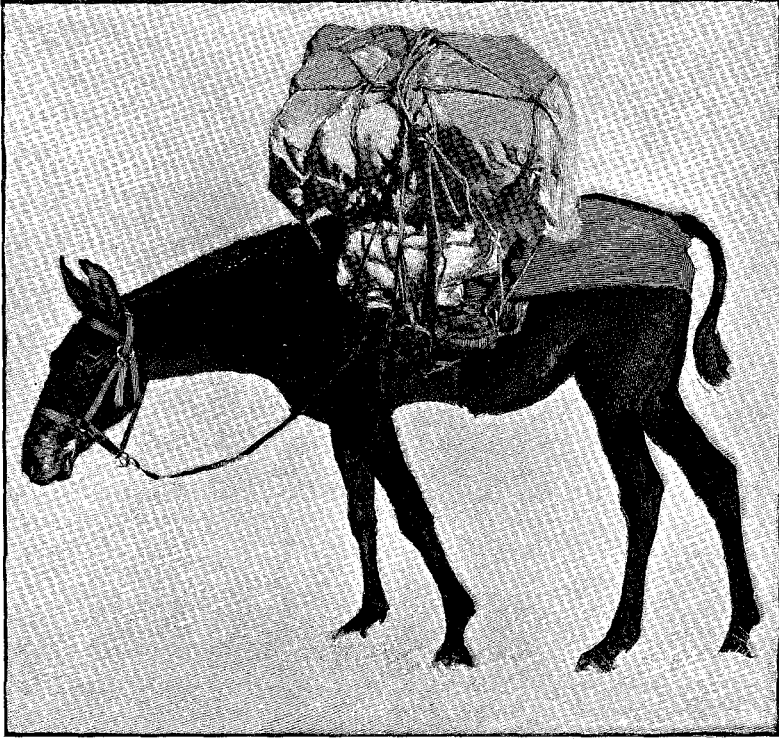


AFTER BIG GAME WITH PACKS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES COOPER AYRES, U. S. A.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

THE METHOD OF PACKING A MULE.

FEW probably know that the United States possesses, near Cheyenne in Wyoming, a practical school for the instruction of that much-abused but indispensable animal, the government mule. This higher education is not for the ordinary draft-animal, but is confined to such individuals as have been selected for the loftier service of packing.

Pack-mules have been used in all our Indian wars. Generals Crook and Miles used them constantly in their campaigns in Arizona, and General Brooke employed them at Pine Ridge in 1890.

The feature about a mule that makes him available for packing is the fact that he becomes what the packers call "struck on" a horse. That is, mules, when once infected with this strange infatuation, will follow a horse wherever he goes, never stray far away from him, crowd about him, try to rub him

with their noses, and display other symptoms of affection. This fact makes it possible to conduct a pack-train. The horse has a bell strapped to his neck, and is called the bell-horse. The cook of the outfit leads him on the march, and the packs require no driving. They vie with one another in keeping close to their beloved bell.

It is not all plain sailing for the packers, however, as they have to keep incessant watch over the mules, for loads are constantly getting loose and must be readjusted. Occasionally, after going over a steep hill or through a bog, the whole train will have to be "worked," that is, virtually repacked.

Packing is an exact science. Weights must be adjusted so as to ride well up on the back, in order not to compress the lungs of the animal when he is cinched. They must be balanced by raising one side or lowering

the other. The load must be fastened so that no amount of jerking or rubbing will detach it, and at the same time it must be so tied that it can be released in an instant when camp is made.

The organization at Cheyenne consisted of two pack-trains, or rather the nucleus for the formation of two trains, should they be required for actual service. A pack-train should consist of a pack-master, or cargador, a cook, and nine packers, who handle one bell-horse and sixty mules. Deducting the animals for riding and the reserve which is always liable to be necessary, as the packers ride farther and harder than the pack-mules travel, the available train for cargoes amounts to about forty-five mules.

For the two trains at Cheyenne there were a chief packer and the full quota of officers for each train; but only ninety-three mules were kept there, and eight ordinary packers. In an emergency more mules could be added, and, with the assistance of the skilled packers, the additional men necessary could quickly be broken in.

