of the Bethel House carriage, and were whirled up to the hotel, where we sat down to a splendid supper, which, under our combined attack, grew beautifully less each moment. Before I had half finished, the Governor caught me by the collar and took me away from the table, declaring that I had already eaten as much as any three of the party, and, for the honor of the company, he did not want me to breed a famine in Bethel. With a doughnut in one hand, a piece of pie in the other, and a mouth full of sirloin-steak, I sputtered and gesticulated indignantly; but, in spite of my struggles, he succeeded in getting me outside of the hotel, and I was forced to finish my supper on top of the stage.

When we were ready to start, we found the land-

lord of the hotel wanted one of our party to drive a horse and buggy, with a lady, to Andover. The Artist volunteered, and made a wry face when the Governor told him it was an old woman of sixty that he was to have for a passenger. However, as he had offered, he would not back out, and was agreeably surprised, when he assisted his companion into the carriage, to find her a nice-looking lady of about twenty-five years of age. Whereupon the Artist gazed around with a look which gave us to understand that he had the best of us; and, helping the lady in, he drove away, amid the smiles and winks of the rest of our party.

The lady I found, on inquiry of the landlord, to be a married woman, residing in Andover, where we were bound. But the unfortunate Artist supposed the lady to be single, as he understood the landlord to say *Miss* Black, instead of *Mrs.* Black, when he introduced them; and he considered himself lucky, at so early a stage of our journey, in making the acquaintance of so pleasant a young lady.

After tea, we found Littlehale's comfortable stage awaiting us at the door of the hotel, and we took our places for a twenty-two mile ride to Andover. The driver climbed to his seat, gathered up his reins, let his whip-lash straighten out, and chirruped an encouraging word to his horses, and, with a hur-

rah that brought half the people in the hotel to the windows, away we went. We had eaten a good supper, and now, with stories and cigars, we whiled away the time pleasantly as we dashed over the road, the good-natured driver contributing several yarns that would have done honor to any captain of the fore-top.

The stage-ride from Bethel to Andover is not surpassed by any in New England. The road is level nearly the entire distance, and only one or two slight hills cause the horses any effort. The route lies down the Androscoggin valley for twelve miles, following the river closely, and furnishing landscape views that cannot be excelled. At Rumford we leave the Androscoggin, and follow up the Ellis River to Andover, a distance of ten miles. The valleys are bounded by mountains on either side, that sweep away in graceful curves in every direction.

Leaving the charming village of Bethel, the road crosses the Grand Trunk Railroad above grade, and a few rods farther on, the Androscoggin River is crossed over a substantial wooden covered bridge. Just beyond here, in clear weather, one obtains a splendid view of Mount Washington and its attendant peaks. The road runs through North Bethel and Hanover, pretty country villages, and for its

entire length is a combined panorama of river, forest, and mountain scenery rarely to be met with in New England. All were delighted with the scenery, and frequent were the exclamations of surprise and pleasure that burst from the lips of some of our party, as each new turn in the road disclosed a picture apparently more beautiful than those we had just passed.

The roof of the stage was covered with valises, guns, blankets, fishing-rods, and sundry other necessaries of camp-life; and the Professor and the Pathfinder, who were lying on top of these "fixin's," declared their bones would be broken before we should pull up at the Andover House.

I sat on the upper seat, with Spot behind me, and was considerably crowded, for one of the stages had stopped at Hanover, as there were only two persons on it going through to Andover; and our team, although a large four-horse coach, was well packed, in fact, it was overloaded; and if I had not thought a great deal of my dog, I should have been tempted to sell him cheap. Owing to our close quarters, my seat was none of the easiest when we left Hanover, and before we reached Andover, between quieting the dog and keeping my legs from being cramped, I thought I was as near Purgatory as I should ever get.

The Governor told me that was the beauty of owning a "purp," a remark which I answered only by a look of disgust and a silence more expressive than words. In spite of physical discomforts, however, we were a merry company as we started to complete the last stage of our ride.

The scenery still continued lovely; and the mountains and valleys were covered with that soft tinge that pervades the country as the sun slowly sinks behind some western hill, and daylight gives way to the delicious twilight that heralds in the night. The charm of the hour was felt by the most hilarious of our party.

The road occasionally winds through large tracts of woodland; and one of our party, who noticed a large growth of birch, gravely informed us that white birch made excellent spools, and then gave us such a dissertation on the spool question, that the Professor told him he had better hire a hall when he reached Andover, and finish his lecture, — which remark silenced him for a moment. Shortly afterwards, this same gentleman noticed a field containing herdsgrass, and called our attention to it with the remark:

"What a splendid field of grain!"

We ventured to inquire what kind of grain he called it, and he said:

"Oats!"

A general laugh followed, and Mozart advised him to read Greeley's "What I Know about Farming."

As the horses trotted along, our songs floated out into the still summer night; and a more hilarious party for perfectly sober people never awoke the echoes of the grand old hills than ours, as the stage dashed up to the Andover House and came to a standstill.

We alighted, were welcomed by the landlord, and shown to our rooms, with which we were well suited, especially those for the ladies.

Some of our party retired early; but the Artist and *Miss* Black, the Farmer, Sportsman, and Mozart, went over to the Town Hall and attended a church fair that was being held that evening.

The Artist played the gallant to his companion, treating her to ices, confectionery, &c.; and after the party returned to the hotel and had retired to their rooms, the Artist, who roomed with the Sportsman, told him she was a fine girl, and a mighty sensible little thing, too, and he meant to cultivate her acquaintance. The Sportsman, knowing who the lady was, could with difficulty retain a sober face; and in the morning he brought us all together, with the exception of the poor Artist, and told us about his going into rhapsodies over *Mrs.* Black.

My wife went to the lady — who, by the way, was boarding at the hotel — and asked her not to expose the joke. She promised; and when we started for the lakes, the Artist manœuvred for half an hour to get a good chance to speak to his girl alone before we left the hotel; but we blocked him every time, much to his chagrin and disappointment.

VILLAGE OF ANDOVER, ME., WITH OLD BALD PATE MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE LAKE ROAD.

THURSDAY morning we were up betimes, and came down to the table with our backwood togs on, looking not unlike a party of emigrants starting for the plains. Our costumes were of a nondescript character, no two of us being dressed alike.

We had a "stunning breakfast," to quote the Farmer, everything fresh and nice, and the crispy, brown trout disappeared from view with marvellous celerity. We were all delighted with our breakfast, and felt almost sorry to leave such hospitable quarters, but the woods and lakes, with their game and fish, beckoned us forward.

The guide and cook the landlord had engaged for us was at the hotel early. We were very much pleased with his appearance, and on further acquaintance with his many excellent qualities we found we had not misjudged him when we had decided that he was a right hearty good fellow.

At seven o'clock two buckboards — a team peculiar to that section of the country — drew up before the door of the hotel, and we proceeded to load up. It is the best vehicle for rough riding that I have ever seen.

A few articles, forgotten in Boston, we purchased at a grocery store in Andover, near the hotel, and these had been taken on before the teams drove up to the house; consequently, as soon as we had securely loaded our traps, we bade the ladies, who had gathered on the piazza to see us off, "good-bye," and with Spot following behind the teams, away we went for the lakes, twelve miles distant.

We left the hotel, and had only driven a few rods, when I found I had left my revolver behind. Mr. Thomas offered to get it if I would drive slow, and he started back on the run. He soon overtook us, and handing me the revolver, he took the reins and spurred up the horses, who increased their speed, trotting along in fine style.

It was a lovely morning; we were all in exuberant spirits, and anxious to reach the lakes, where our sport would commence.

The drivers were continually plied with questions, which were answered good-naturedly. Mr. Thomas drove one team, and Mr. Hewey the other one, so

that we had a couple of as good fellows for drivers as could be found in Andover.

The road we were following led off to the east of the village, and we crossed the Ellis River over a covered bridge, strongly built, taking the place of an old rickety affair, which had been destroyed three years before by a spring freshet. After leaving the bridge, the road continued a short distance to the right, and then swung around to the left, ascending a hill from whose summit could be obtained a splendid view of Andover lying spread out in the valley below us, the Ellis in the foreground, and a long range of mountains, their peaks cleaving the sky, and covered with a heavy forest growth, forming a background for as lovely a landscape as my eyes had ever rested on.

Many were the compliments the village received from the members of our party, who were unanimous in the opinion that a prettier painting from Nature's brush they had never gazed upon.

A short distance beyond the top of this hill we passed a picturesque-looking old farm-house, with an "old oaken bucket" in front of it. Mr. Thomas informed us that this was the last house on the road, and we looked at it with some little interest as the last link that bound us to the outer world. But it was soon out of sight, and a drive of two miles

brought us to Black Brook, across which we rattled, and a rod or two beyond left the county-road, turning into the Lake Road from the left. From this point to the Arm of the Lake is nine miles.

This road through the woods is only used by parties going to or from the lakes, and is only wide enough for one team.

"Look here, Scribbler!" asked the Farmer, "what do you do when you meet a team?"

"Drive into the woods, and let them pass."

"But there isn't room."

"Oh, they drive right over common-sized trees and rocks. You will see how it is done if we meet a team."

"My breakfast is gradually working into my boots," said the Professor, as we drove over a stone about two feet high.

"Oh, this is nothing," I remarked; "if you want your breakfast settled, wait until we get to the Devil's Turnpike."

"You had better draw your belt a little tighter," suggested the Guide, laughing; "we'll not have anything to eat until we get into camp."

"When will that be?" asked Mozart.

"About sundown."

"Scribbler will starve before that time," laughed the Governor, "and we shall have to bury him."

DEVIL'S DEN, BLACK BROOK, LAKE ROAD, ANDOVER, ME.

"Don't you be alarmed for me," I returned; "I can look out for number one."

The part of the road over which we were now riding was in the middle of the forest, and huge trees surrounded us on every side. We could only get a peep at the sky by looking directly overhead; and at times we could not even do that, as the branches of some of the old trees met above us, forming a beautiful natural arch, and completely hiding the sky and sun. The road was filled with roots, rocks, and stumps, varied occasionally by mud-holes, in which the wheels would sink over the hubs, and when they emerged would sometimes besprinkle us plentifully with natural blacking. But as we were dressed in the worst clothes we owned, we did not mind it any, and would only complain when one of us would get a plaster in the eyes. This would so tickle the Governor that he would roar with laughter, and fairly shake the team. But after a while we had the laugh on him; for just as he was opening his mouth to make some facetious remark, our team went into another slough, and one of the forward wheels threw up a junk of soft mud the size of an egg, which struck him square on the nose, a little flying into his mouth. Perhaps we didn't laugh any to see him spit, and sputter, and

wipe? Of course we didn't — oh, no! After that he was quiet for a time.

"I hear a team coming," remarked the Sportsman.

"It is some distance away, though," I replied, as the sound of the wheels and the murmur of voices came indistinctly to my ears.

"What are you going to do, Thomas?" asked the Farmer; "there isn't room to pass them here."

"Yes there is," returned the driver; and turning his horses from the road, they went into the woods over rocks, bushes, and young trees so springy that they nearly upset us when they bent under the bottom of the buckboard.

The other team passed, and we exchanged a few words with the strangers.

"You understand driving pretty well," said the Professor to Thomas, as we regained the road.

"This is nothing. If you want to see hard riding you should come out here just after the frost is out of the ground in the spring."

"I should think it might be rather bad."

"Well, I guess it is. Sometimes horses get mired here, and we have an awful job getting them out."

"Why is not something done to the road to keep it in better order?"

"There is something done every year, but it improves slowly. We are going to raise five hundred

dollars next winter, and put it on the road next spring. That will help us a great deal. In time we shall make a pretty fair road out of it, doing a little every year."

"How far are we from Smith's Mill?" I asked of Thomas.

"A few rods," he replied, turning off to a small opening on the left-hand side of the road.

"Come on, gentlemen," I shouted, jumping down from the buckboard, "and I'll show you the Devil's Den!"

"Hope we won't find him at home," said the Pathfinder.

Thomas and I led the way across the open glade, down the path which passed near a spring where was some excellent water. We all took a drink of it—clear, sparkling, and cold. Crossing the head of a little rivulet, now dry, we ascended a slight elevation on the opposite side, and in a moment more stood beside the "Devil's Den," one of the romantic sights of the Lake Road. It is certainly a great curiosity, and the gentlemen were delighted with the place.

"A person could obtain some splendid stereoscopic views here," said the Artist.

"Indeed they could," I replied; "and I wish we had some photographic apparatus with us."

While we were examining the "Devil's Den," Spot — to use a nautical phrase — came very near losing the number of his mess. He had crossed to the other side on the large beam that lay across the top of the Den, and was coming back, when he met Mr. Thomas, who, not being troubled with a dizzy head, was standing on the beam right over the middle of the awful chasm. Spot undertook to walk over Thomas's feet, but having so little room, his hind feet slipped off the timber, and in a second more he was hanging between heaven and earth, over that horrible gulf, with his fore paws resting on the timber, and the nails of his feet dug into the wood, which, luckily for him, was a little soft, so that he had a pretty good hold. The dog was aware of his danger, and looked up in Thomas's face in a beseeching manner.

A cry of alarm escaped me as I noticed the dog's predicament. I was too far away to render him any assistance; and if the poor fellow was to die, I didn't want him to be mangled in such a way as he would have been had he fallen the sixty feet which intervened between him and the sharp-pointed rocks below.

But Thomas was cool, and had presence of mind equal to the emergency. Stooping carefully down, he seized the dog by the nape of the neck, and a

moment later he held Spot in his arms, and brought him across to where I was standing.

"The little devil hung on like grim death," he remarked, as he dropped him by my side.

"Thomas, you are a brick," I replied. "Give us your hand, and let's have a shake on the strength of what you've done. There are not many, had they been in your place, that would have managed that affair so cleverly."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Thomas, with becoming modesty.

"Three cheers for Thomas!" sang out the Sportsman; and they were given with a will; and Spot barked lustily, as if he understood the matter, and wanted to do his share.

"Now, Scribbler, you had better look out for that dog the rest of the time we are here," suggested the Sportsman.

"Oh, he'll be all right," answered Thomas. "He would have crossed the beam well enough if I hadn't been in his way. I didn't see him at all until your brother screamed."

"It's lucky I screamed then," I replied.

"Yes, it was; for he would have been a dead canine in a moment longer."

"Gentlemen," said the Farmer, oracularly, strik-

ing an attitude, "in the midst of life we are in death."

"Now, Farmer, simmer down," cried Mozart, "and let's see the rest of this place."

"Come with me," I called, "and I will show you Hermit Falls and Silver-ripple Cascade."

I led them a little way beyond the Den, and we stood on the banks of Black Brook, which are formed of heavy masses of granite rock, scarred and seamed, and watched the water as it came tumbling, foaming, and swirling down between the rough sides, forming a pretty little fall; then flowing smoothly a short distance, it breaks up and sweeps over the bed-rock, forming a very beautiful cascade, and, a short distance below, emptying into a round basin in the rock, forming a handsome pool, something like the Garnet Pool, near the Glen House, only twice as large.

"They call this the 'Devil's Caldron,'" I said to the Pathfinder, pointing to a whirlpool at the foot of the fall.

"I should think the devil had a mortgage on this place," he replied; "everything seems to belong to him."

"By Jove, Scribbler!" cried the Artist to me, from below us; "this is splendid. I mean to try and make a sketch of this fall and cascade!"

Silver Ripple Cascade, Black Brook, Andover, Me.

"There is a good place for you to get a view of them," I replied, pointing to an immense boulder that overhung the pool, and was situated just at the foot of the cascade, on the opposite side from where we stood. "Cross the brook higher up, and then you can get down to it."

"Mozart," said the Governor, "suppose you and I throw a fly here, while the Artist is making his sketch."

"All right! I'll run back to the team and get our rods."

We spent over an hour in this charming locality, and the Artist made two very good sketches, — one of the cascade, the other of the falls.

The Governor and Mozart were rewarded with fine trout for the time spent in fishing, and were pleased with their success. The fish averaged about half a pound each in weight.

Black Brook flows near the road for several miles, and is one of the best trout streams in the vicinity of Andover.

While we were at the Den, two other teams arrived at the turn-out with a party of six, who were bound up the lakes. They did not make as long a stop as our party, and left ahead of us.

Finally, Thomas said we must he moving, and we bundled into the teams, and the horses were started.

For three miles we continued on our way, without anything occurring worthy of note, and then reached a spur of Blue Mountain, known as Cedar Hill. Over this the road was rough and rocky, and we joked and laughed over the shaking up we received. As we reached the top of the hill, an opening in the woods appeared before us.

"There's Black Brook Notch," remarked Thomas, pointing ahead.

"What a frightful precipice!" remarked the Artist, gazing at the mountain on our right, which rose almost perpendicularly from base to summit, towering eight hundred feet above us, its sides barren of vegetation, except a little grass and a few fir-trees.

"A fellow would find it a pretty hard job to climb up there," said the Professor.

"It would be an utter impossibility," I remarked. "Why, look, there are places on the face of the ledge where it is perfectly smooth for at least thirty feet; not a bush, or root, or even a blade of grass, to hang on by."

"If you couldn't climb up," said the Governor, "it wouldn't be for want of legs, for yours are long enough."

"My legs are just the kind that are needed in this region," I replied, not at all annoyed at the laugh that was raised at my expense.

Mt. Sawyer, and Sluice Dam, Black Brook Notch, Andover, Me.

We had now reached the foot of Cedar Hill, and here a sluice dam had been thrown across Black Brook to raise the water sufficiently high in the spring to run logs down the stream, for in some winters there is lumbering done in this vicinity. From this dam to the Arm it is four miles.

A few rods beyond is the gate of the notch where Sawyer and Blue Mountains come so near together that there is only room between them for the road, and the rock had to be blown away in some places to make that.

Near here also is the celebrated Cold Spring, where the coolest of water bubbles up through the whitest of sand, from under an immense boulder, on the right-hand side of the road, as you go in to the lakes. We all took a drink at this sparkling fountain, and found the water delicious.

Continuing on a short distance farther, we reached the Devil's Turnpike, a short piece of rough, rocky road.

"Scribbler," said the Governor, as we bumped along, "I believe you coaxed me down here to kill me;" and as he was rolled from side to side of the seat, his usually good-natured face lengthened out into one of the most woe-begone looking countenances I ever saw on a human being.

"There's only three miles more of it," said Thomas, with a sly wink at me.

"What! Stop the horses! I am going to walk!"

"Oh, sit still," I replied. "Thomas is fooling; there is only a few rods more of it."

We were soon over the "Turnpike," and the Governor breathed more freely.

"See that little patch of ground, Artist?" I asked, pointing off to the right of the road.

He nodded.

"Well, that is the Devil's Onion-Bed. Onions have grown there for three years, and no one knows how they first came there, but it is supposed the Devil raised them to live on while he built the turnpike we have just rode over."

"Bumped over, you mean," said the Governor.

