

swelled in intensity, approaching fierceness. It closed with an upward toss of the head and a shriek, terminating in a rising inflection, almost a roar, that seemed to say decidedly: "Come, now or never!"

The note is peculiar to the moose and can be compared with nothing in nature. It is made by shaping the mouth as if to pronounce the French *u*, then forcing the syllable "ehr" through the vocal organs by the use of the abdominal muscles, giving it a decidedly nasal twang. The idea of beginning with the horn held toward the earth is taken from the habit of the cow moose, as is the number of parts of the call.

After waiting until every echo had died away and the oppressive silence had again filled the woods, perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour, a second call was given. It seemed to roll over hill and valley and come echoing back for an interminable length of time. Patiently we waited for the answer, but nothing save the drip, drip, drip, from the wet leaves, the occasional splash of a musk rat, or the lonesome hoot of an owl was heard. Again and again the call was given. The response was the same. For two hours this monotony continued. After a call louder, longer, and more intense than the rest, an answer came in the form of a flash of lightning that illuminated the entire landscape. We could distinguish a flock of ducks on the water within one hundred feet of us. Then followed a peal of thunder and again the rain fell in torrents. We huddled together under the great leaning cedar and held a consultation in whispers.

"Tunner bon for the bull moose. No 'fraid. Come lymly. You try call. No come for me."

We shivered for half an hour before it stopped raining. When it did I began. The guide's voice was a heavy bass, mine a baritone. Putting the horn to my lips I gave the call. Scarcely had the sound died away when the answer came rolling down the opposite mountain to us—clearly and distinctly. A heavy silence of ten minutes followed. Just as I was putting the horn to my mouth for a second call the answer was repeated, this time nearer and more distinct. I replied to it with a plaintive grunt full of satisfactory longing. The response was shorter and quicker. For the next fifteen minutes there was not a sound except the dripping of the leaves and the croaking of the frogs. Raising the horn I gave an

inquiring grunt. The answer came so clear that we judged the moose was within a quarter of a mile. Taking a dipper I dribbled some water in the edge of the lake. The old bull fairly roared in his eagerness, the brush began to crack and we could hear this majestic creature walk back and forth. Again I poured the water; an eager answer was the result.

The guide then took my horn and with the power of a ventriloquist gave a furious challenge, that sounded as if it came from another bull far in the opposite direction. Almost before it was finished an angry, smothered roar broke from the now infuriated bull, which dashed into the water. Our flock of ducks took flight and scattered with discordant quacking. "Be ready for shoot. No shake. I trust you," whispered my guide.

Carefully cocking my rifle I stepped out from under the dense shade to be sure of a good light. I thought I could distinguish the moose crossing the space between us and the other shore. For a better light I took another step, and down into a honey hole I went above my knees. I pulled one foot out with a pop. The other was deeper in the mire than ever. I had sunk below the alders and could see nothing. I made another frantic effort. The moose was coming. Alas! I was slowly sinking in the filthy, black mud, utterly unable to extricate myself. "Why no shoot?" I tried to make him understand, offering my gun. I had settled to my waist. "Moose there—shoot!"

I spoke loud enough to make him realize my predicament. The faithful fellow, disregarding the coming moose, pulled me out by main strength. The noise we made was frightful. No wonder the moose stopped coming. When I stood on terra firma everything was silent. We resorted to pouring water again. We could hear his retreating steps. We applied the horn, giving every conceivable variation from an angry challenge to a gentle, plaintive moan expressing abject misery. It was useless; he had departed. After another hour of patient waiting we gave it up. Oh, how bitter cold it was! It seemed as if I should freeze. There were no spreading horns to carry home in triumph. It was a wet, gloomy, nasty night. I hated myself for my careless stupidity. The old man tried to comfort and encourage me: "Come next day; no scard I bet ten dollar."

"Where are we?" I growled. The

wind had blown our markers away and we were lost. It was cold and cheerless enough. Our axe was at camp and everything was reeking with water. What to do, where to turn, was the question. My sense of location was gone. It was so black and dark that we could not see each other at a distance of ten feet. I turned to old Mathias, who, by the by, was sixty-seven years of age, and said: "Old man, we're lost!"