This pack-train was given a daily drill and was always in the highest state of efficiency. Besides the drills a regular march of two or three weeks during the summer, subject to all the conditions of actual service, was required.

No tactics are prescribed in print for packing a mule, but the packers have fallen into a rigmarole that is rather curious to listen to. The cargador, who is responsible for the proper packing of the loads, and a packer stand on opposite sides of the mule, whose eyes are covered with a leather blinder, as he will ordinarily neither start nor kick when prevented from seeing. The orders and replies are something like this, depending upon the conversational talent and the exuberant fancy of the participants.

CARGADOR. Rope; throw it pretty, now. (*Receives and returns rope.*)

PACKER. Got her.

CARGADOR. Good shot. Tied.

PACKER. All right?

CARGADOR. Bet your life. Go it when you're mad [ready]. (*Both take in slack of ropes.*)

PACKER. Lots of rope.

CARGADOR. Come down. (*Pulling on rope.*)

PACKER. Good.

CARGADOR. Come down.

PACKER. Right.

CARGADOR. No rope.

PACKER. Tie her loose.

While this rather bewildering conversa-

tion is going on, the diamond hitch is being adjusted, ropes are flying about, and the poor mule is being cinched within an inch of his life. The rapidity with which two good packers would adjust the loads on a pack-mule was always astonishing to me. The diamond hitch is a mystery in itself to tenderfeet. The ropes whirl about apparently in the most inextricable confusion, the packers "come down" on them with all their weight, a loose knot is tied, and the mule can roll down a hill without freeing himself from his pack. Two expert packers will pack a mule, when everything is ready, in about one minute.

Mr. Thomas Moore, the chief packer, was a gentleman of great experience and wonderful resources, who had, notwithstanding his rough life, found time to read a great deal and keep up with the times. He invented various appliances connected with packing, planned the best army-wagon that has yet been devised, and was the patentee of a double boxing for wagon-wheels that has a promising future. When General Flagler, afterward chief of ordnance in the United States army, was engaged in getting up at Rock Island Arsenal the admirable packing outfit for the Hotchkiss mountain gun used throughout the army, he sent for Mr. Moore and was materially assisted by him.¹

I once asked Mr. Moore what he considered the most difficult thing he had ever had to pack. After some thought he said that he believed that "about the most unhandy thing he had ever tackled" was a millstone weighing eleven hundred and fifty pounds. Now, the ordinary load for a mule is about three hundred pounds, so here was evidently an opportunity for mind to triumph over matter.

Mr. Moore overcame the difficulty in this wise: He got out two stout hickory poles about thirty feet long, and supported the ends on either side of two of his strongest mules. The stone was placed on these poles and lashed securely, but in such a way that it could be made to slide along the poles. On level ground, of course, the stone would be kept at the middle point of the poles. In going up a hill the rear mule would evidently have more than his share of the load, so the stone was moved up toward the foremost mule, while in going downhill the reverse

¹ The above was written in 1894. I regret to state that Mr. Moore died about two years ago, but his work survives, and some of his pupils performed splendid service on the road from Daiquiri to Santiago, last summer. J. C. A.

would obtain, and the stone was moved nearer the rear mule. It was, of course, a very heavy load, but they carried it through without a sore back. Great ingenuity has been displayed in packing mill machinery, though the pieces are seldom so heavy as this millstone. A wire rope would sometimes take ten or twenty mules, coils of two hundred pounds being packed on each animal, with a slack of fifteen or twenty feet between.

The mules of the Cheyenne train are taught to form line in front of their aparejos, or pack-saddles, with almost as much

made, but others are grotesque in the extreme. The embroidery is generally what the ladies would call appliqué, and in colors. The packers assert that some of the mules know their own coronas and always take their proper places in the line, but this I am inclined to doubt.

The value of a thoroughly organized pack-train has always been fully appreciated by the general officers who have commanded the Department of the Platte. So much of the country in Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and South Dakota is inaccessible to a wagon-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ELK "MILLING."

regularity and promptness as a company of soldiers. The bell-horses of the two trains are stationed at the ends, and the mules fall in between. The aparejos are set up generally in a straight line, with the blankets and coronas on them. The corona is a pad of felt or blanket that is placed next to the animal's back. Then come the blankets, and on them the aparejo. Each mule has his own corona, and to distinguish them they are embroidered with particular designs.