"What a breath the Devil must have had after living on onions so long!" suggested the Pathfinder; at which all laughed.

"We've got another consolation for you," said Thomas to the Governor. "In a few moments more we shall reach a piece of road that is corduroyed for half a mile, and it will shake you up lively."

"When we come to it I shall believe in pedestrianism, and put my belief into practice."

"If any of you fellows want to shoot," said Thomas,

"you may find some game between here and the Arm."

"I'm ready if there is anything to shoot," answered the Artist.

"So am I," added the Farmer.

"Look out you don't shoot a skunk," cried the Governor, with a chuckle.

"There's not many skunks about here," remarked Thomas.

"Plenty of hedgehogs, though," said Hewey.

When we reached the corduroy, we all took a walk, and the Artist shot a hawk, and the Professor a gray squirrel. We tramped along until the corduroy was cleared, and then took to the teams again. When within about two miles of the Arm of the Lake, one of the horses became pretty well blown; so we all left the teams again, and walked the rest of the way.

On reaching the old camp at the Arm, we found the water six feet higher in the lake than I had ever seen it before, as I had always been to the lakes later in the season. It came up nearly to the camp. For some moments I scarcely knew the place. The height of the water made everything look unnatural, and I noticed that among the bushes a little to the left front of the camp, where the New York clubs

had pitched their tents last August, when my brother and I were down, boats were now floating with their keels clear of the bottom.*

* Since the year spoken of in this story, the Lake Road has been very materially improved. It is free from mud now, excepting in heavy rains. Thousands of rocks have also been removed from the road, and Cedar Hill, which was at the time spoken of in this story the worst place in the whole road, has now been cleared of stones, and a buggy could be driven over it without injury. All of the corduroy, also, mentioned in this story, has been heavily covered with gravel, making the ride from Andover to the Arm of the lake an enjoyable one.

CHAPTER VI.

UP THE LAKE. — FROM THE ARM TO FRENCH'S CAMP. — A MEETING WITH FELLOW-VOYAGERS.

AS soon as the teams arrived, Thomas stabled his horses, gave them a feed, and then pointed out the two boats we were to take. I picked out what I thought to be the best one; but if I ever showed a lack of judgment in my life, it was when I took that boat for a decent craft, for she turned out to be as crank as a wash-tub, and as hard to pull as a mud-scow. Our friend McCard, of the Upper Dam, has since christened that boat the "Rolling Moses;" and if ever Tom hit the nail on the head, it was when he named that boat.

We brought the boats up to the shore in front of the camp, and commenced loading them as rapidly as possible, it being our intention to reach our guide's camp, which was about six miles from the Arm, on the right-hand side of the Narrows, before getting any meal. As we had taken an early break-

fast, and come off without a luncheon, the sooner we reached the camp the better.

The men who had come in the teams ahead of us, pushed off and pulled away, just as we commenced to load. They were bound for the Middle Dam, Angler's Retreat. It is over on the western shore of the lower lake, about four miles from the Arm.

As ill luck would have it, the wind was dead ahead and blew strong, which is generally the case when one wishes to pull up the lakes; and Thomas cheered us with the information that "he guessed we'd have to do some smart pulling before we reached the camp."

Now, instead of having to pull with might and main against the heavy north-west winds that blow down the lake, sportsmen can take the jaunty little steamer Welokenebacook, and make the run from the Arm to the Upper Dam in an hour and a half. This boat was put on the lakes in the summer of 1876, and makes daily trips up and down the lake, touching at all points, through the summer.

In an hour we had loaded the boats and placed ourselves in them. The Governor, the Artist, the Farmer, the Professor, and myself, going in the "Rolling Moses," and Mozart, Sportsman, the Path-

finder, and the Guide, in the larger one, which we had christened the "Dancing Sally."

As we pulled out from the shore and headed up the lake, our drivers sang out "good luck!" after us, and we gave a cheer and then bent to our oars. The Guide's boat took the lead, and ours followed. The fellows who pulled had to throw the muscle right into their strokes, the boats were so heavily loaded. However, we bent manfully to our oars, and made headway slowly in spite of the wind, which we found blew very heavy, as we worked out into the middle of the Arm. But we relieved each other at the ash every little while, and so made the best use of our strength.

"Those fellows are going to beat us," said the Artist, who, not rowing, was watching the "Dancing Sally."

"I should have a poor opinion of them if they did not lead us, for they are pulling four oars to our two, and the Guide will pull equal to any two men in our party," I replied.

"Don't you think we can sail, Scribbler?" asked the Professor.

"I'm afraid not, the way the wind is. I don't believe you can beat this boat any."

"The other one is beating her," said the Artist.

"Cheap joke for the Artist!" cried the Farmer; "chalk it down, Scribbler."

"If we are going to set the sail, we shall have to pull in to the shore, for the boat rolls about so in this sea that she may capsize when the mast is stepped. Give way on your oars, fellows," I cried to the Farmer and the Professor, who were rowing, "and I will slant in to that old cedar on the port bow."

In a few moments more we had hold of the cedar. We stepped the mast, unfurled the sail, and hauled the sheet aft.

"Let her go!" I cried, as the sail filled, and we stood out to the middle of the Arm again.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the Farmer; "the Guide is following suit. There goes the sail on the other boat!"

We made three or four tacks; but the boat slid off, so we did not make any progress towards the head of the lake, and finally we pulled for the shore again, furled the sail, and took down the mast. Then we headed straight up the lake and bent to the oars again. We were disgusted with our trial of sailing. One might as well try to crawl to the top of Bunker Hill Monument from the outside as try to beat the "Rolling Moses" to windward.

"I'll be hanged if the boat don't leak like a sieve,"

said the Farmer, calling my attention to a fact which I had noticed some time before.

"Well, 'trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry,' and we'll get through all right," replied the Professor.

"Look out for the guns!" I cautioned; "and if any one can find the bailing-dish, pass it to me, and I will try to get a little of the water out of the boat."

"You'll go bail for the whole of us, will you?" asked the Governor.

"Cheap joke for the Governor," said the Farmer; "scratch it down, Scribbler."

We were now about half-way between Bailey's Point and Pine Island. Steering and bailing at the same time, I did not get out a great deal of water, and I accordingly headed for the island, where we landed. Here we partly unloaded the boat, so as to get a better chance at the water, and then bailed her out thoroughly.

Just as we pulled out from the island, we saw the other boat disappearing around Hardscrabble.

"They will get up to camp an hour ahead of us," I remarked to the Artist.

"Yes, I should think they would."

"I wish I was in the other boat," said the Professor, with a dismal groan.

"You might be capsized if you were," I replied.

"If the Professor gets into the lake, he's all right," said the Governor; "that musket of his will float him."

"Where to?—the bottom?" queried the Artist.

"Come, Scribbler, I'll change places with you," said the Governor, who was tugging at one of the oars and blowing like a porpoise. "I guess I can steer this craft."

"Certainly I'll change with you," I remarked, laughing to see the sweat roll down his face.

"I wish some one would change with me," said the Professor, who looked disgusted; and it was evident that rowing did not agree with his constitution.

"I'll spell you," volunteered the Farmer. "It takes Scribbler and I to walk this boat along."

We were now in a rough sea off Hardscrabble, the hardest point in the lake to pass in a north-west wind. But the Farmer and I pulled a long, steady stroke, and kept very good time; and we soon began to double on old Hardscrabble, and the Governor laid our course for Portland Point, at the mouth of the Narrows, which the "Dancing Sally" had just reached.

The day was warm and pleasant, and as we bent to the oars the perspiration ran down our faces in

great drops. But we had our backs up, and the "Rolling Moses" was sent through the water at a pretty fair rate of speed. But by the time we were half-way from Hardscrabble to the mouth of the Narrows, the other boat had disappeared from sight.

The scenery now engrossed the attention of the other gentlemen in the boat, who were making their first visit to the lakes, and for some time I was kept busy answering their questions. Then a long spell of silence ensued, broken at last by the Artist, who sang out to the Professor:

"Come, throw that King's Arm overboard: we never shall make any headway while we have that to carry."

"Let the Professor alone," I cried. "He bought that musket down in Portland Street, and paid a dollar for it, and you can't expect him to sacrifice it."

"No," said the Farmer; "he wants it to shoot bears with when we get up to camp."

"Gentlemen," I remarked, after another short lull in the conversation, "I am beginning to feel hungry."

"You'll starve if we don't get something to eat soon," said the Governor. "It's nearly five o'clock."

"Let's go on shore and have a lunch," suggested the Professor.

"A good idea," chimed in the Farmer.

"Splendid!" I added: "but all the provisions are in the other boat."

"Well, that is a healthy idea!" ejaculated the Artist.

"How far are we from French's Camp now?" asked the Governor.

"Only a short distance," I replied. "We are just entering the Narrows."

"Boat ahead!" shouted the Artist, who was in the bow.

"That is some of our party. They are out fishing."

"What can they catch, Scribbler?"

"In that place, chub certainly, and possibly trout."

We were soon near enough to hail them, and found that Mozart and the Pathfinder were in the boat, fishing.

"What luck?" bawled the Farmer.

"Plenty of chub," replied Mozart, "but not a single trout."

We pulled in to the landing, and made fast to a tree; and I concluded that our party must have

visitors, as I noticed two Indian rock-boats at the landing.

All along the shore it looked strange and unfamiliar, the water was so much higher than I had ever seen it before. The water was clear up in the bushes, which made it difficult to land.

Looking up just then, I saw two gentlemen coming down the path to the boats. They turned out to be Boston men, brothers, with one of whom the Artist was acquainted.

We exchanged greetings with them, and the Artist asked them how the fishing was. They reported it to be first-rate at the Upper Dam; and on further talk, finding that we had no trout except the five small ones caught at Black Brook, they presented us with a dozen nice ones. They were on their way to the Middle Dam, and were going to try the fishing there a spell. They stepped into their boats, and their guides pulled off down the lake. After they had gone, the Artist told us that they visited the lakes every year. A few moments after they had left us, the Guide came down to the landing.

"Well, gentlemen, you've arrived," he said, as he reached our boat.

"Yes, we have," I replied; "and if we had not stopped to shoot a bear we saw swimming across the lake, we should have been here ahead of you."

"What did you do with your bear, Mr. Scribbler?"

"Oh, the Artist tried to pull him into the boat, but the animal was so heavy, he dropped him, and he sank."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mozart; "what a yarn! That won't go down in this crowd."

"Well, I'll tell you what we have caught," said the Artist, as he looked at the Guide, "and that is, a nice string of trout;" and he held up two or three of the largest that his friends had so kindly presented him with.

"Those fellows will make a nice fry; but we had better get these things up to camp."

"Where is your camp? I don't see it," said the Professor.

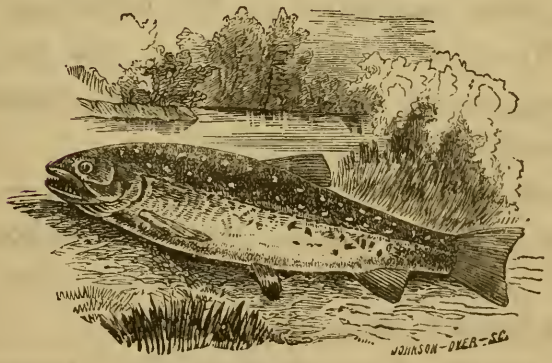
"You can't from here. It is just over the top of that ridge you can see;" and he pointed up the path.

All hands took hold, and we carried up hard-tack, potatoes, fish, salt pork, tea, coffee, &c., and our blankets and hammocks.

There were several berths in the camp, and it was unnecessary to pitch the tent.

I had never been on shore at this particular spot before. Taking as many things as I could carry, I staggered up the hill, and found the camp

lay on the further side of the ridge, down in a little wooded dell, and was very prettily situated. It consisted of two log cabins, one of which was used to cook in, and the other for eating and sleeping. A dozen persons could have been very comfortably accommodated in the camp.



CHAPTER VII.

OUR FIRST MEAL IN CAMP. — "WHERE IS MY VALISE?"

WHEN I reached "our hotel," — as some of the party called it, — I found a fire burning in the stove; and it was not many minutes before some of the trout mentioned in the preceding chapter were frying, the coffee boiling, and the fellows standing around with their mouths watering, in anticipation of the coming feast.

It took the Guide, with our assistance, — for each one did what he could, — about half an hour to get supper ready, and it was about six o'clock when we sat down to the table.

The spirit of satisfaction that pervaded my whole being when I sat down to the table, and as a sort of preparatory move took a sniff of the splendid aroma of the coffee and the delicious trout, which, brown and smoking, lay on the platter, flanked by two large plates of fried potatoes, comes back to me now as I write of it. For, remember,

dear reader, that we had been without food since breakfast-time, — an early breakfast at that, — and that we had been shaken and jolted, had walked several miles, and tugged at the "weary oar," as the Professor expressed it, for nearly six hours in succession; and now the labor was all over, the silver lining had appeared in our cloud, and we were seated before a repast that would put to shame any meal that you ever ate in the city.

Few and short were the preliminary remarks, I assure you; and with an unspoken blessing, each one seized knife, spoon, or fork, whichever came handiest, and — to use a well-pointed phrase — "pitched in."

For a few moments all you could hear was, "Pass the trout, please;" "I'll thank you for a cup of coffee;" "Don't eat all those fried potatoes, your uncle wants some;" "Pass that condensed milk, you sardine;" "Pray, Scribbler, stop eating long enough to pass me the sugar, can't you?" "Here, Mozart, have a pickle;" "Another cup of coffee, Guide;" and similar remarks that are very apt to be made under like circumstances; and then all of this jargon was followed by the munch and crunch of eight pairs of hungry jaws, and the poor Guide was kept dancing about like a live hen in a hot oven.

As he came up to the table, with the second pot-

ful of coffee, after the sharp edge had been taken off of our appetites, he exclaimed, as he wiped the sweat from his brow:

"You are the best set of feeders I ever saw. If they have many more like you in Boston, I should hate to live there. I should be afraid of starving."

Then the Governor, that jolly old fellow, chuckled and roared.

Then we all roared.

Then the Governor left the rest of us at the table, and tried to stuff it into the Guide that he hadn't eaten anything.

But the Guide seemed hard to be convinced, more especially as just at that moment the Governor stumbled over Spot, and the Artist declared that he was so full that he couldn't stand.

But we could not eat forever, even at such a feast as that; and as we became satisfied, one after another arose from the table.

The Farmer cried because there was no more trout. He had eaten six pounds only, and the Governor told him he would have to pay for two men's rations.

While the Guide was eating his supper, we went out and sat down on the grass near the cabin, and smoked, and chatted, and watched the sun as it sank in the west behind the tall trees. The evening

shadows stole gently about us, and some one suggested that we should build a large camp-fire to make it look a little more cheerful. Just then the Artist sang out:

"Who has seen my valise?"

No one answered.

"Don't all speak at once," he remarked.

"I guess it is down in your boat," suggested the Guide, as he joined us with his pipe.

"Run down and see, Artist; my revolver is in it."

"So it is, Scribbler; and if the valise is gone, your revolver is gone too."

"I suppose you will buy me a new one in that case?"

"Do you see anything green in my eye?"

"Not in your eye, particularly; but there is a general predominance of that color all over your body."

"Well, I am going down to the boat, and see if I can find it;" and away he went.

"Is there any game about here?" asked the Governor.

"Yes, several kinds," replied the Guide. "I guess you'll see something in the morning."

"If I do, I'll make an addition to our larder."

"Who's the larder?" asked the Farmer. "Scribbler?"

"No; he is the one that makes the hole in it," answered the Governor.

"What did you build this camp here for, Guide?" asked the Pathfinder.

"We wanted it to stop in when we come up fishing in the winter. Mr. French, at Andover, owns part of it."

"I should think you would freeze to death here in winter."

"Oh, no; we have plenty of wood, and keep up a good fire."

"Do you catch any large trout here in winter?" asked the Farmer.

"Yes, sometimes. Last winter we caught some pretty heavy ones. The largest we caught weighed twelve pounds."

"That was a whapper," said the Governor.

"The fish, or the story?" I asked.

"None of your cheap jokes," remarked Sportsman.

"In the camp where you eat you will find the size of the fish marked out on the side of the building."

"How long do you stay up here?" I inquired.

"Three or four weeks, generally."

"Has anybody seen my black pants?" queried the Professor, who had been for the last five minutes poking around among the luggage.

No one had seen them.

"I must have left them at the Andover House, then."

"No matter," I replied; "you will find them all right on our return to Andover."

"Well, fellows, my valise is not to be found," said the Artist, who had just returned from the landing.

"You must have left it on that island, where we bailed out the boat," suggested the Farmer.

"Or, more likely, it fell overboard, and went to the bottom of the lake," put in the Governor.

"I'll wager a new hat with you that it is on the island," I said, "for I saw it on a log while I was bailing out the boat."

"Chance for the Artist to take a little exercise," suggested the Pathfinder with a grin; "that island isn't more than four miles below here."

The Artist looked a little dubious.

"I tell you what it is," I said to him, jumping up, "there will be no time to look after that valise in the morning, and I think you had better take one of the boats and pull down there at once, and see if you can find it before dark. It is going to be a dark night, and the sooner you start the better. I will go with you for one."

Mozart and the Professor volunteered to accompany us, and without further talk we started.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HUNT FOR THE MISSING VALISE. — A MYSTERY. — IS IT A GHOST? — THE VALISE FOUND. — THE RETURN TO CAMP. — A DARK LANDING.

REACHING the landing, we jumped into the "Rolling Moses;" Mozart and the Artist took the oars, and I seated myself at the helm.

"Now, gentlemen, you will have to pull a good strong stroke, for it will soon be dark, and we couldn't find the valise after dark, if it is there."

"Why didn't you bring the sail, Scribbler? the wind is fair," asked the Professor.

"I didn't think of it; and besides, there is not a great deal of wind, and coming back the sail would only be in the way."

"I feel just like rowing," said Mozart; "that supper has gone to the right spot."

"Pull away then, my hearty, and get us there before dark."

"Mozart and I will pull down," proposed the

Artist; "and you and the Professor can pull back."

"All right!" exclaimed the Professor, as he stretched out on a thwart, and lighted his pipe. Just then we canted the boat down to starboard, and the Professor's arm, which was lying on the gunwale, rolled off into the water. He pulled in his arm, with the water dripping from his sleeve, and wanted to know if that was a joke. He thought if it was, he didn't want any more of them.

"What lake did you say this was, Scribbler?" asked the Artist, who sat near me.

"Welokenebacook, also known as the Lower Richardson Lake."

"What jaw-breakers these old Indian names are," said the Professor, who was puffing away diligently at his pipe.

"I should hate to pronounce them many times a day," declared Mozart.

The boys pulled a pretty good stroke, and the boat walked along lively, not being near so heavily loaded as in the afternoon.

The sun had set, and the air was damp from the falling dew. The line of the shore was becoming indistinct, and I was afraid darkness would overtake us before we reached the island. There was just wind enough to ripple the water, and if it had only

been a moonlight evening, I should not have wished to hurry.