"No care, by jimruslem! Me fex de flambeau. Find tent for sure." He split the birch horn, rolled it up lightly and applied a match. Crack, sputter, hiss and a hazy yellow light flickered out changing the trees and vines into weird hobgoblins and elves. Leading the way I tramped through dense undergrowth, climbed over fallen logs, always going toward dryer ground, up the slope that led away from the lake.

"No git camp quick; stay all night. Flambeau all gone," as he threw the remains from him. Landing on a small tree high above our heads it blazed out brighter than ever. The undergrowth was less dense. We hurried on. It grew darker. We stopped for a moment to see if there was any spot we could recognize. A bright flame shot up. "De big birch. De camp for sure." Sure enough the dying gleam had shown us two great birch trees that were within a hundred feet of our camp. Tearing off a strip of bark we soon had flambeaux to spare. It seemed like reaching home to be at this poor little tent. We started a small fire, heated a tin cup full of rum, swallowed it, pulled our blanket over us, and back to back soon fell asleep.

How long we remained so I do not know. We were awakened by the dropping of gathered rain in our faces. Raising myself I tried to stop this by drawing the rubber blanket around the log. It was my second fluke that night. The water that had gathered in the hollow of the blanket poured down my sleeve and over the poor old man. We both shivered, and, I am afraid, wished for home. We did not stop to discuss the question, but filled our pipes, smoked, had a pull at the bottle and again lay down and were soon sound asleep. I was suddenly aroused by an agonizing shriek, "De crank, de crank!" My poor guide lay writhing in intense pain. The calf of his leg was drawn into a knot by a terrific cramp. I rubbed and chafed it with rum until it passed away.

"Crank hugly, like a dev. No fix de botte de mashin (machine) come. Make booly now." Taking his boots, which had been his pillow, he stuck them sole upward, each on an upright limb of one of the trees that made our camp.

I have since learned that it is the firm belief of many of the lumber men that if they hang their boots sole upward they will not be troubled with cramps. On large drives of logs as many as twenty pair of boots may be seen at night in this position.

Morning came at length. It was clear, but bitter cold. Our blanket was frozen in places where it had been wet. We turned out cold and stiff. Taking my gun I went to the lake and found fresh moose tracks within a short distance of our calling stand. The creature had returned after we had given him up. We were disgusted and ready to wear dunce caps.

"Let us build a fire and have breakfast, old man."

"No, no! Come back to-day night yesterday day after to-morrow), get moose, yes! Smoke, moose run. Pork no cook, bon medceen!"

That phantom of hope, that one possibility in a thousand, made me yield, and we sat down on a log to our morning repast. Cold raw pork—ugh! hard bread crushed fine, and two biscuits harder than baseballs, a bill of fare that was almost unswallowable; but hunger triumphed. Our tramp back to the old lumber camp was slow and tedious. It was so late in the day when we arrived that we concluded to rest that night, and to cook something for the next hunt.

We were sitting before our cabin door enjoying a quiet after-supper smoke and the fascinating effect of a brilliant sunset. The forest gleamed with the rich warm colors of autumn, which seemed to reflect the red and gold of the sky. The after glow was slowly fading away when our reverie was broken by a deep-drawn sigh from the guide, who laconically remarked: "Me bed, next day moose." Rising, he went into the cabin.

My genial companion, reclining on a "deacon seat," was watching the flickering blue flame of a sulphur match, waiting to relight his pipe. As it grew into a steadier white blaze it revealed the manly, sunburned features of his face, in which were mingled courage, determination, kindness and good fellowship; a beauti-

ful Gordon setter, curled up at his feet asleep, and, leaning against the cabin, a finely-modeled double gun. The flame died out, leaving only the glowing coal in the pipe. As the fragrant smoke curled upward he said, "I wish you would tell me what you know of the habits of the moose and show me how to call."

I assured him that my knowledge was limited, but I would try to answer any question he might suggest.

"Is it true that a bull moose, with his immense spread of horn, can pick his way through the thickest wood and make little or no noise?"

"You probably know," I replied, "that the moose has a most delicate sense of smell and of hearing. It does not take alarm at ordinary noises or odors, but the slightest unusual sound or smell is a warning of impending danger. A mighty tree may fall with a thundering crash, a skunk may emit a noisome stench, neither of which will affect the equanimity of the moose, but the snapping of a twig, the grinding of the snow under a man's foot, the delicately-perfumed presence of a fastidious human being, will cause him to seek safety in flight.