As far as possible the name of the mule furnishes the design. For instance, Polly has a parrot, Sullivan a pair of prize-fighters, Minnie some minnows, Nibsy a fish, Buck, Cub, Fly, etc., their appropriate pictures. Some of these designs are very well

train that the packs have frequently been called upon. The late General Crook gave the pack-train great attention, and often made practical work for it in time of peace by using it in hunting big game. His wonderful success in Indian warfare was probably due more to the knowledge of the country and of the various tribes obtained on these extended hunting expeditions than to anything else. The Indians have the greatest respect for a good hunter, and the Gray Fox, as General Crook was called, had their implicit confidence until his death.

When General Brooke was in command of the department, he gave great attention to his pack-train. He has seen its necessity in every part of the West, for his knowledge

of the Plains and mountains goes back beyond the Civil War, in which he won the two stars of a major-general at the age of twenty-five. In the campaign of 1890 and 1891 the importance of the packs was further impressed upon him in the Bad Lands, near Pine Ridge, and he always gave the pack-train a thorough overhauling when he

The hunt of 1893 was in the Sierra Madre and Park Range mountains of southern Wyoming. We left our comfortable car at old Fort Steele, once a well-built military post on the Union Pacific Railroad at the crossing of the North Platte, but since abandoned and looking more cheerless than the catacombs. Our course was south,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

HOW BAT SHOOT.

visited the post, Fort D. A. Russell, of which Cheyenne Depot is a part.

The general is also a Nimrod of no small fame, and it was his custom annually to test the efficiency of his train by taking it on a hunt in the mountains. It is astonishing what a difference a few days of actual field-work under the immediate supervision of the general make. Camp is pitched as if by magic, the loads of the mules seem to fall off at their proper places without the slightest friction, the fires are going and water boiling, mules are cared for, supper is eaten, and the packers are singing "After the Ball" before green hands could have put up a tent.

and our first march to Saratoga, twenty-eight miles, was rather a long one for a starter. We got into camp, however, in good shape, just in time to escape a little flurry of snow.

On the third day, as we journeyed southward, we crossed a vast plain which possesses great historical interest. Here was once the Nijni Novgorod of America, and years ago this place was even more wonderful than the remarkable city on the Volga, that perennially blooms into a huge metropolis and again fades into a hamlet.

The creek that runs through it, and the mountain that looks down upon it, were called the Grand Encampment, but the great

meeting from which they are named is a thing of the past.

Thirty years ago, as soon as the grass of this broad savanna became green, a universal peace was tacitly declared among the Indian tribes, and caravans started for the Grand Encampment from every point. Soon the banks of the creek were dotted with tepees, thousands of ponies grazed on the fertile meadows, and the wilderness became an immense market. For weeks war was forgotten and the arts of peace were cultivated.

Scattered in picturesque groups, these children of the plains and mountains made their bargains, raced their ponies, showed their marksmanship, displayed feats of agility on foot or on horseback, while the squaws labored in the camp and applauded the exploits of their lords. How often has a whole tribe been ruined because one pony could run faster than another! How often has a buck lost his all, not excluding his better half, by his ill luck with the stones or bones, his rude substitutes for dice!

With that wonderful sign-language, the Volapük of the plains, the various tribes easily conversed. The encampment was a vast market. The sheep-keeping Navajoes brought their famous blankets, so closely woven as to be impervious to water; the Pawnees, always great hunters, brought buffalo-robos, elk teeth, and bear claws; the Shoshones, eagle feathers for war-bonnets and clay for peace-pipes; the Osages, osage-orange wood, the *bois d'arc*, for bows; the warlike Utes, flints for arrow-heads, sinews for strings, and skins for clothing and tepees: every tribe brought something and carried away something else.

The Grand Encampment is a thing of the past. The Indians have little to trade, and the killing of the buffalo and other game on the plains has made it impossible for them to make long journeys. The valley is now dotted with ranches, and its post-office bears the inappropriate name of Swan.

We had intended to establish our camp on the summit of Grand Encampment Mountain, but we found that the snow was already two feet deep there. This would drive the game to better grazing-grounds, and besides make very uncomfortable hunting, so we continued our course south to the Colorado line.

