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The Lackawannas at Moosehead, or, The young leather stockings

George Selwyn Kimball

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The
LACKAWANNAS
at **MOOSEHEAD**



George Selwyn Kimball



THE CAPTURE OF THE OUTLAWS.

THE LACKAWANNAS AT MOOSEHEAD

OR

THE YOUNG LEATHER STOCKINGS

BY

GEORGE SELWYN KIMBALL

Illustrated by

W. H. D. KOERNER



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1907

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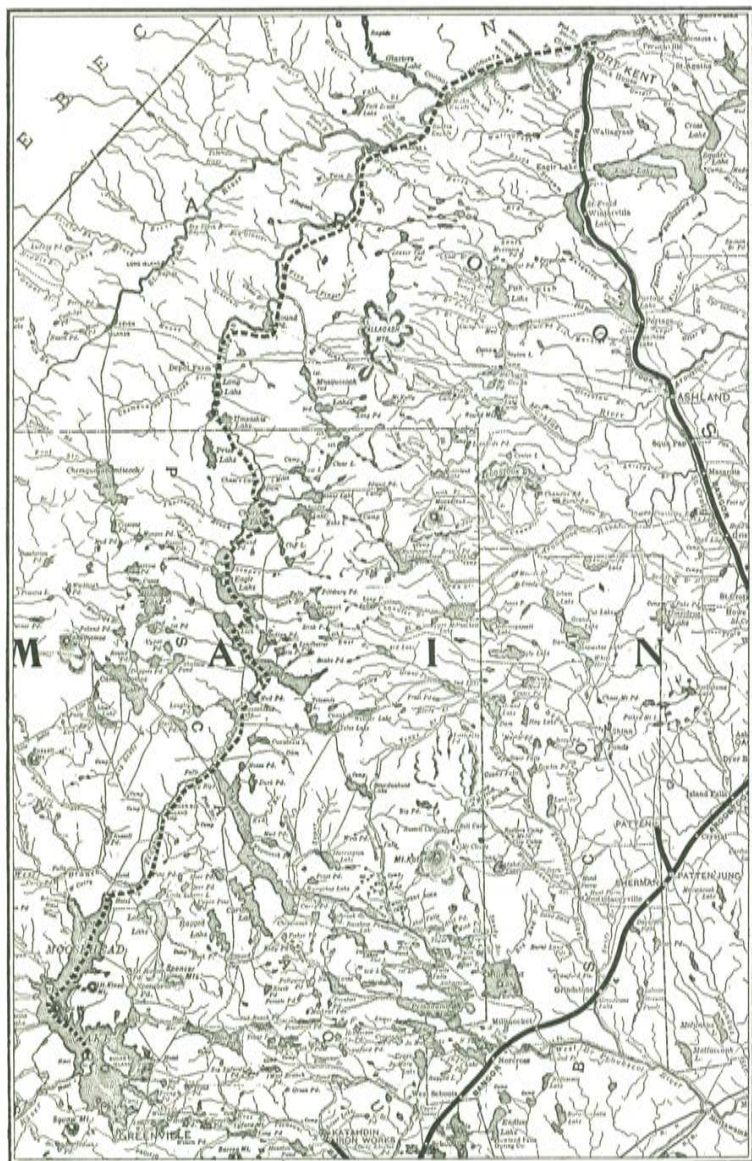
ROCKWELL
CLARK
YANKEE
IN ROMANCE

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THE LACKAWANNAS AT MOOSEHEAD



THE TRIP OF THE LACKAWANNA.

CHAPTER I

DOWN BRAKES

A long sharp whistle, another, apparently in reply, a sudden application of the brakes to their utmost limit, the shuddering of the cars as the moveless wheels ground along the resisting rail, a crash, a terrific shock, a crushing in of the front of the car, flying fragments of doors, windows and broken glass, the sickening lurch as the car swung diagonally across the track and settled down still right side up.

Then arose a Babylon of cries, screams of women, shrieks of children, and loud shouts of men as they struggled to extricate themselves from the confused mass of humanity heaped and pent in the car.

The aisle was completely blocked, people lying about in all positions. Some had re-

tained their seats by seizing hold of them in anticipation of a collision. Many of these were cool and collected in the midst of the dreadful din. As usual the instinct of all within the car, who were not greatly injured, was to make an exit as quickly as possible. Anything to get out of that accursed place. In their terror, strong men would tread ruthlessly upon helpless women and children, in their wild determination to escape from the car.

There was one great coarse, flat-faced, brutal-looking fellow who was trying to force his way to the rear of the car, regardless of the suffering and terror which he caused. His face was blanched to his lips. He was apparently uninjured, for he shoved and pushed aside all in his way as he cried "Let me out! let me out; there is a train due on the upper track and I shall be killed if I don't get out."

Then there were renewed cries of terror.

"Pull that brute out of the aisle, Freckles," cried a big voice at the rear of the car.

A very tall, powerfully-built young man reached out his arm, seized the cowardly brute by the collar, yanked him backwards into the seat where he stood saying:

"Lie there, you lubber. Don't you see you are worse than the accident? Lie still or I will mash your pumpkin face," he continued as the terrified man struggled to get up.

"Here, Burnham, take this little girl. She's not hurt much but I fear her mother is."

About this time a well-dressed little fellow was seen to rise from among the mass at the end of the car and with a smile upon his face while he nursed a big lump on his forehead, was heard to sing in an irregular voice, "O, dear, what can the matter be? O, dear, what can the matter be?"

There was something so incongruous in the uplifting of that jolly voice in the midst of such a scene, something so grotesque in the singer's face, that in spite of themselves many of the passengers laughed.

"Is that you, Dicky?" called out Burnham.

"Yes, and a big lump thrown in. Look out, boys, that scared halibut is trying to get out of the window."

"Let him go," said Radcliffe; "he will make room for others. Push him along, Burnham."

"Yes," cried Dicky still rubbing his head, "'push him up tenderly, fashioned so slenderly young and so fair.'"

Some one outside pulled the great hulk through and the whole car seemed relieved.

The rear door was soon torn open and the passengers assured that there was no further danger. It was soon announced that none had been killed, and that no one was seriously injured.

In a short time the car was emptied. A young man was seen to climb upon a flat car on a siding, and putting his hands to his mouth shouted:

"Attention Lackawannas! All answer to their names who are here. Radcliffe."

"Here and all right."

"Lieutenant Sanford."

"Here and all right."

"Rudolph Sanford."

"Here but grip gone, hat gone, watch gone."

"Silas Grubb."

"Here, with only part of my clothes on."

"Richard Twelves."

"All here and more too. I am still holding the baby."

"Burnham."

"Here, but busy putting myself together."

"Was Newman in the Pullman with Silkman?"

"Yes, Captain Broadhead, and the car didn't leave the track. Here they come now."

"Where is Croxford?" cried Grubb, a short athletic-looking fellow.

"Haven't seen him," replied the tall fellow they called "Freckles." "He is probably hunting for his growler."

"If he is alive, he will have something to growl about now," said Dicky.

"We must look him up," said the man they called Captain, as he descended from the car.

Two or three of them crossed the track above the wreck and looking down saw a group of people very busy in tending those that had been hurt. Several doctors had already arrived and were at work relieving the suffering. There was an old woman lying upon the ground with her head pillowed in the lap of a young man who was gently bathing the white temples with his handkerchief, while one of the doctors attended to her broken arm.

"There's Croxford," said Radcliffe, "and he has beat us all if he is a growler. See how gentle he is with that old lady."

"Croxy is all right," said Dicky, "if he can only growl at something occasionally."

"I will go and tell him," said the apparent leader "that we have come out all right and to meet us at the station as soon as he can."

"I think it would be a good idea," said the one called Lieutenant Sanford, "for all of us to go to the West End hotel and send word home that we are 'all right.' I have just heard that there will be a train ready in two hours to take the passengers east. That will give us time enough."

And so the friends with whom our reader is to be concerned in this story bent their way to the West End hotel leaving Croxford to his charitable work having promised to join them at the station a little later.

CHAPTER II

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN

Dear Father,—I hasten to confirm my telegram of to-day to the effect that none of our party nor any of the other passengers were injured in the railroad mixup that occurred just out of Portland. Our engine collided with a freight train that was stalled while crossing the main tracks of the B. & M. It shook us up some and Richard Twelves, nicknamed "Dicky Dozen," was thrown to the floor; but he got up smiling and started to sing: "O Dear, what can the Matter be!"

They say it will take an hour to make up a new train, and I am using the time in writing how many of our class ("the clan") met at the Institute to plan the trip up the Allegash, via Moosehead Lake. There were ten, out of the class of twenty-two;

and those who I felt sure would not go, were there, while those that were the most enthusiastic at the time failed to materialize. The unexpected were Louis Silkman, dude and millionaire, but dependable; Ralph Newman, his invalid cousin, and William Radcliffe. Radcliffe has worked his way through college; he is a good fellow, and the best constructing engineer the college has graduated in five years. He is six feet two in height, and an Abraham Lincoln in looks and character, except that he has light hair and a long face covered with freckles. We call him "Freckles." His feet and hands are large, and his ears stand away from his head like bat's wings. His eyes are reddish grey, the lid of the left drooping over, nearly closing it, à la Ben Butler. He is awkward, and those who do not know him think he is homely, but we don't. He is good natured and a practical joker. This is the man we raised the \$120 for in order that he could go with us. When we gave him the money he thanked us in his droll

way and said, "Boys, I can't accept the purse, but I thank you more than I can tell. I fear I cannot go; if I do, I must pay my share of expenses."

Ki Burnham, the fat man of our crowd—220 lbs.—began his student life as poor as Radcliffe. His father struck oil in Warren County, and Ki, being an only child, is heir to a million, but it does not set him up. He is the silent one of the crowd, and fat as he is, is as quick as lightning, and a good amateur boxer. His friends can abuse him to the limit; but there is a limit, and some have found it out.

Twelves is the youngest and smallest of the crowd, an athlete and all-round good fellow. Dicky is easily imposed upon, and inclined to believe everything.

Jim Croxford is our growler and kodak fiend.

We selected George Broadhead captain. He is not a very brilliant fellow, but there is something strong and reliable about him. I was honored by being made lieutenant.

Brother Rudolph is beloved by everyone, and, owing to his deliberate manners and thoughtful speech, the boys call him "the old man."

Ralph Newman, our sick friend, is one of the finest characters I ever met. There was no one in the class who approached him as a student. He is a good musician by nature and training. Mother heard him sing once and she thought she had never heard such a fine voice. I received a letter at Hoboken from Uncle George in which he states that he has completed arrangements for our camping at Moosehead, so that we can go directly to "Camp Lackawanna," as it is to be known, on leaving the train at Greenville Junction. At Oldtown we are to meet old Joe Matawan, the only surviving pure-blood Indian, and he is to be one of the guides. Bill Bagley, the famous old guide of Macwahoc, is the other. He is not only an experienced guide, but a student of nature. He is sixty-eight; but Uncle George says there is not a man in the

state who can outdo him in the woods. Silas Grubb joined us at Boston. We call him "Dutchy" because of his Holland descent. Send all letters to Deer Island, Capen, Maine.

MAURICE.

PORTLAND, MAINE, Aug. 19.

This company of students were to camp for two weeks at Deer Island, Moosehead Lake, to accustom themselves to the strenuous life of camp before making the trip through the Allegash country.

"Say, Captain," said Silas Grubb.

"What is it, Grubb?"

"I think we have struck a scheme by which we can cure Croxford of his chronic habit of growling at everything."

Seven of the "clan" were riding in the smoking car on the Maine Central, en route to Bangor. Croxford had wearied them with his croaking. Nothing suited him. He didn't believe there were any woods in Maine. He had left his friends in the

smoker in order to recite his grievances to Silkman and Newman, in the Pullman when Dutchy announced that he had a scheme to cure him of his growling.

Lieut. Sanford remarked, "Dutchy, you will have my gratitude if you can shut off his growl. Ever since we left Boston he has made life a burden to me. You know that it was I who suggested that we make this trip, and if it should prove a failure through any misadventure I should feel it worse than any other man. Crox is the only one who appears dissatisfied, and I am almost sorry he came. He is a good fellow enough, and he's great with his kodak. Now what is your scheme? If it works I'll have a deer's head mounted for you."

"My dear or yours?"

"O, dear, what a question," said Radcliffe.

"Assassinate Freckles on the spot," cried Burnham.

Grubb drew from his pocket several pieces of paper, and passed them to his friends.

"Read that, boys. It will go to the tune of 'Oh, Susannah.' My idea is that the next time Crox gets his growler out the Captain is to shout, 'Discipline him! First verse.' The chorus is to be repeated *forte* unless he begs for mercy. What do you say, boys?"

"Great, Dutchy," said the lieutenant, his face lighting up. "Wouldn't Silkman and Newman enjoy it?"

It was arranged that Dicky should sing the air, although Newman was first tenor in their sextette. Radcliffe and Burnham the bass, the "Old Man" second tenor, and the lieutenant and Dutchy baritone. They hummed it, and waited their chance to spring it on Croxford.

