

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 26.
No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacknipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.
SEE REDUCED HALF-TONES IN OUR ADVT. COLUMNS.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream one-year and the set of four pictures, \$5.
Forest and Stream 6 months and any two of the pictures, \$3.
Price of the pictures alone, \$1.50 each; \$5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order.
Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

SPRING SHOOTERS AND "BUTCHERS."

THE self-assurance with which one individual will sometimes adjudge another individual or group of individuals as this or that, and devoid of claims to sportsmanship, is well exemplified by a recent ruling of a contemporary that President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison were shooters, not sportsmen; and specifically that "both are spring butchers pure and simple, that and nothing more."

The question of sportsmanship stripped of the fallacy and intolerance with which it is invested by different men who have different personal hobbies is one determined by the ethical standards and usages of the best sportsmen in the land, and not by the oracular utterances of any self-constituted authority.

Confounding a question in game-supply economics with ethical matters of sportsmanship does not show a true perception of the question.

It is safe to assume that gentlemen who have graduated in the highest schools of life and who move in the highest circles of the business and ethical world know what is correct and proper in their business or their pleasure. And it is certain that the usages of a large class of gentlemen throughout the land, more particularly when the usages clash with a thin scattering of isolated and individual opinion, determine the status of what is proper and what is not. Individual hobby is not usage.

Surely a standard of sportsmanship, measured by the notions or dicta of one person, is not a sufficiently broad ground from which to denounce a class of sportsmen throughout the length and breadth of the land, of which class the President is singled out with invidious spitefulness.

There is no universal sentiment nor statutory law against spring shooting. As to the possibilities or desirability of abolishing it, there are differences of opinion. Common consent, however, has never established it as a test of sportsmanship, the dicta of any individual to the contrary notwithstanding.

Spring shooting has long been in the realm of debatable questions in the economy of the shooting interests of America. It is an important question for the consideration of sportsmen, merely as it relates to a restricted killing of the ducks with a view to a future supply. There is a general sentiment which disapproves of the making of large bags, of killing for the sake of making a large count, or killing after the manner of the pot-hunter; but the question of the season, spring or fall, has never yet been definitely determined as a subject of expediency, much less as one of ethical rule. The wrong of spring shooting must be recognized by common usage or by statutory law before it can be cited as occasion for denouncing any one as a butcher.

One may feel that spring shooting is wrong; he may make a resolve that he himself will not indulge in spring shooting; he may cherish a belief that he has the true ethical principles of sportsmanship within himself; and so long as he makes his own beliefs his own rule of ac-

tion no one can say nay to him; but when he uses his own creations as measures by which to rule the actions of others, contrary to established usage, he then enters into the realm of fanaticism.

Spring shooting is destructive to the duck supply, and if persisted in will eventually result in still greater depletion of their numbers. To shoot or not to shoot them in the spring is a material question for the consideration of the sportsmen of the land, not an ethical question which makes butchers of all those who advocate and practice spring shooting, and sportsmen of all those who shoot ducks in the fall.

FOREST AND STREAM has been and is opposed to spring shooting for material reasons, reasons which have a solid foundation in the economy of the sport, which appeal to the sportsmen of the land as sportsmen in general in moving for the general good, and not confounding with ethical principles with which it never has been conceded a part.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here are three shooting scores to be noted, those of Emperor William II., President Cleveland and Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Long Island. The German Emperor went to the boar park of Hanover last week for his annual pig and deer hunt in the forests of Springe and Landenau. The programme of the royal hunt called for the killing of at least 350 pigs and of red deer in proportion, the trophies to be laid out in rows after the hunt for the admiration of the participants in the sport and of the public. Affairs of state, however, intervened and required the Emperor's return to Berlin before the hunt was half over. Most of the 350 pigs which were condemned to slaughter are still foraging for the acorns of Springe. For the very interesting photographs of the game killed on a former hunt in the same preserves we are indebted to Mr. W. Hesse, Head Forester of the royal game parks. The pictures hint of the ceremonial character of a royal hunt, this in such striking contrast to the simplicity and absence of display which mark the shooting excursions of a President Harrison or a President Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland got back to Washington last Sunday from his ducking trip to North Carolina waters. The game which he brought back as the fruits of the expedition was not laid out in rows on the White House lawn for public inspection and admiration, but the newspaper men were on hand when the party came ashore, and they have recorded as the spoils of the trip a bag of fifty-two ducks, five geese, four brant and thirty-two quail.

