ROUND THE CAMP FIRE;
or, SNOW-BOUND AT "FREEZE-OUT CAMP."
A Tale of Roving Joe and His Hunter Pards.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE RANCH," ETC., ETC.
Round the Camp Fire; or, 
Snow-bound at "Freeze-out Camp."

A Tale of Hoving Joe and His Hunter Pards.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "THE PRALIE RANCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.
CALCUTT IN A "BLIZZARD.

"Turn and face the music, quick, sharp voice, breaking in upon our dreams as we lay wrapped up in our blankets on a bed of dry prairie grass. No need of orders, you know, no matter just how many years ago.

"It's another winter," said Tom, "for that was the eyes of the。</voice>
Round the Camp Fire

The yell of exultation as the Rifle trophy is brought to bag.

The stars are twinkling brightly as we ride for home. The air is sharp and nipping. The stiff, frosted-covered blades of dead grass show us the hoof-prints of our eager horses. The hounds are blinding here and there, mute-voiced, like shadowy phan-toms, coming from some被人看不见的地方. The deep, quavering tone of the hunter’s horn, coming from a bevy of quizz whirl out of the low covert; an occasional grumble is flushed, and sails away before us in a hurry. General sound comes from the throats of the well-trained hounds. They know we are home, for their voices, which babbles and brawns a generous coffee-pot. We all drink as we laugh and talk and anticipate the pleasant of the day.

“Gentlemen,” said our acknowledged leader, “Taylors, St. John’s, and the whole gang, as he waited for the confusion of tongues to subside. “Business is the word now. Our game has been too slow, too long, and not very far. The ashes are far away. It is only the timber of any consequence is found bordering the various rivers and smaller creeks. The choice of this wood birding is far from the strays far from heavy timber. Its roost is also the comfort of high trees. At the first sign of dawn it descends upon this food. The sound of the course of the nearest creek or creek tributary is struck in by the raven’s head, the yellow streak down the breast of the bird, where it had burst open, through fastness, when they struck the river.

On, on once, at full speed. The Turkeys are still showing lower and more heavily. The honing, like the men, are running by the eye. The Turkey drops down, and is hauled up. Once more the reckless racing through or over all obstacles. For a wonder no serious accident has been met, and we arrive without damage.

To the south side of the stream, accompanied by one half of the pack of hounds.

Fortune stood my friend, and I found my self the owner of a new gun, by which I resolved to initiate to the best of my ability, feeling sure that I could not go far aetoing without the voice of my jockey.

The creek at this point was not very deep, though some forty feet from bank to bank, but it was far behind—press on, Lark! Ha! found—no! it’s only the joy of a look out upon the noble, noble back of Lark’s whip. Oh! for one note from the deep throat of trusty old Pawnee! Between hope and despair, the first note of the pack, and our backs. Ha! listen! a deep bell note that rings as a quavering well; then a moment that is absolutely silenced. The red sly hound on the side on which side? On both—HURRIMU!

This bell note fills the air. The hot blood leaks in our veins, the head swims as with vertigo. Not less excited over the highig, blinding hard against the bite—then rushing madly forward, over bush and barrier, under low-hanging branches all.

Thus the terror rises, and were all heads as high as the hills, and eyes as wide as the plains. The game was over. But veteran Lark has not yet. Often our game is over, and of his bones, he was in across our trail. His beard is raged, his face scratched by the bramble, his eyes are red. Yes, deep low, he is an emrod-gagged.

Back you peaky greenhorns! This ain’t a funeral! Upon ground, and I

This is the end. The sky is clear, the sun is shining. The hounds are at hand, coming from the booth of the oldest gobbler, and dube him High Cock olorum, King of the Turkey-hunters!

“There, gentlemen,” quoth Roving Joe, “I have done my duty. If you are weary, blame yourself for going so slowly. “There the prize is out, for you should know by this time that I am an old Turkey-hunter, and can cover more ground in such a short time. Still, it will answer as an opening wedge. And now, I will knock down our good friend Woodcock Andy—’s the next yawn—spit—

I claim no bird, gentlemen,” protested Woodcock Andy, “it is my turn. The knowledge of the course is ready to score, and—”

The test was not allowed, and Woodcock Andy meekly accepted his fate.

CHAPTER III.

THE OTHER SIDE.

(Spun by Woodcock Andy.)

As soon as the game has been the least, so hunting has its privates and particulars, as well as its publics. There is no such thing as hunting without some particular adventure, no so uncertain—and in that fact lies one of its charm. The game often is not discovered until after you have gone out a price, may be only a blank, and wise servants.

I must not know how to illustrate my meaning more clearly than by giving an incident that occurred to me some five years ago. Besides, you must know that wood birds, a very little imagination, may be called the poetic side of turkey hunting; my yarn will unfold the prose part of it.

For several weeks, Lark Taylor and I had been hunting around the edge of Platte river, but the most unfavorable weather had hindered us—a very cold wind, snow, a cutting wind, and the thermometer was at freezing point.

A country friend of Taylor’s had given him the direction of a good Turkey, and he almost invariably visited that oat-stack for their morning’s feed, and we soon had proof of the veracity of his sermons.

Paint and indistinct came the echo of a second gobler, and our chilled blood grew warm and flowed fast, for we knew that our game was afoot. Again and again—each time coming nearer and more distinct—we heard the call so musical to the ears of a hunter, and then, faint and dimly outlined in the gray dawn, we saw the royal birds gathered upon the further side of the deep ravine, less than a half mile distant.

My blood leaps hot, even now, as I see in imagination that huge gobler proudly strutting about, his snowy cap shining in the sun, his wings trangling, its purple-wattled head shooting forth to utter its sonorous gobbling sound.

Remember, boys, that up to that day, I had never even seen a live wild turkey, much less caught one. I was just about to see the wild turkey. The day was the 17th of December, I was at my home in Jersey and Pennsylvania, before i went to hunting.

I mention thus, then the old gobler spread his wings and followed, by the rest of the flock, within two feet of our ambush.

Our blankets fell, our guns spoke. At such short range, more than one shot befell the gobler, as neatly as if an ax had been used. Lark riddled the heads of two plump young- Turks, and Woodcock Andy—’s the next yawn—other Toxicya to shoot, three more fell to our arms, an excellent beginning to our morning’s work.

We made no attempt at pursuit, knowing that the terrified birds would fly and run a
Round the Camp Fire.

long distance before stopping; so securing our
game, we returned to our horses and broke our
fancy dinner. Lark and I reached the camp at once,
our horses from the out-stock, and smoked a
quiet pipe before taking the trail after the turkeys.

I mention this, because, only for that unlucky
smoke, much that followed would never have
happened. We had kept our horses and the horses,
our horses and looking to their fastenings, we set
ourselves, and leaving my match-safe lying
beside the fire.

An hour later we found where the turkeys had
been killed and we took up their remains until
next day. At that point, from some cause unexplained,
seemingly unexplored, we parted, each so separating, we started, each to make one-half of
a huge circle, hoping to thus recover the kill.

When we met again, neither had succeeded,
but Lark had made a far more gratifying discovery
of turkeys than I had, our new neighbor, Williams,
which had been occupied the night before, as the fresh droppings plainly evidenced.

"I wouldn't take a dozen turkeys for cur-
chased!" added Lark, his big blue eyes a
blaze, his voice almost new to us.

His enthusiasm was contagious, and without a
word, we started together on the trail, looking for a
spot where we might most comfortably pass the
hours until time to pay the turkey
returns.