They were approaching Waterville when "Growler" came into the car. He went up to the lieutenant, and snapped out:

"I say, Lieutenant, what old place is this we are coming to?"

"City of Waterville. A mighty fine town."

"O, I suppose so. I didn't come down

here to see towns. I came to see the woods, and I have about made up my mind that that Uncle George of yours is a romancer. We've been traveling three or four hours in the State of Maine and I haven't seen woods enough to hide a jack rabbit; I don't believe we are going to, for we must have traveled nearly across this blasted state. Is there anyone here who would like to buy my gun?"

"I'll buy it," called out Sanford, "if you will get off here for good. Leave your kodak and we will pay you for it; that won't kick."

"I've half a mind to. I am mighty disappointed in this state. There are more woods around old Nanticoke than in all Maine, judging by what I have seen."

The boys were on the tiptoe of expectancy. They had their lungs inflated for a blast. Some of the passengers had caught on to the scheme.

"Discipline him! Discipline him. First verse."

They all arose and, with all the force they could summon, half shouted, half sang Dutchy's song:

He growled so long that the gang all fled,
And went quickly out on a fly.
He growled so long that the dog dropped dead,
And the cat soon died, with a sigh.

Chorus:

Growl, growl, the growler's song,
O, won't you growl for me?
But if you growl too long, my boy,
We'll drop you in the Sea.

This was sung to the tune of "Oh, Sussannah," and at the close was followed by barks, growls, shrieks, and caterwaulings.

The effect on Croxford was paralyzing. He dropped into a seat, consternation written upon every feature of his face.

"Want another verse?" they shouted.

"No! No! For heaven's sake shut up, and I will."

After a moment's pause he said, "I say, who wrote that awful stuff?"

"We!" they all shouted.

This episode illustrated the quality of that fraternity which submits to discipline that is sometimes severe, if it is bestowed in the spirit of comradeship.

Dicky Dozen remarked, as they were passing a cemetery: "The folks are always at home there."

"And they never growl," said Burnham.

Croxford came back with the suggestive remark: "I guess some of their friends would forgive them if they might hear them even growl."

Sanford jumped up and extended his hand to Croxford, saying:

"Old fellow, that's a fine rebuke. I take it to myself, for I deserve it."

"Where's Freckles?" said Dutchy.

"He's at the other end of the car studying the timetable."

"O, he's studying deviltry, I'll bet," said Dutchy. "His left eyelid is drooping. There's mischief afoot."

"Who's that snoring?" inquired Croxford.

"Burnham, of course," answered the "Old Man." "He's got the whole seat and needs it. Ain't he happy?"

Big Ki was oblivious to everything. His fat arms were spread out on the top of the seat, his head thrown back, his collar buried in the fatty folds of his neck, his mouth open, and he was snoring like a porpoise.

"He wouldn't give a cent to be in Paradise," Dicky remarked.

"He's already there, and has a front seat," said Rudolph.

"I wonder what Freckles is up to?" asked the lieutenant.

Freckles could be seen talking earnestly to a brakeman on the platform. When he came in there was a merry twinkle in his good eye, as he signalled for the boys' attention. The seven heads were soon near together, and Freckles made known to them his "damming scheme," as Croxford termed it.

"I say," he began, "the next stopping place is Burnham, named after our Ki, I

suppose. Keep still. Don't wake him. I have arranged with the brakeman with the trombone voice to come in and shout close to Ki's ear, '*Burn-ham! Burn-ham!*' as loud as he can yell; and we're all to join in. It will wake him if anything can, and he'll jump up and look around in a dazed way, trying to collect himself; then the brakeman is to look straight at him and call out, sort of interrogatively, as though he had met him somewhere, '*Burnham? Burnham?*' We're not to join in this second shout, but appear unconcerned. Ki will be in a state of mind, and will probably try to say something, when the brakeman is to scream out again, and we are to join in the chorus, '*Burnham! Burnham Junction! Change cars for Brooks and Belfast!*' Have you got it? Don't forget the chorus."

"I say, fellows," said Croxford, "this isn't a fair shake. Ki will assassinate us when he finds out the joke. He's a terror when he gets mad."

"Well, we'll die laughing," said Dutchy.

The boys waited with what patience they could summon. Soon the brakeman rushed in, and bellowed, close to the ear of the sleeping man: "*Burn-ham! Burn-ham!*"

Ki sprang to his feet and looked wildly about. "I say! I say! What is it? What are you? Who am I? I say, did some one speak to me? Was I dreaming something?"

"*Burnham? Burnham?*" said the brakeman, looking straight at Ki.

"I—I say, old fellow, I beg your pardon, but you've got the better of me, I think we have met, but I don't seem to remember where."

There arose the chorus, in which the passengers in the smoker joined, for they had learned of the joke, "*Burn-ham, Burn-ham Junction. Change cars for Brooks and Belfast. Burn-ham! Burn-ham!*"

Ki sat back in his seat, while all in the car roared.

Ki remained perfectly quiet for a time. Gradually the laughing ceased. The silence



BURNHAM JUNCTION.

that followed was painful. Some were wondering how Ki would take it. He was naturally a very good-natured man; but when aroused he was determined and fierce. If he once got the idea that he had been imposed upon he was sure to punish the offender.

Broadhead was about to break the silence when Ki spoke, saying very calmly: "Radcliffe, was the name of that station Burnham?"

"Yes. Burnham Junction."

"I am glad to learn that was its name. If you had made it up I should have felt pretty badly, and perhaps some of you would. Radcliffe, that was a good one on me," continued Ki, "and I congratulate you. By the way, Broadhead, have you heard how Newman is getting along?"

"Yes," said Broadhead. "He's very tired, and coughing a little but his courage is good."

Burnham arose and went back to visit Newman.

"I was just a little afraid," said Dutchy, "that Ki would get his Standard Oil up; and I guess he would if that station hadn't really been Burnham."

As they swept around a long curve they found themselves looking down upon the beautiful Penobscot river. A belated Boston steamer was passing. They could see the clustering spars of the ships, and soon the two cities, Bangor and Brewer, were in view. The beauty of the scene brought exclamations of admiration from many of the students. Even Croxford admitted that the farther east one went the finer the towns were.

"But where are the woods?" Glancing around he said: "Excuse me. I forgot."

After leaving Bangor there were many fine views, and at length they came to where the Penobscot makes a great bend. The opposite shore was well wooded and far to the east old Black Cap looked benignly down upon them.

Freckles jumped up and rushed across the aisle crying out: "Do you see a deer swimming across the river there?"

There was a rush to the windows. "Where is he?" "Point him out!" "Don't see him!" were the exclamations, as six or seven heads were trying to crowd through three windows.

"Where is he, Freckles?" said the lieutenant.

Croxford had rushed out on the platform with his kodak. The boys were suffering to see something wild.

"Look! Look!" cried Freckles.

"We are looking," said the captain, "but I don't see him."

"Nor I," they all chorused.

"Don't you really see him?" said Radcliffe.

"No," cried Dutchy. "Come here and point him out before we get past. I wouldn't miss seeing him for a box of monkeys. Point him out, Freckles."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't see him."

"You said you did."

"O no. I only asked if you saw him."

Croxford said angrily, "I s'pose you think that is a great joke."

"O no. Only an ordinary one. I am just scoring up a little; getting ready for the Allegash."

"Radcliffe," said Broadhead, seriously, "that kind of joking may prove a boomerang. You may want us to look when there *is* something to see. You may want us to come to you in good earnest when you need our help, and, thinking it a joke, we may not look, we may not come."

"That's right, Captain," cried Croxford. "I want to serve a notice on Freckles right here, that henceforth I will never take him seriously. He has fooled me twenty times since I left home, and he'll never do it again."

"Be careful, Croxford," said Sanford, "or we'll have to sing the second verse."

"O spare me! Spare me! That would be worse than one of Freckles' jokes."

"I wonder where Dicky Dozen is," said Sanford, "I haven't seen him since we left Bangor."

"He's made friends with the baggage-man," replied the "Old Man," "and he's having a great time. Dicky has given him one of his books and a magazine. He has stuffed Dicky full of big yarns about the Maine woods, and Dicky believes everything he has told him. We shall get it all before long."

Dicky soon came rushing into the smoker, and in an excited voice cried out: "Boys, get your guns ready as soon as you leave Orono. The baggage master told me that just above Oldtown we enter the great woods, with not an opening for forty miles, and there will be a lot of game all along the road. He says every little while (and Dicky's eyes fairly bulged out) it happens that a great buck gets right on the track, and, what do you think?—stops the train!"

"A big she-buck?" said Radcliffe, drooping one corner of his eye.

"Yes, a big she-buck," said Dicky, breathlessly. And, not noting the roars of laughter that followed, he continued: "And, do you know, if they won't get off the track the law allows some one on the train to shoot them, even if it is August; and the baggage-man is going to arrange for me to get the first shot. Boys, you shall have some of the venison for supper."

"Your chickens are hatching pretty fast," drawled the Old Man.

Dickey did not notice the interruption, but continued: "He says bears just run around there in droves, and we cannot help seeing a great many of them before we reach the lake. My ar'n't we going to have some fun? You had better get down your takedowns."

"That sounds like something," said Croxford. "That's an improvement on Freckles' ghastly jokes."

"Well," said Broadhead, "I think you

will find this the biggest joke of them all."

"O no," answered Dicky, straightening up, "it's a dead sure thing. I know the man was telling the truth. He talked so soberly and was so earnest."

Most of the students wished to believe Dicky, and if the baggageman had had sense enough not to have drawn such a long bow he would have completely fooled them.

"We take on our Indian guide at Oldtown," the lieutenant informed them.

"A real Injin?" cried Dicky, excited at once.

"Yes, and the only pure-blooded one left."

Dicky proceeded to forget all about she-bucks and droves of bears, and the moment the brakeman shouted Oldtown, he rushed out ahead of every one to see a real live "Injin."

CHAPTER III

THE INDIAN

The Lackawannas, who had been riding in the smoking car, when they reached Oldtown rushed to the platform, Dicky in the lead, to look for the Indian, Joe Mattawan.

Even Freckles felt an interest, although it was not manifested. They looked about, but saw no Indian. The conductor was crying, "All aboard!"

"Get aboard, fellows," said Broadhead. "Maybe Mattawan went up this morning."

"I say, Lieutenant," said Croxford, "I don't believe there's an Indian in this country. I begin to suspect this is one of Freckles' jokes."

"Croxford," drawled the old man, "I rather think you would suspect Freckles if you were going to heaven."

"Possibly. But one thing is certain, I shouldn't expect to meet him there."

Freckles heard it all, but said nothing. They had found seats in the car next to the smoker. Croxford was saying: "I wonder how Freckles managed to fool the captain and lieutenant about that Indian. I am glad it's one on them," when the door of the car opened and Dicky cried out: "Eureka! Eureka! The big Injin is in the smoker, smoking! He's as dumb as an oyster. Don't believe he speaks English. There's another Injin with him. Come out, captain, and help me open him up."

They found the two Indians in the smoker, neither of whom seemed to notice the youngsters.

"That's Mattawan next to the window."

Broadhead addressed the Indian. "Is this Mr. Mattawan?"

The Indian slowly removed his pipe, gave a furtive glance at the big youth and re-

plied, without looking at anyone: "Joe; Joe Mattawan sometime."

"Mr. Mattawan—I mean Joe—or Mattawan—my name is Broadhead, and I am one of the officers of the 'Lackawannas' who are to camp at Moosehead. I understand you are to be one of our guides. We expected to join you here. This is Lieutenant Sanford."

"Joe—better," grunted the Indian without noticing anyone in particular.

One after another all of the students shook hands with the undemonstrative old man.

When Freckles was introduced, Joe showed interest and instead of replying to his "How do you do Mattawan?" looked at the tall, awkward figure in front of him, seeming to note the outstanding ears, the freckled face, the drooping eyelid, and said quietly; "Good moose hunter. Long leg, big ear. See one eye."

Dicky chimed in, saying, "He can see with both eyes, Joe, when he wants to.

Show him, Freckles, that you've got two eyes."

"This is Mr. Richard Twelves, Joe," said the Captain. "We call him Dicky."

Dicky, with a smile, stuck out his little hand, but as Joe did not seem to see it Dicky grasped Joe's with both of his saying, "You are the first real Indian I ever saw. I am mighty glad to see you."

"Ugh, too bad."

Broadhead said: "Joe, may I ask who is this friend of yours?"

"My son. He go too. Been up lake fix camp. Come back for canoes and wangan."

"What is your son's name?"

"Call em Francis. Mother French girl."

"Is Bagley at the Lake?" inquired Sanford of Francis.

The young Indian replied in excellent English: "Yes, he went up nearly a week ago, with Mr. George Kendall, to select the camping ground on Deer Island. Mr. Kendall has made all arrangements for your

comfort. He has hired my father for a guide, me for cook, and Bagley as a sort of adviser for all. Bagley is a great woodsman."

"Have you had much experience as a cook?"

"Five winters in logging camps; sometimes with sportsmen."

"Have the supplies gone up?"

"Canoes, tents, blankets from Oldtown; provisions we get at Greenville as we require them."

"Shall we get to camp to-night?"