We crossed and recrossed the State line several times, and finally, after a long, hard march, camped after dark by the light of pine fires beyond the continental divide, on a branch of the Snake River.

Our hunter and guide *par excellence* was

Baptiste Garnier, or "Little Bat," as he was generally called. He was five feet six inches tall; his frame was well knit; every muscle was developed; his lungs were as sound as an antelope's; his eye had the power of a microscope; and a rifle had been his plaything since boyhood. His father was French and his mother Indian, and he inherited the energy, bravery, and endurance of the old Canadian voyageurs, with the remarkable observation and instinctive knowledge of topography and of the habits of animals of the aborigines of the plains. His mission in life seemed to be to kill, and probably his aggregate bag would surpass that of any other hunter in this country. He kept a record only of the bears he killed, and that record had then reached eighty-five. Mr. Webb Hayes, son of the late ex-President, who was one of our party, called him "the greatest hunter in the world." His wonderful powers of trailing game were our admiration. He would ride along on his pony and occasionally make such remarks as, "Two mountain-sheep crossed there yesterday," or, "A blacktail deer and fawn passed along here this morning," and we would look in vain for a sign. He would trail a deer or an elk at a trot, and presently remark, "He 's over in those bushes," and, sure enough, there he would be.

He had the true Indian taciturnity about his success as a hunter. Mr. Collins of Omaha likes to tell a story of one of Bat's elk hunts. He was on a hunt with General Crook some years ago, and one afternoon strolled off alone and on foot. When he returned at dark, Mr. Collins said, "Well, Bat, did you see anything?" "Saw thirteen elk," was the reply, with an intonation that seemed to end the conversation. Mr. Collins persevered: "Did you get any of them?" "Yes; I got them." He had actually slaughtered the whole band of thirteen elk.

This was a possibility in one way: If the leading bull was killed and the hunter remained unseen, the cows and young bulls would lose their heads and get to "milling," as it is called; that is, they would revolve about their dead leader, too frightened to escape. This was what had happened in the case of Bat's band, and he had relentlessly shot them all down.

Mr. Hayes, to whom I referred a moment ago, once participated in a little bear episode that very narrowly missed putting the White House in mourning. Hayes, then a youngster, was hunting deer with General Crook, but had strayed from the main party, unattended except by a colored cavalryman

named Hawkins. In the course of their wanderings they accidentally found a bear-hole. The ambition to kill a bear captured Hayes. He did not know much about killing bear, but the first thing evidently was to find out whether Bruin was receiving that day. So Hayes stood guard while Hawkins took a peep into the cave, which was some ten feet up the bank. Hawkins presently dropped down, with eyes like search-lights. "He's dar sure 'nough, Marsa Webb."

This was encouraging; but the bear was comfortable and declined to give up his nap. Then these two enthusiasts proceeded to throw stones into the hole from a distance of only a dozen feet. Hawkins finally landed one that hurt, and the bear came "a-running," with a roar that took half a dozen shades out of Hawkins's face. There was nothing to do but shoot, and Hayes shot, and fortunately lodged his bullet in the neck of the beast, breaking his backbone.

As hunters generally calculate upon putting something like a pound of lead into a grizzly before he succumbs, and as this one could easily have eaten up both Hayes and Hawkins if he had had another minute to live, it is evident that the shot was a remarkably good one.

The day after we made permanent camp we started early and went out in couples, so as to cover as much territory as possible. The first day is always more of a reconnaissance than a hunt, as it is necessary to discover where the game is likely to be found.

The only two who had any luck were the general and Bat. They had found a band of elk and had killed four out of it, and Bat had shot a blacktail deer that he said would persist in getting in his way. They had seen a number of blacktails besides, but did not shoot them, because the firing would have frightened the band of elk. The general had killed a magnificent bull with immense antlers and felt correspondingly happy.

The following day five of us went out with Bat to make another attack on that band of elk. We took some pack-mules along to bring in the elk killed the day before and those that we hoped to kill. Under Bat's leadership we wound through a pine forest, up a valley, over a range of hills, and finally debouched upon an opening on the mountain-side. Here Bat ordered a halt. He dismounted and examined every point of the country with his field-glass. In a moment he announced that there was a band of elk on the slope of the second range of hills in front of us. Presently we could see them

with the naked eye, looking like moving specks on the distant hillside.