But when it comes to making a bag of game that is a bag, William II. and President Cleveland are insignificant sportsmen. Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Long Island, is a "bigger man than old Grant," and no Kaiser or President on earth can compete with him in duck butchering. Mr. Thorne appears to be a combination of sportsman and market-hunter, and when a favorable opportunity offers he does what he can to insure the modest and moderate gratification of both of these personalities. On Nov. 23 there came to Mr. Thorne the chance of a lifetime; he improved it by killing 264 birds, which were afterward photographed, and are reproduced for illustration in our shooting columns this week. The score was an extraordinary one for Long Island, and if mere bigness is to be considered, is one which will probably long remain unsurpassed. The good fortune which came to the Babylon gunner will be noted with envy by many a duck shooter. Moralize as we may, there is no use in attempting to deny that fact. Probably as human nature goes, nine men out of ten who had the opportunity to kill 264 birds in a day would do so, provided they had a gun that would stand the test and shells enough to do the work; and it is very likely too that they would have their harvest of ducks photographed, and would pat themselves on the back and expect others to pat them on the back for having achieved a great feat of sportsmanship. Whether any one has a moral right to perpetrate such a slaughter in this year of grace and of duck scarcity 1895 is quite another question. We have been hearing much of late in condemnation of the record killers. Experienced sportsmen like Didymus, who have lived long enough to get beyond that early stage of sporting life in which success is likely to be gauged by the bulk and the dead weight of the day's shooting, would

have us believe that to kill without stint is to transgress the laws of consideration for others, restrictions which it is a sportsman's first duty to remember and regard for his own self-control. Such considerations are likely to be applied to this bag of 264 ducks made by a Long Island gunner, and it might be perfectly just so to apply them if we had to do with a case which was to be classed exclusively under the designation of sport. As a matter of fact Mr. Thorne sent his birds to market, and we presume that he would resent any discussion of his achievement which took the narrow ground that the feat was a sportsman's only. He might very well claim the greater privilege of the market hunter, a privilege which is unrestricted by any foolish notions of consideration for others. The one rule which the market hunter knows is to kill as many birds as can be disposed of to the consumers. Tested by such a law Mr. Thorne's duck score was a very creditable performance.

The name of Patrick Mullen is known but to a few of the present generation of sportsmen, but it was familiar enough to the older school of wildfowl gunners of New York, and indeed of the country at large. From his little shop in Maiden Lane, in this city, Mullen sent out guns which had a deserved reputation, for he put into their making honesty, skill and pride. The duck shooter who had in his blind a Patrick Mullen gun was accustomed to feel the utmost confidence in it as an "old reliable," and the products of the Mullen shop were considered the most perfect weapons one could count in his armament; a very high measure of esteem was accorded the maker for the lofty principles which controlled his life; and no man might ask for a kinder remembrance after he had passed from earth than that which is expressed in this tribute contributed by Mr. James C. Carter to the *Evening Post* of last Saturday:

He was a plain mechanic of the old-fashioned type, working for himself, with no journeyman to assist him, and with no ambition except to make his work perfect and to give it that finish and beauty which come from perfect adaptation to the purpose designed. No money could tempt him to turn out a poor piece of work, or to ask or accept anything more than a fair and reasonable price for the best. Honest in every fiber of his nature, with a self-respect that shone out with dignity and pride, though never with ostentation, industrious every day and hour, he lived his eighty years of life in a manner to command the admiration of every man who knew him.

All his old friends will pay in thought a silent tribute to his memory. I ask you for a place in which to utter mine aloud.

A distressing story comes from Quebec that tons of deer meat are shipped from the Province into Maine wilds, to be transported thence by sportsmen under the pretense that their prowess brought down the game, or to be shipped directly to the Boston market. The Canadians are lifting up a great cry that they are being despoiled of their venison. Now, it is known perfectly well that hunters do bring out from Maine wilds deer by the thousands, and it is also understood that many tons of venison are shipped to Boston every season; but Maine has always claimed and has been given credit for the game; and we believe that the State deserves it, every bit of it.

The Quebec Legislature has adopted resolutions providing for the leasing of unsettled parts of country to clubs for hunting and fishing preserves. The parts so leased may not exceed 400 square miles, and the annual rental is to be not less than a dollar a mile. Vast areas of Canadian wilderness have already been taken up for hunting tracts, and there is a well defined tendency toward the preserve system on a still larger scale. We even hear talk of deer preserves and trespass signs in the heart of Newfoundland.

The Sportsmen's Exposition to be held in Madison Square Garden next March gives promise of excelling in magnitude and interest the first affair. Spaces have already been taken by the leading firms, and we hear of previous exhibitors who are doubling their spaces for March. Remember the dates, March 16 to 21.

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold its regular annual winter convention in Syracuse Jan. 9, and one of the important topics then to be considered will be the section, No. 247, of the game law, which permits the sale of game all the year around. On this subject there should be such an united and emphatic expression of opinion as to leave no room to question the public in condemnation of the law.

and landing fish, fifty or sixty bass and pickerel being the catch.

So engrossed were we watching the bass springing from the water after the bass flies that a fawn swam almost to our fishing lines before we saw him. He was not 25ft. away. Several shots were fired in quick succession at him; but for my part, I was glad to see the deer reach the shore and bound unharmed into the forest.

Now comes the most thrilling of all our experiences in Canada.