"Certain. Only ten miles from Junction."

"How far up the lake is our camp, Joe?" chimed in Dicky.

"Paddleum two hour, good man. Little man—never get there."

"Out on first, Dicky," said Radcliffe. "Go to the bench."

The old Indian's face was grim. Dicky had learned his first lesson.

The captain and lieutenant gradually

drew from the Indians the fact that the camping ground was to be on the south shore of Deer Island in front of a grove of second growth pine. At this point the shore curves sharply in, forming a pleasant bay, and for several rods there is a sand beach, making a safe landing for canoes. To the east is a rocky promontory projecting boldly into the water. The hotel was about three-fourths of a mile away, where they could purchase milk, butter and vegetables. "Bill" as Bagley was called by the Indians, had bought what supplies they needed for the present.

"Is Mr. Kendall up there?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Went back Pennsylvania two days ago," said Joe. "Good man, tinks everyting."

At Dover, Silkman and Newman came from the Pullman and were introduced to the Indians.

Old Joe grunted his "how do," and "pretty well," "You go up Allegash?" he asked touching Newman's shoulder.

"I fear not. I shall be thankful if I am strong enough to remain at the lake a few weeks."

"You feel better in pines. Keep foot warm. Keep foot dry. Sleep warm. All right then. Joe look out."

Those who heard these remarks from the taciturn Joe were surprised, but the gentle spirit, and fair, patient face of Newman somehow had appealed to the heart of the old aboriginal.

Silkman, in his velvet coat and red fez, did not appeal to the Indian. "Allegash musquito eat him up," he said.

Dicky was a little shy of the new baggageman, after he had learned how woe-fully his credulity had been imposed upon by the former one. But he found his way into the baggage car. The baggageman was a white-haired, kindly-faced man, whose genial ways tempted Dicky to break what he had considered an approved silence, and soon he felt encouraged to relate how he had

been imposed upon by the Oldtown baggageman.

The old man smiled, and said he had no use for that kind of joking.

"That's right," cried Dicky. "You see, Mr. Snow (he had learned the man's name), we have been riding in Maine for about five hours and haven't seen any woods, and when we started from Pennsylvania we thought that as soon as we entered Maine we would enter the woods and we could shoot things right out of the window."

"What did you say your name is?" said the baggageman.

"I didn't say, but it is Richard Twelves; the boys call me Dicky Dozen."

"Are your friends in the smoker?"

"Yes, all of them."

"You had better call them in here."

Within a minute Dicky was back again with his friends.

"I understand," remarked the baggageman, "that you have been disappointed in

the State of Maine; that some of you have almost concluded that her great woods are a myth. Look!" And he pushed the door wide open.

They looked for the first time upon Maine's mighty woods. In billowy beauty the forest rolled away beyond the reach of the human eye. Far beneath them they saw the silver thread of the young Piscataquis, gradually swelling from brook to stream, from stream to river, and from river into river until it should debauch into Penobscot's broad bay.

Swiftly the tremendous panorama of "this shaggy continent of trees" passed before their vision. Here and there the giant outlines of the solitary pines—which for some defect the axe had spared—stood like prophets, dark above their deciduous confreres.

Scattered among the brighter dressed trees were the dark-coated spruce and fir with their symmetrically pointed tops pinnaled against the sky. The forest had

already been touched with the hectic beauty which precedes the glory of late September.

Far up the mountain side a red maple, like an advanced student of nature, had raised its red diploma as though announcing to the duller students around that it had finished its course for that year.

A close observer would have experienced feelings of sadness as he noted that the freshness of youth had departed from the quilted leaves of the trees. To atone for this a greater warmth remained and a matured beauty. The pomp and glory of cities grew insipid and faded from their hearts as they viewed this vast, interminable, and softly heaving sea of trees—the dear trees—the gently comforting trees,—God's temple-making trees.

Radcliffe glanced at Newman. He saw that there was a light in his fine eyes; color had mounted to his pale face; a gentle smile hung about his lips.

A sharp whistle, and then they could

descry a few houses in a small clearing ahead.

Newman gravely said, "The Lord reign-eth."

CHAPTER IV

THE CAMP

When they reached Greenville Junction, Croxford, who realized the satisfaction that his friends felt as the great panorama of the forest rolled before them, not seeing the lake, growled out, "Where is the lake, anyhow?"

"Oh, there is probably no lake here. Just one of Radcliffe's jokes," drawled the "Old Man" with a smile. Then the conductor was heard shouting, "All going up the lake remain in the car."

"I wonder," said Dicky, "if this train runs up the lake like a boat?"

"Don't you know nothing nor never did?" shot back Dutchy.

"Where did you get that, Dutchy?"

"Made it up."

"No you didn't. That's too bright for a Dutchman."

"Oh! it ain't so bright as most anybody thinks though it was," said Dutchy as he dodged a paper thrown at his head.

The train ran up a few yards to a wharf projecting into the lake. A steamer was awaiting its arrival, and surprise was expressed at seeing so handsome a boat.

Joe stepped off the train and greeted a very large, grey-haired and white-bearded man. He then turned to Broadhead and Sanford, saying simply: "Big man, Captaining."

"I think this must be Mr. Bagley," said Sanford. "You answer my uncle's description. I am Maurice Sanford, and this is Captain Broadhead."

"Yes, I am William Bagley, and at your service."

The young men were not expecting to hear this denizen of the back-woods express himself with such grace and clearness.

"Are your men all here?"

"All here, Mr. Bagley."

"Have them go aboard. Was your baggage checked through to Capen?"

"Yes."

On the boat Bagley was introduced to the Clan. They observed him sharply, for with him rested the success of the expedition. His age is against him, they thought, but when they looked into his strong face and saw shining out of the grave, blue eyes the light of unflinching fortitude; noted the massive shoulders and the swelling breast, the long limbs, the suddenly-acquired momentum whenever he moved, and heard the clear tones of his voice, they forgot the age which the whitened beard and hair betrayed and felt only that a man was to lead them.

"Fellow students," said Broadhead, "let it be understood that from this hour William Bagley is to be our chief."

The new chief said, "Boys, I will do all I can to make this undertaking a success. I am sure we can work together. Do any

of you prefer to stop at Capen's hotel instead of going to the camp?"

"I think my cousin and I will remain at the hotel. Ralph is very tired."

"O no, Louis," said Newman, "let's go with the boys. I am anxious to get into camp."

"Good," grunted Joe. "Pine, big medicin. Makeum strong."

Some disappointment was felt by the students at the narrowness of the lake at the foot. The great arm on the east side, that swept down to Greenville, they could not see. But when they had passed Burnt Jacket and saw the sweep of the Lily Bay waters, on whose bosom Sugar Island with its 5000 acres, and Deer Island with its 2200 acres rested with no seeming disproportion, they were content.

"I wonder what mare's nest Dicky has struck now? He looks as excited as a pullet that has just laid her first egg," said Freckles. "Well Dicky, what is it?"

"I have just found out two of the funniest things you ever heard of."

"Out with 'em, Dicky," said Burnham.

"Do you know, the captain of this boat is a woman?"

"O pshaw!" grunted Croxford. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why, I heard Sachem Joe say, as he pointed to the captain, 'She great Captain, all time.'"

Dicky could not understand the shout that followed. The Chief, seeing Dicky's perplexity explained that both the French and Indians were prone to mix their gender.

Dicky was about to move away when the "Old Man" said: "Tell us about the other funny thing."

"I don't dare to. I suppose I must be mistaken, but one of the crew pointed out a great big thing away up in the bay that looked as large as a log house and said it was a crow's nest. Of course it couldn't be

a crow's nest as large as that, but what did the fellow mean?"

The Chief, who had already discovered the susceptibility of his young friend, again explained the seeming paradox by telling him that it was the name of a popular camp.

"Now come forward, all hands," he continued, "and I think we can see our camp. Do you see that flag flying above the pines, on the port side?"

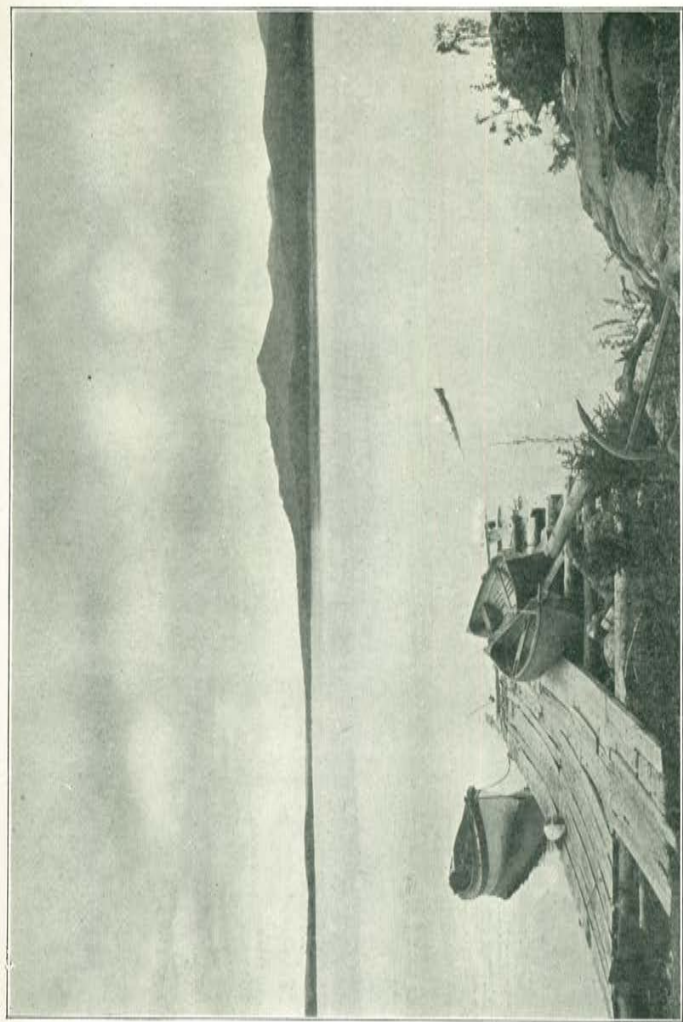
"Yes, yes!"

"In a few moments you will see the two white tents, and a large tent in the center, under the trees. Knowing where to look, I can see them now."

"So can I! So can I!" they all cried.

Capt. Broadhead called for three cheers for Camp Lackawanna, and for the first time the waters of Moosehead echoed back on that wild shore the beautiful Indian name, Lackawanna.

The night was falling. The Lily Bay mountains, twenty-five miles away, were



MOOSEHEAD LAKE FROM CROW'S NEST.

drawing over their crowns the purple mantle of sleep. Old Burnt Jacket's patch was still a vivid green. The great wooded islands, now plainly in view, seemed nestling into the smooth waters as though preparing for their night's rest. Beyond and over the islands could be seen the crowns of Spencer mountains, which Chief Bagley said had been named by the Indians Kokadjo, "the kettle," and Sabotawan, "the pack," because of their shape and the tradition which attached to them. "I will tell you their story, sometime. But let us look now."

"Louis," said Newman, with a tremor in his voice, "will you ever again be contented in a city? I never shall. Do you know that I begin to have faith in what Indian Joe said, 'pine, big medicine.' He might have said Moosehead great doctor. Say, Louis, isn't this beautiful? Wouldn't it be wonderful if I should really get back my health here?"

"Why you dear old fellow, you spoke my very thoughts. I think Joe was right."

As the boat neared Capen's landing the boys were called forward by the Chief.

"All of you who have ever paddled a canoe, raise your hands."

Dicky, Radcliffe and Ki Burnham responded.

"How many can row a boat?"

All raised their hands, save Newman.

"We have three canoes (four including Joe's), and two boats. Mr. Radcliffe, you will take the green canoe with some light baggage and Mr. Grubb. Mr. Burnham, you and Mr. Croxford, with your light baggage, guns, rods, etc., will take the red canoe. Lieutenant Sanford, you take the slate-colored one and your brother and Mr. Twelves. Joe says he will take care of Mr. Newman and Mr. Silkman. Francis, Captain Broadhead and myself will follow in the large boats with the heavy baggage."

"Joe, you take the lead and keep to the left of Whiskey Island. The cookee will probably have supper ready by the time we get there. Here we are, boys, at the land-

ing. The boats and canoes are inside the little dock. Enter them from the shore-side."

The night was fast coming on, yet it was light enough to discern the little bay formed by the wings of the log dock. Just above they could see the Capen house with its inviting lights, but it offered no temptation to these young men with the allurements of a real camp now so near at hand.

Joe had made Newman comfortable by laying his camp spread in the bottom of the canoe forward, and supporting his back against the thwart, which was cushioned by part of the spread.

"Move out into the lake, Joe, and let the others follow. Wait there. We will soon be with you," said the Chief.

In a few moments the order came, "Go ahead, Joe," and the canoes shot forward. They glided along the shore of the rocky promontory which projected some distance into the lake. When they had swung around the point and turned to the west

the boys' eyes were gladdened by the sight of three camp fires; two of them were high up and burned like torches, revealing the open white tents and the darker outlines of something that looked like a long building between them.

The tents were in the open, but just back of them could be seen the dark skirts of the pines.