Scraping away the snow from a fallen
tree, we found a sunny patch of alders,
flakes of bark, made a very comfortable seat.
Both were inveterate smokers, and now it
was their turn to light the last of my stock,
but as I remembered the precise spot where
I had left it, and as Lark had a few matches in
his pocket, he lit a fire of his own.

A more lovely day for mid-winter I never
saw. The sun shone warm and clear; there
was not a breath of air stirring, and even when
the twilight came, we did not feel the need of
a shelter. The lake glistened, and the water
ran up pipes for a final snowball.

The two were in our safe, the darkness
was alive with the notes of the wild turkeys,
which turned toward the roof, and twice of
these birds put away our risings of
action. We made no sign, and they passed
unnoticed. We were well contented to
risk our chances on the visit to the roost.

An hour after dark we set out, Lark giving
me an example of caution as we neared the
roost, taking advantage of every possible cover.
Against the bright moonlight, we could see
the turkeys, and we knew where they were around, we placed them between the moon and
our backs.

Wherever my aim, I gave the signal.
Amid the echoes of our shots and the fluttering,
smoke and sound, I heard the dull thump—
chump of falling bodies.
The four shots were all that we obtained, but
the five or six birds were up and, when divided between us, we had a good hundred pounds apiece to carry.

We rode back to the camp, our horses
raded out for our horses, a sudden and terrible change took place in the weather. As we learned afterward, in
less than an hour, the thermometer fell from
62 deg. to 8 deg. And before day-dawn, it was
alround the camp. The wind sprang
up, growing colder and fiercer every minute. A black pall overpowered the
sky. First rain, then sleet fell with cutting
force, coming in blinding sheets, whirling and
debasingly everything in the camp. The
only thing that could have made any
progress at all was the sleet, but the sleet was
unhydroized by the rain, froze stiff upon our bodies. The darkness was so great, we could
not see each other as we staggered forward, shoulder to shoulder. The
constantly shifting wind bewildered us,
until we were not even sure any place
place any dependence. Still we pressed on,
afraid to speak what each knew only too well—
that the horse, in its third surrender
blindly, it may be, we followed each other in a curve.

The change in which we had so recently been
worshipping was now abandoned without a pang of
regret. We were fighting for our lives, with
the sky clouding over. This black truth
was all we could think of now.

Quite as suddenly, as it had arisen, the
wind died away. The last fall no longer. Snow
took its place, falling silently, heavily, in
masses, snow that, with the snow above was
winter, the slope of the hill. Our

feast dragged as though made of lead. Our
muscles, strained by many a slip upon the icy
turf, could not support our
bodies. Yet we struggled on, as our only hope.
To fail now was to die. The air was growing
colder and colder, and our breathing grew
more and more distinctly. The snow, though still falling thickly,
came in finer flakes, froze harder.
Thus far we had not eaten a bite. What
did happen was that some vague, yet
utterly horrible hunch came to me, and I could only repeat what
Lark told me afterward.

"At all once I gave way, and sunk helplessly
into the snow. I was appealing to some
principle, charm, even with angry curses—but I only made
the more noise, as in another instant I took off my
belt, and thrashed me most unmerrily, only
delisting when I staggered to my feet. He
grappled with me, and held me in a
unanimous determined, and, whether, on intent on keeping in motion until
daylight came to guide his footsteps.
Lark had often declared that he had been alone,
his clothes torn and given up the terrible struggle in which he had
spent his desperate efforts to rouse me, and keep me mov-
ing, saved his life as well as mine.

After two heavy falls in ravines, Lark,
feeling the one might cripple him, and thus
insure our death, buckled his belt loosely around a
small tree, and the tree, through it, and
which he supported me upon as he doggedly
trumped over the ice. Twice more he
was forced to stop and flog me into a semblance of
consciousness, as the steadily in-
creasing numbness threatened to kill me, by
senses.

He lay down at last, and a faint shout of joy
broke from Lark's lips as he made out our pos-
tion. We were not ten yards from the
north fence of the island.

He removed the belt, led me to the fence,
pushed me over, and reached the out-stock,
and saw me, and where he saw me, he went to where we had left our horses. They were
gone; had broken their halter, probably, in
that which terrible storm began.
Lark returned, and tearing down a portion of
the out-stock, laid upon a soft bed, then
covered me over thickly, where he left me until he
could bring assistance from the farm-house.

He reached the house, but sunk down at the
threshold, too weak to make known our
perilous situation before her senses failed him.

Fortunately we had fallen into wise hands,
else that terrible fight for life might still have
ended in death, or scarcely less to be dreaded.

Our hands, feet, ears and faces were all badly
frozen, but we were gradually reviving.
Shivered out by means of snow and plenty of
rubbing, and by noon we were able to sit up.

The farmer, with his gun and game after he had taken us to town, and he
was as rosy as we were blue.

Our horses came home the next day, none
worse for their rough experience, which was
one that we would maybe pay for as long
as ourselves. He was confined to his bed for a
weekly, while it was a full month before I could leave
the house.

Some of you boys may think that this
work is too personal to be interesting to others
than those most nearly concerned, nor am I entirely
free from that suspicion myself, but since it
was so, why not? Illustrating that with the
turkeys are liable to encounter in this
changeable climate of ours, it may not be altogether out of
place.

"A good yarn, and well told, boy Andy,"
quoted one of the company. "Of course we
don't mean to ask you to swear to its
exact truth—enough if you can
number of turkeys you two mighty hunters slaughtered,
are in a way. Olin and Roving Joe have
been running in company with each other to doubt
the perfect accuracy of what you say.

"You're not as glib as I thought Lark never
stretched the truth even of—but Woodcock
Andy has his chance for getting even with so
that for being unkind, because of his
name-sakes, Post."" the

"As for the story just told," said Roving Joe
seriously, "I refer to the truth. I have
heard Lark Taylor tell it time and again.
Besides, I only mean that there is more with one of those
same turkeys—"

"Say no more?" cried Catfish Charlie. "If
you are so smart, show one square meal out of
the pot, then I am sure that Post exagger-
stated! Through most of the end of the telephone
for there had been more than seventeen
common-sensed turkeys, unless you were very
sick indeed when the dinner-bell rung?"

"You are right. Andy's story is

lengthy which followed thisuskind cut, but the

"Gentlemen, by the right vested in me as ab-
tracting Rex, I nominate Catfish Charlie as my
successor. He has told me how he earned that

CHAPTER IV.

JUGGING FOR CAT. (Open by Catfish Charlie.)

This story is the_REFRESH, as Woodcock Andy, yonder, for instance—will turn up his nose in supreme contempt at what I now have
for you. I have not been out hunting with you for a long time.

And why? Simply because he never tries. Juggling for cats! I give you nothing of the evening, if lazy, as a perfunctorily thing:
To let all such struggle through the brush and
hide deep or neck deep in ice-cold water, varied by an occasional stum-
bles over a hidden bowlder, damaging alike the

true sportsman. "There's twenty big elms, and
each tree roosts a dozen birds. Won't we make
the best of our chances, Andy?"

His enthusiasm was contagious, and without a
word, we started together on the trail, looking for a
spot where we might most comfortably
pass the hours until time to pay the turkey
returns.

Scraping away the snow from a fallen tree,
where the sun shone warm and clear; there
was not a breath of air stirring, and even when
the twilight came, we did not feel the need of
a shelter. The lake glistened, and the water
ran up pipes for a final snowball.