"It does not, at the approach of danger, break into a run as does the deer, but sneaks away in a rapid stealthy walk that does not rustle a leaf nor crack a twig. An Indian in moccasined feet could not glide through the woods more silently than does the largest bull moose when alarmed. It makes noise enough, however, when feeding or traveling through the woods when there seems to be no danger near. It strikes and rubs its horns against the brush and trunks of trees, often uttering, especially during the rutting season, a short guttural grunt."

"What is their food? I have heard that they dig for moss with their broad antlers."

"Yes, that is a common notion, but I do not credit it. In the first place, they cannot get their horns to the ground without dropping on their knees. They cannot eat grass from the ground without sprawling out their legs or falling in that position. Besides, they, do not eat moss in the summer time. They eat the twigs and bark of all deciduous trees; moose wood (mountain ash) is a delicacy. You may have noticed how the young white birches were bent over and pealed in the old moose yard through which we passed Yesterday. When they want the bark and

twigs higher than they can reach they manage to bend the trunk over, standing astride of it while they feed. This is called 'riding down.' In the summer time they feed about the shores of the lakes on the long grasses and lily pads. They do not graze as does a cow, cutting the grass to the ground, but merely nip off the tops."

"The track the old man showed me yesterday was pointed at the toe like a deer's, only very much larger, while the caribou's was round shaped, more like that of a horse. Was he right?"

"Yes."

"Now about calling, why do you begin the call by carrying your head to the left and then to the right, slowly raising the horn until it is pointed at an angle of sixty degrees, and then move your head to the left and then to the right as you lower it? Why do you always imitate the cow moose?"

"It is the habit of the animal. I once heard a cow calling. The sound seemed at first to come rolling along the ground, then to rise slowly until it seemed to strike the top of the highest hill, and then gradually to fall. It is a curious sound, and I can only give you an idea of what it is like by making the sounds without a horn. The cow is imitated to lure the bull, which makes only an answer, consisting of short grunts, and a challenge which is indescribable."

I then began a series of illustrative grunts, which my companion repeated, trying to imitate all the different variations of expression that a cow moose makes in a call, stopping after each change in tone to explain why it was necessary "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

The dog seemed to be a little restive, and now and then uttered a smothered whine.

"There is something around here," said my friend. "That dog does not act in that manner unless there is something moving."

"Oh, it's nothing more than a hedgehog, I'll warrant, if it's —crash, bang! a terrific snort, bow, wow, wow! a tearing and a snapping of brush.

"What's that?" whispered my friend, peering into the darkness, gun in hand.

Bow, wow, wow! "Charge, Jim!" and all was quiet.

"What zat, de moose?" came from the depths of the cabin.

Seizing my rifle I dashed behind the

camp and gave several calls, but with no avail. In another quarter of the woods a fierce challenge sounded. I answered it with all my power. The brush cracked. I cocked my rifle. "No shoot, me not the moose." It was the guide.

We made a flambeau, went down the trail a little way, and there where a small birch tree had fallen across the path were the tracks of an immense bull moose. Then we remembered having heard a few grunts at the edge of the woods (our cabin was in a clearing) which we had supposed were echoes. We did not dream of the presence of a moose, because our camp fire was burning brightly. This fact adds to my suspicion that smoke is not particularly terrifying to them.

The next day the guide selected for a calling stand the top of a dilapidated old lumber camp, around which there were quantities of moose "sign." As they were starting out that evening the guide said to me in his inimitable way: "No hausé (answer) for two hour. Big Blox cold like a dev'. You whoop de moose. Listen de bull one, two time. No cold, stay all night."

My companion had a gun case about three feet in length. The old man could not remember his name. To distinguish him from "Mistur," myself, he called him "Big B(lox)."