Out of the darkness Newman heard the soft voice of the Indian saying, "Newman warm?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Good."

The lower fire lighted the sandy shore where they were to land. Joe was out and pulling up the canoe before his passengers realized that they had reached the shore. The little cookee, left in charge of the camp, stood ready to pull up the other canoes. Joe helped his passengers to land, and said: "You go fire. Keep warm. Joe come purty soon. Got help big boat."

The Chief landed his passengers and commanded, "Boys, follow me."

The dark building proved to be a large California tent loaned to the Lackawannas by Mr. Kendall. It was twenty-five feet long by sixteen feet wide, with a six foot wall and a Roman roof. It was to be used as a dining and club room. Not even Sanford had any idea that his uncle had had this tent sent to Moosehead for their use. When the Chief called, "We are here, Peter; open up," the cloth door was lifted, and they were told to enter "Kendall Hall." They beheld a pleasing prospect. Midway the brightly lighted tent was a long table, and on it a bounteous repast was laid; not of dainties, but of that solid food known to the camper. Piled high in bright tin pans were doughnuts, gingerbread, cookies, brown bread and hot biscuits; while the inevitable baked beans in surprising quantities bulwarked all.

At the end of the tent a fire was burning

in a Franklin fireplace, and on the hearth was a huge pot of steaming coffee. Right and left were benches covered with blankets and pillowed with the spills of the aromatic fir. Upon the floor were scattered rugs of deer, fox and bear skins. Over the entrance hung the head of a great moose. In the center of the tent the flag was draped. In each corner barrels had been placed filled with forest ferns. Bright hammocks were swung here and there, while great rustic chairs with bright cushions, stood about. The colors of their Alma Mater festooned the roof, and at one side on a long strip of white cloth were the words: "Welcome, Lackawanna," worked out with the green of the unwithering arbor vitæ. At the right of the entrance was a bench covered with white oilcloth, and on this were placed pails of water and basins, with towels conveniently near.

"Walk right in, Captain; why do you hesitate?" said the Chief.

"Mr. Bagley, we were not expecting this. I can speak for all when I say that I don't know what to say," replied Broadhead.

"Well, come in and eat while supper is hot. You must be hungry. We have arranged for the captain to sit at the head of the table, the lieutenant at the foot, and an equal number right and left. Peter, is the coffee ready?"

Each man found a place at the table. Peter stood with the hot coffee pot in hand, as if waiting for something. The boys looked up to see the grey-haired Chief step to the side of the chair where their captain sat, and, closing his eyes, say, "Let us thank God for this auspicious and happy opening of our undertaking: We thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, that Thou hast permitted us to meet here on the border of the forest under such happy omens. May each and every one present be blessed with health and strength coming from Thy hand. We know that in proportion as every man pres-

ent is true to himself, his comrade and his God, so will be the measure of his happiness. Amen."

Speeches followed the supper, and toasts of milk were drunk to Chief Bagley, Sachem Joe, Francis, and to little Peter.

After supper the Chief informed them that there were bunks enough in the hall to accommodate part of them, and that in the white tent at the left, a regular camp bed had been prepared.

"All who would like to commence at once and accustom themselves to the real camp bed, such as we all must use on our Alle-gash trip, can begin to-night."

"How many will the bed accommodate?" inquired Burnham cautiously.

"Five easily."

"Do we have to lie on the ground?" inquired Croxford.

"I think I had better explain how the camp bed is made: The tent is fifteen feet long. We begin laying down rather coarse boughs of fir and spruce, the fir at the bot-

tom as they are rather sticky. Then we use smaller boughs for the next layer, and for the top the twig boughs. In this way you do not feel the branches of the bottom layers. We lay at the foot a birch or maple log four to six inches through, and the same at each side. We elevate the head by using more boughs. We have divided the bed in this case into spaces of about three feet by laying down small poles. Over these we lay the camp spread."

"You all have new blankets, I see. Have any of you cut them in two?"

Dutchy, Burnham and Croxford confessed that theirs had been cut and hemmed at home.

"You'd better sew them together again, providing they are large ones."

"Why?" asked Croxford.

"It is very important to keep the feet warm. If the blankets are closed, the feet will stay covered, however large."

Dicky chuckled as he remarked, "He's sized you up, Crox."

"A man will manage to keep the clothes over his body if he is half asleep, when he cannot summon energy enough to cover his feet, even if he realizes that they are cold and he is uncomfortable."

"That's very true, Chief," said Radcliffe. "I have experienced that myself."

It was decided that Radcliffe, Burnham, Dutchy, Dicky and the "Old Man" were to sleep on the camp bed. The captain, Lieutenant Sanford, Silkman, Newman and Croxford were to bunk in the Hall. This settled, they all went back to the Hall, spread themselves around in hammocks, on the "Deacon seats" and the great chairs, and began telling stories and cracking jokes with great gusto.

Then came bed time. And such sleep! He only who has experienced the sleep that comes to man in the woods, where there is warmth and ease and freedom, can realize what it is to feel himself glide into the mystic world,—his senses steeped in utter forgetfulness.

Once only, did Newman wake. He felt that someone was near him. He realized that he was cold, and he further realized that someone was spreading a blanket over him. "Is that you, Joe?"

"Joe here. 'Fraid Newman cold. Cold make cough."

"I was a little cold, Joe. Thank you."

CHAPTER V

FIRST MORNING

It was the voice of Sanford that the sleepers in the camp tent first heard, that morning.

"Wake up there, fellows! Don't you see it is daylight?"

"Don't see anything!" growled Croxford.

Sanford seeing that his brother was not there, inquired "Where's Rudolph?"

"The question is, Where am *I*?" drawled Burnham, digging his eyes. "Do I sleep or am I dreaming?"

"Rudolph is all right, Lieutenant," said Dicky. "I think Joe called him out to go fishing. His pajamas hang there, but his clothes are gone."

"Did you see him get up?"

"No. I only felt him. Couldn't open my eyes."

The lieutenant being satisfied that his brother was all right continued, "I say, Radcliffe, did you sleep any?"

"Upon my word, Lieutenant, I haven't slept a wink since seven o'clock."

"Why, it's only six now."

"I know it, but you see, I shall be an hour waking up."

Then there was a shout from the lake, and Dutchy cried, "Come out, fellows, come out and see the sight of your lives."

All rushed out to see a canoe approaching the shore paddled by Joe with Rudolph standing in the bow and tantalizingly displaying a string of lake trout.

Burnham rushed into the water and reached for the fish, saying, "Just let me feel of them! I never saw such a sight! Why, they will weigh five pounds apiece. Aren't they beauties? I would have given two barrels of oil to have caught them."

"That would be about fourteen cents at the well. You are bidding high, Ki," remarked Freckles.

"Say, Old Man," cried Dicky, "did you catch them all?"

"He catch'em all. Lost three. Joe to blame," said the Indian.

"O, no, Joe, I should have lost them all if it hadn't been for your help."

"How did it feel when one of those big fellows seized the hook?" inquired Burnham.

"Why, the big one took hold first when we were paddling out, trolling with an Archer spinner. I just yelled like a Comanche. Joe, he smiled just in the corners of his eyes. 'Reel him up, slow. Got him,' he said. I had only one hundred feet of line out, but I had about six hundred feet of the greatest fun a man ever had. I came near tipping over the canoe when the fish broke water about twenty feet away. Joe said, 'Keep body still. Use arms, hands. I take 'em in soon. Let 'em go when fish turn, get tired soon!' My! fellows, wasn't that sport!"

"I should say so," shouted Dicky. "And

I'd have given ten dollars to have been there."

"Father, if you will dress the fish we will have them for breakfast," said Francis.

"By Jiminy!" said Dicky, "that's quick work. Why, those fish are kicking now."

"Fry pan stop that," said Joe.

"I am going to take a dip right in my per-jams. Come on all of ye," said Radcliffe, and in another moment Ki, Freckles and Dicky were splashing in the clear and exhilarating water. Dutchy could not withstand the temptation when called upon to take off his store clothes and wash the city dirt off his anatomy.

Francis appeared and shouted, "Hurry up, men. Breakfast will be ready in just six minutes. You want to eat it while it's hot."

There was a rush for the tent, a pulling down of individual wangans (clothing bags) and in a remarkably short time every one

except Newman and Silkman appeared in rough flannel toggerie that they had brought for camping.

"Where is the Chief?" inquired Broadhead as they gathered around the table.

"He is coming in from Capen's with milk and butter."

"Hurrah for the land that flows with milk and butter, say I," cried Burnham.

Pitchers of milk were placed upon the table, and again Peter stood by with the steaming coffee-pot and paused while the hunter invoked a simple blessing.

The breakfast was a great success, and a toast of milk was drunk to the "Old Man" for being the first one among them to do something.

After breakfast the Chief requested that they remain in their seats as he had something to say to them.

"Boys," he began (there was still the same kindly warmth in the way he said "boys"), "I think you will agree with me that it is necessary that we have camp regulations.

As far as possible I want you to govern yourselves, leaving to me only the carrying out of your wishes. To save time I have drawn up a code of rules which, if they meet your approval, we will all adhere to.

"First, we will arise at five o'clock. Breakfast at five forty-five; the interim to be used as you see fit; then bathing, boating, possibly a little fishing if wind and weather serve. Dinner at twelve. Supper at six."

"Every morning except when it rains, your bedding is to be taken out and thoroughly aired. The camp to be in charge of some one who is to be called 'officer of the day.' As the Captain is the oldest man, he is to serve first, to be succeeded by the next oldest. His duties are to see that the camp is kept tidy and the regulations adhered to. He is not to leave the camp grounds during his day of service, and is to have full authority to enforce all rules and regulations."

"Joe and myself will be at your command. Another thing: Those who have had no experience with a canoe must not

venture on the lake alone until they have had instructions how to manage one. In entering the woods from the shore of the lake, make sure of the direction you take, and never go into the woods without a compass, a hatchet and matches."

"It is rather late in the season for fishing, but as there is a heavy fog, and the wind is right, the chances are that, if we can get away at once and fish in deep water, we may get a few. The success of Sanford was unusual for this season and it encourages me. Shall we go?"

"Aye, aye," all shouted.

"Joe, make ready the large boats. Let each man bring an Archer spinner and an assortment of flies. It will be eleven o'clock before the fog lifts, and then it will be hot. We will troll a little along the point. If we have no success we can pinch a little lead just above our flies and fish deep.

They were soon on the fishing ground and as it often happens the best luck attended the "tenderfeet." In Joe's boat several

large togue struck the spinners nearly simultaneously; then there followed the confusion and excitement which only those can appreciate who have seen a boat load of greenhorns catching their first big fish and trying to land them.

Newman was seated at the bow, facing the stern. He held a trolling line in his hand rather listlessly looking at the great black rock before him. All at once his line was snatched from his hand and began to spin over the gunwale.

"Look out, Newman! You will lose your line. Put your foot on it. You should have had a rod and reel," said the Chief.

Newman looked amazed, but he checked the running line; then taking hold of it he felt that electrifying tug which a great fish transmits along the line, and there came to him for the first time the joy of the sportsman. Hand over hand he drew in his line. Every man watched his face. Twenty-five feet away the fish broke water.

"A five-pound square-tailer," shouted the

Chief. "You are in luck, Newman. *Look out there!* Give him line. Let him go. Now draw in again. Is he still on?"

"Yes."

"Don't pull too fast. Just keep the line taut. Slow, now, while I dip him."

In a moment the net dropped under the flashing beauty, and he was landed in the boat.

The Chief placed his thumb in the mouth of the fish and clasping it with the other hand, the thumb at the joint of the head, with a quick movement he mercifully broke its neck, saying:

"I want to congratulate Newman, for this is the largest square-tailed trout I ever saw taken in August."

Newman felt that he had suddenly been launched into a new world. The spell of the sportsman was upon him and his cheeks were flushed by the exciting struggle.

Two other good fish were taken in the Chief's boat before the javelines of the sun pierced the fog and dispelled it. They then

returned to the camp, delighted with their morning experience.

"Boys," said the Chief, "how would you like to do a little hard rowing after you have had your rest?" They had eaten dinner and were lying under the pines enjoying themselves.

"We are ready for anything," replied the lieutenant.

"We need a better kitchen. The one we are using is only a lean-to, and if there should come a hard rain we should have to put the stove in the big tent, and that would hurt it for dining-room and club purposes. The day you came we got a permit from the Capens to cut enough spruce and fir on the north end of the island to make a log kitchen. We have cut them and they are at the landing. If half a dozen of you will row around with Joe and me, we can boom and tow them around before night. Tomorrow we can shave them, as it is too late to peel them, and by Saturday have the kitchen up."

"Did you say that the trees will not peel now?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes. After the full moon in July hemlock, spruce and fir will not peel."

"That's an interesting thing to know," said Radcliffe.

"That's so," said Burnham. "Why is that, Chief?"

"We will man the two large boats now, and after supper I will tell you."

The captain was officer of the day so the lieutenant made up a squad composed of Radcliffe, Burnham, Dutchy, Dicky and Silkman, who had donned blue flannels and insisted that he must do his part of the work.