Bat immediately signaled us to move forward down the hill, keeping well covered by the pine-trees. He then proceeded leisurely to roll a cigarette. We made out that the elk would probably cross over the ridge of the hill they were on, and that we would then be able to approach them. Where we had seen them there was no cover. We waited fully half an hour, and then mounted and followed Bat's lead down a steep gulch, through fallen timber and over a mountain stream. The road he took us was no boulevard.

At length we came out on the top of a hill from which we could see the elk, not five hundred yards distant. There were about forty of them. Bat left us here and again reconnoitered. We ate our lunch and waited. Every few minutes the indescribable whistle of a bull-elk would sound upon the crisp, wintry air. Their whistle is a beautifully clear note, sometimes covering nearly an octave. I know of no musical instrument that could exactly reproduce it. Perhaps a silver flute would come nearest to it.

After a while Bat came back and took us by a circuitous route to a still nearer point. It would be a fair shot at an animal as large as an elk at five hundred yards, but an Indian likes to have a sure thing, and if he can find cover, will crawl up till he can almost touch the game with the muzzle of his rifle. Then he will carefully adjust the two sticks that he always carries so as to form a rest, and only when he thinks he is perfectly sure does he pull the trigger. Bat is a splendid snap-shot, but he always uses the sticks if he has time, and never shoots beyond a hundred yards if he can help it.

This time he brought us up to within fifty yards of the elk, but they saw us as soon as we did them, and were off. We kept up a fusillade as long as they were in sight, and then proceeded to take account of stock.

We found we had killed six out of the band, four bulls and two cows—not a bad day's work. It is not always easy to pack fresh meat, and an elk head with antlers is especially obnoxious to a mule. Blinders are always put over a mule's eyes when he is being packed, but even when his eyes are covered he will often object to the smell of blood. His nose must then be well rubbed with blood, and sometimes it is necessary to tie his legs together before he will allow the disagreeable burden to be placed upon his back. In this instance there was no special

difficulty, and we were soon on our way to camp, each of us claiming all six of the elk, as we could not tell who had killed them.

On the march in, Bat, with his conscienceless mania for killing, shot a snow-shoe rabbit. This is a species I had never seen before. The feet are webbed like those of a duck, a provision of nature to enable the animal to make his way over the snows that are almost perpetual where he makes his home.

When the sun went down the mercury made such a decided drop that the poetical camp-fire of huge pine logs was not comfortable, and we found the prosaic Sibley stove in our big circular tents much more conducive to story-telling. The Indian hits it pretty well when he says, "White man makes big fire and can't get near enough to it to get warm. Indian makes little fire and keeps warm."

Those tent-walls listened to some startling fishing and hunting stories, as the smoke from cigar and pipe coiled around the tent-pole.

One of our party had led a very adventurous life on the plains. After the Civil War, which he left as a captain, though only a boy, he joined his brother, who was United States marshal at Salt Lake City, and became his deputy. During the Mormon troubles he personally arrested Brigham Young. Thousands of Mormons had gathered, and a sign from their prophet would have precipitated a conflict that would have exterminated the Gentiles in Utah for the time being. The sign was not given, and the prisoner was marched to the court-rooms.

The mob, however, could not be dispersed, and finally an appeal was made to Brigham Young. He stepped to the window, looked out upon the dense mass of fanatic saints, and simply said, "Go to your homes now; when I want you I will send for you." The crowd melted away like a fog, and the officials had no further trouble.

The two brothers afterward established stage lines all over the Western country from Omaha to Salt Lake. At one time the younger brother, who was paymaster and inspector, traveled over twelve hundred miles of stage lines every month. Let our railroad managers who cruise about their lines in well-stocked private cars think of this record. Only a man of the splendid physique of our friend could have stood the strain.