Away they went in high spirits. "Moose for sure!" When night had spread its intense gloom over the silent forest I heard the gentle seductive notes from the guide's horn, and instinctively reached for my gun, so natural were they. For two hours, at intervals, while keeping the fire alive, I heard the muffled sounds coming through the camp windows. It was

growing intensely cold. Slipping on my frock I stepped out under the starlit sky and watched the rising three-quartered moon that was streaking the forest with yellow light. A long, loud call was in progress. As its echo died away I raised my horn to give the requested encouragement. There was no need of it. Within a few hundred feet of my own camp I heard the living answer of a bull, so close, indeed, that I could hear him as he carelessly crashed through the undergrowth and bounded over fallen logs. My impulse was to use the water and gently lure him into my own lair. I bethought me of the dog and the pleasure my friend would take in killing his first moose. On he went, answering at short intervals. He was going straight toward them. Now they hear him. The old man is working him nearer. I can hear him no more. I begin to run over the form I shall use in congratulating my friend on his good fortune, when I am startled with, "By jim-ruslem! no fool, Mathias," roaring through the guide's horn, and the stentorian shout of my friend, "You can't keep me out here in the cold any longer with that bloat."

Picking up my horn I gave an answer. All is silent. The acute ear of my guide detects the difference between the real call and the imitation. Alas, so does the moose! How disgusted they are, the old man in particular. "Me call forty year, kill three hundred sixty five moose. Call hundred. Fool some bebé, no till de moose."

Our hunt ended after another week. That phantom, the bull moose, haunted us and kept continually luring us to disappointment. We broke camp and sorrowfully bade our *ignis fatuus* adieu.





"MOOSE FEEDING IN COARSE GRASSES AND YELLOW WATER LILIES."

FROM A WASH DRAWING BY CLEMENTS.

ENGRAVED BY H. PFLAUM.

OUTING.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1889.

No. 5.

MOOSE HUNTING IS AROOSTOOK.

BY ARTHUR JAMES SELFRIDGE.



MOOSE are hunted in four ways—first, still hunting in the woods, which means "get a shot, if you can, in any manner you can;" second, still or jack hunting on the water from a canoe in the summer months; third, running them down on snow shoes, when there is a crust, in the spring; fourth, calling in the fall.

The first method is impracticable owing to the dense forest undergrowth and the alertness and shyness of the moose, whose senses of hearing and smell seem to be abnormally developed.

For five falls I have hunted in the Maine woods in the best moose region. During some part of each season I have still hunted with all the patience, caution and craft of which I am possessed. In that time I have succeeded in seeing one moose, although I have started a number. A cracking of brush, a heavy tramping, and all is silent as the grave. Stealing around, I have found a bed or the tracks of some monster, and have always wondered how such a creature could sneak away without giving me at least a chance to shoot. Disappointment comes so often that this, the most scientific, mode of hunting is quickly given over as fruitless.

The second method is the surest, but, owing to existing game laws making the

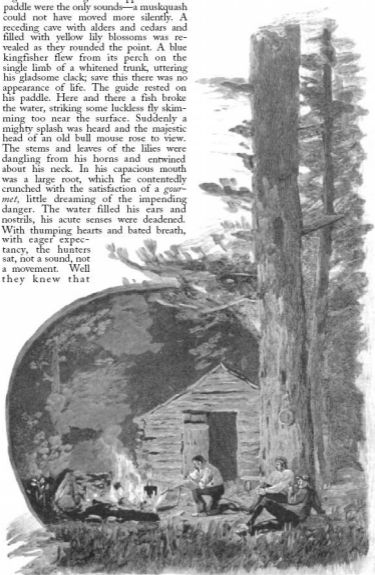
summer months "close season," is unlawful. During June and July the moose seek the water to escape the incessant attacks of the myriads of flies and mosquitoes and gather about the swampy shores of lakes and the boggy banks of the "dead waters," to feed on the coarse grasses and yellow water lilies, of which they are inordinately fond.

Wading into the water until every part of the body except the nose and horns is submerged, they stand through the heat of a summer's day, now and again immersing their heads to drown the ubiquitous fly. This fact, coupled with their wonderful swimming power, may have given rise to the Indian legend and belief that the moose first came from the sea and is amphibious.