We had almost reached the island, when all at once we heard a peculiar sound ahead of us, and the gentlemen stopped rowing.

"What is that noise?" asked the Artist.

"Something on the island," I said.

It had stopped while we were talking.

"There it is again," said Mozart, as the mysterious sound floated out to us through the dusky twilight.

"It is some kind of a wild animal," said the Artist; and he took his gun and put on fresh caps.

"A bear, perhaps," ventured the Professor.

By the dim light in which we were approaching the island, it seemed to have increased to twice its natural size. It was completely covered with trees, — mostly white birch and underbrush, — while near the centre of the northern end, from the highest point, two old dead pines, shorn of branches except two or three at the top, towered up to a height of sixty or seventy feet, looking down with scorn upon the younger growth beneath them. They appeared very conspicuous, their bare and ragged trunks outlined against the dark-blue of the sky, standing like some gigantic sentinels on duty; they had served me as an excellent mark to steer by, while coming down from camp.

The Professor had loaded his musket, which threw a ball as large as a small cannon, and was already to blaze away should occasion require.

The Artist placed his double-barrel where he could reach it easily, and then he and Mozart pulled softly and slowly towards the shore.

The mysterious sounds still continued, and our nerves had become strung up to the fighting point; so we rather hoped we should have an adventure.

"I saw something move," asserted the Professor.

"Where?"

"Straight over the bow of the boat."

"That's a log," I replied, taking a good look at the object.

"Perhaps the island is haunted," suggested the Artist; "and the spirits do not want us to land here, and are making these noises to frighten us away."

"I suppose they must be Indian spirits, then," I answered; "for years ago there used to be an old chief and his daughter living on this island."

"You're joking?"

"No. Positive fact. But I guess all the spirits that have been on here of late years were liquid ones."

During this time I had been watching the log in the water, and as we neared the island, I noticed that one end was fast on shore, caught under the root

of a tree, probably, while the other end rose and fell with the waves. This set me to thinking, and I had soon solved the mystery.

"It is the log that makes the noise," I said.

"Can't be," returned the Artist.

"I tell you it is. Pull up to it, and I will convince you."

In a moment more we were alongside of it, and my opinion proved to be wholly correct. The mysterious noises were made by the motion of the log as it rose and fell on the gently undulating waves, the end in the lake being hollow. We had a good laugh over it, and then pulled down to the lower end of the island, where we had stopped in the afternoon. I jumped on shore and found the valise on the log, just as I remembered seeing it. The Artist was pleased to recover his property, and so was I, for I did not care to lose my revolver.

We tumbled into the boat again lively, and started for camp, the Professor and I pulling back. We voted to christen the island "Spirit Island," in memory of our night trip, and it has gone by that name since. We made good time returning, for we knew the rest of the party were having a good time at camp, and we wished to be with them.

As we pulled back, I noticed the Middle Dam

Camp-light, which appeared to us like a star, and I remembered when it had served as a beacon-light to a party I was with one night several years before, but the story is too long to introduce here.

It was after eight o'clock when we arrived opposite our landing, and as dark as pitch, — so dark, in fact, that we could not see to land, and had to halloo until the Pathfinder and the Sportsman came down to the shore with a lantern, when we managed to find our way in.

"Did you find your valise?" said the Sportsman to the Artist.

"Yes, all right; thank you."

"What have you been doing up to the camp?" I asked.

"Oh, we've built a rousing big fire, and have been smoking, and spinning yarns," answered the Pathfinder.

"Halloo, Spot!" I cried, as I leaped on shore; "did you come to see if your master was all right?"

"After you had gone," remarked the Pathfinder, "Spot came down here and swam off into the lake after you; and the Sportsman and I took the other boat and went after him, and brought him on shore."

"Good dog, Spottie," said the Artist, patting his

head; "did not want to lose your master, did you?"

"Shows his sense there," said Mozart; "for no one else would bother with him as the Scribbler does."

I confess to a weakness for animals, and think as much of my dog as a spinster does of her pet cat.

The Artist and the Professor took their guns, and after we had hauled the boat up we all went up to camp.

We found the fellows stretched around the camp-fire, enjoying pipes and cigars, and laying plans for the future. We threw ourselves down near the fire, and, after having a smoke, I swung my hammock between two trees, and pulling off coat, vest, and boots, rolled myself between a pair of heavy double blankets, and turned in for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR FIRST NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS. — SHOOTING RABBITS. — A HEARTY BREAKFAST. — ANOTHER START. — THE ARTIST TAKES AN IMPROMPTU BATH. — THE UPPER DAM. — "CAMP JAMAICA."

OUR first camp presented quite a romantic aspect, and would have made a fine subject for an artist. It was just such a picture as the pencil of Murillo would have delighted to portray. My hammock was swung just at the foot of the ridge I have before spoken of. The Artist was off to the left of me, flanked by the Pathfinder and Mozart. The Governor had swung his hammock farther down in the dell, the other side of the fire. The Sportsman and the Farmer had spread a rubber blanket over some fragrant boughs, and then with their woollen blankets had made up a very comfortable bed on the ground, somewhat nearer the fire than the rest of us; and the Professor and the Guide were in one of the bunks in the cabin.

The fire was almost in the centre of the camp, and threw a fitful glare over the whole scene, giving it rather a weird look. Beyond the fire-lit circle we could discern the tall and graceful trunks of the silent monarchs of the forest, many of them towering a hundred feet above the earth, forming a dark and misty background beyond which our eyes were powerless to penetrate. The view reminded me of paintings I had seen of gypsy camps, and only needed a horse and cart to make the illusion perfect.

My mind was in harmony with our surroundings, and, for the time being, I scarcely cared whether I ever saw a city again or not. The unmistakable charm of wood-life had inwrapped me in its mantle; and the pleasure of being beyond the pale of civilization, as it were, one can scarcely realize until he has tried a few weeks of camp life in some such wild place as we were now in.

Outside the camp we could hear the mournful song of the whippoorwill, blending in with the notes of the tree-toads in sympathetic unison, and occasionally, from the direction of the lake, came the peculiar cry of the loons, as they swam about in that watery solitude.

The camp-fire burned lower and lower, the shadows grew more fantastic and ghost-like, the gloom

deepened, my eyelids grew heavy, and soon I became unconscious of all sounds, the last one I remember of hearing being the crackling of the embers in the fire; and then came sleep.

It seemed to me I had scarcely slept an hour, when I was awakened by the report of a gun; and starting up in a confused manner, I found it was really daylight. I rose up on my elbow, intending to ask who had fired, when I saw the Governor stalking up to camp with a good-sized rabbit.

Before I could compliment him upon his success, I heard another crack above me, and a minute later the Artist came down over the ridge with another rabbit. Thus, before breakfast, we had an excellent dinner provided. I congratulated the two hunters on their successful shots, and turned out and dressed. After washing I looked about me, and found that the Guide, the Professor, the Artist, the Governor, and myself, were all that were up. We soon aroused the four sleepers, and began to help the Guide about the breakfast.

Being anxious to make an early start, we rendered all the assistance we could, and the meal was soon ready. On sitting down to breakfast, we found our rest had not impaired our appetites at all, and we soon showed the Guide what kind of a party he had to cook for. Before we sat down to breakfast

he had remarked to me, in a joking manner, that after the supper we had eaten, he did not suppose we should want any breakfast. But before we had finished, I guess he felt convinced to the contrary.

After breakfast, while the Guide was washing the dishes and clearing up, we broke camp, and carried our luggage down to the landing and loaded the boats. The same persons went in the boats from French's Camp to the Upper Dam, that had come up from the Arm in them.

We left the landing about eight o'clock, under an ash breeze, and pulled along slowly through the picturesque Narrows, enjoying the quiet beauty of the place, which, under the enchantments of a glorious July morning, had never seemed more lovely. Just off Chub Point, which is about half-way up the Narrows, a slight breeze sprung up, and I ran the boat in on the left-hand shore. The Governor caught at the limb of a tree and held the boat, while the Farmer and the Professor stepped the mast and unfurled the sail.

Close to the stern of the boat was a large flat rock, which rose up to within four inches of the surface of the water, and appeared an excellent place for a person to stand who did not care for wet feet. The bow of the boat had grounded on a

shelving rock while we had been setting the sail, and the Artist, who had on long-legged rubber boots reaching clear to his hips, jumped out upon the rock at the stern, and pulled the bow of the boat off.

The rock on which he stood was only a few inches under water, and of course he did not wet his feet, but all around the rock the water was six or eight feet deep. I thought the rock looked rather slippery, and just as he was telling us how nice rubber boots were to keep a man's feet dry, both feet slipped out from under him, his body shot out into the lake, and he would have gone all under, had he not caught at the rock as he slipped, and held on for dear life. As it was, his body floated out on the water, and from his chin to his feet he was soaking wet.

How the Governor did laugh at the Artist's unlucky contretemps! and in fact we all roared, as, spitting and puffing, he climbed into the boat.

The first thing he did was to look after his watch and money, which, owing to the short time he had been in the water, did not receive any serious injury, and the next thing was to have me pull off both his boots, that contained about a gallon of water each.

"Rubber boots are nice things to keep your feet dry," said the Governor, with another roar of laugh-

ter, as I drew off one boot, the water flowing out in a stream.

"Oh, well," replied the Artist, who had laughed as much as any of us, "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"I thought the Artist was diving for a trout," said the Professor.

"He missed the trout, and caught a duck," I returned.

"That is pretty good," said the Governor; and I began to smile; "for *you*," he added; and my face lengthened again.

"The rest of our party have landed," remarked the Farmer, as our sail filled, and the "Rolling Moses" moved away from the rock.

"That is Metalic Point," I added. "They are probably waiting for us, and intend going up to the farm to our old camping-ground."

"I did not suppose there were any farms about here," said the Professor.

"There are none now," I replied; "but about twenty years ago a man by the name of Richardson, who owned two or three townships about here, cleared up this place, and farmed it until the land was sold to the lumbering companies. The place, however, has always retained the name of the Richardson Farm."

We soon reached the Point, and ran our boat up on the sand.

"How is it?" I asked the Guide, as I leaped on shore, "is there any chance of getting up to the farm?"

"Not by the path, the water is too high. But it is falling every day now; they have lifted the gates at the Middle Dam, and perhaps when we come back the water will be low enough to enable us to get up there."

Before we left Metalic Point, some of the gentlemen took a swim. There is a fine sand beach here, and it is an excellent place for bathing. When they were dressed, we took our places in the boats again, and pulled for the Upper Dam, the wind being so light that the sails were of no use to us.

Half-Moon Island and Ship Island, between which we passed, were nearly covered with water, and Gull Rock was out of sight.

Whitney's Camp, situated at the foot of Mosquito Brook, on the eastern shore of the lake, showed no signs of life, and it was evident from a careful observation that the camp was closed.

When we had nearly reached the Upper Dam landing, I hardly knew it, the appearance of the shore was so changed by the height of the water. But

there could be no mistake, for there was Camp Bellevue right before us.

We pulled in to the road, and jumping out, fastened the boats, and then walked about to stretch our legs a little.

"Where shall we camp?" I asked of the Guide; "there are a number of good places along the shore here."

"I know it," he replied; "but Thomas told me Thursday that Betton's folks were coming up on Sunday, and if they do, it would be better for us to be somewhere else."

"We might go over to the mouth of the river," I suggested.

"There is a party camping there now."

"Well, what do you propose, Guide?" asked the Governor.

"I think we had better camp in the opening, near the old Morrill Camp. That is not open now. What do you say, Mr. Scribbler?"

"I think that is a pretty place. The Portland Club camped there two years ago. You remember the place, Sportsman?"

"Yes. It is nearly over to the dam. It will be handy for those who wish to fish."

"And there is a nice spring of water there, too," added the Guide.

So it was decided that we should pitch our tent, and hang our hammocks, in the Boston Club Camp opening.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Guide, "if we take over a load with us now, there will be less to carry by-and-by."

Without further remark, the Guide put the barrel of hard bread on his shoulders, and took an axe in his hand. I followed, staggering under two bushels of potatoes, a frying-pan, and a kettle; and the other fellows picked up whatever came handy, and joined in the march.

A cart-road led from the boat-landing over to the dam, passing to the right of the opening where we intended to make our abiding-place. Along this we trudged, sweating under our loads, and were glad to reach the camp-ground and drop our burdens. The day was excessively warm, and not a breath of air stirring.

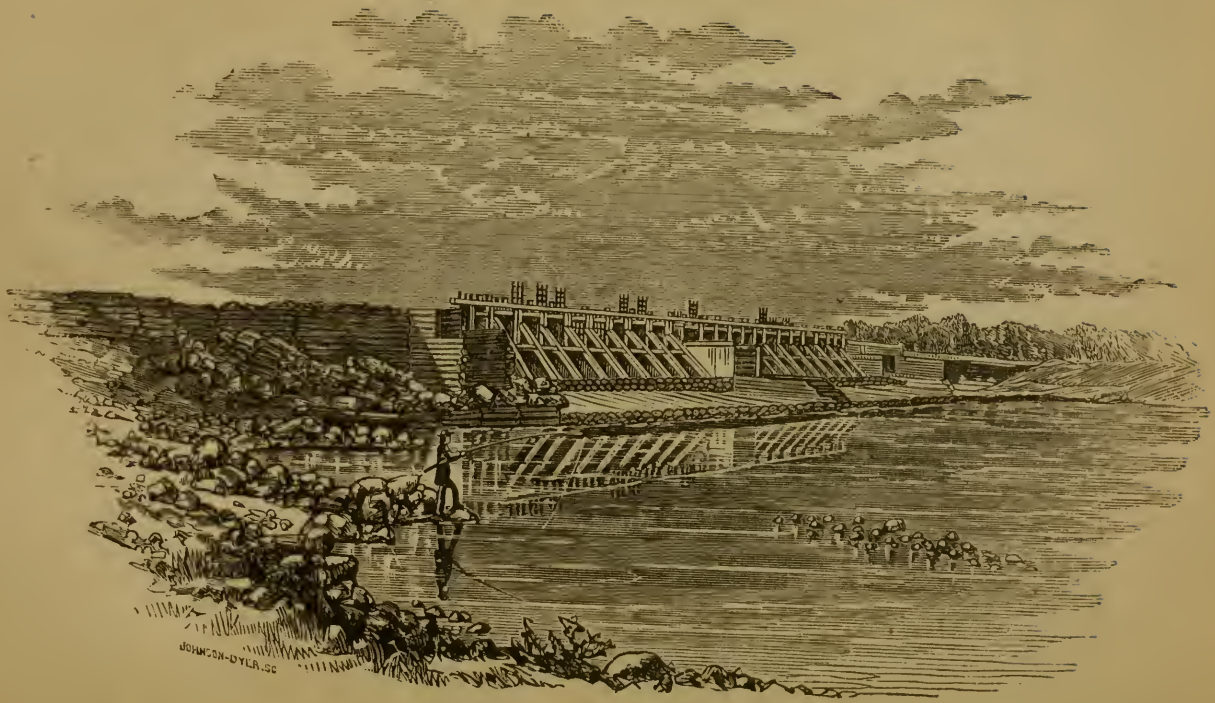
It was about five minutes' walk through the woods, between the landing and the Club Camp. It took three trips to get the things all over; and then we opened our blankets, and spread them out on the bushes to dry, for they had been rolled up wet in the morning.

After that, the Governor and I set up the tent, and the Guide cooked dinner. The rabbits were

done to a turn, and again we surprised the Guide with an exhibition of our talents in the gastronomic line. After dinner the Artist and I swung our hammocks under the shade of the trees near by, in close proximity to each other, so that we could lay and converse together after turning in at night.

Mozart and the Professor went off and dug some worms, to use in fishing, if the trout would not rise at a fly; while the Governor put the fishing-tackle in order; and the Farmer and I loaded the guns; and thus we were prepared to welcome friends or repel foes, and were ready for any kind of game, whether denizens of the woods, or travellers of the air, or even the finny habitues of the restless waters.

Our camp we christened "Camp Jamaica"; and the Artist painted the name on a shingle, and nailed it to our tent.



THE UPPER DAM.

CHAPTER X.

CAMP LIFE. — FISH AND GAME. — TAR AND OIL. — AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

WE were now in our permanent camp, pleasantly and agreeably settled, and all each one had to do was to enjoy himself as suited his fancy.

So this afternoon — it was Friday — some of the party went down to the dam, which was only a few rods beyond us, to try the trout, and some went off gunning.

The Guide busied himself about the camp, and I lolled in my hammock, under the delightful shade of the trees, and smoked and read ; that is, read what I could, for I kept up a running fire of conversation with the Guide all the time.

About five o'clock, the Artist and the Sportsman came in with a couple of rabbits and a squirrel, and then we went over to the dam, and found the anglers just starting to come to camp. They had been very successful, and had caught a fine mess

of trout, some of them weighing three and four pounds each.

We all returned to camp, a fire was started, and it was not long before a number of those trout were sputtering and hissing in the frying-pan, and filling the air with a delightful fragrance.

While the Guide was cooking the supper, the Sportsman and myself went down to the lake-shore, where we picked up a number of old boards and boxes, and brought them to our camp, and from them we extemporized a table, and seats sufficient for the party.

By the time we had finished building our extension-table, the supper was ready to serve, and we sat down to it smoking hot. We found it so palatable that several platters of trout were disposed of almost instantly, and as the Guide brought the last one, he wanted to know "where we put it all."

After supper we made an application of tar and oil to our faces and hands, to keep off the flies if they should undertake to trouble us; and then the Farmer, the Sportsman, and I walked over to the Upper Dam Camp, and made a call on Professor Cummings, the *chef de cuisine*, with whom we were acquainted, having met him before at the Middle Dam Camp, where he formerly cooked.

Joseph was glad to see us, and we had quite a

chat with him. We spent about an hour there, and then went back to our camp, and found the rest of the party seated before a rousing fire, whose cheerful blaze seemed to welcome us.

We joined our friends, picking up anything we could find for seats, and then we had a regular good old-fashioned sing. The old familiar songs, that crop out so readily in such a place, and whose words and music, endeared to us from childhood, will never wear out, were sung with an earnestness that made the old woods ring, and frightened the night-hawks that had been circling around us. Then from songs we went to stories; and if I should relate all the yarns that were spun around our camp-fire, while we were camping at the Richardson Lakes, there would be room in this volume for nothing else, so I will pass them.

"Well," said the Farmer, at the close of one of the Guide's stories, "I wish we could see a bear here. I should like to get a shot at one."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the Sportsman. "More likely you would run if you saw a bear, just as some fellows did that the driver told me about, when I rode in to the lake with him before."

"How was that?" inquired the Professor.

"I will tell you."

"Good boy!" said Mozart.

"You all remember the brook that crosses the Lake Road about two miles from the Arm?"

"Yes," replied the Farmer; "we had a drink there when we came in to the lakes."