Some of his stories rivaled Mark Twain's matchless tales of Slade and the road-agents

in "Roughing It." By the way, he had a little anecdote of Slade that displayed a curious phase of his character. Slade was eating dinner at the hotel at Laramie City when an army officer entered with a friend who knew Slade. The officer was a slim and rather undersized young fellow, only recently from West Point. His friend wanted to do the polite thing, and introduced him to Slade. Slade stretched out his hand for the inevitable shake, but the officer drew back, and said in a perfectly audible voice, "I do not want to know the murdering scoundrel." Everybody began to get ready to dodge, expecting Slade's ready pistol to answer this deadly insult, but he merely laughed and went on with his dinner.

When gold was found in the Black Hills, the brothers had a stage line from Sidney, on the Union Pacific, to Deadwood, and thousands of adventurers rushed to that point. All the coaches and wagons and horses that could be obtained were put into service, but it was simply impossible to carry the crowd. Through tickets were sold by the railroads at Eastern points, and the stage line was expected to take care of all comers.

A railroad magnate who knew the situation pretty well asked our friend one day how he managed. "First-rate," he replied: "those who have first-class tickets have their baggage carried, and ride *if there is room*; the second-class passengers have their baggage carried and walk; the third-class walk and carry their own baggage." This was almost literally true. Wagons were sent out piled up with bags and satchels, forty men following on foot.

Stages were "held up" daily. The company carried valuables in a treasure-coach, but no treasure on the passenger-coaches, and the robbery of the passengers was of no consequence. In fact, this systematic plundering benefited the company, for it compelled the fortune-hunters to send their valuables by express, for which service they were charged *seven per cent. of their value*. The treasure-coach was built of boiler-iron and accompanied by six men armed to the teeth. In their bullet-proof citadel they could successfully stand off half a hundred road-agents.

Scott Davis was the Slade of this line, without Slade's shady record previous to becoming superintendent. Davis was a man of powerful physique, dauntless nerve, and wonderful endurance, with an eye like an instantaneous camera, and a trigger finger that could follow the lightning flash of his eye.

Hundreds of stories are told of his prowess. One or two will suffice as samples. One day he was lying at a stage-station, wretched and feverish from a bullet-wound he had received in the leg, when it was reported that seven stage-horses had been stolen by three men. He got up at once, mounted his horse, although every movement of his leg was agony, rode twenty miles, and overtook the thieves at a haystack where they had put up for the night. Davis first reconnoitered and then fearlessly attacked them single-handed. He killed one man, and the other two fled, leaving the horses behind. Exhausted, he slept soundly that night on the hay beside the dead robber. At daybreak he was again in the saddle. He rode all day to Green River, managed to get the drop on the two thieves in a saloon, and marched them both to jail. They afterward served sentence in the Wyoming State penitentiary.

At one time six men combined to kill Scott Davis. They went to the stage-station, "held up" the hostler, whose name was Mike (his other name is lost to history), and tied him securely in the barn. As a special favor, Mike begged to be taken into a shed at the rear of the barn, for he said that barn would be no place for a Christian when Davis got there. When the stage arrived, of course Mike did not appear. This aroused Davis's suspicions, and he leaped from the box to the side of the coach opposite the barn, and got behind a tree. The six conspirators opened fire, but could only hit the tree. Finally one of them brought out Mike, and using him as a shield, advanced toward the tree. Davis let them come half-way, and then quietly said: "Mike, don't you think you had better stop? If you come any farther, I shall have to shoot that thieving scoundrel *through your body*." Mike was not in an enviable position, to say the least. With a six-shooter at his ear and a Winchester at his heart, he was far from happy. He knew Scott Davis, however, and not another step would he budge. His convoy finally retreated, and Davis successfully held the whole six men at bay until assistance arrived.

Delaney, the pack-master, came in one night much excited, and reported that he had found a bear-hole with many fresh "signs" near it, but no bear. He thought Bruin had gone off on a berrying expedition and might be back the next day. So the following day he guided Bat and myself to the hole, which was in a deep ravine, about thirty feet from the bottom. Sure enough, fresh signs were abundant. We could see the grizzly's tracks

and the fresh dirt thrown out by his powerful claws.