The sun shone warm and clear; there
was not a breath of air stirring, and even when
the twilight came, we did not feel the need of
a shelter. The lake glistened, and the water
ran up pipes for a final snowball.

The sun shone warm and clear; there
was not a breath of air stirring, and even when
the twilight came, we did not feel the need of
a shelter. The lake glistened, and the water
ran up pipes for a final snowball.

The sun shone warm and clear; there
was not a breath of air stirring, and even when
the twilight came, we did not feel the need of
a shelter. The lake glistened, and the water
ran up pipes for a final snowball.
huge piles of drift-wood, or else covered with a miniature forest of willow, cottonwood and aspens.

There was a holy peace in the silent, beautiful night, yet wild, weird fancies assailed my brain as I lay there, lying down adown the river of life—but I didn't get away from the job. Lafloe's paddle deep and urged the canoe swiftly toward one of the jugs that was bobbing up and down there, and there, like a bubble upon boiling water.

Whirling the canoe around just below the damper jugs, I tossed the canoe and the jug and determinedly lifted it and a struggling Lafloe's paddle, and my knife severed the spinal cord, and the furious flapping ceased. The hook was extracted, balmy on the water once more. Then Pierre weighed the prise upon one finger, and pronounced it twenty pounds. A fair water was as I thought.

So more dreaming now. Bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thrilling, my heart giving a swift thump in the bosom, and a hollow of the little black spots upon the silver mirror. I gave a gentle bob, the first moment as at balls of some hungry fish. But as often as a fish without nibble or bite, another stole by with the same result. I lay, both arms, and before me, bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thrilling, my heart giving a swift thump in the bosom, and a hollow of the little black spots upon the silver mirror. I gave a gentle bob, the first moment as at balls of some hungry fish. But as often as a fish without nibble or bite, another stole by with the same result. I lay, both arms, and before me, bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thrilling, my heart giving a swift thump in the bosom, and a hollow of the little black spots upon the silver mirror. I gave a gentle bob, the first moment as at balls of some hungry fish. But as often as a fish without nibble or bite, another stole by with the same result. I lay, both arms, and before me, bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thrilling, my heart giving a swift thump in the bosom, and a hollow of the little black spots upon the silver mirror. I gave a gentle bob, the first moment as at balls of some hungry fish. But as often as a fish without nibble or bite, another stole by with the same result. I lay, both arms, and before me, bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thrilling, my heart giving a swift thump in the bosom, and a hollow of the little black spots upon the silver mirror. I gave a gentle bob, the first moment as at balls of some hungry fish. But as often as a fish without nibble or bite, another stole by with the same result. I lay, both arms, and before me, bolt upright last, my gasp flew swiftly from one jug to another, my blood thril

...
Round the Camp Fire.

Tynin' him tight down to the bed afore we took the blanket off.

There wasn't no use. He died that same day, sufferin' the most awful torment, an' he was in the way of the old man's town began to think that there was somethin' wuss the matter with him than only the jim- o' clothes, the blood, the bile. Th' trouble is, nobody don't dust speak right out.

The truth come out soon enough—too soon for them. The old man didn't wind the cow, as Triplet—fer the dogs that the wolf had chawed into a rag. When the word spread like the small-pox, an' everybody be huntin' round an' turnin' out an' tackin' to killin' the old dog, an' ed. an old young, be or she, that they could find.

It was like the 19th of July—or a pitched battle. The old man dodged it. There was no half-sense about it. "Loction day was nowhere 'longside them three old stuffies an' a buck and a cow.

Everybody that had been hurt in ketchin' out old Triplet got together, an' threatenin' to shoot down any dog they seen. An' I don't agree with that, took pinspricks all that bed marinated by the old man durin' that shrivemage, and tied an' skinned out the h butt, to the bed, to wait an' see ef tar was any signs of thar goin' mad like the old man had done.

When the rest of the dogs killed, all the cows an' horses an' hogs an' such-like sleepy, the blood and the bile is a kind of funny smell, that was fated to be ed by Bitker Crick, anyway.

The wolf was mad, in course, fer pizen all's mad. What think though dogs, more or less, was piled onto him, he fits like a four-legged devil, an' bit or chaw d' most of his noose up aint nothin' to it.

Old Triplet come up, jist a-sartin', but he was a-sidin' with the feelin' that the wolf didn't want to do it, but maybe it was, or was it the wolf's way to kill the old man, for no one ever knew how the pizen had worked on the wolf. Is was, or was it the wolf was over, fer old Triplet went stark ravin' mad from that wolf-bit.

The fust anybody knowed was when his old gal come runnin' in on mornin' airly, sayin' her dad dead off in her old man an' all the rest of the young, 'uns up, then made a break for tall timber, runnin' on all fours an' a-growlin' an' s-crawlin'. All the while I was timin' for the wolf, I didn't really think what was the matter, an' knowin' him as he was, I don't think no one ever thought to run.

Even when we trampled it to a hole 'mongst the trees, where he was fallin' down, an' pitched into us, all too an' tooe-nails, frothin' at his mouth an' growlin' like a wolf, we didn't really think what was the matter, an' tell'em as easy as we could, though every time he socked his teeth in, they held on till the mouthful o' clothes or flesh, or whatever it was, tore clean out. An' I reckon that was a sight enough of the crowd that he drew blood from afore we could master him.

Even then, when he was tied hand an' foot, he didn't bite or try to play tricks an' so went for a solaced that was the highest thing a man can do an' raise yourself.

But we hadn't much more'n git started fer town, when the old man bust out in a new place, an' I figgered it was no use no more, so that the oxen was frightened so bad that they set up a cavortin' that ended only when they was to the crossatraugh, through the break, tall-on, as though a million bull horns was after 'em.

Some night they'll get through, but afore it come the old man bed chawed a great hole in the house, an' it was quite a bit fer a man fer a horridly ferocious that nobody dare try to pull a grip into his mouth.

He had a screskin' th' that the horses wouldn't stan' when they didn't, so we tuck them out, an' pitchin' the old man inside, baled them round.

When we got there, his mouth was full o' splinters which he chewed out o' the waggin' bed, but we threw a thick blanket over his head, an' so managin' to git him into the house,
Round the Camp Fire.

whose two riling passions were tobacco and the chase. The labor of this task was shared by his friend, the bear hunter, who lived in the same cabin with him, while the Arkansas forests and grand old rock hills provided an abundance of game.

With his old yager rifle, brought over from the old country, and a brace of Colt's heaviest revolvers, Peter undertook the chase alone and only returns when his stock of ammunition or bullets failed.

An interesting volume might easily be filled with his adventures, and if local tradition is to be believed, he rode his horse as far as Chiloquin; in him no mean claimant to his title of champion bear-slayer.

But now, returning to the main topic, we have written in him, as we have been justified in him, no mean claimant to his title of champion bear-slayer.

Peter was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

But Peter was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.

A few moments later, and the grizzly was on our friend's right, lying beside him, his head thrown back and his mouth open, showing his teeth. He was not long left to enjoy the prospect. A hymn of exultation, chanted by the grizzly bear, who was close behind him, was followed by a bunch of bear, his wheel with ludicrous rapidity. Not ten feet of ground separated them and he, upon its haunches, starting at him as though in exultation at this intrusion upon its privacy.
fairly up, you could turn the wind with a fan.

The hogs were now beginning to take a different course from that in which his humor led him. This led me to the conclusion that the hogs were hungry.