The boys enjoyed rolling the logs into the water, and watched with interest as Joe (who had started ahead in a canoe with the necessary rigging) and the chief ran a boom around the logs. Then, securing the row boats tandem at the narrow end, they were told to go ahead. It was a hard pull, for when they struck the narrows between the

two islands there was a light breeze moving up from the south, and they made headway slowly. But after two hours of hard rowing they reached the camp.

As they were passing Capen's, one of the steamers was making a landing and they heard someone shouting, "Have you got room over there for a red-headed fellow with a big appetite?"

"It's Dan; it's Dan Bartlett," cried Dicky.

"Hello Dan! Hello Dan! That you?" they all shouted.

"I guess so. Here's my signal," and he took off the big hat, revealing his red hair.

"It is Dan," said the lieutenant. "Now we shall have some singing, for with our tenor sick and no bass we can't do much."

"Are you paralyzed, boys?" cried the Chief from the other boat.

"Beg pardon, Chief," said the lieutenant. "We just discovered that one of our classmates has landed from the steamer. He

will be a big addition to our company. Will you have Joe stop and take him over to the camp?"

"Certainly. Tell your friend to wait and someone will come after him."

Joe paddled to the little dock and was soon alongside the big boat. The newcomer must have been pleased with the cordial manner in which he was received. They could not shake hands with him but their glad voices conveyed their welcome.

Daniel Bartlett would have been an addition to any crowd of sportsmen. He was well built, and showed the athlete in every movement. His complexion was fresh and fair and the forehead very white; the eyes were large and dark brown, almost black. A mischievous smile looked out from them, to which the dimpled cheek gave emphasis. The mouth was strong and large. But the striking thing about him was the brilliant red hair, which was worn pompadour and lengthened the face enormously.

"Did you bring any music?" inquired Radcliffe.

"Brought all we had at the Institute and a banjo besides."

"We'll make the woods ring to-night," said Dutchy.

"Chief," said Radcliffe, "this is the missing link, known as Sir Daniel Bartlett. He's the reddest headed man in Pennsylvania. He's got medals to prove it."

Dan expressed his delight with everything. "It looks just as I wanted it to. I couldn't come before. I had to wait until after my brother's wedding, and I didn't know but it would be too late. But here I am, and ready for anything."

"Here are the rules," said the lieutenant. "Our Chief is big enough to enforce them, and we'll back him up."

"What is he like?" said Dan.

"What's he like!" said the usually taciturn Burnham. "Why he's like the best man that God ever made."

After supper they went out to watch the

setting sun. The crown of Old Squaw seemed touched with gold, and to the east the great bulk of the Lily Bays, "standing in listening silence," lifted themselves above the forest sea.

Dan remarked, and a curious smile broke over his face, "For two cents I would cry, fellows, just for joy. I have seen something of this world, but Moosehead lake is the fairest spot in nature."

"So say we all of us," quoted Captain Broadhead. "Let's go in and have a sing."

They began by singing "Tenting on the old camp-ground" as an appropriate subject but Croxford asked them to drop the tune that the old cow died on and sing something lively. Dicky started a Swiss yoddlle and the accompaniment was limited to the sextette that could sing. Then came the old favorite, "The Old Folks at Home" in which all joined. Then followed solos until it came Dan's turn when he said: "I say isn't this rather one-sided? Why shouldn't some of you fellows who can't sing, talk?

The Lord knows you can do that all right. Let the mutes tell a story."

"Hear! Hear!" was the cry.

"Why can't the chief tell us about those trees now?" said Croxford.

This suggestion was received with applause and the captain turned to the Chief, saying:

"Chief, it is your turn now. Please tell us why trees will not peel readily at this season of the year."

"Members of the human family," began the old guide, "grow night and day, winter and summer, until they reach maturity. But the members of the tree family prepare in April for their yearly growth, and by August, in most cases, have finished for that year. In April, May and June, the tree begins to form a cylinder of soft, tender cells between the bark and wood. This the botanists call 'cambium;' but when I was a boy we had another name for it, 'sliver.' In the spring we used to climb into the pine tops, where the outer bark was

smooth, and cut it away until we reached this tender fiber. This we would remove with our knives and eat greedily, for it was sweet and nutritious. It is a well-known fact that many Indian tribes have, in the spring, subsisted upon the cambium of the trees. What we call 'slippery elm' is this same soft matter made more consistent by the process of time."

"Before this cambium has hardened into the real wood of the tree, the bark, as the English say, will 'run,' for a spud can be easily introduced between the old bark and the wood owing to the yielding nature of this edible 'sliver.' You know when you grease a wagon axle how easily the wheel turns or comes off, but when the oil hardens or becomes dry the wheel will stick."

"I understand the making of the wood by the hardening of the cambium, but when is the bark made?" said Burnham.

"Bark is made at the same time and by the same process. When the cambium is in

that flowing condition a certain amount of it clings to the inner surface of the old bark, or 'the inner union suit,' as Maud Going calls it, and there forms new bark, gaining its color by absorbing the properties of the old bark. You now understand why a tree peels readily in the spring and not in the fall."

"That is perfectly clear," replied the captain, "but how about grafting?"

"It is very simple, and sometimes nature will do her own grafting. You have noticed, I dare say, the two beeches just below our landing, whose tops have grown together. As these trees grew they gradually approached each other until they met. The wind thought it would do a little grafting; it chafed the two trunks together until the rough bark was worn off and the young cambium on the two trees came in contact. Then the wind kindly ceased to blow long enough for these two trees to be wedded, for you see that they cling one unto the other, though in unions of this kind the

branches above the point of union are rarely vigorous.

"The grafter understands the nature of the cambium, and introduces into the midst of these growing cell tissues a sprig of a tree of the same genus. Charged with the same vital element they readily enter one into another, and the union is perfect."

"What about that pine with the two tops near the Capen house?" inquired Dutchy.

"I will try to explain that, although some of you probably already know why in some cases pines have double tops."

"The pine tree is a favorite with the poets. John Burroughs' essay on 'A Spray of Pine' is a poem. I hope you have all read it. He quotes from the poets, and the citation from Lowell particularly applies to our time and place here.

I haunt the pine-dark solitudes
With soft brown silence carpeted.

"I think I love the pines above all the trees. They are built upon the principle of

fives, as a rule. They have five whorls and their needles are arranged in groups of five. The whorls around the limbs are prone to be in fives. Burroughs says, 'it is a tree of silence,' and I cannot do better than quote this passage from him.

“‘How friendly the pine-tree is to man—so docile and available as timber, and so warm and protective as shelter. Its balsam is salve to his wounds, its fragrance is long life to his nostrils; an abiding, perennial tree, tempering the climate, cool as murmuring waters in summer and like a wrapping of fur in winter.’”

“The pine tree has one weakness not known to a deciduous tree. It has no power to put forth new buds, leaves, or branches, if they are once removed. Strip a pine of its leaves, buds and branches, and it may still live but will make no growth, will put forth no new buds, branches, or leaves. Strip the maple, as the ice storm does, and it will reclothe its denuded trunk, with no apparent loss of vigor or beauty.

When a pine tree loses its topmost shaft it is never renewed, but dies down, for lack of 'elaborated sap' made by its leaves, to the whorl below. Then a curious thing takes place. Two of the upper limbs take it upon themselves to substitute themselves for the proud top that has been removed. Each year these limbs gradually rise. The third year they will stand at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the trunk. By the fifth year, if the tree is vigorous, their tops point directly to the zenith, and they have been promoted from humble branches to the proud place of the tree's crown. Should it chance that the food of the tree is not sufficient to maintain both of the aspiring limbs, one of them will gradually droop and fall back into its humble function as a limb, while the other, enjoying now all of the vigor of the flowing blood-sap, holds itself proudly aloft, above its humbler fellows."

"Chief," said Broadhead, "have you

gained all this information solely through observation?"

"O, no, Nature has many secrets that she will divulge only to a scientific searcher. I think it was Pascal who wisely said, 'Common things are known to be loved. Divine things must first be loved to be known.'"

"Mr. Bagley, have you ever followed a profession?"

"No, unless school teaching is a profession. Most of the time for twenty years I have taught school in winter; the common branches, of course. That associated me with books. Saturday forenoons I was in the habit of delivering short talks upon trees, shrubs, flowers, and kindred subjects. They proved interesting to the scholars, and to many of the parents, who were sure to be present. After reading Burroughs, Maud Going, Thoreau, Thaler, and other such authors, I would go into the fields and woods with every faculty alert, and could see and

understand things that I should have otherwise passed by unheeding."

"Have you ever travelled?"

"No. My first city I have yet to see."

"It's up to you, Radcliffe," said the captain.

"It ought to be up to Dicky. He's 'it.' What? Don't you know the story? Well, then I will begin. You know there is a sanatorium on the outskirts of our town and it is Dicky's custom to take a constitutional walk once in a while. One of his favorite walks is out past the sanatorium and one day, tempted by the fine pathways, he entered the grounds. They are extensive and Dicky was some distance from the gate when he saw a man sitting at the side of the walk. Immediately his imagination got to working and he wondered just how sane the man was and if there was any danger. As he passed him he noticed that the man eyed him sharply and after he had passed, out of the corner of his eye he saw the man get up and follow him. He hastened his pace and

the follower did the same. He quickened it more and felt that he was not gaining. Then he began to trot and the man did the same. By this time Dicky was thoroughly frightened and he put on full steam. The man was between him and the road and the only escape was over a wall and into the woods. Before he reached the wall, Dicky felt his strength giving out and wondered if he would have strength to escape when he stumbled and found his insane pursuer upon him. He was about to commend himself to his mother when the man tapped him twice on the shoulder and said: 'You're it' and ran away as if inviting him to catch him."

There was a roar of laughter at Dicky's expense who took it all in good part and said:

"I move that there be a fine of one dollar for every 'chestnut' and in view of the rankness of Radcliffe's that he be fined twenty."

"I object" came from all sides.

"All you can expect from any story-

teller to-day," said Radcliffe," is that he will trim the whiskers of his jokes. If he manages to introduce them with a clean shave and a collar and necktie, he is as deserving as the man that makes two blades grow, etc."

"Well," said Dicky, "if we can't have a fine we ought to have a chestnut bell to ring every time a very old one is told. I had hopes that you would adopt it but if not,—say, did you ever hear the story of the hod-carriers and their bet?" If they had heard it, nobody ventured to say so and Dicky kept on with his story. "Mike Donahue was bragging of his strength and his friend Pat Burke was chaffing him. 'Why, man you're not strong at all at all. Yuh cudn't carry a goat in yer hod to the first landing stage.'

"'Git in and see,' says Mike. 'Yer a goat yerself and I'll bet yuh tin dollars I'll carry yuh to the eight staging.' In jumped Pat and Mike shouldered his hod and started up the ladder. To the first landing he went

with ease; to the second one was harder and by the time he had reached the sixth he was pretty well tuckered out. Nevertheless he started up the ladder and got along all right until he reached the last rung when his foot slipped and he would have dropped to the ground if it had not landed squarely on the rung beneath. He held on to the hod and began his ascent again and finished by landing Pat safely at the top.

“ ‘Pay yer bet,’ says Mike. ‘Pay yer bet, yuh goat and don’t say bah.’ ”

“Pat scratched his head and opening his wallet took out the ten dollars and gave it to the winner. ‘Yuh won it,’ says he. ‘Yuh won it fair, but whin yer fut shlipped at the sivinth stage, begorra I had hopes.’ ”

“Sure Mike,” cried Burnham. “You would have lost more than Pat, Dicky, if we had passed your motion by a vote. Come Dan it’s your turn now.”

“Not on your life,” said Dan. “Why this is the worst crowd I ever struck. If you were to meet the real, sure enough per-

petual motion, you'd go up, slap him on the shoulder and cry, 'Say old man, what kind of a looking fellow was Methusaleh? Besides I don't feel like it; I've eaten too much. I'm like Bill Bartlett's young brother. You know Bill Bartlett's family, Captain. The father insists that all of the family shall say grace in silence before eating. One day Bill's youngest brother, Harry, was late and the family were eating when he sat down. The fact that Harry had not said grace escaped the father until the dinner was finished and then he asked him if he had thanked God for the good dinner that had been given him. The youngster had to acknowledge that he had not and he was sent into a corner to do so. When he came back, his mother asked him if he had thanked God for his good dinner and Harry replied: 'Yes, mamma, and what do you think God said? He said "Yes, Harry, it was a good dinner but I guess if we hadn't stopped when we did we'd a busted." ' "

"Good boy, Dan," cried Radcliffe, "you

got that fellow down to a mustache and a goatee. Say, that was a good one, sure enough. It is pretty hard to get anything original in the way of a story but—”

“Oh, come, Cap.; you’re laying it on pretty thick,” said Croxford. “What do you want from Dan? You remind me of that remarkably bright little boy who made the famous answer to the school visitor. This man in talking to the children said: ‘Now children,’ taking a fifty cent piece from his pocket, ‘I am going to give this money to the little girl or little boy who makes the best answer to the question I am going to ask. Remember, the *best* answer to the question. Now, this is the question: “Whom do you love best?”’ Soon up went the hand of a little girl.