We reconnoitered carefully. Bat was general-in-chief. We all waived rank, even to the general himself, when Bat took command. He posted me on the other side of the ravine, immediately opposite the big hole, which was so deep and so much inclined that we could not see into it. Delaney took station above the hole on the same side, so as to rake him fore and aft if my broadside failed to make him strike his colors. Then Bat examined his gun carefully, cocked it, and rolled stones down toward the hole. No results. Then Bat redistributed his forces. I moved up a little nearer, and Delaney was posted in a tree within forty paces of the hole. Bat threw some more stones, and succeeded in dropping some into the hole. Still no bear. Then Bat took a stand behind a tree on the opposite side from Delaney, came to a "ready" with his rifle, and directed me to fire into the hole. Without flinching, I sent three shots from my Winchester into that hole, but still the enemy failed to appear.

Bat then motioned to Delaney, and they approached the hole cautiously and peered in. Would that I could state that Bruin lay at the bottom of the hole with one of my bullets through his heart; but truth compels me to say that the hole was empty, but one wall was frescoed with three bullet-holes. Bat decided that the bear had abandoned the hole two or three days before, for some unknown reason, and gave it as his opinion that he would not return.

One day we had a snow-storm that lasted until late in the afternoon. After the snow ceased falling I mounted my trusty mule and made a circuit of a couple of miles, hoping to find the fresh trail of an elk in the snow. I returned to camp without seeing anything. Shortly afterward Bat came in from an expedition on foot, and reported that he had crippled two elk only a hundred yards beyond where my trail turned back. This was a little discouraging. He said it was too dark to go after the elk that night, but that he would get them in the morning. Bright and early we started out next day, and easily found one elk. The other had mysteriously disappeared.

Suddenly Bat bristled with excitement and announced that a bear was after the wounded elk. We followed the trail rapidly on horseback until it became pretty fresh and plunged down a ravine. Bat dismounted, and two of us elected to accompany him on foot. We know better now. It was not so bad while we were going downhill, but presently the

bear decided to run up a hill, and after that he made it a practice to go up a hill as soon as we were beginning to get any semblance of breath.

We were ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and my wind is not the best at any time. I never was half so completely blown in my life. Bat trotted along as fast as we would let him, not minding it in the least. Presently our bear was joined, as shown by the trail, by another large bear and two smaller ones. We now evidently had the whole family before us, and were reminded of Goldilocks and her surprising adventures with the great big bear, the middle-sized bear, and the little wee bear. The big bear in this instance must have been a monster, for he had a trail like his Post-tertiary cave prototype.

Once the bear family halted, and Bat, who was in the lead, got in a shot. After that the big tracks had a red stain alongside them, but the pace only seemed to grow hotter, and it was soon evident to Bat that he could never overtake the enemy with his full-blown assistants.

He reluctantly gave up the chase and mounted to the summit of a neighboring hill that commanded a turn in the course of the gulch. From this point we rolled boulders

down into the ravine for half an hour, hoping to dislodge the grizzlies and drive them up the opposite side, where we could get a shot at them.

Bat brought out the whole force of hunters the next day, and gave his entire attention to that bear family for a whole day, but we never found them again. A grizzly bear is no fool, and has no desire to stay in the vicinity of a man who has killed eighty-five of his species.

The general was a thorough sportsman, and would countenance no wanton destruction of game; so as soon as we had all the elk meat we could properly use, we broke camp and started for the railroad. We had few farewells to make. Only a camp-robber (a pretty and lively little gray-bird) and a squirrel had called upon us, though the long leaping trail of a mountain-lion ran within fifty yards of our camp, and we had several times heard his unearthly scream.

We were a hundred miles from our car; it took us four days to make the march; but we had had a great hunt: every cell of our lungs had expanded to drink in the glorious mountain air, and we felt equal to a ride of a thousand leagues over those glistening peaks and through those fragrant forests.

AT SARANAC LAKE.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

LONESOME BAY!—the thoughtless name
 Of those who find its hush to blame,
 Counting as naught the shy life there,
 Convivial with mountain air
 As if with wine, yet half subdued,
 As fits the whispering spruces' brood.

Aloft the hen-grouse gossips cluck,
 Afloat I hear the splashing duck;
 Where mosses pave a woodland street
 Are prints were made by slender feet,
 For there, in cool first light of dawn,
 A doe comes wading with her fawn.

And out in the lake a loon's shrill cry
 Laughs at the name the bay goes by.