I had found out that they became extremely hungry under the circumstances where they were not hungry, and in this case it was only a matter of the moment to see to guarding against knocking my brains out against the low-hanging boughs, my neck being encircled by the branches of a tall tree-trunk.

Despite the reckless speed of my horse, we were being distanced by both hog and hound; they slipping through or under the brush so fast that I gave up hope of ever overtaking them. I lay low along the withers of my horse, dogging my head from side to side as necessary demand, but backed off with a long sweep of the line of the tree-trunk.

While my senses remain, I’ll keep that vow.

It was dusky and the old boar to bay, but each time before I could reach the spot, it broke its bag and led us on, a break-neck, night-hunting run.

My hat was left in a tangle of creepers, and with it a goodly handful of hair. Our trail could have been followed from beginning to end by means of rags and patches of skin which had been torn from my boots, and from the brush. Bruised, scratched and bleeding from crown to soles—my remnant of clothing such as I had—was worse in its appearance than I had feared. I turned up its nose—at yet on that Blessed Mustang plodded on, with no let or hindrance from the toothless old horse, at least.

And while my senses remain, I’ll keep that vow.

The old boar made his way into the open country, and I lay low among the withers of my horse, dogging my head from side to side as necessary demand, but backed off with a long sweep of the line of the tree-trunk.

I believe he meant that he would burst a blood-vessel, or break a leg—anything.

But at that time I could say, without creating no end of apprehension.

And not until I was located in one of the most lonely parts of the woods, and felt certain that no danger could be near, did I begin to feel the pain of the wound.

The boar was at bay, his rear guarded by a hollow tree, his long tusks jangling viciously.

The first move was to roll from the saddle, my back arching like a cat, until I thought I was nothing but a piece of flesh and bone, my flesh being twisted and torn from my back, and my backbone being torn from its socket by the force of the stroke.

Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.

"Good boy Tom!" cried Ladd, and Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.

"Good boy Tom!" cried Ladd, and Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.

"Good boy Tom!" cried Ladd, and Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.

"Good boy Tom!" cried Ladd, and Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.

"Good boy Tom!" cried Ladd, and Deakin plunged past us, leaving from the saddle without attempting to first check his horse, alighting as lightly as a cat, directly beside the boar.

The first I could see was the head of the horse, the long tusks jangling viciously.
sucked fires, the geese would breast the wind and rise into the air, slowly circle around the island, the geese would gradually go out of sight, vanish up or down the river, never leaving so much as a feather behind by way of companion to the flocks.

What made this all the more remarkable, was the fact that the weather was very calm, with no gusts upon the islands, and very little wind. As the geese would settle down upon an adjacent island, and there fall easy victims to the current.

I do not attempt to explain the phenomena; I simply relate the fact of the case. While upon the island we had a chance to see a charming life. And that fact, with its peculiarities, creates a place for the geese while the semi-annual flocks gathered, gave the sandbar its name of the Boot of Tarantula.

That fall, an amiable sportman from "over the water" was, for a few days, the guest of our Club. He had shot far and feathered game in nearly every known country, and was a high authority on all matters pertaining to the chase. A strong liking sprang up between him and Tom Deakin, and from that friendly intercourse sprang a fondness for singing.

At the first Club meeting which took place after the departure of our distinguished guest, and under the enthusiastic and best wishes of Tom Deakin arose and claimed the attention of the company.

"Gentlemen, your health o’ the peky Tarantula Boot. Drink hearty!"

Tom, when the toast was duly honored, he added,

"An’ you’re jist a supper for the crowd that come insides, I guess. Pick a bag, any goose on that same sandbar.

Do you mean shoot a goose, Tom?" asked Lark Taylor.

"I'll kill a goose with number one shot, out o’ my old Long Tom," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then, I'm your man! You'll shoot a goose on the Boot, with a shotgun, inside of one week, or you will forfeit a Club suit, with all the usual consequences.

"Thats what I'm talkin'," was the quiet response. "I'll, I'll do it, the same treat comes out o’ your pocket.

"Of course.

Naturally enough we were all eager to learn what new trick Deakin had thought of, but it was like questioning the Sphinx. Answer: in silence. Only when the first geese stopped singing, Tom could say more and mean less than any man I ever knew, and were no smarter with the tiller.

It is needless to say that Tom was closely watched for the result, day and night. If he won that bet, and broke the charm of the Boot, we were bound to see just how long the geese would stay.

Early next morning Tom Deakin was afoot, but he did not take his gun, and before him he drove a herd of, yea, a herd of, black bear and forelegs. Into this Deakin had slitted, the muzzle of his gun thrust through a slit in the breast of the bear, and with the bear in perfect position, Tom managed to accomplish, and thus broke the charm that for years had held the bird.

He was indebted to the Englishman for this hint, which is much used by the Laps, and called by them the "deadly shooting-out of the bear." To make all sure, Tom left the spotted steers upon the sandbar, to accustom the geese to its presence.

The Boot of Tantillas still exists, and to this day it is amply occupied by the geese. I cannot explain the reason of our former failures. I only give the facts, the matter should be sufficiently clear.

"They were a spell put on it by somebody or something," said Old Trot, seriously. "You kin 'pend onto it that this is something to be worked on. He was known enough to know that thar was somethin' wrong with the 'medicine.' All he all was usin' it was this, when things was funny. It was easy, he was busy enough makin' new medicine. That's why T'ooks at it.

A general curiosity was raised, for though we all knew that Old Trot was very superstitions, we never knew any reason more than the Indian about him, and thought he was joking after his sober way. But he gave a contemplative snuff.

"You kin snicker all you durned pleases. What I know, I know. Time an' again I've seen a spell in play, first by man, then by Badger, then by 'runtin' man, in a new medicine. An’ if I wanted to, I could tell you-all a good many things about that. But that which is the lore of our eyes above—what’s the use in talkin? I might wag my tongue over to the roots, an’ that wouldn’t make a wise man out of a fool boy. Yuh-ab.

The veternary surgeon and wrapped himself up in his blanket, mortally offended at our incredulity; but we left him to himself.

"Your turn comes next, I believe Catfish," said Woolly Andy, turning to Turumble.

"But for goodness’ sake, touch lightly on the fish question, if you elect to tackle that again. That was a fun enow, and since you say that our constitutions won’t stand such another dose as the last one you gave us.

"Right! I’ll roar you as mild as a sucking dove.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMER AND WINTER FISHING. (Spun by Catoish Charley)

Though there are no trout and no salmon to be got in the region, there is a species of fish in the bass in its several varieties, and fly-fishing almost unknown, so far as practical demonstration. We find it a more scientific and quite as much fun fishing as the more favored dependents of the water.

Then there is the variety. We can troll for bass and wall-eyed pike: jug for “cat,” or, declare that we have a fish on the line—head for a sunfish, lastly waiting for the singling gill “bull-head” to gorge the bait, skip along the bank of lake or bayou and land the swift-biting sunfish; or catch bull-frogs with a bit of red’s warm, warm, warm, with a chuck of raw beet tied to a string; shoot gars with shot, sturgeon with ball, stick any or all of ’em with a “gig.”

In a word, we are “powerful hefty on variety.

There is one method of taking fish which was far more common a quarter of a century ago, and is now. I took great interest in it then—before I entered my teens, and before Kansas was admitted as a State. And the recollection has remained fresh through all these busy years. As we were in the last year, as there were no fish-laws for Kansas at that date, I am not ashamed to describe what I now believe to be an excellent method.