Just below where we anchored to fish, the river bends abruptly downward, causing a rapid. Long before you come to it you may hear the rush and roar of the water. Our canoe glides toward this tumbling mass of spray and foam, but our guide seems undismayed. All his life has been spent on turbulent waters. This boiling rapid is nothing to him.

In a moment more we are in the whirlpool of the rapids, where no eye is quick enough to take in the import of the maddened waters. You feel as though you were in a descending elevator. All around you the waters are rushing along in whirling eddies. The rocks beat them into a spray that is as white as the driven snow.

In an instant a side current caught our boat and hurled us on toward an angry rock, and it seemed no human power could save us; but the angry waters split upon the rock and we are hurled from its smooth sides with redoubled speed, and in another instant we shot out into the calm waters below. All this is wildly romantic and exciting; but how insipid and bare the telling compared to the actual realization in the swanlike birch bark canoe. The danger over, we set out for the Cherry Creek lumber camp, some four miles below the rapids.

As we lazily paddle down I drop my trolling spoon into the dark waters of the river and paddle off shore, and was soon wrestling with a maskinonge that could not have weighed less than 25lbs. You may imagine my chagrin to see him unhook himself just as I had him almost within the boat. Presently I struck another. I thought I had snagged a small log that was floating to our left, but soon discovered I was battling with a 15lbs. pike, which I succeeded in landing. Three other large ones were hooked within a mile. Further down we met a party of Rama Indians who greatly outnumbered us; yet we were not alarmed, for as Longfellow in his "Hiawatha" says:

"Buried is the bloody hatchet,
Buried are all the warlike weapons,
And the war cry is forgotten.
There is peace among the nations.
Unmolested rove the hunters,
Build the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made the sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadow."

To me there were deep traces of sadness in the countenances of those Indians. Their faces seem to be turned backward to the not far distant times of a most glorious past. They have no future that gives promises of any better days to come. They are being carried

"Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the swinging bridge they cross it.
To the island of the blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Unseen hands do seem to beckon them."

Wednesday we stayed at the Cherry Creek Lumber Camp. The "wood ranger" and the camp cook regaled us with many strange stories of the region. Shortly prior to our sojourn there a big black bear had paid a visit to their pig-sty with sundry intentions on fresh pork.

This unwelcome guest started the porkers on a run. They made a bee line for the camp. Bang up against the door came pigs and bear. The wooden door latch broke. The lone lumberman had made his bed just by the door, and in came pigs and bear in one promiscuous heap on top of the startled sleeper. Unless very angry or hungry, the bear is a very timid animal, and when the scream of a human voice was heard the shaggy form of that bear was seen ambling off to the forest. In the morning the keeper took us out and showed us the porkers. They were considerably the worse for the wear. One showed a broken leg and the other came up minus a few pounds of flesh from his left shoulder.

In the evening we went out and stood upon the shoulder of an immense rock that overhangs the waters of the bay, and as we bathe our spirits in the lovely starlight of this northern latitude a long low howl arose over the lapping of the waters.

"It is the wolves," said the wood ranger. The weird melancholy of that howling brought a sense of utter loneliness and desolation as the sounds reverberate backward and forward over the bay until they die away in silence. The loneliness of your isolation becomes deep enough to feel. However, "tired nature's sweet restorer," sleep, soon takes hold, and our rest at Cherry Creek Lumber Camp is "the sleep of the just."

Next morning finds us on our way down to view the chief wonder of the Severn, "The Big Chute." On our way we halt at Cape Rock to fish. We push our boats over the boom chains, stretched across the bay to prevent the logs set afloat by the lumbermen from entering, and row nearly to the head of the bay. We cast our lines from a ponderous rock that had, in bygone days, fallen from the cliffs above.

Here the jocularity began. Channel cats in multitudes, and biting like mad dogs, pickerel plenty and bass abundant. In a couple of hours forty-eight channel cats, and an abundance of pike, pickerel, bass and red finned suckers were taken.

All were thrown back but the bass and pickerel, and as they had not been caught long they lazily swam away.

On down the river we paddle. The region down below Cherry Creek is wildly picturesque and grand. The shore is a succession of rocky crags of granite and gneiss.

The river alternately widens to a bay and narrows to a gorge, and when these gorges precipitously take the water from a higher to a lower level they call them chutes, and past these all boats must be portaged.

When the big floods come it must be a grand sight to see the waters dash themselves down these chutes.

We reach the big chute by noon, finding it a repetition of the others, only longer and steeper, its rocks more craggy and its waters more foamy. At the Big Chute Lumber Camp we had dinner. On our return we pass a

very pretty island in the Lower Severn, and it becomes clothed with a new beauty when the guide explains that it is the property and camping site of the Buckskin Club, of Pittsburg, an organization of well-known and wealthy gentlemen, many of whom I recall with pride as among my acquaintances.

At sunset we again reach Cherry Creek Camp on our return.