So much of natural history will serve to explain the following incident:

As dawn disclosed the contour of the hills about and the islands in the Milmigasset Lake, a hunter was silently sitting in the bow of his canoe, at the leeward of a point behind which the lilies grew in profusion, waiting for advancing day to clear up the landscape. When he distinguished the shape of the loon whose weird, lonesome laugh had filled the woods with echoing sound he signaled to his guide, who noiselessly dipped his paddle into the silvery lake, causing the graceful craft to glide gently onward. The purling ripple of the water set in motion by the cleav-

ing bow and the gentle drip from the paddle were the only sounds—a muskquash could not have moved more silently. A receding cave with alders and cedars and filled with yellow lily blossoms was revealed as they rounded the point. A blue kingfisher flew from its perch on the single limb of a whitened trunk, uttering his gladsome clack; save this there was no appearance of life. The guide rested on his paddle. Here and there a fish broke the water, striking some luckless fly skimming too near the surface. Suddenly a mighty splash was heard and the majestic head of an old bull mouse rose to view. The stems and leaves of the lilies were dangling from his horns and entwined about his neck. In his capacious mouth was a large root, which he contentedly crunched with the satisfaction of a *gourmet*, little dreaming of the impending danger. The water filled his ears and nostrils, his acute senses were deadened. With thumping hearts and bated breath, with eager expectancy, the hunters sat, not a sound, not a movement. Well they knew that



IN A MOOSE CAMP.

the glisten of the paddle, the slightest "tunk" on the canoe, would rub them of success. Down dove the great head. How quickly the guide plied the paddle! The canoe leaped forward. There was a stir in the water, the guide stopped in the middle of a stroke. The canoe glided on, crunch, scrunch, craunch. Such enjoyment! Again the canoe shot on. The hunter has fitted the butt of his rifle to his shoulder. Up came that unsuspecting creature's head. They were within twenty yards of him. Bang! Splash! The water was thrown into wild commotion. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the repeater. Swash! Splash! Bang! Crash! How the brush snapped. Bang!

"Why didn't you keep the canoe steady?"

"Did all time. You took moose, no see gun," was the Indian's quaint reply.

Next time, Mr. Sportsman, lay aside your rifle, take an eight bore shotgun, load it with six drams of powder and a handful of buckshot, or take a rope and lasso your game.

The following is an incident for which I can vouch. A well-known hunter of the Aroostook region, now dead, returning in his canoe from haying, saw a moose feeding in a "stretch of dead water." His only weapon was an axe. He paddled alongside the moose, while its head was under water. As he raised his axe to



HUNTER BLOWING THE MOOSE CALL.



HEAD OF BULL MOOSE.

Reproduced from *Outing*, Vol. XI, page 223.

strike, the moose lifted its head. This capsized the canoe. The hunter caught into the long hair of the moose, still holding his axe. The frightened creature swam across the river. As its fore feet struck the bottom near the opposite bank, the hunter, who had crawled astraddle of its back, with a single blow of his axe severed its spine.

Jack hunting varies from this in that it is done at night, and when a noise in the water proclaims the presence of a moose, the slide of a dark lantern standing be-

hind the bow man is raised, enabling the hunter to aim with greater certainty.

This method of hunting only requires patience in submitting to the attacks of the winged scourges of the forest, skill in paddling and steady nerves.

It always seems cruel to kill a game animal without giving it an even chance of escape. A sportsman ought—a true one does—obtain enjoyment from the escape of his game, if he can only see why and how the senses and alertness of the creature have triumphed over his own

skill. The lesson he learns is that he must be able to meet game on its own "stamping ground" and outwit it by his knowledge of its movements and habits. Hunting properly done is only a pleasant, exciting manner of studying natural history.

The third is barbarously cruel. Success depends entirely on deep snow, a crust just strong enough to bear a man's weight, ability to keep running on snow shoes for several hours and a good axe—a gun is usually a useless incumbrance.

Last winter everything combined to make this kind of butchery easy and simple. The yards (portions of territory from one to three miles square, where moose have been feeding during the winter, and within which paths through the snow have been broken, radiating usually from a common centre) were well defined. The snow was six feet deep, the crust

strong enough to bear a man's weight without snow shoes.

One Sunday a couple of men started from a lumber camp on the Munsungun Lake to kill a moose. They knew of a yard containing four cows and two young bulls. Before dawn they were waiting on the edge of the yard for daylight. When it came they started them; two in their fright bolted in one direction and four in another. The hunters followed the greater number over hills, through swamps and tangled growth for six hours. They came upon three cows, all heavy with calf, in a clump of alders.

One of the men gave me the following account: "We come onto them all on a sudden, stretched out on the snow, plum blown. Their tongues stuck out about a foot, their eyes were closed, their legs all cut and bloody from breaking through the crust. They were panting fearfully,



"THEY MANAGE TO BEND THE TRUNK OVER, STANDING ASTRIDE OF IT."—PAGE 331.