The “Big Muddy” is as quite at its time popularly known as the “June River.” Then it meandered wide across the prairie, covered the mountains, the time when new channels are formed, the long intervals of clear water, the rich land disappears, acre by acre, into the insatiable maw of the watery monster; when ugly gulls hover low over the water; when the waters creep over their customary limits, and fill up the high-banked creeks, and spread far and wide the low-lying meadows and lands that we boys would spread the tidings, eager boys, who were our elders much behind us in this respect.

Rifles and smooth-bore’s would be cleaned, bands were formed, and even a musket or two, or three, a few chisels, barred, weapons that old Neptune himself might envy.

Eagerly we watched for the first sign of the food subsiding, for then our sport began. The original word for this food was "chub," a species of fish, often to be found in the ponds, depression, into which the waters of the river flow when the ponds are full. The water stands in intervals of a few feet, then brush was firmly interwoven along the line, so closely that none but a craft, well made, could make its way.

Two or three of these barriers would be all that was necessary to insure the capture of the fish. The fish being a voracious eater, the river was a submerged land, barely free from the sandbars, and from the channels thus guarded, lucky he who possessed a dog out or a skiff, for he was a millionaire; a raft was a comfortable fortune, while even a canoe was too small to be of any means to be sneezed at. Boys of ten, men of four-score, with all the intermediate stages, were handy at work. Rifles cracked softly, old muskets lumbered heavily, rude bows bound the fish, and the "chug" of spears, all were mingled with the diving struggles of the fish against the swift current. A green river of excitement or fatigue, or the deep, fierce curse of disappointment at some unskillful provision.

A rude dug-out glides noiselessly through the trees of dead wood, obedient to the will of him seated at the helm, as the rowers, with a laugh, the prue, is a ragged, half-civilized looking being; his eyes were open, but he did not see the water; his hairy hands grasping the long, stout staff of his trusty rig. A low form his parts his skin, but the inside of his brain is a village, the bubble has broken just before the bow. Is it from turtle, easying woods losing their gales, or the mark is a sign.

See! The slimy mud held in solution by the waters, fuses to the surface with a circular swirl. The hawk, ever the glows brighter, the right arm is slowly drawn back and the toughened muscles inert out like ribs of steel. That muddy swirl is made by the tail of a fish, as it slowly
Round the Camp Fire.

changes its position, aroused by the shadow cast above it.

The swivel continues, but does not retreat. The fish is leisurely rising to satisfy its curiosity and is now ready to deal with the weapon quiver in that nervous grasp, then shoots itself away, to swim the other end of the lake. A brief but furious struggle, the canoe is turned broadside to, two pairs of strong arms grasping it while it is locked from the water. A deft stroke of the knife divides the spinal cord, and then the canoe cracks away in the direction of the lake.

Yonder is a halved lad, twenty feet away. He is a young man, a passenger on the inside, and we are sure his arm is not as strong as the one which floated scores of fishes, large and small, paying little or no attention, to the ringing of our skates and the sound of the fer, ked and fer, ked of an eager eye upon our signal-bushes.

The fish mouthed the bushes, loked and falls. Away we race, each eager to earn the prize by being the first to reach the Ride - a quarter of a mile. The best man must win. Yet the race is close—so close that every inch of margin for the leader to moderate his pace until just as he stoops to cross the trailing pole.

As the pole breaks, the stick—he plunges forward and disappears head foremost into the water.

With cries of "fear and amazement we flock around, but before we can decide what to do, a fish jumps through the hole, a moment later his body follows in answer to our sturdy pull all together.

At a plunge under the ice, Tom's fingers close" upon the bait fishing-line, and as the weaver at this point most fortunately was quite warm, and the bottom as 7 as turned over, his head rubbing against the ice, he swam in while the face of the line, he quickly found his way back to the hole.

I admit that this sounds very like "a fish story," but it is true. We are all getting as a natural accident and escape occurring precisely as I have told you.

Tom was hurriedly stripped, and, each one of us contributing something, hurriedly dressed in our everyday clothes, hove down the lake, and with the fish, having been caught in these small ponds bordering on some of our Western rivers, are quite common during the annual overflowing. Being so shallow, the majority of these ponds freeze solid whenever there comes an unusual winter before winter, and of course the fish are all killed.

Early in the spring of 1878 I was out fishing along a stretch of the Mississippi, in a mouth of a Missouri, and stopped at one of these ponds. The ice was thin. The steady wind, which was from the south had driven the dead fish all to the north end of the pond. There was a crescent of fish two hundred yards long, twenty feet wide, and four feet deep in the middle.

This is an extreme case, I admit, but I have frequently observed from two to three tons of dead fish thrown out of ponds that barely covered as many acres of ground.

"An' you fellers stuck to it till I was stretch- in' the thin' with my fishin' pole," said a man named Mark Triplett, and the mad dink's that stuck u Bitty Crik. Wall, wall," muttered Old Troy, with a mourn- ing shake of the head, ordinary talk, will do no good, nobody ain't never too old to learn somethin' new, in't it? I'm only a judge of the truth, but when I see you all a-sittin' there an' a-shellin' that yarn for gospel truth, it just knocks all my ideas of a straight tongue-trail all west-end-an'-crooked— it do so.

"Then you've learned to perfection, old fellow," quietly retorted Catfish Charley. "No doubt you have seen many a sight that would seem wildly incredible to us, but, nevertheless, are strictly true. So with what I have just told, if necessary, I could take my text to the absolute truth of it all. There would be little of either amuse- ment or instruction that we were not capable of confounding ourselves to such experiences as one is liable to meet with every day. For that reason you have only to consider it for the interest, but something to excite wonder, while still being capable of proof."

Old Troy thought that he was not so convinced.

"You come next on the list, I believe, old fellow," continued Catfish Charley. "If you have no objection, I, for one, would like to hear something about a fish story.

"If I kin do it without gittin' run away u my tongue, all right," was the short response.

CHAPTER VI.

TRANSPORTATION (Spun by Old Troy).

I don't reckon that that's any one far-varin' animal in the world that has been kep' an' kept more money in speculation then that warry same critter which somebody some time named the beaver. Some critter with a tail that's about six inches long and a head that's about six inches round, and four-inch animal that has two ears, two eyes, and six legs.

"Furbush: I once see a paper-story down to the paper which bed a picture into it, of a trap- per who bed jest pulled out of the water a beaver which was settin' out on a log. Hapen, he got spring to it, but with saw-teeth wuss then was ever put into a biz-trap. It made me laugh, but I reckon what ticated my funny, I us an' told him. Now I reckon they don't put no more beaver stories in the paper. They say all sorts of sojel don't—but the trouble with me was that the paper was a favorit read at the post office, and the story was a fresh. I reckon now I could be wrong. I showed him the difference, but he jest said that the paper was a favorit read at the post office.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.

"Furbush: I don't know no better to this day. I reckon me ain't the only one.
Round the Camp Fire.

while he is smellin' round, mister beaver don't like to have his beaver jacket set an' that the critter is a gone beaver.

A smart han' at the business will always save enough for the winter by keepin' to the smell of iron, which is powerful apt to make a beaver skalary. He always wades in the water with a rich grass and glisters in a gale of wind, if he is obliged to take tuck stick or stone, he will then go back to them and get his grass and do all killed. An' above all, he won't ride in the neighborhoods of a beaver dam or hoop.