The genial Harry Hopkins, who presides over the affairs of the camp, gives us a royal welcome. We relish beyond measure his splendid blackberry pie and sweet biscuits. Early next morning we are on our way home. As we pass one of the many bays a large bald eagle takes fright and slowly flapping his ponderous pinions he bears southward a large bird in his talons for his waiting children down the Lower Severn.

The last five miles of our journey we made in a blinding rainstorm, reaching home at 7 P. M. We were soaked to the hide; but this was not our saddest thought. It was this: On the morrow we were to leave the land that had afforded us a very prodigality of pleasure, and come home to the daily treadmill of toil.

At 7:30 A. M. next day finds us aboard the Toronto express hurrying homeward. We sweep down past the pretty Lake Couchiching, and on to the pretty cities of Allandale and Barrie, the latter named in honor of the illustrious Commodore Barrie, so conspicuous in the war of 1812.

The view from Allandale down to Barrie is splendid. The long reach of the circular Kempfield Bay, the wooded shores on either side, softly receding into the bosom of old "Father Simcoe," the biggest lake of the region, is one of the most perfect pieces of scenery I saw in the province.

Of the pleasures of the trip across Lake Ontario on the steamer Chicora and the conspicuous grandeur of the Brock monument we need hardly speak, for we hasten on to the glories of Niagara.

Driving upon the Canadian side, it was glorious to watch the waters in their first bend over the rocks. They came down green and beautiful as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful landing showing the white feather as conscious that in a moment more they would be dashed into spray, and rise into the air white and pale as the driven snow. Although viewing God's greatest wonders and hearing the very thunder of his voice, my mind instinctively went back to the scenes on the noble Severn. I heard above the dash of the mighty waters the plunk of the falling sinker and the sharp hum of the reel as the line paid out.

My sojourn in Canada is ended, but I daily live over in fancy the pleasures I there experienced. Its delights still linger around me like the memory of a pleasant dream.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—IV.

Soft Shoeling.

On the morning of our second day at the trappers' main camp, on Turtle Lake, the weather remained soft, thawing. The snow hung heavy in the trees and lay deep and soft on the levels. It was not a prospect to make glad the hearts of men who had in view a long snowshoe tramp with heavy packs, for a thaw was imminent, and a thawing snow and softened webbing are the dread of the web shoe man. To cover the trail around to the main camp meant fifty miles or so of travel and two nights lying out, with only such food and blankets as we could pack along. Norris shrunk from this prospect, and wished to be left alone at the main camp, or allowed to find his way back alone to the railroad. It was only by alternated ridicule and bullying that we got his promise to finish the trip, for his first day's experience had frightened him. He did go, however, and got through all right, hardening up and finishing in good shape and without any difficulty after the first day's tramp, although he carried no pack, thanks to Frank Brandis's broad shoulders. After making our decision and arranging our packs with such scanty necessities by way of blankets and provisions as we deemed indispensable, we started late in the morning for our journey across the watershed, our trail leading directly across the divide separating Turtle and Presque Isle waters, and making the natural division line between the States of Wisconsin and Michigan.

As we had about two or three miles of lake trail at the start, I clung to the *skis*, and slid along easily, while my companions were clumping away laboriously in soft snow which let them down a foot and a half at every step. I was sorry to reach the place where the *skis* had to be left behind for the remainder of the trip. We *cached* them by sticking them up straight in a snow drift, so the porcupines could not get at the straps. Then I put on my webs, and followed after in a style which I soon found far more difficult in snow such as we were having.

"If you can make it in to-night, you're all right," said Brandis, "for you won't often find worse snow than this. In half an hour more the stringing of the shoes will be soft as paper."

It was as he said. By the time we had reached the little lake which was the last of the Turtle chain the shoeling was awful. Balls of ice formed under the heel and under the ball of the foot, so that the position of the foot was unnatural and strained. The webbing, softened by the moist snow, allowed the foot to sink down deep into the snow, leaving a deep, pointed hole instead of an oval shoe print. Each step was made by sheer muscular strength, and to hold the gait meant something of an effort. Fay, restless and silent as usual, pushed on ahead and broke most of the trail. It being his branch of the trapping line, Fay attended and baited the traps. The trail led over ridges, over valleys, through willow thickets, tamarack swamps and tall pine woods. There were hills, but they were not high. All that pine woods country is monotonous in the regularity of its low, rolling hills, covered with blackened or dark green pines.

The Trapper's Line.

To the novice two questions might arise. First, he might wish to know how many traps were set on the line, and second, he might wonder how the trapper found them all. Answering the first question, I would say that the trapper does not have any regular rule for putting out traps, but sets them where he sees sign or where he thinks the locality exceptionally favorable. When he once has his line laid, he does not change it capriciously whenever he happens to see a few tracks of fur elsewhere, for he knows his game will travel and may find his traps.