“‘Well, little girl, whom do you love best?’

“‘Please, sir, I love my mother best.’

“‘A very good answer, my little girl, but—that was hardly the answer I was looking for.’ Up went the hand of a little boy.

“ ‘Well, my little man, whom do *you* love best?’

“ ‘I love my father best,’ said the boy.

“ ‘Another *very* good answer. A very good answer, b-u-t’—Up went the hand of another boy.

“ ‘Well, my little son, whom do you love best?’ asked the visitor.

“ ‘I love my Saviour best,’ answered the boy.

“ ‘That’s the answer I was looking for,’ said the man. ‘That’s the answer. We should love our father and our mother, for so the good book commands us, but above all and beyond all should we love our Saviour. Here is the money, my dear little boy, and continue always to love your Saviour.’”

“When the children went out at recess, the visitor asked to be allowed to speak with that very bright little boy and the teacher called him in.

“ ‘So this is the nice little boy who loves his

Saviour. I'm sure he must be a good boy. What's your name, my little man?"

"'Ikey Einstein,' said the boy."

The laughter had not subsided when the captain said:

"Come, Bartlett, if you won't tell a story you must sing a song." Dan was not inclined to respond when Dutchy added:

"Yes, as the old saying is: Them as can sing and won't sing must be made to sing."

"And as the old saying isn't but ought to be," said Burnham: "Them as can't sing and will persist in singing ought to be choked." This hit at Dutchy, who while being very fond of music could not whistle Yankee Doodle without getting off the key, was greeted with shouts of laughter. Dutchy laughed with the rest and replied: "Well, if Dan won't sing, I will."

"That settles it," cried Dan and taking up his banjo he sang with gusto "In Old Madrid." After the applause had ceased, Dicky broke in with: "Say, fellows, did

you ever hear the story of the old bell at Newport?"

"No, what is it, Dicky-bird?" asked Burnham.

"No, really, fellows, haven't you heard that?"

"Why, no," they chorused, "out with it."

"I'm sorry," answered Dicky; "it can only be tolled on Sunday." There was not a smile in the whole party and Burnham looked over at him and asked without a muscle moving: "Why not? Left by will with a proviso to that effect or what?"

Dicky was nonplussed. There was the greatest gravity everywhere as he answered:

"Why, no, don't you see? It can only be told on Sunday. *Tolled* on Sunday.

"Yes, I know" said Burnham; "you said that before; but why can it only be tolled on Sunday?"

"Why don't you see? I thought that when I said that, you would think that I meant that the story could be told only on Sunday. I've told that fifty times before

and I never had anyone take it that way before."

"Well, they must be queer people to take it any other way, hey, boys?" All of the boys nodded their heads in the affirmative without the suspicion of a smile and poor Dicky was crushed until Dan went over to him and asked: "Say, if Bunker Hill monument should fall on you, would you tumble?" Then the shouts of laughter told Dicky that the joke was on him.

"Will somebody please play Old Hundred on the chimes?" said Dan. "No ordinary chestnut bell for that. Say Dicky, when is a jar not a jar? When it's a door. That's a twin brother to the tolled bell."

"Now, boys, 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and everybody that can *sing*, let them and 'them as can't' let them look wise and listen," said Burnham.

They sang this old favorite and then all the old favorites that every lot of boys, old or young, sing when they get together and they had just finished "Goodnight, Ladies"

when the Chief thought it a good time to tell them that it was bed-time and that they had a hard task ahead of them to-morrow. They straggled off to bed voicing their protest however by singing, "We won't go home till morning."

CHAPTER VI

THE SURPRISE

Night had shut down, but brightness and cheer obtained within the tent, from which they looked out into an abyss of darkness emphasized by a broad silence.

"My," said Dicky, "isn't it black out there!"

"'Chaos and old night hath come,'"
quoted Newman.

At that moment the face of Joe appeared at the lifted door. It seemed to break through the darkness. They shuddered; for what scenes of bloody history it suggested.

"What is it, Joe?" inquired the Chief.

"Come," was all the Indian said.

In a moment the two men were lost in the darkness, leaving the Clan in wonderment. Before any one could speak, Joe reappeared, and whispered:

"Put out light, queek. Come shore. No spik. Francis close tent."

When they were grouped around the boat, the Chief, speaking in a low voice, said, "Joe says that he can hear the sound of paddles out on the lake. He thinks there must be four or five canoes coming towards the camp. Keep perfectly still, and wait developments."

At last Croxford broke the silence by saying, loud enough for all to hear. "Say fellows, Freckles has fooled us all again. He got that Injun to give—" but before he could finish his sentence there was a terrific explosion, followed by flames shooting up into the air many feet, flooding with light the waters and shores of the lake. The waters appeared to be on fire for some distance around the burning pyre.

"Don't speak," commanded the Chief."

From somewhere there appeared a cordon of canoes, in each of which were three men dressed in fantastic toggerly of most improbable Indians. Round and round the

burning mountain they paddled, yelling and whooping the imagined war-cry of Indian warriors. The report of their firearms rolled over the lake, and occasionally a dull detonation was heard. Meanwhile, in motionless wonder, the Clan watched the wild proceedings. As suddenly and mysteriously as it had appeared, the mountain of light sank into the lake, and silence and darkness again reigned.

Not a word had been spoken by the Clan while the spectacle lasted. But when the "pageant faded," Broadhead said, "Chief, what may this mean?"

Before he could reply, the guttural voice of the Indian muttered, "Iroquois. Camp Lily Bay. White Canoes? Joe pretty sure. Go see."

The Chief followed the Indian to his canoe. "I will go with you. Take the forward seat, Joe."

Turning to the Clan, he said, "Boys, I propose to find out whether this is an insult and threat, or whether it is a pyrotechnical

serenade by some campers on the east side of Sugar Island. Joe seems to know something about them."

In another moment the canoe and men were lost to sight.

The Lackawannas moved towards the camp, excepting Bartlett and Radcliffe. These two had glided up the shore a few rods to where the green canoe was drawn up. There was excitement in Dan's voice as he said, "You understood my signal, I see."

"Yes," was the reply out of the darkness, "and this is our chance to do a little still-hunting."

"You understand a canoe, don't you?"

"Sure. You go forward, Dan, and keep her nose down. I have a compass. I know exactly the direction of Burnt Jacket and the Southern Point of Sugar Island. By occasionally lighting a match and looking at the compass, I think I can clear the island and make up into the bay, even if it is dark. If we hear voices, don't speak."

"Don't let them see a light, Freckles."

"No, I will hold the compass under my cap. There isn't a bit of wind."

"Say, Freckles, isn't this grand? What is it Hamlet says? 'Now could I drink hot blood.'"

"Well, you'll drink lake water, if you jump around like that. Don't forget that you are not on a raft, you lunatic. You came within an ace of throwing us both out."

Dan subsided, but his wild spirit was aroused. He must do something before morning, to be chronicled among his fellows. In college he was constantly getting into trouble. While it did not smack of viciousness or approach dishonor, yet he rode hard upon the lines of college rule and discipline, and at one time had been threatened with expulsion. He had been spared this on account of his bravery in saving from drowning a victim of hazing.

"Dan," whispered Freckles, "have you a piece of cord in your pocket?"

"Yes. The Chief told us never to be without it."

"Cut off about six feet, and tie one end into a button-hole and the other end to the canoe."

"What for?"

"The Chief explained it."

"I didn't hear him."

"If we get thrown out by striking another canoe our canoe cannot get away from us."

"That's a corker of an idea. Say Freckles, that old man grows on me. I wonder if his morning prayer is the real thing?"

"I am sure of it. You know that I am not very pious, but somehow I think I would miss something out of the day if the Chief did not give me that—what shall I say?—spiritual starter, every morning. But listen. My idea is that we may overtake some of the canoes before they reach the cove where they are camping, and while they may see us they will probably think we are of their party. Most naturally they will talk about

the night's exploit, and we can find out what their motive was. I have an idea that it was just a prank on the part of some young fellows who are camping at Lily Bay. If this proves true, we will get even with them, prank for prank."

"You bet we will."

"We must stop talking, for we are near the point of the island, and our friends, the enemy, may have thrown out a canoe picket line."

Radcliffe had the topography of the lake and the islands at that point well in his mind. He felt sure that he could clear the south point of Deer Island. Ten miles below he could faintly see the lights of the hotel. He was guiding the canoe directly towards the lights and under the western shore of the island, as he had calculated. His idea was that when he had passed the island and was in the open waters of the bay he would be made aware of it by a freer movement of the air. He judged rightly, for very soon he felt a stronger current of air coming out

of the east. At once he swung the canoe straight across the points of light at Greenville Junction.

They had not proceeded far when Dan whispered, "Hold up. Something ahead."

Freckles' paddle sank deep, and its broad blade was held firmly against the solid water. The head of the canoe swung sharply to the left, and in another moment stood motionless.

Dan stood up. His legs had been cramped, and when he arose they were stiff and difficult to command. The canoe began to rock.

"Sit down, Dan," commanded Radcliffe. "You will tip us over."

Dan attempted to do as Radcliffe bade him but he could not steady the rocking canoe. Radcliffe cried out:

"Drop quick, or we shall tip over."

The warning came too late. With his arms wildly swinging Dan fell overboard, upsetting the canoe, and both were in the water.

The canoe had dipped on the side opposite to where Dan had attached his cord, and when he fell, he pulled it completely over. Radcliff still clung to his paddle. He knew that Dan was a good swimmer and called out:

"Are you all right, Dan?"

"Yes, but I am all snarled up in this cord, and I am afraid of cramps. The water is awful cold. What can we do?"

"We must pull ourselves onto the canoe."

"How?"

"Break the cord with your feet, but don't let go the canoe. Go to your end, pull it down, and try to get astride. Work quickly, or you will get chilled and lose your strength."

Dan succeeded in getting astride his end of the canoe.

"Pull yourself along, Dan. Your weight lifts this end out of the water."

After considerable effort the two men succeeded in getting on the canoe. The situation they found themselves in was un-

pleasant. Radcliffe had lost his compass and his bearings, but he still had the paddle with which he might have slowly moved the canoe towards the shore if he had had the slightest idea in which direction it lay.

Both were shivering with cold. Their teeth chattered and Dan fairly shook the canoe with his convulsive shivers.

"I can't stand this," he groaned, between his chattering teeth. "I shall have to take to the water to keep from freezing. Got any idea where the shore is?"

"Yes, I think it is straight ahead. Don't you hear the wind moving through the trees?"

"I can't hear anything. I've got so much water in my ears. I am going to swim for it. I'd rather drown than be frozen."

"Wait a moment. I am going to call for help. The Chief cannot be far away. If we get no reply to the call, then I will take the chance with you, and we will swim."

"Can't you move the canoe with the paddle?"

"No, I've tried it, and I nearly pulled myself off. Now for it. *Hello! Hello! Help! Help!* Hold on, Dan, you are sliding off."

"I can't stand it, Radcliffe. I am freezing."

"Hold on a moment, Dan, I hear a paddle near us."

"I can't hold on any longer. If you should live through this, tell father and mother—"

Again the soft swish of the paddle, and a voice was heard saying, "Where are you?"

"Here, here," replied Dan.

"What has happened? Are you in the water?"

"No," replied Radcliffe. "We upset, and are clinging to our canoe. Do not run into us."

In another moment the canoe, with the Chief and Joe, appeared alongside.

"Jump out, Joe," commanded the Chief, "and hold the right side down while I pull in one of the boys."

"Take Dan first," said Radcliffe. "He is nearly gone."

Joe jumped into the water. Seizing the gunwale with both hands, he submerged his body to the neck. The Chief then laid his paddle upon the bottom of the upturned boat, the handle reaching over the gunwale of his own canoe.

"Put your weight on now, Joe."

Joe raised himself out of the water, his whole weight on the edge of the canoe, which kept it from upsetting as Dan slowly slid over and into the Chief's boat. It did not take so long to transfer Radcliffe.

"Now Joe, we will balance the boat while you climb in," said the chief.

"Joe swim ashore. Purty near."

"Are you sure, Joe?"

"Yes; hear tree roar right ahead."

"Well, go ahead. We will leave Radcliff's canoe here, and find it in the morning."

Very soon they heard the Indian call. "Come here. Good shore."

They were soon on the beach. Joe managed to start a fire, and when Radcliffe heard the sputtering of the match, suffering as he was from the cold, he asked Joe how he managed to keep his matches dry.

"Keep 'em little bottle."

A second fire was built, and the two shivering fellows were placed between them.

"Boys, you needn't trouble yourselves to explain how this happened. The thing to do now is to keep you from taking cold. I am going to the camp to get dry clothes for you. Joe will keep the fires burning."

Just then Joe came up with more wood, saying, "Big fire over Camp Lackawan. Guess Joe better go tell 'em all right."

"No, you stay here and keep the fires and dry yourself. I will go. I am dry."

In less than an hour the Chief was back, bringing dry clothes and blankets. They then extinguished the fires, and when they reached the camp, found all the boys up to welcome them. A bright fire was burning in the Franklin fireplace, the table was

spread and the coffee hot. It was two o'clock when they sat around that cheerful board to rejoice that their two friends had been spared.