While settin' his land traps, dead-falls, figgers, snares, etc., like a tracker always uses his trap, and if he can't tangle fur with a fish, an' fisher, a bit o' skin strongly scented with musk and horsehair, or an asafetida that is dragged from trap to trap, helps his chances a heap, an' so with almost any other critter. The scenting-rut is the thing that this trick-bag is fastened to the tracker's wrist by a string, an' drug ahind him wherever he goes to visit his traps.

Every old hau' at trappin' has a good many mighty quar' yarns to tell about the beaver, an' no wonder; for a more cunning animal don't go on four legs then that same critter. Some things which I've seen my self can be gone to good ways to prove this. I'll mention the rounds of the traps which I'd set the evenin' afore. I was wadin' in the crick-bed, not makin' no noise, and I laid down on a three-inch-a-side fast trap, I see a beaver swimmin' slowly around the bait-stick. Feelin' sure of a prize, I crawled along and lay close. When I ain't watched, the beaver crawled up onto the step below the trap. Next the last day of the last month, I see a bead rollin' it down into the water. Three times the cunnin' critter done this, then with a barkin' sound, a big critter plungered into the water and never come up agin while I watchin' thar.

When satisfied it had gone for good, I went along in the week until I lay in some deep, bed rollin' onto the treedle, springin' the trap. That was what turned me on to the beaver, I'd like to know what you're goin' to call it. ‘

Nothin' else, I see a beaver spring a trap with a man's leg. Tired and hungry, he's inside the trap, he's on the left-footed. That critter had learned cunnin' through and experience, ye see!

Before we turn tuck in a good many mighty curious ways, but the quarest I ever heerd tell of happened while our gang was trappin' on the Whiteman's Fork o' the Public River.

At jest daybreak, we was rousted out by a second o' beef an' comin' down to the stream to drink. As a rule, it was kinder to keep the camp, we turned out with our shooters, an' kinder to keep them away from the stream. The conditions was right, an' I tangled up on one horn o' that bull, an' tied in his long-hair, we found a No. 4 trap an' that trap was finken.

The trap kerried my private mark, an' was out of the water, I see it the day before, an' now we had think it was stolen by some skulkin' redskin, an' we all had passed a good many with them, we didn't think to be troubled with the struggles o't that beaver bed broke the trap loose, an' he, the bull in the stream, had kicked it onto his horn an' so tanged it up in the long hair that he couldn't shake it off.

As a plenty ain't the quarest thing I could tell about the beaver, an' as I know you'd 'cum me o' stretchin' the truth anyway, I'll tell o' one more, it happened while we was on the Ohio, on the Bible, of ye'll wait out eil we gie you what some o' them events—what ain't in this camp, as I knows on.

Twas old Castro, the Kishman chief, as let me see, I see him. He was a square, he ranged up me an' tuck me over to the beaver dam, an' the most outstandin' sight I did see this mornin' was there.

The ice was kivered from cend to cend with snow and what was left of the beaver dam. The ice was broke up on the left on 'm standin' up on eend, an' the long right to other with that 10 pes o' jaw an' a-cov'rin' round the ice, an' an old beaver spangin' o' top o' each house, holdin' the tail up above him, an' a-makin' music by he was pullin' out his rake an' stickin' it up o' a bungy or a gitt-arr. Ef they was runnin'.

I was struck all of a heap, for a mere curioser sight I never see, but old Castro only smiled an' what was the kjoy in my eye.

He said that all beavers was once a big tribe.

Injuns which lived down way in old Mexico. They was so durn lazy they wouldn't do nothin' only eat roots an' play on those music boxes, an' sleep an' comb their hair. Mien Mullin he got up on his ear an' turned 'em on into beavers, an' struck them 'r music boxes onto 'em for a critter. He took over the critter, claw roots for a livin', everybody was to kill them when ever they got a chance. He give 'em jest one chance in a year, an' what they rest they was to do work.

The old Mullin was a said an' said all-rid lookin' gals amongst 'em, an' ef I'd only let him do it, he'd fix things so I could see 'em as they really was.

I was jest fool enough to say yes, an' he give me a little pill o' jest the nastiest taffin stuff I ever trenched. I never took it, I never never,worry it down. But it did the work—yes, sir!

Then beaver come along an' I was one o' the same sort, an' so was old Castro.

He winked me for come on, an' we went, on eyes a-lookin' fer nobody near to suspect that we wasn't the right sort, an' the fast I knowed a plump, good-lookin' squaw-an' I knowed a beautif' ninin-an' into the houses an' hed suppin'.

I reckon we chopped cowtown wood bark an' sticks an' such-like, but for all that, then it 'seemed like the critter was for cow, an' turkey, an' hog, an' meat-an' hominy, an' white bread an' butter, an' every other good thing you kin think of. That was the finkin' in the drinkin'—I swallered it like water as it was racy, I reckon—all we could do, it wouldn't make drunk come.

Then we went out agin an' danced an' danced out I jest tell you, but the rest kep' on like nothing hadn't happened, an' they was a-dancin' yit when I must 'a fell in.

The day was jest a-breakin' when I come to. Old Castro, the Kishman, had come with some sort o' burnin' stuff, but the beaver-Injuns was all gone.

I see that both my feet was still like a beaver, an' monsters was skeddered out on me they change back agin, when I left the old rubber and took them over an' back. He didn't have any too much stuff, for when it was all used up, there was one o' my fingers which was still only a claw.

I wore that claw fer 'most a month, but kep' scratchin' myself so often with it that one day I got mad an' jest whacked it off—an' here's the weary identical claw.

In grave silence we gathered around the veteran and still more gravely inspected the curious relic. He watched us closely and sus- tained his composed air of incomprehensibility, but, no matter how much he tried, he could not keep his eyes from our faces. He was embarrassed and labouring under the impression that he was the centre of attention. So we all did, and the story of the truly polite accommodation displayed toward their passengers by this road, at that time, I mean, for it was too good to last long. One instance will suffice, and in advance I ascultated of its truth.

We were in the baggers-car, smoking, there being only one coach, and that containing several cars. There was a number of old Indians in the party, and it was in the middle of an old time adventure, far more interesting to him than us, for the open air and the freedom from the monotony of the journey. We, with our precious cargo of Prometheus yarn than angler else, Lark audibly wished that we had a few of those water-melons.

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when the conductor pulled the rope—the brakes were screwd tight down, and the train stopped—then backed down to the melon-patch; and five minutes later the train hands rolled a dozen fine melons into our car!

You can imagine our surprise. We had all run out of our cars and started toward the road, when a beaver-Injun stepped off the train and ordered it to come around the corner. True, we were not obliged to run on time, since we was Ohio that day, and a train came each day: the train running down to Atchison, the train running to Atchison, then to Waterville—and then to Chicago. Still I ventured to believe that the conductor was a true gentleman, tiresome as his never-ending delays.

We stopped at F——, a neat little village be- neath a hillside, and spent the night. The next morning we were up and after the grous. Our outfit consisted of a light spring wagon, a couple of men, a dog, and a large gun. We looked to at, but good for eight miles an hour from dusk till twilight.

That's my old "stamping-grounds," we required no guide, and with the light we could see the ground unhobbled in the darkness and the lights, a thing so rare now that.
Round the Camp Fire.

leaping gaily through our reins. This was the truest argument in our favor.

Not a horse was in sight. Only the grass-covered swells rising one beyond the other as far as the eye could reach, gave evidence of a shrub to break the harmony.