Once having located his traps, he must be woodsman enough to remember the stump, the hollow log, the old windfall or other landmark which he notes for each. On this day's run, which was only about twelve miles or so, I hardly think the line averaged a trap to each three-quarters of a mile. Fay found each trap without hesitation, though once, on a little lake where a pile of beaver carcasses had been poisoned and put out for our pack of wolves, we all hunted for a long time trying to find the bait, which was buried deep under the heavy mask of newly fallen snow.

A Beaver Dam.

We crossed a beaver meadow and a beaver dam about 150yds. long, lying in a little hollow hid deep in the heart of the pine forest, where one would think the cunning animals should have been safe even from remorseless man. But the dam was white and silent, and the houses were tenantless now. This family of beaver had been taken some weeks earlier. A beaver has small chance in those woods now. I brought home with me the skull of one of the inhabitants of this forest village. Their skins have long since gone their way into the whirling marts for which the silent and sinewy trappers labor in the wild, cold country of the pines.

The Divide.

This beaver meadow, I think, must have been near the head of the divide. All around it lay the wildest part of our Northern wilderness. We crossed over some beautiful lakes, flowing into both of the water systems. Many of these have never been fished, and many have no name to-day and are not known on any map. To reach them in the summer time would be harder even than in the winter, for a boat is harder to portage than a pack, and cedar roots are worse in bareness than when covered under 3ft. of snow. As to the "divide" itself, it was nothing, being crossed without one's knowing it. All at once Brandis told me we were on Presque Isle waters. After that the pines were thicker and the hills were a little sharper, and I thought the country looked better for game. We saw a great deal of deer sign, and crossed two great yards, where one could have killed (illegal) deer to any extent he liked. Our trail was now blazed through the thick forest, and the thought of this gave one a good, wildish feeling. All around the woods were very white and silent. The air was like a tonic in its sweet freshness. It was a rare and keen pleasure for a city dweller to be amid such surroundings.

The Trapper's Luck.

Fay worked hard and faithfully over his traps, going on ahead of the rest of us, who went more at ease. Luck was not brilliantly favorable. A few jaybirds, a rabbit or two and a weasel—this was discouraging enough. To offset this, however, two pine marten were taken, one a rusty yellowish one, worth only about a dollar and a half, but the other a prime dark one, worth at least \$3.50, Fay thought, as prices then were. So at least we did not come in empty-handed. The marten is a long, slim creature, heavier and larger than a mink, but reminding one of that animal. The head, ears and feet are delicate and beautiful, the teeth very long, fine and needle-like. The cleaned skull of the marten has the outline of an otter skull, but is more slender. The bones seem thin as paper, and the effect is of a savage but delicate little creature, warlike, but easily preyed upon.

How to Set a Steel Trap.

The traps put out for the marten were the same "natural sets" mentioned earlier. Usually the trap was set under a root or in the mouth of a hollow log, where it would be protected from the snow. Sometimes a piece of bark was leaned up to guide the animal over the trap. The bait was usually a piece of rabbit (or beaver) and was thrown carelessly into the hollow back of the trap (never on or near the pan of the trap). The trap was covered up carefully by the powder of rotten wood. A handful of this was thrown over the trap and smoothed by a stroke or two of a bough. Fay would set and bait a trap quicker than any one I ever saw. Expedition is necessary when one has to cover twenty miles a day. The trap was not troublesome to set in his powerful and skillful hands. He never put his foot on a spring, but simply compressed the springs with the grip of his left hand, and arranged the jaws with his right. Sometimes his fingers were caught. "You have to get used to that," he said.

In the Jaws of a Bear Trap.

I asked Fay what he would do if he should be caught in a bear trap, which accident may happen in the woods. He said that once he was caught by the wrist in a bear trap he was setting, but only one end spring was on, and the teeth did not strike his wrist, but met and did not pass, the jaws being rolled with burlap. His wrist was not injured. Both he and Brandis agreed that it might be possible to break the spring of a bear trap by shooting it with a rifle at the bend of the spring on the end. They had heard of an Arkansas trapper who once freed himself in this way.

Along the Blazed Trail.

At an hour and a half before dark we were still following along the blazed trail. The novice often reads of the blazing of a trail. Perhaps he would think it plain and broad, with every other tree showing the mark of an axe. This is not the case. The blazes of the trapper's trail occur only at such intervals as are naturally covered by the eye as one travels along. Sometimes there may be no mark for 100yds., if the country be such that the trapper knows where the trail naturally ought to go by virtue of the lay of the land. Then a white chip may be seen, taken from a sapling by a careless swing of the axe as the bearer walked on. Then on ahead, just at the place where one is on the point of losing the trail, there appears a white spot, or a yellow spot, or a nearly faded spot on some tree trunk which tells him where the pathmaker went. Very often the trapper leaves the main trail with side trails out to some point where he has thought it best to put out a trap. These side trails are blazed also if the country be difficult. In some conditions of weather it is not difficult for ever a woodsman to go astray in the monotonous pine woods.