Sometime in the night Newman awoke, alarmed and nervous. Either he had heard a cry, sardonic and inhuman, of some beast of prey, or he had dreamed it. No, he was not mistaken. Again the sharp, wild bark, close to the tent. He thought he detected the sound of stealthy footsteps. To make sure that he was awake, he reached up and touched the floor of the bunk above, where Silkman was sleeping. Then from the shore came another cry, devilish and uncanny. He had not been dreaming. The intense silence and darkness emphasized the unaccountable sound. His long sickness had made him weak, and he could not summon his courage. Once more from the lake came the cry. To add to his terror he distinctly heard some animal running across the floor.

"Joe! Joe!" he cried in agonized tones.

He knew that the Indian slept back of the Franklin fireplace.

In a moment Joe was at the side of his bunk saying, "What matter?"

"O, Joe! There are wild animals all around us, and there is one in here. I heard it."

Just then the sharp, cavernous bark was heard, and it seemed just back of the tent.

"Ugh! That red fox. Out courtin'. Sat up late like some young men."

"Are you sure, Joe?"

"Joe sure."

"And what is that sound that comes from the lake?"

"That red-eyed loon. Maybe he courtin' too."

"What a horrible sound it is."

"Joe think he laugh like devil."

"Say, Joe," whispered Silkman from above, "there is really some animal here in the tent."

"I guess um prickly pig. Joe see."

Then another voice was heard, the lieu-

tenant's this time, "I say, Joe, I haven't slept a wink to-night for thinking about the Iroquois, and the strange noises I have heard. It strikes me that the animals around here are mighty sociable."

Just then the sound of the tipping over of a tin pail was heard, followed by the splutter of a match and soon they could distinguish Joe lighting the lamp on the table. He turned to see Silkman, Newman and Lieutenant Sanford sitting upright in their bunks, all but Newman holding their rifles ready.

Joe walked around the table towards the sink where Francis had left some vegetables that were to be used for dinner the following day. There he found a hedgehog deliberately helping himself to them, undisturbed by the lighting of the room and the presence of Joe.

"Pig purty hungry. Joe likeum pig. Make fine swagun" (soup).

"Are you going to kill him?" inquired Newman.

"Joe allus killum before he eatum.
Where little Flobert?"

"Back of fireplace," said the lieutenant.

Then the Captain raised himself up.
"What's going on, Joe? Somebody had
nightmare?"

"No. Guess night pig."

Everybody laughed but Newman. Then
followed a light report.

Joe carried the body out and dressed it
before he returned. Newman wondered how
he could skin such a prickly beast. When
he returned the captain inquired, "What
time is it, Joe?"

"Purty near four. Guess Joe stay up.
Got workum hard all day. Res' sleep."
And they did. The light was flooding the
tent with the glory of an eastern morn,
when the captain sprang out of his bunk
soon followed by all the others. They heard
Radcliffe shouting:

"Come here, boys, quick, and see the big
hole in the water. I am going to swim out
to it."

Without stopping to think, all save Newman rushed out in their pajamas to see Radcliffe plunging into the water, closely followed by Dicky, the "Old Man" and Dutchy.

"Where is the hole?" cried Dicky, who was now in the water swimming lustily, with Dutchy close behind.

"I've got it right here. Holding on to it."

The utter ridiculousness of the thing had dawned upon all save Dicky and Dutchy, who were still swimming towards Radcliffe.

After breakfast those who were going to Greenville went over to Capen's to meet the boat. The captain and lieutenant were to secure the use of the barn. Dan was officer of the day, and must remain to watch the camp.

After the captain and lieutenant had returned, the Indian said to them, "Want see Joe getum spluce loot for old canoe?"

"What do you do with spruce root?"

"Makum cord, bind canoe; never rot, never break."

"Is that so, Joe?"

"You come see." Then Joe led the way through the pine grove, across the opening and into the heavy woods.

"White spluce do this time. No good for new canoe."

He selected a tree, cut into the surface of the ground with his axe to loosen the soil, then began to dig with his hands like a wood-chuck. He soon found the long, slender roots leading away from the main roots. These he carefully uncovered and drew out. They were three and four feet long, and about one quarter of an inch thick where they joined the large root, gradually tapering to a point. He removed the bark, and split them a few inches with a knife. Using thumbs and fingers he skilfully divided them to the end, without running off from the central grain.

"Let me split one," said the lieutenant.

"It looks easy."

There was a hint of a smile on Joe's face when he handed both men short roots to experiment with. But neither could avoid running off to one side.

"It's not so easy as it looks," said the captain.

"You learnum better when you got too," said Joe.

They went back to camp, Joe laying the withes in the water and placing a stone to secure them.

After supper Joe said, "Maybe fish bite a little off Rock Point. Try 'um?"

"Sure," replied the lieutenant.

"Think we can get some?" queried the captain.

"Tell purty queek when get back."

"We shall have to speak by the card, when we talk with Joe. He's mighty careful how he promises anything," said Broadhead.

They had to fish in very deep water where more patience than skill was required; but they came home with several large fish.

The Chief and Peter, the cook, had paddled round to the outlet to tow back a large dry cedar that lay upon the shore. It proved a hard task, and they did not return until suppertime. It was late when those remaining at the camp heard the sharp puffing of a little steamer. She came within a short distance of the shore. The Chief with Francis went out with the big boat and soon returned and landed the party on the shore.

Behind the steamer they had towed three old canoes that were wrecked beyond repair. One was birch and two were canvas. Their ribs were broken, sides stove in, and they were otherwise hopelessly damaged.

Very early the next morning, Radcliffe, Sanford, Burnham, Bartlett and Joe started for the barn, where the old canoes had been carried the night before. They took with them all the articles they had brought to galvanize the wrecked crafts into life. Under the cover of night they carried their canoes into the big tent and placed the counterfeited presentments where their own had

carelessly lain. In daylight it would have been easy to discover that each canoe contained some rather strange things.

Radcliffe cut into a soft stone these words: "To the Iroquois with our compliments," and placed it on top the beans under the iron cover of the bean pot.

At ten o'clock all lights were extinguished and the Lackawannas gathered together in the large tent. There was a little fire in the fireplace, and the social coffee pot was steaming. Little Peter passed strong cups of coffee and they awaited developments.

Joe had hidden himself on the shore a little below the cove. Francis was above, and they were to give the alarm when the enemy approached. If they came in around the rocky point where Francis was watching, he was to bark like a fox three times. If below, a night owl would be heard.

A little after twelve a sharp bark of a fox was heard.

Then they were startled by hearing the cry of the night owl. The Chief who stood

near the closed door whispered, "They are coming both ways. Keep still. They may come to the tent to look in. I will snore a little."

Something was heard brushing against the front of the tent. The Chief dropped down and in a low voice said, "That you Joe?"

"Ugh. Come four canoe. Two up two down. Two men come toward tent. Go for bean hole. Joe hide."

They could distinctly hear the men working at the bean hole, though they were so quiet about it that had the Clan been asleep it would not have awakened them. Then a slight grating sound was heard on the shore and Joe said, "Gotum started. You sure canoe burn up?"

Before the Chief could reply, Sanford said, "You just wait until the water reaches the chemicals and quicklime and you'll see. It can't fail."

One by one, breathless and excited, the Lackawannas glided through the door and

down to the shore. The darkness rendered them invisible to the visitors.

"Say, Radcliffe," whispered Croxford, "with all your planning you and the lieutenant have made a fizzle of this thing. I never believed you could make water set a boat afire."

"Look! look!" said Dutchy, "Vesuvius has started!"

"Keep still," said the Chief; "the fun is beginning?"

At first there appeared a faint bluish light, deepening into yellow, then red. The same thing appeared in another spot. Then as the flames which now appeared reached the red fire the whole lake was suddenly lit up as only red fire can light up the gloom of night.

Brighter and brighter it grew, until the astonished Iroquois stood out like clear cut photographs upon the red waters of the lake. Three men in each of the four canoes could be seen with their astonished faces turned towards the pyrotechnics they were towing.

Then followed the deafening explosion of the cannon crackers, which tore the frail crafts into fragments.

"Look! Look!" said Broadhead. "There are two launches filled with people in the thoroughfare between the islands. What can it mean?"

"I think," said the Chief, "that they had told their friends at Kineo what they were going to do, and some of those fellows have come down with their launches to see the fun."

"Guess they've got their money's worth this time," drawled Rudolph.

"It's a splendid success," said the Chief, "and the scientific part and the carrying of it out we owe to Sanford and Radcliffe. But see, they are cutting loose and paddling for dear life."

"They thinkum hell in lake," said Joe.

The light died out and darkness again spread over the lake. The canoes were brought to the shore and Joe went down to the beach to start the little guiding fire.

The Chief with his selected party went out into the darkness to make the great double play on the Iroquois. He recommended that those who remained should retire without lights.

It was after three in the morning when the three canoes were pulled up on the beach. When their crews entered the large tent they were surprised to find every man awake.

Dan was the first to speak.

"Did you get their canoes?"

The Chief said, "Yes, they are all in the cove near the Capen house, and the Iroquois in blissful ignorance, are snoring up Lily Bay. They will have a good hunt for them to-morrow and some of them may have to swim. Now go to bed."

CHAPTER VII

A TRIP TO SPENCER POND

Evidently Croxford had got up wrong that bright Sunday morning. He did not appear at the breakfast table until after the Chief had asked the blessing. Some surprise was shown and Broadhead inquired, "Are you sick, Croxford?"

"No," he grunted. And turning to Dicky he said in an undertone, "I didn't come here to attend prayer meetings."

"Why, Croxford, what's the matter with you?" broke out Dicky. "Remember I'm officer of the day, and if you don't behave I'll arrest you."

When they had finished breakfast the Chief asked, "Boys, being Sunday, can't we have a service of song to celebrate the day."

"Let's have it now here at the table," said Sanford. "I feel like singing."

"So do I," said Newman.

"What shall we sing, Chief?" inquired Broadhead. "You ought to be chorister Sunday mornings."

"Let us begin with Coronation."

The spirit of song seemed to be upon all excepting Croxford, he having left the tent. Many of the grand old hymns were sung, closing with "Seymour" which brought out the beautiful tenor of Newman's and Dicky's high, clear voice. Through it all, stolid and silent sat the Indian behind the fireplace, pipe in mouth, but not smoking.

"Sing the 'Holy City,' Newman," requested Rudolph.

"Yes, yes," broke in half a dozen voices. And Newman sang that unequalled song with his soul glowing in his face and thrilling in his voice.

The Chief had never heard it. When Newman finished there were tears in his

kindly grey eyes and he thanked the singer. "I am glad I have lived to hear that song."

Then they filed out into the sunshine, and lying about on the soft needle-covered ground they had a quiet consultation. Croxford was not of their number. He was seen to enter the tent a little later, where he found Joe reading the Bible. Unnoticed sat the Chief, a little to the right of the door. The latter was troubled. For the first time a member of the Clan had shown him, as he considered it, disrespect.

Croxford strode across the room to the Indian saying, "Can you read, Joe?"

Without looking up Joe replied, "Maybe sometimes."

"Are you pious too?"

"Sometime maybe. Same as white man." Still the Indian did not lift his eyes from the book.

Just then Radcliffe came to the door but paused when he saw the little group at the fireplace.

"Well, Joe," continued Croxford, "there is one white man here who seems pious all the time."

"Purty hard work be pious all time. Joe likum be."

"When are you pious, Joe?" inquired Croxford in an irritating voice.

The Indian lifted his eyes for an instant. There was a gleam in their dark depths. "Indian good when good man come talk to him. Joe mean when mean man come. Joe mighty mean now."

"Good for you, Joe!" shouted Radcliffe. "Croxford, you better go and soak the meanness out of yourself. You're not fit to live with decent men to-day. You tried hard to upset our breakfast; you insulted the Chief, and when you insult him, you insult all of us. We've had a little caucus out here under the trees and have decided that we can spare you. The Captain was to tell you so unless you reformed. But after I heard your conversation with Joe, I appointed myself spokesman."

The Chief had heard it all. When Croxford turned towards Radcliffe he discovered the Chief seated near the bunks, but Radcliffe could not see him.

Croxford was astonished at the sincere rage in Radcliffe's voice. He had never seen him angry before, scarcely ever disturbed. Radcliffe was accounted the best-natured man in college, one who could be imposed upon by his friends almost without limit. But now there was something in his voice and look that made him formidable.

"Radcliffe," he said with agitation, "you—you—you can't mean it. You don't mean to say—"

"I do mean just what I say. You have been the only man among us who has appeared dissatisfied with everything. You prophesied a failure of our last night's scheme when everything was at stake."

Radcliffe's anger was still rising when the Chief said gently, "Boys, it is Sunday. The last day for a quarrel. Mr. Radcliffe, will you please send the captain and lieu-

tenant here? Mr. Croxford, let us reason together. I remember when I was a young man I had days when I thought the world was against me, and I was unhappy. Now, I want you to think of me as your friend. You must not leave us. We cannot spare you."