THE GAME AT HOME.

and groaning and moaning in awful distress.

"My partner says to me: 'Frank, this is what I call luck. Three moose; their skins will fetch \$24—better'n a month's work. Come, give it to 'em.'

"I raised my rifle and aimed it at the biggest one, right behind her ear. Just as I was pressing the trigger she opened her eyes as much as to say: 'Murder me.' I dropped my gun, and said to my partner: 'I'm blamed if I'm going to see them poor creatures butchered in this fashion.'

"Give me your gun. I'll fix 'em,' he snarled. I wouldn't do it. He got mad and cussed me vicious. I couldn't stand it no longer, and I says to him: 'If them moose are going to be killed, you or me is going first. I've got the gun, so just you come away and leave them.'

He added: 'I've always felt mighty well that I saved them, and I'll never run another moose on snow shoes. It's a regular dog's trick.'

Maine lumber camps are responsible for the unlawful killing of great numbers of moose, deer and caribou. One man boasted to me that his men had fresh meat all

winter and he never bought a pound of beef.

The fourth calling is legitimate. It requires the exertion of all the keenest faculties, great endurance, extreme patience, highest skill in imitation, nerve, courage, and not a little genuine suffering.

The calling season begins with rutting in September. It reaches its height about the 1st of October. It continues nearly six weeks, depending somewhat, I am informed, on the changes of the moon. During the early part of this period the cow does not respond to the amorous advances of the bull, which loses some of its extreme caution and goes roaming through the forest in a reckless fashion, seeking everywhere for a mate. Just before the cow begins to give expression to her desire by calling, the bull is on the verge of desperation. This is the time for success in luring him to his death by imitating the

cow's call, for, once mated, nothing save the challenge of some intruding bull will separate him from his intimate.

Most of the writers on this subject have called the moose to his end in a manner that required little hardship, which is entirely overlooked in the thrill and excitement of success. Perhaps a better idea of what this sport really is, and what trials may have to be endured, may be had from a description of my latest trip.

On the 10th of September, 1887, we left Presque Isle, the terminus of the New Brunswick Railroad, for Junkins' Farm, the last settlement on the Aroostook River, forty-five miles distant. At this season of the year the Maine rivers are very low and shallow. Oftentimes one of the party will have to wade and pull the canoe, while the others go through the woods. It is a disagreeable and unpleasant way to navigate.

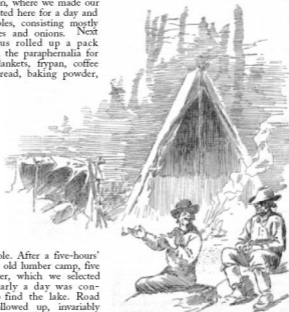
Our guide, an old Frenchman who could speak little or no English, "socked" the canoe up the river, while we tramped fourteen miles through the woods to a point on the river nearest Chandler Brook Lake, our destination, where we made our home camp. We rested here for a day and "cachéd" our valuables, consisting mostly of canned vegetables and onions. Next morning each of us rolled up a pack which contained all the paraphernalia for a week's tramp—blankets, frypan, coffee pot, pork, flour, bread, baking powder, coffee, sugar and a can or two of condensed milk.

Our path to the lake lay over an abominable old "tote" road, mostly corduroy, which was slippery, rotten and treacherous. At one time we would be wading in mud to our knees, at another balancing on a slippery log, trying to avoid some dangerous honey hole. After a five-hours' walk we reached an old lumber camp, five miles from the river, which we selected as our abode. Nearly a day was consumed in trying to find the lake. Road after road was followed up, invariably leading to some log yard. It was evident that some of us must climb. Selecting

the tallest spruce on the highest hill, the guide began to climb. For forty feet there was not a branch nor a twig.

After a struggle of ten minutes he reached the top. "Me see de gross mont. Look lake, for sure; dis way," pointing north. He meant, "I see a large mountain at the foot of which appears to be a lake, the direction from here is north."