"A few summers ago, according to Merrill's story, he was bringing in a party of New York gentlemen to the lakes. All the way along they did nothing but brag about the game they were going to kill; bears, deer, and wolves would not stand any chance for their life at all, if they fell in with this party of heroes. When they reached the brook I have mentioned, two of them left the team, saying they would walk ahead a little way, and see if they could not get a shot at some game. Then they started off, and in about fifteen minutes came back running at full speed, as frightened as if a lucivee was after them. They had thrown away their rifles, lost off their hats, and when they came to the team they were all out of breath, and as pale as ghosts. Merrill asked them what the matter was, and found out that they had seen a large black bear advancing towards them, and they became so frightened that they never thought of firing at the brute, but threw away their rifles, and sought safety in flight."

"How the Scribbler's long legs would have stretched out, if he had been one of that crowd!" said the Governor.

"Keep that old humbug quiet, can't you?" I said to the Artist, who sat beside him, "and let Sportsman finish the story."

The last-named individual then continued:

"The rest of their party laughed at them well, and when the team reached the place where the bear had been seen, Merrill stopped it, and they skirmished about for a short distance, found the bear, and Merrill shot it. Frank said, those two fellows never heard the last of that bear. Their rifles were found where they had dropped them, and were both loaded."

"I would like to have been there when they dropped those rifles," said the Professor. "I would have picked one up and shot the bear myself."

"Perhaps you would," answered the Sportsman, "but I don't believe it."

"Before we go back, perhaps some of you will see a bear," suggested the Guide.

"I don't care to see one," observed Mozart, "unless he's dead."

The conversation now flagged, for we were all rather tired and disposed to sleep. Yawning, we arose, leaving the fire to burn itself out, and turned in, part in their hammocks, and the others in the tent. We could hear the rush of water as it poured through the dam, but the sound did not disturb us.

CHAPTER XI.

MORNING THOUGHTS. — LUCKY FISHERMEN. — A NEIGHBORLY CALL. — A TOUGH NIGHT. — THE CAMP STORMED BY MIDGES.

NOTHING occurred to disturb our sleep that night, and we all awoke refreshed and rested on Saturday morning, and glad to find another pleasant day. I could not help thinking, as I lay awake in my hammock that morning, looking up into ethereal space, how many advantages this out-of-door life in the woods has over that in a fashionable hotel at the beaches or mountains, in the matter of real pleasure alone. It is so delightful to wake up at dawn, and find one's self drinking in the cool, fresh, invigorating air of the mountains; to open eyes upon green trees and mossy rocks; to have the first sounds which greet the half-conscious ear be the joyous carolling of the feathered songsters, as they pour forth their whole souls in a pæan of praise to the bountiful Giver of all good, and the musical

murmur of the ever-restless stream as it hurries on its long journey to the ocean. Everything seems so sweet, and happy, and peaceful, that one cannot but lie still for a while in a kind of delicious trance, till the sky overhead brightens into a deeper blue, and the morning sun, winged messenger of day, pours a flood of golden light over the fragrant tree-tops, warning one that it is time to be up and stirring.

When I arose I found the camp deserted, with the exception of Spot and myself. And after washing, I strolled down to the dam, and found the Professor, the Pathfinder, Mozart, and the Farmer fishing near the sluice. I asked after the others, and learned that the Governor and our Guide had gone up to Trout Cove to try their luck, and that Sportsman and the Artist had gone gunning. I accordingly went back to the camp, and, with a desire to make myself useful, built the fire, filled and put on the tea-kettle, and sat down to peel and slice potatoes.

Soon the Artist and the Sportsman came along, bringing with them a couple of rabbits.

"Where did you get those rabbits?" I inquired of the Sportsman.

"Over towards the lake-shore. Where are the rest of the party?"

"Out fishing. But here they come now," I remarked, as I glanced down the road and saw them

heading for camp, the Guide and the Governor leading the way, each with a goodly string of trout.

"What luck with the rod, gentlemen?" asked the Artist, as the party drew nearer.

"First-rate!" said the Guide. "These are what I call beauties;" and he turned his string of trout round and round, so that we might obtain a good look at them.

"They are splendid!" acknowledged the Artist. "Let's have three or four of them in the frying-pan at once."

"Do," urged the Farmer; "I am as hungry as a bear."

It did not take a great while after that to get breakfast ready, and we sat down to the table with such appetites that the trout soon disappeared.

After breakfast we amused ourselves in any manner we thought best, until dinner-time. This brought us all together again, and after dinner we took the boats and pulled around to the mouth of the river, to visit some gentlemen who were encamped near the rapids that extend from the Upper Dam to the Richardson Lake.

We had a pleasant visit, and enjoyed it. The gentlemen had been very lucky in fishing, but complained some of the midges. After spending a couple of hours with them, we returned to camp.

Thus far we had not been troubled with midges at all, but that very night we learned what they were. After reaching our own camp, it being too early for supper, we all went down to the dam, fishing. The trout rose splendidly, and we arrived at camp so late that it was eight o'clock before we sat down to supper; consequently we had to light the lantern to eat by, and hung it up in the centre of the tent, over the table.

The sun had set clear, and the wind had gone down with the sun. The night was calm and still; not the slightest zephyr rustled the leaves of the trees that stood about our tent. Within, sentiment had given place to hunger, and each one of us was busy with knife and fork, caring more just then for the dainty supper before us than for anything else in the world. Suddenly I became conscious of a most uncomfortable feeling, and noticed that my bread and butter, and coffee, were almost covered with little black specks. On further investigation, I noticed that my hands were covered with the same kind of specks, and that a strong feeling to scratch and rub was stealing over me. I looked around the table. Every man Jack of us seemed to be sitting on thorns. Each one seemed to be particularly busy just then in wiping his face.

Suddenly the Professor brought both hands up to

his face, dropping his knife and fork as if they had been hot potatoes, and commenced rubbing and slapping with an energy I had not given him credit for possessing, exclaiming at the same time in a mournful tone :

"It seems to me something is biting me. Do the rest of you feel anything?"

The comical look of disgust and perplexity that filled his face, as he drawled out the words, was too much for us, and we roared with laughter until the ground fairly seemed to shake beneath our feet.

"Take it easy, gentlemen," cried the Guide, as he swung his straw hat about him, "it's nothing but midges!"

No doubt the Guide meant to comfort us when he said "take it easy," but we could not do it, and the rest of that night we had our hands full.

Sleep was out of the question.

I advocated a fire, and some of the gentlemen built up a large fire and made a fearful smudge, but to my surprise it did not help the matter any. The Guide crawled into the bushes and covered himself up with all the clothes he could find, but they bit through anything and everything. I turned into my hammock, covered myself with blankets, and bound my head all up in a long linen duster, preferring the chances of being stifled; but in five minutes the

midges had worked through all my protection, and were making the times altogether too lively for me. Sportsman and the Artist made a rush through the darkness of the night for the lake, and went over to Betton's Camp, but the midges followed them, and they returned. The Farmer and Mozart were dancing about like the "Wild Men of Borneo," slapping and banging away at the pests, but it did no good. If you killed a hundred, a thousand would come to their funeral.

Hearing a wild cry, I looked over towards the tent, and before it, on a box, sat the Governor, the victim of the midges. He was surrounded by them on all sides. They swarmed around him by millions. He held the Artist's large rimmed hat in both hands, and was fanning and brushing away like mad. But hard as he fought, it was of no use, and he finally collapsed, and rolled off the box, and the last I saw of him that evening the midges were holding a mass meeting on his body.

Our camp was turned into a Pandemonium that night; and we were the noisiest crowd, I will venture to say, that ever camped in that vicinity. All night long we were shouting, laughing, growling, jumping, and fighting midges. They stuck to us like flies to a molasses cask, and such expressions as, —

"I can't stand this: they will eat me up alive."

"Let's get away from here."

"My face is covered with blood."

"The little devils bite worse than fleas."

"Isn't it most morning?"

"I'm going home to-morrow," etc., kept us laughing at each other, and put sleep out of the question.

In the morning we looked as if we had all just recovered from a severe attack of measles.

It is seldom that midges are so troublesome; and if we had gone over to the Upper Dam Camp, and slept in-doors that night, we should have been rid of the pests.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNDAY IN CAMP. — NEW ARRIVALS. — WE VISIT WHITNEY'S, AND GO A-GUMMING. — A RIDICULOUS BEAR FIGHT. — A DEMORALIZED DOG. — FRESH MEAT FOR SUPPER.

TOWARDS morning there sprung up a slight breeze, which carried off the pests that had been tormenting us, and we all had a short nap, getting up about seven o'clock.

"Come, fellows," I cried, "it is time to get up. Sunday morning, you know, and baked beans for breakfast!"

They all turned out at the mention of beans.

"Scribbler," said the Artist, "run down to the bake-house and get a loaf of brown bread, can't you?"

"I have been already. The last loaf was sold."

"Been to the bake-house, have you?" queried the Guide, with a laugh. "You must have started pretty early; the nearest one I know of is about fifty miles from here. I guess you gentlemen will have to take

'Backwoods johnny-cake,' instead of 'Boston brown bread,' this morning."

"Did you make a johnny-cake, Guide?" said the Farmer. "You're a brick."

Our Sunday-morning breakfast was not to be sneezed at, even in a more civilized place. We had baked beans, a dish so dear to every New England heart, perhaps I ought more properly to say stomach, supported by a johnny-cake of the Guide's making, which turned out, like everything else that he had a hand in, to be first-rate. Then we had nice fresh trout fried to a charm, splendid coffee, good pilot-bread, and cold roast rabbit.

After breakfast, during our smoke, midges formed the principal topic of discussion; and it was the general opinion that a quart of them turned loose in a hall would break up a woman's-rights meeting quicker than anything we knew of.

We concluded to have only two meals that day, to make it easier for the Guide, and we arranged to take dinner about four o'clock.

After smoking, a number of us wrote letters home, as Silas Peaslee, one of the employees at the Upper Dam, was going down to Andover in the afternoon, and would take them.

During the afternoon, the party who had preceded us when we left the "Arm," and had stopped at

the "Angler's Retreat," came along, and pitched their tent near ours. There were five in the party besides the guide, and we found them very pleasant gentlemen.

In the afternoon, all of our party except the Guide went down to Mosquito Brook, to pay a visit to Whitney's Camp, but the person who kept the camp was not at home, and we left after a few minutes' stay.

When we had pulled about a third of the way home, the Farmer proposed that we should go ashore and get some gum. As we were in no hurry to get back, we did so, but did not find many spruce-trees where we landed, and the Farmer proposed that part of us should walk home through the woods, thinking that we would run across some spruce-trees on the way.

After some talk, the Pathfinder, the Professor, and I, concluded to keep the Farmer company, while the rest of the party should go home in the boat and get some fresh fish for dinner.

Accordingly, the others left us and went directly home with the boat. As they pulled away from the shore, Mozart shouted to us, and asked us what we should do if we met a bear, for neither of us had a gun.

"Set Spot on him," said the Farmer, with a grin.

"I have my revolver and seven charges in it," I

replied. "I guess that will be enough for all the bears we shall meet."

After the boat left us, we struck into the woods, and began to look for spruce-trees.

We walked perhaps half a mile before we found any, and then came across a number of them. Taking out our knives, we began to collect the gum, but had only obtained a little, when Spot began to bark furiously, and the next moment he came rushing up to me, while behind him was one of the largest black bears I had ever seen, accompanied by a couple of well-grown cubs.

We had often, around our camp-fire, told what we should do if we met with a bear, and those of our party who were now together had wished particularly to meet with one, bragging about the way we should demolish him.

One was going to shoot him between the eyes; another walk up to him, and when the bear went to hug, stab him to the heart. Another would hit him over the nose with a club, and then take him alive; while a fourth said that if *he* could once draw a bead on a bear, he would make that bear sick.

Now here was the chance we had been longing for. We had met a bear, and the opportunity was before us to capture it and make ourselves heroes.

Did we all rush for that bear?

I rather guess not.

As the bear came shambling along after the dog, she saw us, and a minute later had pounced upon the Professor, just as he was in the act of dodging around a large pine, and knocked him end over end. She then saw the Pathfinder, who was doing his best to shin a tree, and making for him, caught him by the coat-tail; but at that moment the Pathfinder had obtained a good hold of a limb above him, and hung on like grim death, while the bear chewed away on his skirts. Seeing his danger, I rushed to his assistance; but as I reached the bear, the coat-tails were rent off, and the Pathfinder swung up on the limb minus half his coat, while the bear backed away from the tree so suddenly that she ran between my legs, and the next moment I was not horseback, but bear-back. My hair fairly stood on end, and I could feel my old straw hat shoot up from my head. Then I remembered the revolver I had with me, but on feeling for it, what was my horror to find that I had dropped it, and I saw it lying upon the ground at the foot of the tree before me. I had been carrying it loose in the outside pocket of my linen duster, and it had fallen out. Just then the bear rose on its hind legs and tossed me off, and made a rush for the Farmer, who was about half-way up a tree that would scarcely hold his weight.

I took this chance to recover my revolver, and making a grab, I picked it up from the ground, and fired at the bear just as she had squatted on her haunches, with one of the Farmer's boot-heels in her mouth.

In the meantime, Spot had recovered from his fright, and had tackled one of the cubs, getting a good hold of his nose, while the other cub was just pitching into the dog from behind.

The Professor had picked himself up more frightened than hurt, and, for a man who was usually so moderate in his movements, was climbing a tree with a speed that was astonishing.

As I regained my feet and looked about, I thought the dog was in the worst fix of any of the party, as the two cubs were making it hot for him; and walking up to the one that was attacking him in the rear, I gave him a kick to attract his attention, which caused him to turn upon me with a snappish growl, and as he faced about, I fired into his ear, killing him instantly.

With a roar of rage, the mother of the cubs made a charge upon me. I fired one shot as she came towards me, and then, not liking her looks, slipped my revolver into my pants-pocket, and took to a tree. She squatted at the foot of it, and seemed to be making up her mind whether to follow me or not.

Seeing her quiet for a moment, the Farmer slipped out of the tree he was in, and picking up a stout limb that was lying on the ground, he hit the cub a crack on the head which finished it.

With a stifled moan the animal died, and the Farmer took to another tree, a large one, unfortunately, this time, as the old bear, hearing the cry of the cub, left the tree where I was and charged over to the cubs again.

Spot undertook to tackle the bear, but she fetched him a slap with one of her great paws, and with a yip he went flying through the air about twenty feet, and lighted on his back a thoroughly demoralized dog. He picked himself up, gave a shake to assure himself that he was all right, and then sat down at a safe distance away, to see the fight out. You couldn't get him near that bear again.

The old bear now began to smell of her cubs, and snort and growl.

The Professor hailed me from his tree.

"Scribbler!"

"What do you want?"

"Why don't you tie that bear's feet together, and take it to camp alive?"

"Try it yourself, and see how you like it."

"Give her another shot," said the Farmer.

"I don't dare to," I replied. "I have only four

left, and I want to be nearer before I fire. If I was in that tree where you are, I would."

"Lucky that coat of mine was an old one," remarked the Pathfinder.

"Never mind," I said, laughing; "it makes an excellent jacket without the tails."

By this time the bear seemed to have become satisfied that we had been the cause of the death of her cubs, and growling in a fearful manner, she shuffled to the Farmer's tree, and standing erect, grasped the trunk with her fore-paws.

"Scribbler!" yelled the Farmer, "come here with your revolver; quick! That infernal brute is after me!" and then the Farmer began to make good time towards the top of the tree.

I slid down from the tree I was in, and ran to the Farmer's aid, for the bear was already climbing the tree; and a she-bear that has just lost two cubs is not the kind of customer you wish to have cultivate your acquaintance.

As I came up to the foot of the tree the bear heard me, and turned her head down to see what the noise was. This was just the chance I wanted, and I fired two shots in quick succession, one into the bear's ear, and another behind her fore shoulder. As she dropped to the ground, I let her have the other two shots, and that did the business for her,

for after struggling a little she gave her last kick, and became a dead bruin.

Then the fellows came down from their roosts, and I went to look after my dog. I found him all right, but not disposed to be very frisky.

We left the bears where they had fallen, and made the best of our way to camp; and getting the Guide and the others of our party, we took both the boats and pulled down the lake until we were opposite of where the dead animals lay. We went on shore and lugged them down to the boats, then pulled back to our landing. There we skinned them, and cutting out some of the best pieces of the meat, we returned to our camp.

We told the gentlemen who were tenting near us of our good fortune, and asked them to go down to the landing and help themselves to bear-meat, which they did. Then the Guide went over to the Upper Dam Camp, and informed the people there they could have some of the meat; and they went down with a team and carried away a good share of it. We also sent about twenty pounds to the party who were camping at the mouth of the river.

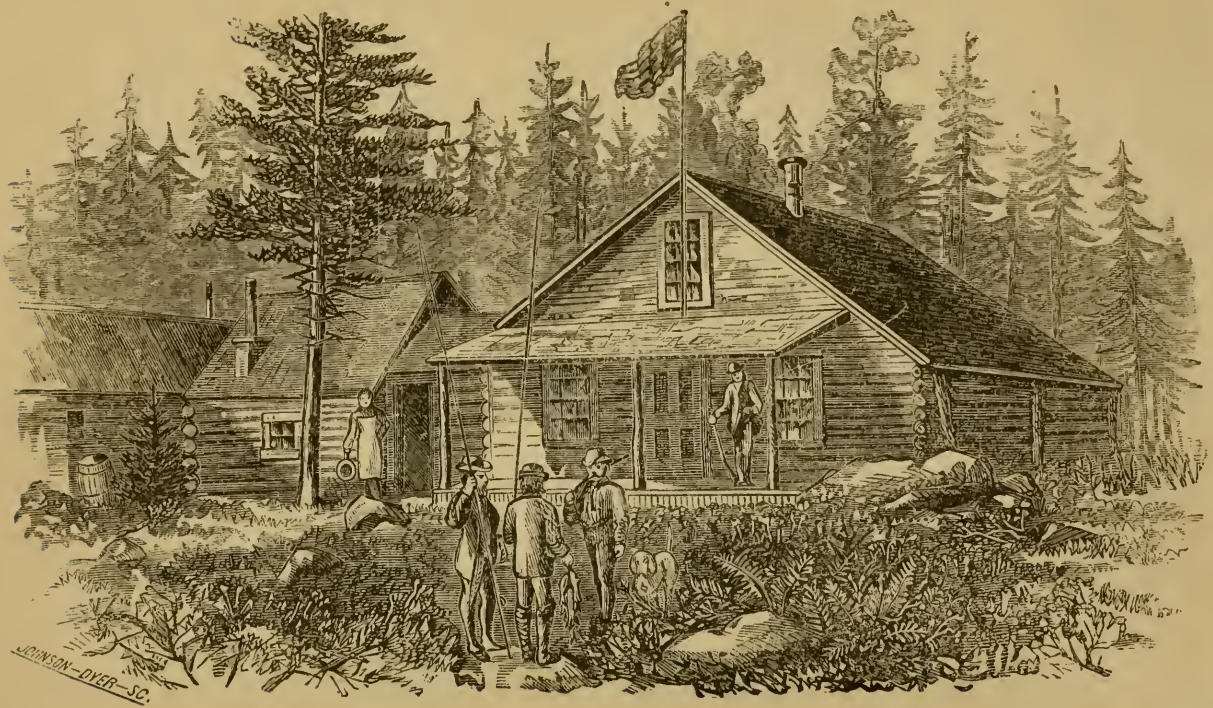
By the time we had finished taking care of the bears, we were hungry enough, for it made our dinner an hour later than we intended to have it.