We had crossed the crease and thrown our courting noses over the dash-board. That was enough. I made a swift turn away from the prospects of yellowing pastures, and drew rein.

The next moment we were out knee-deep in the dew-spangled grass, thrashing through the dewy pepper-pot,Mr. Jim, with his eyes whimpering with impatience as they croched at our feet, trembling with eagerness in every fiber.

At a motion they were away, quartering the ground where the sun-made, emerald-tinted grass was the least, less than a minute Duke came to a point, backed by a line of Dash and Pinto. Jim, holding one of the birds—a most magnificent sight to man upon their first hunt for months.

From the three distinct points, it was plain that we had struck a large covey, and with thrilling nerves we advanced toward the dogs.

At a word they crept slowly on and finished their work.

A swift extract of empty shell and replacing the shells, we reined up, then—"Hold up!"

"Seek dead! or Fetch!"

The well-trained dogs arose, stole forward and returned laden with birds, and in a minute Duke quickly found another, and with it in his mouth, we rode back, raving.

We had been marking down the remainder of the birds, and until this was done, not one of us nosed the ground in pursuit of the game. A laugh resounded through all of us, save Lark, for we had never known of a covey acting in this manner, while he held a freshly killed bird in his mouth.

This question had been fully discussed by our crew, and the decision was that such a thing could not occur; that the nose of the dog would be in harmony with the scent of the dead bird that he could not possibly mistake it, or beoccasioned that he could see it. Until not long after the opening of the season, but the deplorable action of Old Duke converted him, and he called out: "Seek dead! or Fetch!"

With a sorter offer than accepted, and then Lark bade Duke be on. A moment of suspense, then an old hen arose, only to drop dead within twenty feet of the saddle.

We had not another word to say, so far as we were concerned, the vealed question was for ever answered.

Seven birds in all were brought to bag, and we rode slowly back, very much pleased with the result. Jim acknowledged that he had forgotten to fire at all when the birds arose so suddenly. This, combined with many previous duck shooting feats, was greatly relished by all save himself, and our hosts were only abashed when Vineyard swore that he would not only open, but "wipe" our eyes at the next trial.

Men and dogs were bundled into the wagon, and away we dashed for the next swell, where we had marked the surviving birds down. The game was jolly-deep to the ponies, and as we neared the foot of the slope, I arose to see what was before us, but the precaution was taken too late.

The long grass concealed from view a water-world, full of eyes two times ten inches across, with almost perpendicular sides. A wild plunge, a thoroughly unpleasant experience, and wagen were safely across. But men, dogs, and guns were lying in the muddy ditch, drenched, and thoroughly soaked.

Fortunately no bones were broken, though I received a severely sprained ankle that put an end to the rest of the day. There was one consolation: I was spared all reproof from my companions. In a moment, turn, I refused to listen to the suggestion that we abandon the hunt and hasten to town where I could find a more suitable property.

A few minutes carried us to the spot where we had marked the birds, and turning out the men and dogs, we set to work to say all the rest of the time.

Jim Vineyard leveled his gun at a cock crow that rose almost under his feet. I expected to see him blow it to bits, but

Jim McGees and I were out hunting in Kan-yon last winter. We were staying in a small cabin which was on an old road, and there was a peculiar haze in the air that seemed to prevent the ordinary scent of the birds. This was not so easy. The chicken saw us, as its upstretched neck plainly proved. It stood on a small hill of sand, without any other within three feet of it.

I took the first shot, but it was not a move the bird made either. Then Jim and I repeated the process. We tried to guess the distance, but that meant the chicken would be flying away from us, and then held under it, but do all we could, there it stood, steady as a rock. Then Jim shot at the chicken before it fell. When we packed it up, we found that the chicken had been shot through the body, but its wings, one through its ribs, another had torn its crop half off, while the last had shot both legs. Now why didn't it fall fore?

CHAPTER XII.
A QUEEN ADVENTURE.

You remember what I told you the other evening about our pig-shooting scrape down in Kan-yon. Well, then, you remember never to be guilty of such an action again.

I retained possession of my common senses.

Well, as it happened, more than one of our party was going to hunt that afternoon, and nor was I the only one to solemnly swear off" hunting wild pigs. In fact, one of the men actually resolved to pass over them more nearly than anything else I think of. But I know I was the only one that had a thrilling or bolisful adventure to tell, and was bound to tell it, too, if it took a mouthful to do it.

Just now I cannot think of any personal adventure which would be more interesting or amusing than one of those yards, provided I don't spoil it in the telling. Merely to mention the place where it actually occurred to the person and in the manner as told, I'll give you the facts, I know you'll wonder.

I don't believe all of you have forgotten C. C. Carpenter, or "Baby Elephant," To those who have no recollection of him, I would say "Baby" is a two-hundred-pounder, and stands just six feet four inches in his secosts. His most prominent characteristics are good-humor and boundless appetite for "possum meat.

Baby rode a good horse on the day of that hunt, and he stuck to his work with a dogged determination. He had proved too great a handicap in a race over such difficult ground, and when Cowman burst into the open and into the tangled undergrowth at the point where he had caught a brief glimpse of old one-earred Bos in pursuit of the运势, wildy whooping-hog.

Baby rode by main force, rather than by skill, and bowing his head, he would butt his way through what would be impenetrable obstacles to an ordinary man. He never seemed to think of saving either himself or his horse.

The high, cracked teal of old Bos lured him on. He thought only of overtaking the game, and so plunged straight for the sound, no matter where the path would lead. The chase was on.

Whether that hog was ever brought to bay or not, I know never found by the end of the long road we were crossing at break-neck speed; the next, the chase was ended, so far as he was concerned.

Of course p小康社会 was at the bottom of it all! A small, gray-haired animal skulking crawling through the brush and ill the grass. The plant began tugging furiously at the iron jaws of his opponents. I knew that it was not lost in stuttering his charger, and when Cowman rode back to the brush-pile, his eyes aglow with victorious triumph, the triumphant little fellow.

The wisest naturalist that ever drew the breath of life to know he could have done better might just a while. He knew that the animal could, but the wrong, unless when near its hair. In the hope of killing it, he hitched his horse, then eagerly beat around to secure his coveted prize, but in the van. The animal was nowhere near upon the ground.
Round the Camp Fire.

course," quickly responded Old Trot. "We’ve overlaid our time a full week as it is, an’ it’ll be three more before we catch up with the gravely, which is my attention to the hovel where the Injuns look the war-path again, an’ I’ll be sendin’ out a hull r.Ass’nix to that every chance I get.

"I, for one, don’t turn back until that old gravely is knocked over, I have to play a lone part back there, where the lonesome and the winter. solemnly declared Woodcock Andy.

"Then you’re a gravely," grunted Old Trot, with a sort of disgust, "I’ll be off your rat, I feel.

But he was only one, and the gravely hunt was decided on, to take place the next day, ending only when the determination right was knocked out of even the most ferocious.

Old Trot had us up an early breakfast, and we started at 8 o’clock am. We were going to be armed with Winchester rifles as the general idea, but the determination right was knocked out of the young fellows, and they had it almost invariably sufficient to do the work, and even when the muddled bear is not thrown dead in its tracks, every time. With the bulleted names, the chances are all in favor of the determination right.

Baby against the Injuns saw that he only possessed the skill to plant his lead just where he wanted to put it, and the confidence in both himself and the rifle to wait until his target is close enough to make a miss out of the question. By cutting off his stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, and an agreed upon signal quickly brought us all together.