The Porcupine Camp.

We traveled that day in all about ten or twelve miles, but the going was so bad that I should rather have

walked thirty miles on good roads. Fay, with his heavy pack, kept on ahead, his trail leaving a succession of holes 2ft. deep in the soft snow. Brandis's shoes got wet and soft, and let him down deep at every step. The last mile, over an old logging trail, was almost too much for all of us, Norris stopping several times for rest. At last we desperately plunged through the heavy snow into a little open spot and came upon the habitation which was to give us shelter for the night, an old abandoned camp once used by the loggers, and now left bare except for a couple of bunks half filled with hay and boughs. This place our trappers used as one of their night camps, and they called it the "Porcupine Camp."

By the time we got up to the camp Fay was already in and had cut a pile of wood for the night's supply. The trapper who runs a line in winter has small time for rest. He must be a beast of burden on the trail all day, and at night must work for a place to eat and sleep. He does not come into a warm room at the end of his day's work, but must get his own fuel and cook his own supper. I know of no calling asking more difficult or continuous exertion of a man.

Our little log house was cold and cheerless when we went in, but we soon had a fire and before long a tin pail of beans and a cup of tea made us forget most of our miseries. Then we dried our socks and also dried out, as slowly as we could, the webbing of the snowshoes, which was soft and stretched on all our shoes. Our trappers said they had rarely had worse shoeing. After that Fay skinned out his two marten, "casing" the skin and stripping out the tail bone fearlessly between his thumb nail and finger. Both he and Brandis accepted the luck of the day philosophically, and no one grumbled over the food or the beds, we may be sure, although it was necessary to put on all one's extra clothing to piece out the blankets we had been able to carry.

"This is a good camp, and you're all right here," said Fay, "but you wait till to-morrow night. The trail is longer and harder, and you'll have to sleep without any roof."

This, however, did not frighten us, for we all had reached that happy stage of philosophy which does not fret much about to-morrow so long as the beans and tea hold out to-day.

Deep in the Wilderness.

Our journey for the next day was to be admittedly at least fifteen miles (I think it was at least twenty); so we got an early start. The temperature had dropped and the snow had settled, so that the shoeing was not so bad. The country, however, was worse, being for much of the way a succession of sharp hog-backs, with about four miles of a nearly impenetrable cedar swamp, where we stumbled over logs and roots, and crawled under low brush and had a generally awful time of it with the shoes and packs. This swamp was worse than twice the distance of forest trail, and we were heartily glad to get through it. It was a grand place for fur, but it happened we caught nothing in it. Indeed, up to noon we found nothing except one marten. This marten was alive, and as Fay came up it made a jump and broke away from the trap. Fay struck at it with the axe and luckily hit it, or it would have escaped. Usually the small animals are frozen to death when found. We found one marten curled up in a little round ball about the trap as if asleep. It was frozen solid, and was carried so into camp. I could never get over the cruel features of trapping, and cannot say I like the idea of it on general principles. But the trapper cannot think of that, of course.

Lunch and an Otter.

Fay had a side trail of about two miles and back to a spring hole where he had set a trap for an otter. He left his pack at the point where he left the main trail. "I ought to get an otter," he said, "but I expected to show you a fisher before this, and we haven't got any, so may be we won't have any otter. You'd better not go along, for you may have the walk for nothing." The rest of us accordingly stayed on the main trail, hunted up a warm hollow, smashed down a dead cedar tree, and tramping down a place in the snow, went into camp for the purpose of making tea.

We had finished our lunch, and had a vessel of tea waiting for Fay when that vigorous youngster appeared, rocking along at a good clip over the snow. Under his arm he carried a long, black, round and slippery-looking object, which he cast down in the snow near us.

"There's your otter," said he. "Gimme some tea."

So here he was, a very beautiful, wild-looking creature, with round, flat head, short legs, and sinewy, graceful body. In coat he was dark and prime, worth between \$7 and \$10, Fay thought, at the current prices.

An otter weighs, I should think, between 15 and 20lbs., being about as heavy as lead for its size. I expected, therefore, to see Fay stop and skin the otter, so as to avoid carrying so much weight. He said, however, that it was too cold to do a good job at skinning, and so slung the beast on top of his pack and carried it eight miles into camp. We all had a hard day of it that day, and we were all tired, even Fay, when we reached camp, just before dusk.

Wigwam Camp No. 3.

This camp was the one called by our trappers the "Wigwam Camp No. 3," being one of temporary shelter used by them when running the trail. I imagine that if one should show this structure to a man in the city at the close of a hard day's work, with the thermometer getting down toward zero, and tell him that he had to spend the night there, he would faint away at the prospect. As we came up our house seemed to be merely a conical pile of snow. Examination proved the cone to be hollow and without any top. As I pushed aside the slabs which served as a door to this hollow cone, I found the inside filled with snow. The temperature was precisely that of a good refrigerator. The wind was now blowing very cold, and I confess the prospect of a night for four men in such close quarters seemed at first a bit cheerless. It was a part of the play, however, so we set to work shoveling snow and cutting firewood.