But the Guide cooked some bear-steaks cut from

one of the cubs, and they were so nice that we felt amply repaid for waiting.

While we were eating, the Governor told us that when we first related the bear story he thought we were trying to sell them, and had half a mind not to go with us.

"In that case," said the Farmer, "you would have lost your share of the steak."



Camp Bellevue, Lake Molechunkamunk.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAMP-SINGING. — SLEEPING APARTMENT BY THE LAKE-SHORE. — THOUGHTS AND FANCIES. — A VISIT TO THE RICHARDSON PONDS.

AFTER supper we strolled over to the Upper Dam Camp, and had a chat with Cummings; then walked across the carry to Scow Landing, and took a look out on the great lake, that is, what we could see of it. When we left Boston, it was our intention to cross Mooselucmaguntic and the Rangeley Lake, but learning at the Upper Dam that the flies and midges were a great deal thicker up there, and that the fishing was not near as good as it was on the Richardson Lakes, we concluded to stay where we were, as we were enjoying ourselves so well.

We returned to camp at dusk, and started a huge fire; the other party joined our circle, and for two or three hours we sat about the camp-fire, singing.

If there is any one part of our camp life which

is brightest in my memory, it is the happy evenings we whiled away in the dancing shadows of the flickering firelight. After tea was over, and the things were cleared up, we would regularly gather around the bright log fire, and sing or talk until nine or ten o'clock, when we bade each other "good night," and retired to rest. How romantic it all was! There was nothing we enjoyed more than the singing, for music seems to come in so naturally in the evening, when the activity and excitement of the day had yielded to the quiet influence of the twilight, and tender thoughts of home and friends sprung up in their place. We all sang, for we all felt like it, and the beautiful melody of "Home, Sweet Home," fell on the night air with a tender softness that echoed from our hearts.

After the night attack by the midges, part of us tried sleeping down by the lake-shore, and found it very comfortable, for we had fine weather all the time. We spread fine spruce boughs on the floor of the piazza in front of Camp Bellevue, and on these we threw our overcoats; then wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we would sleep soundly on our improvised beds.

One day, while the Governor was shooting rabbits in the woods near the lake-shore, he found an old camp bedstead, thrown away by some one, and

thinking he might turn it to use, he brought it down to the piazza, which we called our sleeping apartment, and fixed it up so that it made a very good bed for an out-door camp, and Mozart was fortunate enough to share it with him.

After I had slept on the piazza one night, I would not have changed back to my hammock in camp. From our sleeping apartment — it being all open except overhead — we could command a view of the lake for several miles, and, while rolled snugly up in our blankets, could gaze out upon its bosom and see —

> The mirror where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspects, in each trace
> Its clear depth yields of their far heights and hue.

To the north-west could be seen the white peaks and rugged sides of Aziscohos, and to the south the more distant summit of Speckled Mountain, in Grafton Notch.

A strange feeling — a sort of mixture of solemnity and awe — would take possession of my soul, as I lay awake gazing at the heavens studded with twinkling stars, or the grand old mountain peaks, which, wreathed in the deep shadows of night, seemed to descend and kiss the waters of the lake. Then we would hear the sighing of the wind as it moved the lofty tree-tops above us, and the gentle

ripple of the waters, as the little wavelets, with a feeling of unrest, broke upon the shore and left a tiny fleck of foam along the edge of the water. Other sounds might be heard also in the solitude of night, in that wild and desolate region. The mournful cry of the loon — the great northern diver — would come up from the lake; and from the woods came the frightful hoot of the owl, the growl of bears, or the yell of some startled wild-cat.

If the nights we spent by the lake-shore were noteworthy, the mornings were none the less so; for as the sun began to climb up behind the mountains off to our left, it would gradually peep above some lofty peak, and cast long rays of effulgent light across the silvery waters of the lake, and streak the dark wooded slopes of the mountains on the western shore until they appeared alternate light and dark from base to summit. Then, finally, the glorious orb of day, appearing like a great globe of molten fire, would show its dazzling form above the entire eastern chain of mountains, and send its bright beams down in a flood of generous warmth, to heat our shivering bodies.

The morning air was quite sharp; and it was not until we had taken a bath at the lake, and had a run up to camp, that our blood began to warm up.

But there is one good thing about the air in that

region: however sharp it is, and however uncomfortable one may feel from the cold, even if wet through, you never take cold there. The reason of this I do not know; I only know that it is so. On all my trips to the lake region I have been repeatedly wet through, but never took cold, although I did not use any precaution to prevent it. There is some peculiar tonic in the air that kills all evil effects of a chill.

After breakfast Monday morning, we held a consultation as to how we should spend the day, and the Guide proposed we should visit the Richardson Ponds, situated near Mount Observatory, about six miles from where we were encamped.

The Governor thought it would be too long a tramp; but, by taking the boats, we could sail to the head of the lake, over half the distance; and he concluded to go.

Our object in visiting the ponds was to try to get a shot at deer or caribou, both animals being plenty in that vicinity.

We took the "Dancing Sally," the larger boat of the two, and the sail; for although the wind was against us going up, it might be fair on our return. All of us carried guns except the Guide, and I lent him my revolver.

The Professor loaded up his old musket with

buckshot enough to have blown an elephant to pieces, if he had met one.

About eight o'clock we started, Spot accompanying us. It was a beautiful morning, but the sun was uncomfortably warm, so we kept close to the eastern shore, in the shade of the trees. The Guide, Sportsman, Mozart, and the Farmer, took the oars, I steered, and the rest of the party made themselves comfortable in any manner they saw fit.

While going up the lake, we saw several ducks, but were not near enough to obtain a shot at them.

It was about nine o'clock when we reached the head of the lake, and I ran the boat up to the shore near the old dam.

Where we landed was a very pretty spot, and the whole party were delighted with it. A bright, sparkling trout-brook emptied into the little cove we had entered; the shore sloped gradually down to the water, and back some distance the land was level. Brakes grew here luxuriantly, some of them being higher than our heads, with stems as large as whip-handles.

Beneath the umbrageous shade of the spreading branches of a large pine we sat down to rest and nibble a biscuit before starting on our tramp.

From where we sat, looking southward, we could see the whole length of the lake to the Narrows;

and directly opposite to us, a little north of our position, Observatory and Aziscohos reared their lofty summits to the sky.

"What a fine place this would be for a camp!" remarked the Governor, gazing about him.

"Beautiful!" I replied.

"It's the prettiest place on the lake, I think," said the Guide, as he arose and signified his readiness to move on.*

The Guide took the lead, the others followed, and I brought up the rear, keeping Spot close to me, that he might not frighten any game, if any of the party should see anything to shoot at.

Quite a well-defined and beaten path led up into the woods from where we had made our landing, following up the right bank of the brook for a little over a mile.

Then we crossed the brook at the dam, and made our way through the woods in a westerly direction; and as the grade was up-hill, and we had numerous fallen trees to climb over, it made the travelling difficult.

Several squirrels were shot on our way to the pond. Just before reaching it we came across a

* Last year, 1878, J. A. L. Whittier, Esq., of Boston, built a very pretty little cottage in this vicinity, and christened it "Birch Lodge."

birch canoe, that some one had hidden in the bushes. It was a nice one, and we felt strongly tempted to launch it on the pond, but concluded not to meddle with it for fear we might injure it.

At last we reached the pond, and were glad to rest a while. There were quite a number of logs lying about the shore at the outlet of the pond, and on these we sat down and ate the lunch we had brought with us, and then had a smoke and a chat, the principal subject of conversation being caribou.

The sheet of water where we now were is the largest of the Richardson Ponds. Several small islands in it add to its beauty. Its waters lave the base of Observatory Mountain, and Aziscohos is in close proximity to it. The latter, we believe, is the highest mountain in the entire lake region, and in formation, shape, and color it strongly resembles Mount Washington, when viewed from the head of the lake. The shores of the pond are thickly covered with a heavy growth of timber, although, near the water's edge, a few small trees and some underbrush are to be seen. The common black bear, deer, and caribou are plenty in the vicinity. The fishing here, in June and September, is excellent, and a great many trout are taken from the pond each year. Some have been caught here weighing as high as seven pounds. A long point runs out

from the middle of the southern end into the water, and this is considered the best place about the pond to obtain a shot at deer or caribou, as on hot summer days they come down to this place to drink and get rid of the flies.

From either of the mountains mentioned above an excellent view of the surrounding country may be obtained, taking in range upon range of mountains, and the entire lake region, a prominent feature of this beautifully diversified landscape being the Mooselucmaguntic and Cupsuptic Lakes, which appear as one sheet of water.

One can hardly imagine a more beautiful place than the Richardson Pond and its surroundings. Situated in the middle of the wilderness, far from the abode of man, and never visited except by hunters or sportsmen, it would prove a most delightful residence for a person given to solitude, and would be a perfect heaven for a hermit.

In winter the trout-fishing here is splendid, and the caribou live on the ice-covered surface of the pond, and feed on mosses and the young growth around its shores. With proper care, a person living here could always have fresh venison on the table.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BIG FISH. — BEATING UP GAME. — A SHOT AT A CARIBOU. — A GUN THAT SHOOTS AT BOTH ENDS. — WE BAG THE GAME. — BACK TO CAMP.

AS the time passed away and noon drew near, a cool breeze sprang up, which made the air almost cold up there among the mountains. It was more than probable, also, that it would spoil our chances to get a shot at the caribou, as they are not apt to visit the pond in the middle of the day, unless the air is hot and sultry.

We had been sitting on the logs for some time where we had eaten our lunch, without seeing any signs of game, except the hawks circling high over our heads, when Mozart jumped up and said he was going to try for some trout.

Taking his tackle, he walked out to the end of the log, and made a cast into the pond. Now the log on which he was standing was rather wet and slimy, and as Mozart tried to get a secure position on the

log, he suddenly slipped, and "ker souse" he went into the water.

"Big fish!" shouted the Governor. "Who has a cod-line?"

We all roared with laughter as Mozart climbed out on the log and began to shake the liquid dampness from his clothes.

"Heavy trout, wasn't it, Mozart?" asked the Farmer with a smile.

"Oh, shut up, cheapy!" replied the discomfited fisherman.

"Wanted to take a bath, didn't you, my boy?" interrogated the Governor, with another gentle laugh.

"Wait till you get in yourself, and see how you like it," retorted Mozart, as he pulled off part of his clothing and spread it around to dry.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the Guide, "I think, while Mozart is waiting for his clothing to dry, we had better separate and beat around the edge of the pond, and see if we can't start up some game."

"All right!" I replied.

"I will stay here to keep Mozart company," added the Farmer; "that's the kind of a man I am."

"Poor company is better than none," remarked Mozart.

The party divided; the Guide, the Artist, the

Sportsman, and the Governor starting along the north shore, and the Professor, the Pathfinder, and myself going around the south shore towards the point that made into the pond, that I have before spoken of.

We had made about half the distance to the Point, when we heard two shots in rapid succession from the other party.

"They have fired at something," said the Pathfinder.

"I would like to know what?" queried the Professor.

"A hawk, perhaps," I suggested; "we saw quite a number of them, you know, while we were taking our lunch."

By dint of hard struggling, we made our way through a thicket of young growth, and just as we came out on the point where we could command a view of the pond, we heard another series of shots, four or five, so near together that it sounded almost like a volley.

"Where in thunder are they?" asked the Pathfinder.

"Look for the smoke of their guns," I advised; "that will tell us."

"I see it," said the Professor, "curling up through

the trees, a little above where Mozart and the Farmer are."

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed suddenly, as I stared hard up the pond towards the place where we judged them to be; "they have started game indeed! A caribou, as I'm a living sinner! Keep the dog still, Pathfinder, and perhaps the Professor and I will get a shot; he's heading directly for this point."

I was excited, as were also my companions. We would have taken a great deal of trouble to obtain a shot at a deer or caribou; and now to have one, as it were, run right into our faces, was a piece of good-fortune that caused the blood to quicken in our veins, and make our hearts leap for joy. We could scarcely keep from giving a cheer.

"Who has the ammunition?" I whispered.

"I have," replied the Pathfinder.

"Give me three or four buckshot, then. One of my barrels is loaded with bird-shot."

I hastily dropped them into my gun, and crammed down a paper wad on top of them. By this time the caribou was most to the shore, and heading straight towards the bushes behind which we were hiding; but, as luck would have it, the wind blew towards us, so that the animal had not scented us.

"He's wounded," said the Pathfinder; "notice

the water, it is bloody in his wake. Some of them hit him."

"Be ready now, Professor!" I cried. "I will fire first, then you bang away; and I will save one barrel as a reserve shot, in case we don't kill him at first."

"Let him have it now, Scribbler," said the Professor; "it's just a good shot."

"Wait a moment longer; he may sink if you kill him where he is now," suggested the Pathfinder.

For a second only I stopped; and then, taking a careful aim at his breast, I pulled the trigger. But at the moment the hammer struck the cap, a little limb under my right foot broke, destroying my aim, and the buckshot went high overhead.

"Now, Professor," I cried, "it is your turn!"

As our forgetful friend brought his old musket to his shoulder, I could not help laughing, in spite of my anxiety not to lose the game, for the moment the Pathfinder saw the Professor about to take aim, he retreated with Spot behind a large pine, with a most comical look of fear on his face. The next second the Professor fired.

Following the report, I heard something from his lips which sounded very much like hard words, and turning, beheld him sprawling on the ground, the old musket beside him.

Another look at the caribou assured me that the Professor's old musket had done some execution, for the animal stopped swimming for a moment, and I thought he was going to sink; but rallying, he began to make headway again, although swimming slower than before.

As he stepped out on the shore, I took quick aim with my remaining barrel and fired, and the next moment saw him sink to the earth.

"Come on!" I cried to my companions; "he's done for."

I was about to start on the run, when I heard the Pathfinder say:

"Halloo, Professor, what's the matter with you?"

I looked around, and beheld him sitting upright on the ground, rubbing his shoulder, and looking kind of worked up.

"I believe that gun kicked," replied the Professor, with a drawl, as he slowly regained his feet, and looked at the musket as if half tempted to throw it away.

"No matter if it did," I said; "you hit the caribou;" and we rushed down to where he lay.

He was dead, sure enough; and on looking him over, we found seven buckshot holes in his hide.

"Now what are we going to do with him?" asked the Pathfinder.

"Get him over to where Mozart and the Farmer are, and then we can decide."

"But he's heavy, Scribbler; how can we manage to carry him?" queried the Professor.

For reply, I began fumbling in my pockets, and soon found what I was in search of, a stout cord that I had brought along to fasten Spot with, intending to leave him by the boat when we came up to the pond; but I changed my mind when we left the lake, and the cord now was just what I wanted. Cutting it in two equal pieces, we tied the two fore legs and the two hind legs of the caribou together, and then hanging the carcass on the Professor's "long nine," Pathfinder and I shouldered the musket, and we started for the pile of logs, where we had left our two companions. The Professor followed, bringing my gun. When we arrived at the rendezvous, we found the other party there, and they had a hedgehog and a young bear to show for the powder they had burnt.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Artist, as we hove in sight, "they have bagged the caribou."

"You can just bet we have," said the Pathfinder.

"What's the matter with you, Professor?" asked the Governor, as he noticed the rueful expression of the Professor's countenance as he rubbed his shoulder.

"He fired at the caribou," I replied, "and the old musket kicked so, it nearly dislocated his shoulder. It knocked him end over end; but he hit the game when he fired, and I finished it."

We laid the caribou down, and all the party took a look at it.

"Rather a pretty-looking animal," remarked the Farmer.

"Which one of you fired at him?" I asked of the Guide.

"We all had a shot. He was at the shore, drinking, when we first discovered him, and the Governor fired and hit him. Then he took to the pond, and we all blazed away. I thought we'd lost him; but the Artist said you might get a shot at him if he landed near the Point."

"Well, I guess we all had a hand in his death," I replied, "for he has no less than seven buckshot in his body."

"What do you wish to do with the caribou, gentlemen?" queried the Guide. "It is a young one, and will be very tender. No better meat was ever eaten than young caribou, and you will say so when you try it."

"I move we carry it to camp," replied the Pathfinder.

"It will be a heavy lug," I suggested; "a mile

and a half, you know, to the boat—confounded tiresome tramping, too."

"We have had bear-meat enough," said the Sportsman.

"Let's skin the cub, take his hide along, and leave his body here; there are plenty of animals about here to eat it."

"I think that will be best," replied the Guide. "You will find by the time we get to the boat that the caribou will be all you will care to tote."

He accordingly skinned the bear, and then cutting down a sapling with his jack-knife, we put the caribou on it, and started for the lake. The Guide and I carried it the first time; then Mozart and the Sportsman tried it; and by taking turns we reached the boat without being tired out. We found the wind was fair for our return, and setting the sail, we were soon running merrily down the lake.

We reached our landing about four o'clock, jumped out of the boat, and then drew it up on the shore. Taking the caribou and the bear-skin, we tracked it for our tent, and were not sorry when we reached it.

CHAPTER XV.

A CARIBOU SUPPER. — RIVER-DRIVERS. — "NO WHISKEY." — A NARROW ESCAPE. — AN EXPERIENCED GUNNER. — DEPARTURE OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

THE fellows in the other tent turned out to welcome us on our arrival.

"What luck?" they all cried.

"Pretty fair," answered the Governor. "I shot the caribou, and the Professor broke his shoulder. There's a job for you, Doctor."

"Who shot the bear?" asked another of the party, as he noticed the bear-skin.

"The Artist," replied the Guide.

"You have had good luck, gentlemen, and I congratulate you," said the Doctor.

"All owing to our superior guide," declared Mozart.

"And the Professor's musket," put in the Farmer.

"Here, Doctor," said the Governor, with a laugh,

"I want you to set this fellow's shoulder;" intimating the Professor.

"My shoulder is all right," replied the Professor, joining in the laugh that was raised against him.

"Come, gentlemen, let us skin the caribou while the Guide starts the fire," proposed the Artist, "and we will have some of the steaks for supper."

We all took hold, and after removing the skin, the Guide cut out some of the choice pieces and cooked them to a turn. After supper we were all agreed that the caribou was the best meat we had ever tasted, far superior to beef.

As we were sitting around the camp-fire that evening, enjoying our customary smoke and sing, we were suddenly startled by a series of most unearthly yells that brought us to our feet, with curiosity and wonder depicted on our faces, and caused Spot to set up a continuous barking, while his hair stood on end the whole length of his back.