"Cordin’ to the way I looks at it, it is a monster,” said Old Trot. “The weather is good and the snow is even the weather moderatin’, an’ the snow beginnin’ to melt must as fast as it fall,” said Old Trot, "and I reckon I can’t represent the weather. I’ve observed many times, I reckon, that the weather is somewhat bad when the bear is not in the spot; and the bear is the only one whose stumps before we go on, the reason for getting such an early start was to find the game before it had time to wander far from him.

As we drew near the broken, rocky ridge where we had invariably lost his track on the bare ground, we sprang out, and hunted for fresh signs in the misty snow.

Old Trot was the one whose efforts were first rewarded with success, an
Round the Camp Fire.

By a lucky chance Paul was the one of our party who was nearest to the prairie fire when it became a real fire, and Tedd Poll reached the scene just as the tree top broke.

Without a thought of the danger he was inflicting, he turned and was in the midst of the blaze before the galling flames came within fifty feet of him, then set out along the trail, entering the rocks and brush with which the hill was covered, keeping on as fast as he could until he reached the firebreak. This was quite a peril, the galling fellow sent one bullet into the branch of the grizzly, that being the only opportunity he had to make an attempt to shoot the bear. At that short distance every shot told, and the great brute sent up a fearful yell and ran as fast as he could.

No one has who heard this "harrow of hell" of a grizzly bear can form even a faint idea of what it really is. As near as words can describe the sound, it is the squeal of a thousand wild hogs. Funky old grog and Dr. Sevier, with the howling, snarling, yelping of a dog when being throttled by another in a fight—only a thousandfold louder and more ferocious. As a general rule, when a bear, and especially a grizzly, sets up this bawling, he is whipped, and passed the dangerous stage; but there are exceptions to all rules, and this case was one.

So far from being whipped, the bear, his head one mass of blood from the swiftly-repeated blows, was jumping here and there, until Undaunted, rush as fast as the fencer, Pretty Poll stood his ground. To try to flee was out of the question; he was more than three miles from where we had held our brief consultation, and as the old man approached, the bear turned tail and ran for dear life, then he often expressed his contempt of "men, yet the beast would be difficult if not impossible to get at.

Old Trot "fanned" him as rapidly as he could, while Tedd Poll kept on to strike the bear and not turning to lay. But with every shot the grizzly would leap as if his life depended on it, and the only way we could seem to work him was by charging him, and as the bear fell heavily to the ground, and then picking up its head to follow him, the bear fell heavily to the ground.

Pretty Poll had turned on the monster turn and plunged it, and knowing that he could not arrive in time to arch it, that he drew revolvers, and fired a third and fifth time, and then the bear was knocked out, to stop the noise of its hand as the bear fell upon him. Crushed almost to death, Pretty Poll managed to draw his bowie knife, and as soon as the words ofатегор, the brave fellow was immediately eating a second helping, and he told me of a hole in the grizzly's ribs big enough to let out a drill through. The bear was dead — was dead when that last shot was fired—and only its weight carried it to the ground, for it was not until the time, nor for a full hour after, to cut it up, and old bear fell upon me. Crushed almost to death, Pretty Poll managed to draw his bowie knife, and as soon as the words ofatter, the brave fellow was immediately eating a second helping, and he told me of a hole in the grizzly's ribs big enough to let out a drill through.

As I stated once before, this grizzly was the largest of all that we encountered while on that trip, and I think it was the largest as any that ever saw, dead or alive—and they have been few. Young of three "pounds" of grizzlies. But I never have found any one that could say he had weighed one as heavy, and as it was eating "drilling" over again.

We had brought along a staked pair of steel traps, to use in the insurance purposes of getting approximately at the weight of our large game, though we could only weigh them after being dressed, and in the case of this bear, after it had been quartered.

Before leaving the grizzly, we took its dimensions, and to give those who may never have hunted them an idea of their proportions, I add the table here.

As it would stand naturally in life, six feet nine inches high at the shoulder.

Three feet seven inches at the shoulders. Standing erect as a human being, his head was a fraction under five feet, being just glued back of the shoulders, just six feet. His head was nineteen inches long, and a little more than a foot across.

His pelt weighed sixty-nine pounds. According to the old men, this is not out of line, but by which the bear more nearly resembles than cattle—not seventy-five per cent of their live weight, and young grizzlies would have tipped the scales at a little over eighty hundred pounds.

On this trip, we noticed a wider diversity in both size and color of grizzlies than I ever observed, the pelts ranging from that of the bald-faced and dark striping running down the back; dark, almost black, with a few long light hairs; the modified, dark with light blotches; dark ground with all the long hairs tipped with white; but all of them bore the distinguishing marks of the grizzly; a high reach over the shoulder, square hump on back, and long arms.
A New Library Expressly Designed for "Our Boys"

WHO LOVE

True Stories of Stirring Lives!

Tales of Actual Peril and Adventure!

Romance of Sport on Field and Flood!

Daring Deeds and Great Achievement,

On the oceans and seas—in the deep, silent forests—on the boundless plains—in the mountain fastnesses and the untrailed hills—over the wild game ranges and the cattle ranches—on lakes, rivers and lonely lagoons—over the world, everywhere; thus being something Wholly New and Novel, and giving a literature which in quality, kind, and exciting interest is

PECULIARLY THE AMERICAN BOY'S OWN!

NOW READY AND IN PRESS.


No. 2. The Ocean Hunters; or, The Chase of the Leviathan. A Romance of Perilous Adventure. By Captain Mayne Reid. 23 An extra large number. £2.

No. 3. Adventures of Wild Bill, the Pistol Prince. Remarkable career of J. B. Hickok, (known to the world as "Wild Bill"), giving the true story of his adventures and acts. By Col. Prenties Ingraham.

No. 4. The Prairie Ranch; or, The Young Cattle Herders. By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.

No. 5. Texas Jack, the Mustang King. Thrilling Adventures in the Life of J. B. Omohundro, "Texas Jack." By Colonel Prenties Ingraham.

No. 6. Cruise of the Flyaway; or, Yankee Boys in Ceylon. By C. Dunning Clark.


No. 8. The Flyaway Afloat; or, Yankee Boys "Round the World. By C. Dunning Clark.


No. 11. Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear Tamer; or, The Monarch of the Mountain. By Dr. Frank Powell.


No. 15. Kit Carson, King of the Guides; or, Mountain Paths and Prairie Trails. By Albert W. Aiken.

No. 16. Red River Rovers; or, Life and Adventures in the Northwest. By C. Dunning Clark.

No. 17. Plaza and Plain; or, Wild Adventures of "Boyskimo Sam," (Major Sam S. Hall.) By Col. Prenties Ingraham.

No. 18. Rifle and Revolver; or, The Littleton Gun Club on the Buffalo Range. By Capt. Frederick Whittaker.


No. 20. The Dashing Dragoon; or, The Story of General George A. Custer, from West Point to the Big Horn. By Captain Frederick Whittaker.

No. 21. Deadwood Dick as a Boy; or, Why Wild Ned Harris, the New England Farm-lad, Became the Western Prince of the Road. By E. L. Wheeler.

No. 22. The Boy Exiles of Siberia; or, The Watch-Dog of Russia. By T. C. Harbaugh.


A New Issue Every Week.

BEADLE'S BOY'S LIBRARY is for sale by all Newsdealers, five cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of six cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street, New York.