The following morning the guide and I started through the woods over hill and through swamp, due north, blazing our trail which led us to the lake, a sheet of water containing about four square miles of surface. The point at which we struck it was "no good for de bull moose, he like de lily," the guide's expression for "it is an unsuitable place for calling." We followed the shore of the lake, seeking a shallow spot filled with water lilies or "cow lily pads," surrounded by a swamp that gradually rose to a high hill. Our path led us through moss-covered ledges, stunted trees, and over trails that had actually been worn by moose, deer and caribou, traveling up and down the lake. It excites wonder and admiration for these



SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

wary denizens of the forest to see the places they have selected for their lairs and beats. At one time you are walking lightly over a soft bed of moss; without any warning you slump through between two great rough boulders that scrape your legs the whole length. Slowly you extricate yourself and select a log to be sure of your footing, when all of a sudden both feet start for the starry sky. Oh, how your head aches! Our pack, which we took turns in carrying, consisted of one "lit-ly hach" (a belt axe), one rubber blanket, one thin, moth-eaten army blanket, two pounds of salt pork, plenty of hard bread, and a few biscuits. It weighed about ten pounds, and seemed to weigh a hundred. After the first ten minutes of this wretched tramp I drew the cartridge from my rifle to prevent any accident, so frequent were my falls. You may judge of the pleasant paths we trod when I tell you that it took us nearly six hours to do two miles.

We were rewarded, however, by finding an ideal place for calling. An arm of the lake made in between two hills that sloped gradually to a cedar swamp that was, perhaps, a mile across. We chose for our location a little bare spot under the branches of a great leaning cedar, just behind a tuft of alder bushes. Marking the place by a tall pine that stood near we retreated a quarter of a mile to select a camp. We found a level spot underneath two great spruce tops (trees felled the previous winter, from which logs had been cut), which had fallen across each other. With the aid of the belt axe we cut the small limbs that grew downward and soon had a cosy little nest, with at least a foot of soft, fragrant fir spread for a bed. We threw our rubber blanket over the logs and fastened it securely, as we thought, and swung around the hill to be a mile from the calling spot, for a quiet smoke.

We lit our pipes and were dozing off, picturing to ourselves the moose we were going to have. We could almost smell the delicious odor of a broiling steak, when we were brought to our feet by a terrible crash and a terrific peal of thunder, followed immediately by the most vivid lightning I ever witnessed. Quickly I selected a leaning tree, placed my rifle, axe and compass there, so that they would not attract the lightning to me, and rushed for some fallen logs to avoid the pelting rain. For twenty minutes a most fright-

ful thunderstorm, with a terrific rain and wind accompaniment, was passing. Trees were blown down, limbs were falling, and here and there great trees were splintered by the lightning. We were soaked by the torrents of rain. As soon as it cleared off we went out into the bright sun and back to our camp, where we found that the rain had driven underneath our rude tent and drenched our bed.

All the old hunters tell me that if moose smell smoke they will leave its locality. Whether this be true or not I am not sure. They have been known to yard for the winter within two or three miles of a lumber camp, where they must have smelt smoke. Once two deliberately walked into my camp when the fire was burning merrily. I have never tried building a fire within three miles of a place selected to call. For this reason we did not dry our bed nor cook our supper. Do not be disgusted—it consisted of raw pork, hard bread and "Old Medford." It was not bad, because every sign indicated a dead moose before morning.

It was growing dusk. We went to our stand, carefully marking our path by bits of birch bark curled about the bushes. Reaching our ground we waited in silence for dark. When it came, my guide wet the horn, which he had carefully made in the afternoon by rolling a piece of birch bark into the shape of a funnel. Fitting the horn to his mouth and holding it to the earth he gently and softly uttered the plaintive, amorous call of the cow moose, given only at this season of the year. Raising his head, so that the end of the horn described the curves of the letter S (beginning at the bottom of it), he gradually increased the volume of sound; then lowering the horn to its original position, the end having traced a gigantic figure 8, he gradually decreased the volume until near the end of the call, when he suddenly burst out with a plaintive, seductive grunt that went rolling over the swamp and up the hill, bidding any bull moose to come. After a wait of perhaps ten seconds he gave the second of the three parts of the call. This began with an impatient expression of intense eagerness, quickly changing into one long note, which combined quavering complaint, pathetic longing and unrequited affection, and sunk into a confiding appeal. The third followed the second at a shorter interval and commenced with a tone of scolding impatience, which gradually