The noise came from the carry road, between our camp and the Richardson lake-shore.

We were not long in learning the cause of the disturbance.

In a few moments after hearing the first noise, we saw the twinkle of lights, and soon two men issued from the gloom, bearing lanterns. Close behind them followed about forty men, bearing two large

bateaux on their shoulders, and cursing and swearing in a manner that would have made religious people think that there was a chance for a little missionary work at home, before commencing any more in India.

This crowd was a party of river-drivers, who had been down the Androscoggin with an immense drive of logs during the month of June, and who were now returning to their homes by way of Rangeley "city."

They were a pretty rough set of boys, yet, with all their faults, kind-hearted and brave.

They wanted to know if we had any whiskey to spare.

The Governor told them I was the only one of the party that took anything, and that I was such a toper I had drank it all up, and wore the flask around my neck to smell of.

"No whiskey? You're a devil of a crowd!" shouted the disgusted lumberman, as he strode off in the darkness.

While we were encamped at the Upper Dam, several of these returning crews of river-drivers passed our camp, but never offered to molest us.

The guides generally speak well of them, and say that the only thing they are ever known to steal is liquor.

After going down to the dam, and seeing the lumbermen launch their bateaux, we returned to camp, and retired for the night.

The second morning after we reached the Upper Dam, three of our party had an adventure that came near terminating seriously, which I will relate here.

Wishing to try the trout, the Farmer, Mozart, and the Pathfinder took the "Rolling Moses," and pulled to the mouth of the river, in hopes of securing a good catch.

It was a dangerous place for a crank boat, as the current was very powerful, and a large body of water was here crowded into a narrow space, passing over numerous sunken logs and rocks, foaming, struggling, and roaring in its frantic efforts to tear a pathway for itself down to the upper Richardson Lake, into which it flows.

But the crew of the "Rolling Moses" were not at all daunted by the wild turmoil of the seething waters, and pulled straight up the rapids as far as they could force the boat, and then catching at a dead cedar, blown over into the water by some violent gale, they made the bow of the boat fast to it.

This would have done well enough, if they had not tied a rock to a line and thrown it out astern, thinking to make the boat ride easier. But it had just the contrary effect, for as they tightened the

stern line it brought her broadside to the current, the power of which caused the bow line to snap the dead limb to which it was tied, and the next moment she partly broached to, half filled with water, and was swiftly carried down the rapids, in danger of being overturned at any minute by coming in contact with submerged rocks, which were scattered plentifully about them. At this crisis one of the oars was lost, and it was more by good luck than good management that they reached the shore before the boat sunk. As it was, they were all considerably frightened and thoroughly soaked. After getting the water out of the boat, they paddled back to the landing with one oar, and hurried up to camp to get dry.

Early the next morning, the Farmer and I took the "Rolling Moses," and a pair of oars from the "Dancing Sally," and pulled up around the eastern shore, to see if we could find the lost oar. It was painted bright red, and could be easily distinguished from drift-wood.

After pulling a short distance above the mouth of the river, we found it on shore, where it had been drifted by the wind; we returned to camp well satisfied, for it was one of the best oars we had, and we should have been bothered by its loss.

Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, some of the

gentlemen went over to the dam, fishing, while the Guide and the Governor went up to the Cove on the same business.

I did not get up until about half-past five; and finding the camp deserted, I took the Farmer's gun, which I supposed was loaded, and calling to my dog, strolled down towards the dam.

I had almost reached the sluice-way, when I noticed an eagle winging his flight towards me. As he would pass almost directly overhead, I thought I should get him sure.

I cocked the gun, raised it carefully to my shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. No sound but the click of the lock followed. I tried the other barrel with the same result, for neither of them were capped.

"Confound the Farmer for taking the caps off this gun," I muttered to myself. "I shall lose that eagle."

My fingers were cold, but I fumbled about in one of my pockets and found a box of caps. Then I capped both tubes, and taking hasty aim, pulled both triggers, for the eagle was getting farther away every moment.

The caps both snapped, but not a report.

I was disgusted.

I drew out the ramrod and dropped it into one of the barrels. It was not loaded.

I tried the other. Nary load in that.

I had come out gunning with an empty gun!

Was I mad?

Imagine yourself in my place, and the question is answered.

Just then the Farmer and the Sportsman came up to me with a string of trout, and the Farmer, with an exultant grin, said:

"Why didn't you shoot that eagle, Scribbler?"

"You are a smart man," added the Sportsman, "to go gunning with an empty gun."

"By gracious! Sportsman," exclaimed the Farmer, "we have a joke on the Scribbler now. We must tell this story at breakfast. It's too good to keep."

"I don't want it kept," I replied. "It is a pretty good joke on me, and no mistake. When the Governor hears it, how he will roar! But, like Sothern, I can stand a joke, and I don't mind it any. The next time you leave your old blunderbuss in camp empty, tell me of it, will you?"

"I will, if I agree to. That's the kind of a man I am," said the Farmer with a laugh.

We went up to camp and built the fire, and breakfast was pretty well under way, when the Guide and the Governor returned from the Cove.

They brought in a fine string of trout with them, several three-pounders among the number.

At breakfast, the Farmer related my gunning exploit, and I had to take it from all hands — or, rather, tongues.

After breakfast, we found our neighbors were taking down their tent, and they told us they were going down to the Middle Dam, to try the fishing a while.

We went down to the landing, and saw them off, giving them three hearty cheers as they pulled down the lake.

LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK, SOUTHEAST VIEW FROM CAMP BELLEVUE.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY'S SPORT. — A LONELY TRAMP. — LOST IN THE FOREST. — RUNNING FOUL OF THE WRONG CUSTOMER. — A CAT-ASTROPHE.

AFTER returning to camp, we had a talk as to how we should spend the day, and finally we divided into three parties. Mozart, the indefatigable fisherman, with the Guide and the Governor, went down to the mouth of the river to try the trout again. The Sportsman, the Professor, and the Artist went off gunning, and the Pathfinder, the Farmer, and myself took our guns, and went off after rabbits, or any other game worth killing.

When we left camp, it was agreed to have dinner at one o'clock, and all promised to be at the tent at that hour.

On leaving the camp, my companions and myself crossed the dam, passed by the camps, and struck into the woods behind them, having never been in this part of the wilderness before.

We wished to get quite a distance away from our own camp, as we thought our prospects of getting game would be better.

Taking a look at the sun, as we left the clearing, we tramped onward in a northerly direction, until we were, as near as I could judge, at least three miles away from camp, without having shot anything but a few squirrels and a couple of rabbits.

We had reached a place where there was quite a heavy growth of spruce, and gum was plenty; and the Farmer proposed that we should stop a little while and get some gum.

I told him that I did not care for any, but would tramp on a short distance farther, and see if I could not get a shot at something, while he and the Pathfinder procured their gum.

Not wishing to take a lot of things we did not want, we had left camp with only one box of caps, one horn of powder, and one shot-belt. I had the caps, the Pathfinder the powder, and the Farmer the shot.

I had my double-barrel gun with me, which I was sure was loaded and capped this time; my revolver I had left in camp. Not expecting to go out of hearing of my companions, I did not take the ammunition.

I started off with my gun over my shoulder, keep-

ing my eyes well open, for I did not know but that I might meet another bear, and had loaded one barrel with a heavy charge of buckshot, in case I should run across such a customer.

I strolled along slowly, smiling at the squirrels as they played their pranks in the trees, for I did not care to shoot them. I wanted larger game. I might possibly have travelled a mile from where I had left my friends, without seeing any thing that I cared to fire at, when it occurred to me that they would become tired waiting for me, and that I had better rejoin them.

Casting a careless glance about me, I turned, and tramped back, as I supposed, over my own trail, but after travelling for nearly an hour, I had not found them.

I concluded they had returned to camp, and I kept on at a little faster pace.

Some time after, I reached a little clearing in the forest, where the trees had been destroyed by fire, and looking up at the sky, was somewhat surprised to see the sun directly overhead.

I pulled out my watch and glanced at it.

Five minutes past twelve!

Where had the forenoon gone to?

To my alarm, also, I began to notice that the part of the woods where I was looked unfamiliar, and I

was certain that I had never before run across the little ridge where I now was.

It began to occur to me that I was lost. Wishing to ascertain whether or not the other gentlemen were out of hearing, I shouted as loud as possible. Anxiously I listened for a response. Not a voice replied.

I was alone in the middle of a wilderness that reached, unbroken, for many miles, with only my own thoughts for company. Spot had accompanied the Sportsman. How I missed my dog then!

I would have discharged my fowling-piece, but not having any more ammunition, I thought it wiser to save the loads for an emergency: and one offered sooner than I expected.

I wasted all the spare breath I had in shouting, without hearing any reply, and then started in the direction, as near as I could judge, that the camp ought to be. I travelled an hour or more, and then what was my chagrin to come out at the foot of the identical horse-back (ridge) that I had left. I had been travelling in a circle, and this fact did not tend to make me feel any more comfortable.

I sat down on a fallen tree to cogitate, and just then I heard a noise that brought me to my feet in double-quick time. The noise came from a few feet to the right of me. I glanced along the wind-

fall on which I had been sitting, and at the further end I saw a sight that made me feel sick.

There was no mistake about it, I was frightened. Standing on the tree, and glaring at me spitefully, their backs arched, and their fur ruffled all along their backs, were a couple of wild-cats, nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog.

At that moment I would have sold out cheap, and heartily wished that by some miraculous intervention of Providence I might be suddenly transported to the "Hub."

It seemed, about that time, that wood-life had no charms for me, but quite the contrary. I glanced around to take in the situation more completely. About twenty feet back of me grew a good-sized spruce, with branches just within my reach. Keeping my eyes steadily on the savage brutes, I slowly retreated until I reached the tree. Then I brought my gun up to my shoulder to fire, but my hand shook so, I could not take aim. Dropping the butt of my gun to the ground, I stood still a few moments until I had calmed my nerves, and then taking a long, steady aim, I let the foremost animal have the charge of buckshot, and immediately afterwards I was climbing that spruce with a celerity that would have made a disinterested spectator roar with laughter.

I had clung to my gun while climbing the tree, and gaining the lower limb, and securing a good foothold, I looked anxiously down to see the result of my shot. The wild-cat I had fired at lay dead beside the fallen tree, and the other was standing over it, spitting and growling in a way that boded no good to myself. Becoming satisfied that its mate was really dead, it bounced angrily toward the tree where I had taken refuge. As it reached the bottom, and prepared to spring up, I let it have the small shot square in the face, without any other effect than to irritate it, however; for a moment after I fired, it sprang for the limb I was standing on, and its fore-paws touched it. I gave it a rap over the head with the butt of my gun, and it dropped to the ground a little bewildered. But I was not rid of the animal by any means. As Artemus Ward used to say, he was a "sociable cuss," and seemed determined to cultivate my acquaintance.

The animal picked itself up lively, and moving back a short distance from the tree, sat down and gazed at me, spitting and howling as if the devil was in it — and probably he was. The creature seemed to know I had no charge for my gun, and had evidently come to the conclusion to wait until night, and then have another try at me.

I had seen its long, terrible-looking claws when it

sprang at me, and knew if it kept me there until night it would make short work of me, unless help arrived. How I blamed myself for strolling off alone, with only a box of caps for ammunition! But then I had not expected to get lost. It was too late, however, to grieve now. I was in for it. In fact, I was in what you might call a "tight fix."

I began searching my pockets to see if I could find anything in the shape of "grub," for I was getting confoundedly hungry. I went through my pockets and found a pilot-cracker and three cigars. The cracker I ate eagerly. The cigars were real Havanas, but I would have given them all for another cracker. The one I had eaten only made my hunger more pressing. My stomach grumbled at such short rations, and I felt thirsty.

I buckled my belt tighter, and drew one of the "weeds" out of my pocket and bit off the end. I felt for a match, but did not find one. I was in a state of matchless misery. A cigar, and nothing to light it with! Had I been such an egregious ass as to leave camp without any matches? I uttered a howl of disappointment, and went through my pockets a second time. But not a match met my research. I could have cried with vexation.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I might possibly find a match somewhere about the lining of my pock-

ets. We had all worn old clothes, and our pockets were somewhat dilapidated. With some such feeling as a drowning man has when he catches at a straw, I commenced a third time to search, and was almost overjoyed to find under my vest-pocket, between the linings, a couple of matches.

I had never thought I should become partial to brimstone, but I gazed at those two matches with an affection that could only be realized by a person placed in similar circumstances.

Carefully I drew one of the precious bits of wood and brimstone over the leg of my pantaloons and struck a light. I applied the flame to the cigar, and soon its perfumed smoke was curling lazily upwards. I threw the blazing match in the catamount's face. It made him spit worse than ever, and he seemed half determined to spring at me again. But he changed his mind, evidently thinking he had me securely caught, and could wait his time to sharpen his claws on me.

I looked at my watch, for I noticed the sun had declined considerably. It was four o'clock. Good heavens! Would my friends never come?

I began to grow desperate. I had half a mind to jump down and tackle the wild-cat, and fight it out on that line until one of us went under. But then those frightful claws!

An empty gun was a poor defence against them.

Five o'clock came.

I began to get mad.

I thought the gentlemen in our party were confounded mean not to hunt me up.

Would I have let one of them been away from camp so long, without instituting a search for him?

Not much.

Time passed on, and the hands of my watch indicated six o'clock.

Nervous with excitement, I had smoked all my cigars without realizing it until they were gone, and now my parched lips and redoubled thirst were the penalty of my thoughtlessness.

In another hour the sun would begin to sink behind the mountains, and I would probably furnish a meal for the savage brute watching me.

He would feast on revenge, and glut his stomach at the same time.

I began to wonder what my chances were in the next world, and whether my creditors would weep for me if I was rubbed out.

The catamount now began to show signs of uneasiness, as if he intended to commence the battle.

I began to halloo again.

The woods resounded with my voice, but no reply came back.

Quarter to seven, and the evening shadows began to lengthen around me.

In the name of heaven, where were my friends? Would they make no search for me that day?

I shuddered at the thought.

The air was damp, and the night gave token of being chilly.

Hark! Was that Spot's bark, or did I fancy it?

Eagerly I listened to catch the sound again, with every nerve strung up to an unnatural tension.

It came again!

There was no mistaking his short, sharp bark. With an inward "Thank God!" I aroused from the despair that had well-nigh overwhelmed me, and began to shout.

Then I heard seven shots in rapid succession.

Some one was firing my revolver.

Louder and louder I yelled; my throat felt as if it would burst from my efforts.

Hurrah! an answering shout came back.

A few moments later, and I saw four forms through the dusky daylight.

I made out the Guide as the leader.

"Look out!" I shouted. "Don't let the dog get here; I am treed by a wild-cat!"

"All right!" was the answer, in Sportsman's well-known voice.

A moment longer, and I could discern them all.

The Guide, the Governor, the Farmer, the Sportsman, and the dog.

The catamount had become uneasy at so much noise, and was evidently frightened, for it turned as if to run away, but hesitated a few minutes, and stood facing in the direction from which my friends were coming.

They caught sight of the animal, and the Governor and the Farmer hastily poured some buckshot into their guns. The next moment two reports awoke the echoes of the forest, and the animal sprawled out on the ground and gave its last kick.

I dropped my gun, and tried to get down out of the tree, but I had been so cramped up that I fell, and the Guide caught me in his arms.

I told them my story briefly.

"How far are we from camp?" I asked of the Guide.

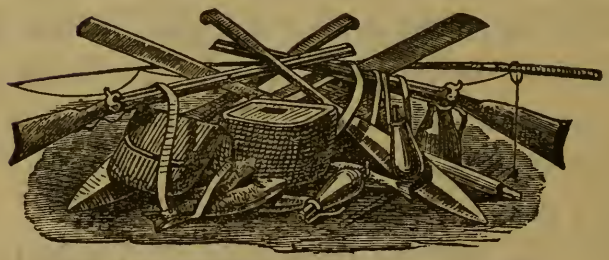
"About seven miles."

It was ten o'clock when we reached camp, and after eating some supper, I gave them the particulars of my adventure.

They had all been hunting for me since two o'clock, having divided into two parties, Sportsman informed me. The other party, which had not

reached camp when we arrived, came in just as the Guide was about to start in search of them.

I felt thankful for my escape, and after that we were all careful not to stray off alone.



CHAPTER XVII.

DOWN THE LAKE. — A VISIT TO WHITNEY'S. — A SWAMPED BOAT. — WE VISIT THE "FARM." — THE "PATHFINDER." — A WET TRAMP.

IT was later than usual when we arose the next morning, and at the breakfast-table we discussed the proposition made by one of our number, as to whether we should go down to the Middle Dam and stop a few days. It was finally decided to do so; and after breakfast we commenced pulling up stakes, and getting ready for our departure.

I felt none the worse for my adventure of the day before, and helped carry the things down to the lake, and load the boat.

Where every one worked with a will, it did not take a great while to break camp, and finally all was ready, and we bade adieu to our pleasant camping-ground, with the hope of seeing it another summer.

The Guide took charge of the "Dancing Sally," and I of the "Rolling Moses."

The Governor and Mozart went with the Guide, and the Farmer, the Pathfinder, Sportsman, the Professor, and the Artist went with me. We had to stow close, but as most of the luggage was in the other boat, we managed to get along very well.

The Guide and my party were going directly down to the Middle Dam, while the rest of us intended to call at Whitney's, and also stop at Metalic Point, and go up to the so-called Richardson Farm, where the Sportsman and I had camped on a former trip.

The weather still continued fine, and the morning was as pleasant as one could wish.

The Guide had the start of us by fifteen minutes, but we did not care, as we were not going his way.

Sportsman and the Farmer took the oars, and I the helm, and off we went on our return trip.

There was a fresh north-wester blowing, causing a heavy sea to roll across the lake, and it made hard rowing. When we had accomplished half the distance, the Artist and the Professor took the oars and pulled the other mile, to Mosquito Brook. When we reached the beach in front of Whitney's Camp, our other boat was just passing Metalic Point.

We landed with some difficulty, for the white-capped rollers were dashing up on the sand, and the boat was very unsteady.

We all went up to the house, and found the man in charge of the camp at home, and he gave us a cordial welcome. We entered, and were shown over the house, then had a chat with the keeper.

He informed us that Mr. Whitney had not been up yet that season, but he was expecting him with a party every day.

We stopped about half an hour at the camp, and then went down to our boat, and were disgusted to find that she had broken from her moorings, and had broached to on the beach, with every wave sweeping squarely into her.

Everything was submerged and floating about in the water.

We made a rush and righted her up, set her afloat, then ran her up on the beach high and dry, and poured the water out of her.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Farmer, "the cigars are soaked. That's a poor joke."

"There is a box in the other boat," said the Artist. We took out our things, and freed them from the water.

Some of the party, myself among the number, had valises in the boat, and they were full of water, and their contents thoroughly wet.