This "wigwam" camp was unlike any I have ever seen in the woods. Fay and Frank made it one day in the fall when they were setting their line of traps, and they thought it a pretty good house. There was a circular lodge with an open top, made by setting together small trees, logs, slabs and bark. In the center of this was the place for the fire. At one side of the lodge was a little hole in the wall, going back into a little log lean-to about

4ft. square, with its front about 4ft. high, opening on the fire, and its roof running back to about 8ft. in the rear. This little lean-to was built by driving stakes into the ground (before the frost came) and laying up logs for sides and roof. Then the whole had bark thrown over it and a covering of dirt. The walls of the wigwam took in this little cove, which was only large enough for one man to lie in comfortably. Of course he would have to keep the fire going all night, but by this means he could doze through the night after a fashion. Fay usually ran this trail alone, and the "house" was built for him alone. It was looked upon as a very ambitious structure.

Here I really felt badly for imposing on our trapping friends. Our joining them meant extra work, and here it meant extra discomfort. The two generous fellows insisted that Norris and I should occupy the lean-to, while they bunked back under the shelter of the lodge roof. Norris and I made a very uncomfortable night of it in our cramped quarters, and slept but little (though I went to sleep long enough to burn the toe out of my heavy German sock). Whenever I awoke out of the troubled and shivering doze which made the nearest approach to rest, I could see Brandis sitting on the boughs across the wigwam, his head just inside of the steady drip, drip of the melting snow which leaked down from the edge of the roof, his hat pulled over his eyes, his arms on his knees, and his pipe going in slow, deliberate puffs. He may have smoked in his sleep, sitting up, but I am sure he smoked all night. Fay, poor boy, was very tired, and slept at least part of the time. Before he lay down under the lodge poles he skinned his otter, hanging him up by a hay fire, and working by firelight. The skin was cased, the tail being deftly slipped out by clamping a bent stick each side of the bone.

It came on bitterly cold that night, and the wind rose, so that it was very hard to keep warm enough, even in



JOE BLAIR—TRAPPER AND GUIDE.

the lean-to, which evinced many cold cracks as soon as the fire went down. We all turned out smoky, grimy and not very brilliant in the morning after our indifferent night of it, but a cup of tea put a better look on things. We found our snowshoes and socks dry enough, and by the time the sun was an hour high we were on the trail again.

Along the Presque Isle.

Our camp was upon the banks of the Presque Isle River, and our trail for a few miles lay directly along the river, where we had to look for air holes and rapids. Near the camp was a bit of open water, but we found no sign of otter at that time.

We were now headed back for the main camp on Turtle Lake, a distance of over twenty miles. About six miles of the trail was over lakes (we crossed four lakes, I believe), and when we got to this open country we made fast time. On the lakes the wind struck us, and this made all the difference in the world. It was so much colder that we were willing to travel at top speed to get across. In the woods the snow was fluffy and not first-class for shoeing. On Harris Lake we missed striking the blazed trail on the opposite side, as the snow had drifted over the old snowshoe trail. The lake shore all looked alike in its regular edge of black pines. Here a tenderfoot would have been lost. Indeed we all enjoyed, for about thirty minutes, the sensation of being lost in the wilderness, for we missed the trail about a quarter of a mile. At length we found it, however, and so forged on again. We made tea at noon in a warm valley, and by 4 o'clock were at the edge of Turtle Lake. A detour of a quarter of a mile took me to where I had left my skis two days before. This was the same as being in camp for me, as I now slid along on top of the snow instead of sinking into it, and made the couple of miles in comfort. "I must make me a pair of them things for traveling on the lakes," said Brandis.

We revelled that night in the luxuries of the main camp: abundant food, good beds and plenty of warmth. But before bed-time came much had to be done. There was wood to be cut, bread to be baked, and a lot of other "chores." After supper Fay carefully fleshed his otter skin, putting it over a round beam kept for that purpose, and rubbing it carefully with the back of a drawing knife. The part of the skin over the shoulders is especially hard to flesh out, the membranes and fat clinging to the hide in the most obstinate manner. Care must be taken not to leave any flesh on, yet not to scrape the hide too thin, so that the hairs will pull through. No

skin is so difficult as that of the otter to care for properly. It took Fay, skillful as he was, over an hour of hard work before he was satisfied the skin was all right. The last thing done was to mount the skin on a "spreader." The "spreader" or "stretcher" is made of two tapering strips of inch board, beveled to an edge outside and curved at the smaller end. A thinner strip, wedge shaped, travels between these two in a groove. The skin is turned inside out and the lips tacked with small nails to the ends of the boards pushed down into the head. The wedge is then driven in, and the skin is stretched tightly. It must not be stretched too tightly, or the fur will show too thin. The skin is nailed to the board at the other end also, and the tail is split out and carefully nailed out flat all along its edge. No salt or anything whatever is put on the skin, and it is not allowed near a fire, as that would start grease into the hair. It is simply allowed to dry in the air. All fur is treated this way. Marten skins are stretched the same way. An otter board is about 5ft. long, and the skin when stretched is much longer and wider than when on the animal.