We opened them, took out the things, and emptied

out the water. Then we put everything back in the boat.

"When we get down to the farm, we can dry our things, so let's tumble them into the boat, and be off," I suggested.

The camp-keeper noticed our delay, and came down to the beach to see what the trouble was. We told him, and he laughed, and said we should have run our boat in to the mouth of the brook, and she would have been all right.

After we were afloat again, we spread out a few of the things on the thwarts of the boat, so that they would dry while we were going down to the Point.

At Metalic Brook we undertook to leave the lake and pull up the brook as far as the clearing, thinking the water was high enough for us to do it. But there was a bar at the outlet, covered only by two or three inches of water, and as none of us cared to lift the "Rolling Moses" over it, we gave up the idea, and pulled down around Metalic Point, and landed on the sand beach.

As soon as we had hauled up the boat, we took our wet things and spread them on top of the bushes in the sun, thus giving them a chance to dry while we went up to the clearing.

Everything was so changed in appearance by the height of water, that it was some time before we could find the path that led up to the barns; but after hunting about for a while, we found it, but only followed it a short distance before we came to water. We made a detour to the left, along a little ridge that was above the water, following as near where the path ran as we could without getting wet, hoping to find a dry place to cross in a short time.

The farm-buildings sat on a little elevated plateau, and I was quite certain there would be no water about them.

The Pathfinder took the lead, bragging that he would find a dry path; and it was upon that eventful day that he earned for himself the sobriquet of the "Pathfinder."

He managed to get some distance in advance of us, and as the woods and underbrush were very thick, we soon lost sight of him altogether.

Finally we became a little bewildered, and hailed the Pathfinder, and asked him if he could see the barns.

He told us they were a short distance off to the right. He had been up a tree, and saw them from the top of it.

We pushed onward in the direction of his voice,

but had only gone a few rods when we came to water. Still we could hear him struggling through the underbrush some way ahead.

I thought it about time to hail him again.

"Pathfinder!"

"What is it?" came back, faintly.

"Is there any water where you are?"

"None of any account."

"Can you see the barns yet?"

"Yes. I am almost out to the clearing. It's only a rod or two ahead."

"Let's push on, then," said the Artist. "My bootlegs are so long I will lead the way."

We accordingly pushed on, and were soon floundering in water up to our knees, which grew deeper every step we advanced, until finally it reached our armpits.

Some of the fellows began to remonstrate in no very mild terms. We felt that the Pathfinder had sold us.

"He's a confounded humbug!" exclaimed the Farmer.

"A regular cheap guide," added the Artist.

"This is a dry path with a vengeance," said the Professor. "I move we nickname that gentleman the 'Pathfinder,' to pay for this sell."

We all acquiesced in the Professor's proposal, and the "Pathfinder" was christened for life.

We stumbled on, alternately laughing and growling, the dog swimming behind us, until we finally came out into the clearing on higher ground, and were once more out of the water, but wet to our skins.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RICHARDSON FARM. — THROUGH THE WATER. — THE MIDDLE DAM CAMP. — A GOOD SUPPER.

"HOW do you like it, as far as you've been?" asked the Pathfinder, with a mischievous smile, as we walked up to where he was waiting for us.

"This is played out," answered the Professor; "you are a perfect old fraud."

"Where were you, I would like to know, when I hailed you, and you told me there was no water of any account?" I asked.

"On a stump," he replied, with a chuckle.

"You ought to be rode on a rail now to pay for it," said Sportsman, laughing.

"Strawberries are plenty here, and I thought you would want some," replied the Pathfinder, with another grin. In fact, he appeared to enjoy hugely the manner in which he had sold us.

"Well, old fellow, I'll get even with you for my wetting before we get back to Andover."

"That's right, Scribbler," said the Farmer; "you and I will put up a job on him the first chance that offers."

"I am willing," he replied, laughing; "I can stand it."

The place where we now were had been cleared of timber years before, and for several seasons crops had been raised on the land. But since the farm had been deserted, a new growth had sprung up on the land, threatening in time to change the clearing to forest once more. But at present there are several large pieces of grass, and among this the wild strawberries grow very plentifully, and we found them a toothsome delicacy. We picked a lot of them, and then went up and inspected our old camping-ground. We found our fireplace partially destroyed, but still everything about the clearing looked natural to the Sportsman and myself.

By this time, however, we found that there were a few midges and black-flies about, seeking whom they might devour, and we concluded to return to the boat. When we had been at the farm before, it was in August, and the flies and midges did not trouble us. They are more plenty in July than in any other month.

When we reached the southern end of the clearing, I proposed to the party to strike the path and

follow it down to the beach, as we could not get any wetter than we were then.

All of them agreed. We kept on dry land as long as we could, and then plunged into the water, wading along in single file, but the water did not rise above our shoulders.

We could feel the path perfectly easy with our feet; and although the water was rather cold, it was easier getting along than scrambling through the woods and underbrush. I had on a long linen duster, and it floated out about a yard behind me on the water.

We were a comical-looking set of ducks, as we went along wading and splashing, laughing and joking over the situation, the dog swimming in the rear.

After two or three hundred yards of this wading, the path ran over higher ground, and became free of water once more.

"By thunder!" exclaimed the Artist, as we emerged from the water, dripping like so many drowned rats, "I would have been willing to have given ten dollars to have had the Governor with us."

"It would have been sport," said the Professor; and he laughed at the thought of it.

When we reached the boat we had to take off our clothes and wring the water out of them, and then

"Camping Out" at Mouth of River, Upper Dam.

picking up our things that had been wet earlier in the day, but were quite dry now, we packed them in the boat, and without further trouble pulled down to the Middle Dam, and unloaded our boat. Going on shore we found that the Guide had pitched our tent a few rods south of the "Angler's Retreat," and had supper all ready for us.

Mozart and the Governor had been to supper, and had gone out to the dam to try their luck with the trout; we accordingly sat down to the table, and as usual made a hole in the Guide's good things.

After tea we strolled out to the dam, and found our friends fishing, also some gentlemen from New York who were stopping at the camp.

They had good luck there, and took a large number of nice fish weighing from one to four pounds each.

As we were all quite fatigued and had been thoroughly soaked, that is, all who had come down the lake in the "Rolling Moses," we took lodgings for the night at the camp, the Guide also sleeping indoors.

But, on turning out in the morning, we found that our Guide, the Pathfinder, the Sportsman, the Farmer, the Professor, and myself were all that were to breakfast together. The Artist, Mozart, and the Governor had made up their minds to board

at the camp, during our stay at the Middle Dam. The Farmer concluded to lodge at the camp, although he took his meals in the tent.

But the majority of our party, who stuck to the tent, determined that as we had come up to the lakes to "camp out," we would "camp out" to the end of the trip.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO LAKE UMBAGOG. — THE ANDROSCOGGIN AND MAGALLOWAY RIVERS. — ROMANTIC SCENERY. — "PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM." — WE REACH CAMP AGAIN.

AFTER breakfast I tried to make up a party to go down to Lake Umbagog, and up the Magalloway River, for the sake of the sail on the steamer; but the fellows were all for fishing, and only the Sportsman accompanied me. The trip, however, was delightful, and we enjoyed the day hugely.

Mr. Tenney, who had charge of the Middle Dam Camp at that time, was going down to meet the steamer and the passengers from Upton, if there were any, and we went along with him.

We left the camp at seven o'clock, having four miles and a half to walk to reach the Cedar Stump, a place on the Rapid River, where we were to take a row-boat. Tenney drove the baggage team, and we followed on foot. The road was so rough that

the horse had to walk all the way, and we had no difficulty in keeping up with old "Bonney," as the nag was called.

The walk was very pleasant, the road turning and twisting through the woods, and we obtained some fine views of the rapids on the river, as the road in some places runs close to the stream.

We passed a private camp, called "Forest Lodge," sitting on a high bluff overlooking the river, about three miles from the Middle Dam Camp.

From the sightly eminence on which the lodge stands, the eye takes in a long stretch of the river, which here presents a very romantic picture, as it flows swiftly towards the lake, the water foaming, fretting, and tumbling over the huge rocks that form the river-bed. Just below this point is a place called "Smooth Ledge," where is excellent trout-fishing, some of our party having splendid luck there.

Along the road one will see many deserted camps, built by the river-drivers while logging on the stream in the early part of the summer. The logs that come through the Upper Dam are made up into immense rafts at the mouth of the river, warped down across the Richardson Lakes to the Middle Dam, where the booms are broken up, and the logs sent through the sluice singly. Thence they float down the Rapid River to Lake Umbagog, and are warped across that

lake to the Androscoggin River, down which stream they float to the Errol Dam. They are run through this dam, and then continue on their way down the Androscoggin to Auburn and Lewiston. It takes two seasons to get a drive of logs from the upper lakes to Lewiston, it stopping the first year at Milan. At the end of the "carry" Mr. Tenney fastened the horse, and we launched a row-boat and started down the river. The current is very swift, but there are no dangerous rapids below the Cedar Stump.

It did not take long to row the mile and a half, aided by such a strong current, and we reached the "Inlet" ahead of the steamer, which was coming from Upton, twelve miles distant by water.

After waiting a few moments, we discerned the steamer out on the lake, heading towards us, with huge clouds of smoke rolling from her funnel. She appeared in the distance like a toy steamer, but as she drew nearer to us we found her to be a boat some eighty feet long, and her name, "Diamond," was painted on the front of the wheel-house. She was a side-wheeler, and had a hurricane-deck that extended about two-thirds her length.

She came puffing and snorting up to where we were, and then her engine was stopped. We stepped on board, and two gentlemen, who were on the steamer, bound for the Middle Dam, took our places

in the small boat with Tenney, and he pushed off. As he was not coming down in the afternoon, he promised to leave a boat for us at the Inlet, and we could row up to the "carry" road ourselves. That was satisfactory to us, and as the engineer started up again, and the steamer began to move out into the lake, we shouted our farewells to "Jim," who replied by a wave of his hat.

The distance from the Inlet to Errol Dam, which would be our first stopping-place, was about eight miles. In crossing the lake we had a fine view of some of the White Mountains, also of the higher peaks lying about the Richardson Lakes, Magalloway River, and Dixville Notch.

We entered the Androscoggin River near a place called "Moll's Rock." The stream is narrow and crooked, and a little way down we passed a place on the left or port side, known as "Moll's Carry." When the steamer is going from Errol or Magalloway direct to Upton, she can, during the high water in the spring, cross this carry, which is then flooded, and save quite a distance.

Two miles below the lake we passed the mouth of the Magalloway, one of the feeders of the Androscoggin. It empties into the river on the right hand, going towards Errol.

We found Captain A. W. Fickett, who commanded

the steamer, a very pleasant fellow, while the engineer, Chris. Curley, whose broad brogue betokened his Irish paternity, was a regular genius, with a faculty for spinning tough yarns. These two men comprised both crew and officers of the steamer, and they filled their situations admirably.

We reached the Errol Dam about ten o'clock, and found a number of passengers in waiting, most of whom were New York people, who had come down from Colebrook by stage that morning.

The steamer stopped here about half an hour, and we took advantage of this to run on shore and examine the Dam, and take a look at the Errol Hotel, where sportsmen stop who visit this vicinity. This house has since been destroyed by fire, and a new building erected on the old site. The new house is private, a hotel having been opened at the bridge, a mile below the Dam.

We left Errol at half-past ten, having with us, among the passengers, Lewis T. Brown, Esq., the agent of the Berlin Mills Company, whom we found a genial companion, and who gave us a great deal of information about the surrounding country.

Retracing our course for two miles, we entered the Magalloway River, which has the name of being the most crooked river in New England, up which serpentine stream the boat steamed for eight miles,

tying up at a place known as "Wentworth's Location."

A mile and a half above the steamer-landing the Berlin Mills Company have a pleasant hotel, where sportsmen and tourists visiting the Magalloway usually stop. The house is well kept, and the terms are moderate. The Swift Diamond enters the Magalloway near the hotel, and there is excellent trout-fishing, in the proper season, but a short distance from the house. A free carriage is run between the boat and the hotel for the accommodation of the guests.

The sail upon the Androscoggin and Magalloway rivers is charming. The streams are similar in appearance, being narrow and crooked — the latter the most so; their width ranges from twenty to fifty yards. They flow sinuously along, turning now to the right and then to the left, with a strong current, not perceptible, however, from the steamer. The banks are lined with a heavy growth of timber in some places, while in others the land on either shore is rich intervale, that produces large crops with little culture.

Occasionally we would pass a spot where the trees on each bank of the river would droop over the water, and there was scarcely room for the steamer to pass between them, and one could reach

out on either side and touch the straggling branches. Many of the trees are covered with long, trailing moss, giving them a decidedly picturesque appearance.

When the surface of the river is unruffled by the wind, the water forms a natural mirror, in which the underbrush and trees that grow upon its banks are faithfully reproduced, and even the most delicate shades of color appear with a clearness that is surprising to behold.

Sailing on these rivers is very like driving through woods, only you substitute a steamer for a wagon, and water for land; and the sound of the steam-whistle seems out of place, and startles one from the romantic dreams in which he naturally indulges.

The boat glides along, at times nothing to be seen but the wooded banks, the mirrored water under you, and the blue sky above; then the landscape will change. The river-banks will become lower, there will be a clearing in the forest, — a break in the dense mass of foliage, — and far away against the sky will appear the sharp outline of the mountains, peak after peak coming into view, and continuing until lost, perhaps, in a bank of fleecy clouds.

Some idea of the crookedness of the Magalloway River may be gained, when one finds that he sails

six miles, though the distance between the same points on shore, by road, is only *one*.

The steamer stopped at the Magalloway landing two hours, giving us time to get a lunch at a farm-house near by, and take a look at the country. We ascended a high hill a short distance above the landing, and obtained a beautiful view down the valley of the Magalloway. Turning northward, Mount Dustan, the grotesque-looking Diamond Peaks, and further away the ragged summits of Dixville Notch, appear to our gaze, forming as romantic a picture of mountain scenery as one would wish to look upon.

At two o'clock we started on the return trip, by the way of Errol Dam, thence back up the Androscoggin, and across the lake to the "Inlet," where we left the steamer, bade Captain Fickett and Chris. good-bye, and embarked in an old wherry that Mr. Tenney had left for us. It was a crazy old craft, and we anathematized him heartily for leaving us such a boat. It was crank as a tub, leaky, the thole-pins nearly all broken, and there were five old oars, no two being mates.

As we settled down on the thwarts of the old dory and looked her over, after the steamer had left us, I began to think that Jim had given us the use of that boat "with malice aforethought,"

and meant for us to get a ducking before reaching the "Stump."

I had volunteered to row, as being the better oarsman of the two, and took a seat just forward of the centre of the boat, while the Sportsman sat in the stern with a paddle, to do the steering. I looked the oars over, picked out the two that were nearest alike, and then settled down to my work.

I soon found it would be anything but fun, pulling against such a current as there was in the river at that time. The day had been very warm, and the air had not cooled off any. By the time I had pulled a few rods, I began to think it was hot. I took off my coat and vest, dropped my suspenders off my shoulders, and laid back on the oars as if I meant business, while the perspiration rolled down my face in streams.

In the morning I had thought it a trifling matter to pull down the river a mile and a half; but in the evening I thought the distance had lengthened out fearfully, as I struggled to make headway against the swift current of the stream.

About half-way between the "Inlet" and "Cedar Stump" a bridge formerly crossed the river, but has now disappeared, with the exception of the piers, one on each side of the stream. The river, at the point where the bridge stood, is very narrow, and

between these two piers the current runs like a mill-sluice. As I began to near this place, I noticed that my headway gradually lessened, although I was pulling a stronger stroke than at any time since starting; and as I reached the piers, the boat became almost stationary.

On the left-hand side of the river, between the pier and the shore, a line had been stretched, to enable those who wished to pull up by it, and thus save rowing, until they were above the strongest part of the current. But as none of the guides used it, it reminded me of the "lubber-holes" on a vessel's mast; and as I do not use the lubber's-hole in going aloft on a vessel, I did not intend to use the lubber's rope in going up the river. If the guides could pull up the middle of the stream, I would, or die in the attempt.

Looking up just at this moment I caught the Sportsman's eye, and he began to grin. The scamp was having an easy time of it, and evidently enjoyed the situation.

"If you are going to get above those piers to-night, Scribbler, you will have to lay out a little more muscle. You are not gaining an inch now."

I watched the trees on the banks. He had spoken the truth. The boat was at a stand-still. With a grunt of dissatisfaction, that brought another laugh

from the Sportsman, I nerved myself for a final effort, and lay back to the oars again. Anxiously I watched the result.

"Pull, you sardine! pull!" shouted Sportsman by way of encouragement, and he paddled with all his strength.

Slowly the boat began to move; inch by inch I fought the current and drove ahead, pulling short quick strokes; but it was using up my wind fearfully, and I began to think we should hang between the piers.

However, I struggled manfully with the oars, pulling until the strain on my muscles seemed unbearable. At last we passed through the narrow channel and were above the piers. The worst was over.

"Hold out for five minutes longer, Scribbler, and we shall be all right; the current is not so strong a little way ahead."

Slowly we moved away from the piers, and I had just pulled beyond the strongest part of the current, when one of the thole-pins broke, and I went backwards into the bottom of the boat, my heels kicking in the air, and my oars dragging in the water.

"Devil take the thole-pin!" I exclaimed, as I regained my seat, and heard the Sportsman's roar of laughter.

"Row with your port oar, and I will paddle on the starboard side," said he; "we will work her over to that cedar, and hold on until we make a new thole-pin. Quick! or we shall go through the bridge."

By sharp work we paddled to the shore, and caught at a tree, but we were carried nearly down to the piers before we could stop.

After taking a rest and making a new thole-pin, I tried it again, keeping close to the shore, where the current was not quite so strong, and we finally reached the landing at the foot of the rapids, where we were to leave the boat. We hauled the old dory up on shore, and then sat down to rest a few moments, for I was rather tired.

"Hot work," said Sportsman, as we stepped on shore.

"Yes it was. I thought sure we should be carried below the piers when that thole-pin broke."

"Well, I could not have kept from laughing if we had. You looked so comical, with your heels up in the air, and your head shoved down in the bow of the boat; and then your look of disgust, as you righted yourself and took in the situation. By gracious, it was rich!" and he laughed again at the thought of it.

"It is well enough for you to laugh now, my boy;

but if we had gone through the piers, I wouldn't have pulled up again to-night. I should have camped where we were, and started fresh in the morning."

"No matter, it is all over now, so let's push on to camp. I am getting hungry again."

"Your natural state," I added.

"Hope the Guide will have a johnny-cake for supper," he remarked, as we started off on our walk at a swinging pace, for it was about six o'clock.

We tramped steadily along, and it was half-past seven when we reached camp. We found the Guide had supper all ready, — an excellent repast it was, too, — and being hungry as bears, we did it ample justice. Even the johnny-cake was not wanting.

After supper the rest of the party joined us, and we compared notes. They had been fishing all day at various places. Some had tried the Dam, some the Pond in the River, others Smooth Ledge and the Hop Yard. All had met with good luck, and were well satisfied.

As there were some very pretty places in the vicinity of Andover that we wished to see, we decided to go out from the lakes the next day.

CHAPTER XX.

A SELL ON THE ARTIST. — A WOODEN BEAR. — BACK TO THE ARM. — A REUNION AT SMITH'S MILL. — AT THE ANDOVER HOUSE ONCE MORE.

IN the morning every one was up bright and early. The tent was taken down, the baggage packed up, the boats loaded, and everything was ready for a start, as soon as the gentlemen who had stopped at the Middle Dam Camp had settled their bills.

The board-bill for those who had stopped at the camp was at the rate of two dollars per day, and the Governor took this opportunity of putting up a job on the Artist.

The first night we reached the Middle Dam, the Pathfinder had slept with the Artist in the camp, and the Governor, who had arranged the whole business beforehand with Mr. Tenney, told the Artist that he would have to pay the Pathfinder's board for the whole time we were there,

and also informed the Farmer, who had lodged in the camp, that he would have to pay full price, the same as if he had eaten his meals there. Both the Artist and the Farmer thought that such a settlement would be a fraud, and were not slow in saying so. The Artist was particularly vexed about it, and declared it was an outrage to charge a man for board two days and a half because he had slept in a room one night. He went to the Governor, and told him that he did not mean to pay it; but that joker told him he would have to, and he could not see why the charge was not all square.

After that the Farmer and the Artist had a buzz together, and made up their minds that the charge was a swindle and that they would not pay it under any circumstances. The rest of us, who were in the secret, could scarcely keep from laughing in their faces, to hear them blow about it.

Finally, after a good deal of talk, during which the Artist said he had never heard of such a thing, and that it was without precedent, &c., Mr. Tenney told him that he guessed he would not charge him for the Pathfinder's board, and would only have the Farmer pay his lodgings.

Then we began to laugh, — we could keep still no longer, — and it began to dawn on the Artist that he and the Farmer had been sold, and that

Tenney was not such a bad fellow as they thought him.

After the bills were settled, the Artist procured a shingle, on which he pencilled all our names and the date of the excursion, and nailed it up in the Angler's Retreat, with numerous other bulletins of a like nature. Then we went down to our boats. The Guide had his dishes and cooking-utensils to return to French's Camp, where we had stopped on our first night up the lakes, so he took the "Rolling Moses," the Pathfinder going with him, and left us to make our way down to the Arm alone. He expected to reach the Arm about an hour behind us.

We had a lovely morning for our return. Indeed, every day had been pleasant since we left Boston. There was scarcely a breath of air, the lake being perfectly calm; and the boat went dashing through the water, propelled by the vigorous strokes of four sturdy rowers.

On our way down, Mozart told us about their chasing a bear the day we came down from the Upper Dam, which was a good joke on the Guide.

It will be remembered that the Governor, the Guide, and Mozart came directly to the Middle Dam in the large boat, while the rest of us, in the small boat, stopped at Mosquito Brook and Metalic Point. When they were nearly through the Narrows they

saw what they supposed to be a bear, swimming across the lake towards the east shore, a little way below Portland Point. Instantly all was excitement. The Guide charged one of the guns with buckshot, and laid it where he could catch it up easily, and then gave his orders. The Governor was to place himself in the bow of the boat, with the axe, to strike the bear after the Guide fired; and Mozart was to stand by to grab it, so that it should not sink if they killed it. Then the Guide laid the course of the boat directly for the bear, and pulled with might and main. They arrived within gunshot distance of it, and could see its black head bobbing up and down in the water as it swam for the shore.

"Let him have it!" cried the Governor.

The Guide blazed away, but the bear did not take any notice of the shot, and he took to the oars again; and in a moment more they were alongside of the bear, and the Governor brought down the axe with a savage stroke, and it cut — not into a bear's head, but — a log! The bear proved to be an old log which, blackened with fire, and water-soaked from long immersion in the lake, was floating around, end up, and was what boys who live near salt-water rivers would call a "tide-walker."

After freeing the axe, the bear-hunters put for the Middle Dam, feeling that they had been worsted.

When we joked the Guide about it, he remarked that the smartest people were liable to be mistaken sometimes, — a fact which we could not deny.

We reached the Arm about eleven o'clock, and in little more than an hour the Guide arrived.

Now, instead of persons having to row to the Middle or Upper Dams, they can take the jaunty little steamer that plies upon the Richardson Lakes during the summer season, and go from the Arm to the Upper Dam in an hour and a half or two hours, without any exertion.

While waiting for the team from Andover we had lunch, and Thomas arrived just as we had finished eating. We were glad to see him, and asked him about the people at the hotel. He informed us that some of the ladies were going to ride out as far as the Devil's Den that afternoon to meet us, and would get there about three o'clock.

The Artist was particularly anxious in his inquiries about *Miss* Black, which set us all into a gale of laughter, a freak on our part that he did not seem to comprehend.

While the horses were feeding, the teams were loaded, and we were soon on our way to Andover. We reached the Devil's Den just as the other team arrived — a happy coincidence; and we were very glad to see the ladies.

They declared we all looked like savages, and gave us the compliment of being the roughest-looking set of men they had ever seen. We retaliated by telling them that when we had reached the hotel, donned our "store-clothes," and completed our toilets, we should not know them.

We whiled away a couple of hours showing the ladies the Devil's Den, Hermit Falls, and Silver-ripple Cascade, and then, turning from this romantic locality, took seats on the buckboards, and drove to the hotel.

It was with feelings of real satisfaction that we came in sight of the hotel once more; and after reaching it, the first thing we did was to have a good wash, shave, change our clothes, and make ourselves presentable for supper, which meal, it is needless to say, we highly enjoyed, having the privilege once more to sit down to a well-set table, and enjoy the society of ladies.

Just before tea we all gathered in the parlor, and the Artist was informed who the young lady was that he had been so devoted to. Several persons were called in to testify to the truth in the matter, and the Artist considered that he had been "taken in and done for." But he stood it like a man, and told us we could count on an oyster supper when we

all reached Boston, to make that joke square — a promise which he handsomely fulfilled.

The ladies were delighted with the denouement, and he had to stand considerable banter from them while he remained at the hotel; but he took it all in the best-natured manner possible.

After supper we played croquet a while, and finished out the evening with vocal and instrumental music.

To sleep under a roof once more, and enjoy a comfortable bed, was a luxury we all could appreciate, in spite of our penchant for camping out; and, free from midges and black flies, we enjoyed a good night's rest.

MIDDLE DAM CAMP, LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIRST DEPARTURE. — AN EXCURSION TO CATARACT BROOK. — A QUIET SUNDAY.

THE next morning, Saturday, we were all up early, as two of our number — the Farmer and the Professor — were going to leave us. The first-named was going to another part of Maine to visit some relatives, the latter direct to Boston. The Farmer's journey was without special interest, but we have a ludicrous circumstance to relate that happened to the Professor after reaching the Hub.

At a great deal of trouble and inconvenience he had succeeded in bringing some nice fish from the lakes, packed in moss, which he was very anxious to get home with all right. They were very handsome trout, and he chuckled over the surprise and astonishment that would greet him at home when he arrived there and exhibited the speckled beauties to his friends.

For a wonder, he did not forget the box, but took it with him, (he had forgotten to pay his hotel bill when he left Andover in the morning, and sent the money back at night by the stage-driver, which piece of absent-mindedness cost the Professor the oysters for the party when we all reached Boston,) and when he stepped off the steamer in Boston Sunday morning, he tied it up in his handkerchief, and started up town with it under his arm. He reached Tremont Street, intending to take a horse-car; but not seeing the right one, he started to walk to his house. Every policeman he met eyed him suspiciously, and all pedestrians curiously; and when he had walked about half a mile he became alive to the fact that he was being followed by a tremendous pack of dogs, who, with noses in the air, were sniffing after that box. There were large dogs and small dogs, male dogs and female dogs, the mean-spirited cur and the noble Newfoundland dog, all, without regard to age, sex, color, or condition, were yelling and barking eagerly at his heels.

He thought this was strange, and wondered if all the dogs in the city had run mad; but as he racked his brain for the reason for such a singular proceeding on the part of the animals, it began to dawn upon him that there was a loud smell of tainted fish

polluting the balmy atmosphere of that lovely Sabbath morning, and that it must come from the box which he carried so carefully under his arm, wrapped in a pocket-handkerchief.

"Horrors! Have the fish spoiled after all?" he mentally asked himself.

The very thought caused the blood to rush to his face and his hair to turn gray. In a spirit of desperation he halted as suddenly as did Lot's wife when she became a pillar of salt. Slowly and fearfully he brought the box up in front of his nasal organ, and took a sniff. One was enough! Off came the handkerchief, and over into a vacant lot went the much-prized trout, and, with a cry of despair and rage that was heard distinctly at Hull, he travelled south at a rate that made his coat-tails stand out in a perfectly straight line behind him.

We are happy to state that, in spite of this unfortunate incident, he reached home in safety.

After we had bidden our two friends adieu, and the stage had departed, the question came up as to where we should spend the day, and the landlord proposed a drive to the "Cataracts," a series of romantic falls and cascades a few miles from the hotel.

The ladies, who had been there with Mr. Thomas while we were up to the lakes, were enthusiastic over

the beauties of the place, and we concluded we must visit such a charming locality.

Accordingly a couple of teams — buckboards — were driven to the front of the house, and we stored ourselves away on them. On our way we called for the Guide, who lived a short distance from the hotel, and he accompanied us.

The drive to the "Cataracts" is one of the most pleasant in the vicinity of Andover, and cannot but be appreciated by any one having the slightest love for nature. After driving about four miles from the village, you turn off from the road on the left-hand side, and enter a field, which is mostly overgrown with bushes. Leaving your team here in the shade of some tree, you proceed the rest of the way on foot.

The path leads up the side of a mountain, through bushes and trees, among which the sun struggles to find an entrance. Up this shady mountain-path you climb slowly, lured on by the musical murmur of the silver stream as it calls to you from its rocky bed.

Anon you turn from the path, and, standing by the side of some deep gorge, look down with feelings of mingled awe and delight, to behold the waters of this joyous mountain-river dancing in the sunlight, as, gathered upon the top of some precipi-

Upper Fall, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.

tous rock, they hesitate a moment ere they make the mad plunge down, down, into some frightful abyss.

This is certainly the prettiest series of cascades and falls I have ever visited, and in bold and striking approaches and beautiful surroundings they are superior to many among the White Mountains.

Some of these "cataracts" have a large volume of water, which pours over huge precipices, whose seamed and scarred walls tell of a terrible war with the elements, and give the impression that sooner or later they will give up the struggle, and fall a broken and shapeless mass into the bed of the torrent below.

The stream on which this beautiful series of falls is situated takes its rise in the mountains, under the shadow of "Old Bald Pate," and after flowing some twelve or fifteen miles among mountains and valleys, loses itself in the Ellis River.

There are cosy nooks along the banks of this picturesque rivulet where a poetic dreamer might recline on a bank of velvety moss, and lose all realities of existence in blissful meditation, and from which an artist gazing forth would turn pale with envy to think that here nature had brought into life scenes that were beyond his power to transfer to canvas.

To a good walker, fond of mountain scenery, who would be willing to follow up the stream from where it crosses the carriage-road, and either wade in its

bed, or clamber along its rocky sides, would appear a varied view, whose scenes would live in the deepest recesses of his brain, and would furnish a never-failing source of pleasure, when, far from the place, he could throw on memory's mirror the photographic impressions of the mind.

As we had taken lunch with us, we were in no hurry to return, and loitered on the way home, enjoying each moment to its uttermost; and when we drove up to the hotel it was five o'clock, and we were as hungry as bears.

We had an hour or more to rest, and remove the dust from our clothing, then we sat down to a good supper, which we all enjoyed. After supper, cigars, croquet, and music until ten o'clock, and then we retired to rest, all tired enough to sleep.

Sunday was passed rather quietly, all of us putting in an appearance at one or the other of the churches, either in the forenoon or the afternoon.

In the evening we took a walk, but came home early and had some sacred music, which all of us enjoyed.

But we could not but help feeling a little sad that night, as we thought that our pleasant excursion was so near an end, and that our ranks would be still further depleted on the morrow, as three more of the gentlemen intended leaving in the morning.

CHAPTER XXII.

MORE DEPARTURES. — ROXBURY POND. — CAUGHT IN THE RAIN. — LAST DAY AT ANDOVER. — FAREWELL. — GENERAL INFORMATION. — HINTS TO EXCURSIONISTS. AU REVOIR.

ON Monday morning, Mozart, Sportsman, and the Artist ate their last meal at the Andover House, and after breakfast said their farewells to the remnant of the party, and then climbed to the top of the stage, giving us a parting salute as the vehicle rolled away.

After they had gone, we concluded to make an excursion to Roxbury Pond, a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half long, by a mile or so wide. The pond, about four miles distant from the hotel, is noted for its pickerel, and we took our tackle with us, in hopes that we might bring back a few fish.

The drive was very pleasant, and we enjoyed it exceedingly, our conveyance as usual being a buckboard, which for comfortable, jolly riding cannot be beat.

Sylvan Cascade, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.

On our way to the pond we stopped at the ruins of an old mill, which spanned a stream, at the top of a hill, from which you could obtain a charming view of the village of Andover.

Around the site of this old mill, raspberries grew in reckless profusion, some of them as large as robbin's eggs, and we picked and ate until we were fairly cloyed with the delicious fruit. We regretted that we had not taken a few dishes along with us, for if we had, we might have carried back several quarts. But we solaced ourselves for our negligence by planning a berrying excursion for the next day.

Before reaching the pond, the sky began to cloud up, and Thomas prophesied that it would shortly rain. And he was not far out of the way, for just after we reached the pond, and one of our number had thrown for the first pickerel, it began to sprinkle.

At first the drops fell gently, as if they did not mean to wet us any more than possible, but they soon increased in speed and size, and came down furiously.

We were utterly routed, for the ladies not expecting such a drenching, were not prepared for it.

The fishing-tackle was hastily put up before we had caught a single fish, and we took our seats on

the team, the horses were turned towards Andover, and we made good time back to the hotel, where we arrived as wet as drowned rats.

But for the presence of the ladies, we should not have succumbed so easily, and should have carried some pickerel back with us, rain or no rain.

The Pathfinder, who stopped at Andover after we had all left, visited this same pond with the Guide and caught pickerel weighing from one to four pounds.

Arriving at the hotel, there was a grand rush to our rooms, and a scrabble for dry clothing, and when we came down to dinner, there were none of the party who felt any the worse for their shower-bath. The afternoon and evening was spent indoors, for although the rain held up at intervals, it was too moist out to be agreeable. So we whiled away the time with checkers, cards, and music, and although weather-bound, enjoyed ourselves finely.

On arising in the morning, we were very much disappointed to find the storm still raging, with but slight prospects of a clearance. The tops of the mountains about us were covered with heavy clouds, and it was evident to the least weather-wise among us that we were doomed to spend the best part of the day in the house.

After breakfast, the Governor and I, under the

shelter of an umbrella, walked over to where the Guide was erecting a new house, and took a look at the place. It was an eligible location, and from it one could command some of the finest views in the village.

The Pathfinder, being a gentleman of leisure, had made up his mind to stop in Andover a couple of months longer, and go up to the lakes in September with the Guide, and have a try at the "big trout" that are taken in the fall.

During the forenoon, for want of something better to do, I took a three-quart tin pail and went down by the Ellis River, and in spite of the drizzling rain managed to return with the pail full of raspberries.

After dinner the ladies devoted themselves to "packing," a task which all my readers are familiar with, and which it is said that ladies delight in. But it was not a very pleasant duty in our case, for we were all delighted with the place, and the ladies declared they would spend the whole summer there another year.

During the afternoon there was a little lull in the rain, and the landlord harnessed up a pair of horses, and he and I went out for a buckboard drive around "the square," a distance of about five miles.

In the evening we had a call from some people who were stopping at private boarding-houses near the hotel, and had a pleasant time.

THE FLUME, CATARACT BROOK, ANDOVER, ME.

Wednesday morning we had to be up early and look after the baggage, and be sure that everything was in readiness. After idling about for two weeks, your things scattered here and there, you are very apt to forget something, unless you look sharp.

Our worthy host had served up an excellent breakfast, and although one felt sad to leave, still our grief had not destroyed our appetites, and we did ample justice to the last meal.

The coach came to the door, the ladies were assisted to inside seats, for it was raining slightly, the gentlemen followed, our adieus were spoken, and the stage rolled away.

The ride home was somewhat disagreeable, it raining all the way, and when we reached Boston it poured. Taking hacks, we reached our homes without getting wet, but tired and sleepy, and our "Trip to Andover and the Richardson Lakes" became a memory of the past.

Before saying adieu to my readers, I will add a few notes for their benefit.

If you are looking for a healthy and beautiful place to spend the summer in, without having to pay an extravagant price for living, you should make a trial of Andover one season. It has hotels, boarding-houses, churches, stores, daily mail, and telegraph.

The town is not crowded with guests in summer, and is wholly unfashionable — the best recommendation it could have in the minds of sensible people, — yet there is enough of society to prevent any from being troubled with *ennui*, as many of the best families of Portland, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have found the place out, and visit it each summer.

If one does not feel capable of making the effort to visit the lakes after arriving in Andover, or is too lazy to care to do it, there are numerous trout streams in the vicinity, well stocked with brook-trout that will weigh from half a pound to two pounds each, which offer to those piscatorially inclined an excellent day's sport, without having to take a long tramp. Berries of all kinds are plenty in their season.

The heavy growth of pine in and about the town, and the remarkably pure air, which seems to contain wonderful tonic properties, make the place a very desirable summer residence for those in feeble health.

Sportsmen intending to visit the lakes will find the trout plentier from the middle of May to the 1st of July than in September, but not so large. The fall-fishing runs from the middle of August to the 1st of October. For good hunting, go in September and October.

Both sportsmen and tourists who now visit the lakes will find it more pleasant to board at the hotels,

where there are excellent accommodations at low prices, than to "camp out."

But if nothing but living in a tent will suit you, be sure and take a guide and cook, for you will find that living in the woods gives you a rabid appetite, and you will feel a decided disinclination, when in camp, to chop wood, lug water, cook, and wash dishes, and perform sundry other little duties that must be attended to.

Those wishing more particular information about Andover, and the Richardson and Rangeley Lakes, will find all they need in a volume published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and Chas. T. Dillingham, New York, entitled "RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES. Illustrated." This book contains a large and correct map of the whole country, and numerous illustrations.

And now, dear readers, *Au revoir.*

If you have followed us with any feelings of pleasure or interest through these chapters, my parting words of advice are: If you have never visited Andover and the Richardson Lakes, go there on the first opportunity, and our word for it, you will not regret it.

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