The Luck of the Day.

Our last day on the wilderness trail was not one of the lucky ones, and even Fay lost his temper over the fate that seemed to haunt the line. We caught one owl, one squirrel, three birds, two weasels, several rabbits and one rabbit's foot, with only one marten to vary the monotony of the hard luck. I suppose our total catch on the round trip was worth \$20 or \$25. The two Bucks, father and son, and Brandis, who was in partnership with them, would probably clear up \$500 for their winter's work. The best of the catch was over when we were there. The snow was getting so bad that the trappers thought they would soon take up most of the traps. Marten fur gets "rusty" so late as April, but it did not pay to run the line far into March.

Fast Travel Home.

Brandis had a twenty-mile line over to the Black River region, and it was now time for him to run this line. We therefore left him alone at the main camp, it being thought best for the rest of us to return to the railroad. I said good-bye to Brandis with regret. He is much of a character and a fine fellow to be out with. I do not know of any better muscallonge or better deer country than these two, Fay Buck and Frank Brandis, can show, and I do not think two better or more competent guides exist anywhere. Certainly they were very kind and careful with us, and I do not forget them for it.

Fay Buck, Norris and I started from the Turtle Lake camp for Manitowish on a bright winter day, and traveled steadily, with pretty fair shoeing. We ate lunch at the logging camp near Circle Lily Lake. From there in to Manitowish the sled road was now perfectly broken out, so we slung our shoes over our backs and walked in afoot. We wanted to catch the 3 P. M. train up to Mercer, which would save us three miles of walking, so we struck a good gait, and made the last five miles in just an hour and fifteen minutes, which in view of our packs was fast traveling. I have rarely met a better walker or packer than Fay Buck.

At Mercer I stopped with the Bucks over a day, Norris going on home to Chicago. I visited an abandoned wickiup which a fishing party of Winnebago Indians from the Flambeau Reservation had recently abandoned. These Winnebagoes are fond of ice fishing (spearing), and the jaw bones of many muscallonge showed they had been successful here. A great heap of deer hair showed they had been tanning deer hides. There were deer feet and legs about, and pieces of partridge skins, and worn-out moccasins. In the wickiup I found rolls of cordage made of elm bark. Here also I found an Indian curio with which for a long time I puzzled callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office—an odd sort of rough racquet, made by splitting a stick into three limbs and braiding across these with splints. I found no one who could tell me what this was. Some thought it a dish to keep meat warm upon at the fireside. At length Joe Blair, an old trapper on Lake St. Germaine, told me that my enigmatical implement was a tobacco-drier, used by the Indians in curing their strips of kinnikinnick over the fire. In my Indian wickiup I saw the architectural origin of the "wigwam" camp of our trapper friends. It had the circular form, but had no lean-to or sleeping apartment. The Indian family slept around the circle, back under the sloping sides, the fire being in the center and the roof open in the middle, as our wigwam was. A piece of a rag and a thick, bushy balsam bough had served for a door to this winter house. I made out the party to have been two men, three women and three children. The poles of their house were unromantically fastened with hay wire, that great convenience of the pine country. Hay wire is to the pine woods dweller what rawhide is to a Mexican. There is no hay except store hay in the lumber regions. Nothing can be raised there and probably the region never will be farmed. It is the Wilderness, the home of the trapper and of the Indian, albeit the latter does use wire instead of thongs.

I was obliged to leave Mr. Buck and his stories, Mrs. Buck and her sausage, and Fay Buck and his furs after a while, and was reluctant to do it, one may be sure. I am going to see them all again some time. It seemed to me that FOREST AND STREAM needed yet a little rougher and wilder trapping trip, and a little further look into the ways of the Northern trappers. These things I thought might perhaps be found along the Manitowish and Wisconsin River waters, where I had word of another trapper or two. I accordingly dropped down along the Northwestern Railway to Woodruff, Wis., out of which town the second part of the trip was made. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Mr. Burnham's Moose.

MR. J. B. BURNHAM, of the FOREST AND STREAM, went up into Maine for a moose the other day and got it. This he does not deny, but he wishes it understood that he did not write nor cause to be printed the special dispatch dated in this office and printed last week announcing the moose capture. The note was written by the trap editor, its printing was encompassed by the kennel editor, and the only person concerned who knew nothing of it whatever was Mr. Burnham himself. While it is pleasant enough to wake up of a morning and find one's self famous, Mr. Burnham claims the privilege of telling about his own moose in his own way, and in his own chosen time; and when that time comes the reader of these pages will have a moose story worth the following.