There was so much warmth and kindness in the old man's voice, such sincerity, that Croxford's perturbed spirit was soothed; and when the captain and lieutenant entered they found him with his hand in the warm broad palm of the Chief. A little later all four appeared among the others under the trees; Croxford was smiling. "Boys" he said, "forgive me. This morning the spirit of Mr. Hyde possessed me. But with the aid of our Chief I shall try in the future to emulate the spirit of Dr. Jekyl."

It was Radcliffe who first took Croxford's hand saying, "You dear old Growler, I never was so mean to any man as I have been to you. I think a little of the Dr. Jekyl's spirit wouldn't hurt me."

The next morning's mail brought a letter to Dutchy, in which he learned that his mother was very sick, and he was requested to return at once if he wished to see her alive. They all went to the boat to see him off, he declaring that he would return if happily his mother recovered.

Several days passed in which the tyros were trained in wood lore and canoe work. An expedition was made to Spencer pond, that they might learn to pole up a rapid stream. Dicky's pluck surprised them all, particularly Joe. Dicky fell out of his canoe three times, but wet and bruised he would clamber back and try it over again.

Burnham's great weight bothered him, but there was no limit to his pluck and courage. Radcliffe and Dan were in their element. The party camped on the shore of Spencer pond under a lean-to. There for the first time they saw the wild deer as they came down to drink at the pond. Their bodies appeared quite red, and they were surprisingly tame, allowing the canoes to approach

very near, and retiring slowly, turning to look back from time to time.

"I couldn't shoot one of them," said Dicky. "What's the good of it? They are much prettier full of life than full of lead."

"That's right, Dicky," responded Radcliffe. "If I ever shoot one it must be a buck and on the run."

"Guess buck safe," grunted Joe.

That night the Chief had the boys lie down in their wet clothes, with their feet toward the fire. "It will be a little disagreeable at first," he said, "but if your clothes dry on you, you will not take cold. Joe and I will keep the fire burning."

The front of the lean-to was open. They soon fell asleep. In the morning from where they lay, the Spencer mountains seemed very near. Burnham asked: "What are the names of those mountains, Joe?"

Before Joe could reply, Radcliffe raised his head and looked about saying, "Wake up boys, and see the great painting."

"It is a shame to lie here with our eyes

closed," said Lieutenant Sanford, "with such a scene as that before us."

"Don't that coffee smell good," exclaimed Dicky. "See, boys, there's a big buck standing on the shore just above us. He is lame. I wonder what the matter is."

"Someone shotum leg off two year go. Healum up all right. Deer heal queek. Don't drink whiskey likum man."

The firs and spruces stood up tall and straight around the shores of the pond. They had a soldier-like erectness. Their mission seemed to be to make one upright shaft. The cedars, hemlocks and larches were often twisted and bent out of their regular form, but the firs and spruces had not yielded to the influence of the wind, or the contact of other trees, but maintained their perfect symmetry.

"How do you tell a fir from a spruce, Chief?" inquired Burnham. "They look exactly alike to me."

"So they do to me," confessed Dicky.

"Externally," replied the Chief, "they

have the same general form, but in detail there is a great difference. I taught my young scholars to discriminate in this manner: Let me show you a branch from each." He pointed out that the fir was a bluish-green color, quite different from the color of spruce. "Now note how the two trees comb their hair. The fir parts its needles in the middle, the needles lying right and left from the center of the bough, making the branch flat. The spruce combs its hair, so to speak, pompadour. You will note that the needle leaves stand out all around the branch, making it round."

"That is plain," said Burnham, "and simple."

"There is another way of telling," continued the Chief. "The new cones on the fir stand up, while on the spruce they hang down, or droop. Then, again, the bark of the two trees is different. The spruce is lighter in color and rough, the fir smooth and dark."

"Chief, didn't you say those mountains

had another name than Spencer?" inquired Broadhead.

"Yes. But Joe can tell you about them. There is an Indian tradition that attaches to them."

Joe was approaching with fuel.

"Joe," called out Broadhead, "tell us about these mountains."

Without a word the Indian turned and looked towards the great dark bodies across the pond. After a pause he inquired:

"You likum Joe tell?"

"Certainly."

"Good many year go; maybe million, can't tell, two ver' big moose he live up 'Seboomook,' old name for Moosehead. He got so big had cut 'em down make small one. Mighty hunter he start do it. He killum one, Kineo, other run down Castine. Hunter cut great slices of Kineo, left res' there. There now. Hunter boilum meat big kittle. Eatum. Start after other moose, down Castine. 'Fore he go turn kittle up, left um, that him," pointing to the kettle

shaped mountain, "Kokadjo, kettle. He left pack too, that him," pointing to the other one, "Sabotwan" (the pack).

"Did you say he killed the moose at Castine?"

"Yes. Scatter bowels all over bay. Makum Islands there."

All but Dicky roared at this astonishing statement. Joe's manner of telling it left no doubt in the minds of his hearers, of his absolute belief in the tradition.

"The interesting part of this story is," said the Chief, "that it has been believed by the Indians in the past, and has become so current that Mr. Hubbard brings it out in his book on 'The Woods and Lakes of Maine.'"

The Chief called their attention to the birds that hovered about the camp, the white throated sparrow, thrush and several others. But the bird that interested them most was the meat bird, which Joe called "lumberman's ghost" as it is always found around lumber camps. It is nearly as large as a dove, and very fearless.

"Lumberman," said Joe impressively, "think heap that bird. Stay with 'um all winter. Make camp lively. Never hurt 'um. Bird know it."

It was with regret that they broke camp. It required different skill to guide the canoes down the rapids. In places where the water was wildest the Chief had them repeat the trip, and when Radcliffe, Burnham, the lieutenant, Dicky, the captain and Dan found themselves at Camp Lackawanna they felt sure that they would be equal to the demands of the Allegash trip.

Then the Chief sent Francis and Joe with Silkman, Rudolph and Croxford and Newman on the same trip.

Not a word had been heard from the camp at Lily Bay. The Saturday's Bangor paper contained an exaggerated but amusing account of what had happened the Saturday before under the caption, "The Iroquois outwitted by the Lackawannas."

The account declared the Iroquois hopelessly defeated in wit, audacity, boldness of design and execution.

"Boys," said the Chief, "this silence is ominous. We must watch out."

Sunday, the Lackawannas, availing themselves of an invitation from the Capens, went on the little steamer "Thetis" to Greenville to attend church, leaving Francis and Joe in charge of the camp. The ten stalwart young men, headed by their patriarchal looking guide, made a sensation as they filed into church.

After the service they were introduced to the minister, a young Canadian liberal preacher, earnest and eloquent. He was invited to visit their camp and they in turn were invited to attend a church supper on the evening of September fifth. It was arranged that they should furnish part of the musical programme.

On their return their leader called them together and said: "I learned to-day that the Iroquois are going to Dover Monday to give a concert. They are musical also. They cannot return before Wednesday, and this means we need not anticipate any at-

tack from them until after their return. This will give us time to make an expedition to the summit of Old Squaw. I propose that we camp in the open, carrying only provisions and blankets. It will be in the nature of a carry, or long portage, such as we shall experience on the Allegash trip, with the exception that we shall not take our canoes. The trip will be a strenuous one, and quite as difficult as any we shall meet with on our route to Chamberlain Lake."

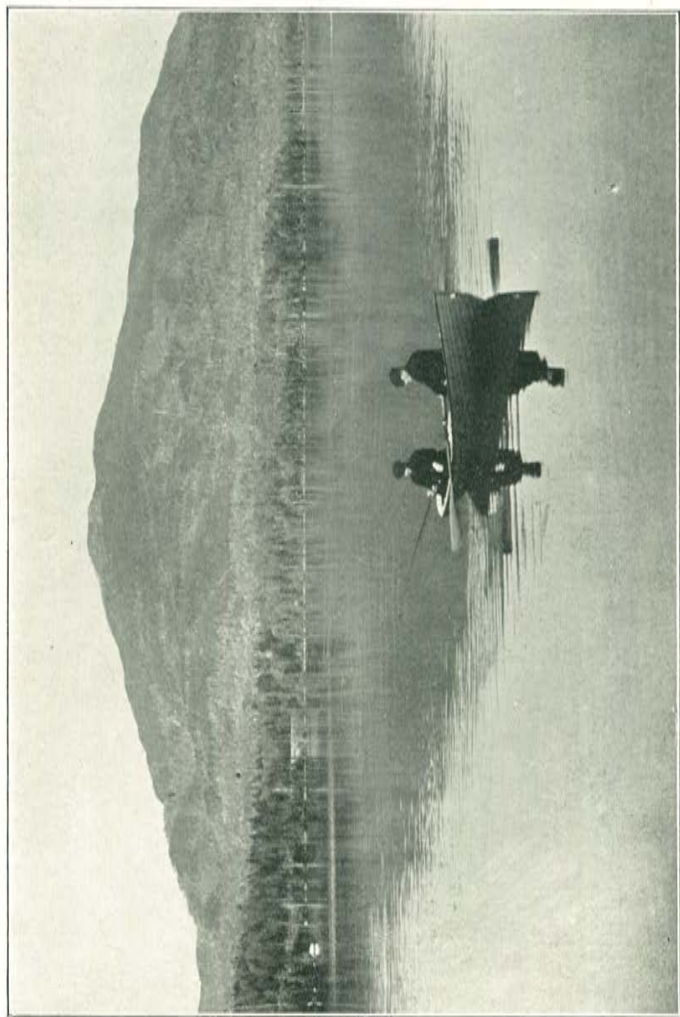
The plan was agreed to, and it was decided to start on Monday.

The burdens were divided among the twelve men. Canvas bags were used to carry provisions. Butter was carried in a milk can, while towels, soap, knives, forks, tin plates, dippers and spoons were packed in clean white bags and placed in larger bags.

"In this way of packing," explained the Chief, "we reduce the size of our packages to the amount of our daily supplies, and are never cumbered with an unnecessary wan-

gan. We must go in light marching order, taking only what is necessary. Let each man be sure that he has a small bottle of matches, a compass, a hatchet or a large knife, a dipper and blanket."

Newman was to board at Capen's, spending what part of the day he should chose at the camp with Francis.



OLD SQUAW.

CHAPTER VIII

TRIP TO OLD SQUAW

It was ten o'clock on Monday when they were set over on the main land by Francis. Then, with the Chief and Joe in the lead, they started on a southwesterly course towards the base of Old Squaw. The Chief had instructed them to fix firmly in their minds the general direction of the west shore of the lake; also with their compasses to ascertain exactly in what direction lay the summit of Old Squaw. "We shall separate, some going southeast, others southwest, meeting at the summit. Should any of you become lost you cannot fail to reach the shore of the lake, if you start with the knowledge of its course. Indians can trust to instinct, but white men must rely upon reason. Common sense is a mighty good article to carry into the woods. Remember

that at noon the sun is approximately in the south. If you are facing it, the north must be at your back, west on your right, and east on your left. If you have moved from the lake in a westerly direction, you cannot fail to return to it if you persist in an easterly course. This easterly course you can find without a compass when the sun is up."

"How about mosses on trees, are they always on the north side?"

"No, that sign cannot always be relied upon. Mosses are generally caused by the tree retaining water longer upon one side than upon the other, this water causing a growth which we call moss. As a rule, the sun will dissipate and dry up the moisture on the south side before it can form moss. But should a tree be heavily shadowed by larger trees south of it, and the sun's rays unable to reach it, the moss might appear upon the south side, while the unshadowed north side might show no moss. On the whole, I should say that the moss might be

relied upon to some extent, providing several nearby trees corroborated one another. But the sun is a better guide, for it hangs in the heavens relative to the time of day. It is also true that the upper branches of very tall hemlocks and pines incline to the south, and as a rule they are larger. The branches of firs and spruces in exposed places generally grow lower and larger on the south side, the sun's light and heat obviously aiding their growth. There are many other natural indications, and when several of these corroborate each other you can make sure of your bearings. Do not allow yourselves to be bewildered and lose faith in your own judgment."

"Pete," said Joe, "putum leaf in coffee pot; too much rattle noise."

Pete, who was bearing the tin outfit, filled the empty vessels with leaves which, as Joe said, "hushed them."

"Never see moose, never see deer. Pail just like bell, scare everyting."

They were trailing along an old "tote"

road that led around the base of the mountains to the west. Occasionally they would strike an open beech growth where there was but little underbrush. Dicky, Radcliffe and Rudolph were always tempted to leave the main trail and wander on the "star-surfaced" woodland. They felt that they were treading virgin soil.

Presently Dicky said, "O, I say, boys, come here. Here's a partridge with a broken wing. I guess she is hurt. I can almost catch her. There are lots of others with their tail feathers all gone."

The lieutenant and Burnham rushed into the woods too late to see the tail-less young birds, but in time to see the wild mother doing all she could to attract the intruders' attention from her hiding children. Radcliffe and Burnham understood the action of the bird, but to the city-bred Dick her conduct was unaccountable.

Burnham quoted: "Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away!"

They were moving southwesterly around

the base of the mountain when they came upon another road branching to the southeast. Hearing the Chief's whistle they all gathered at that point.

"We have come about five miles," said he. "This is a pleasant place to eat our dinner. Pete, clean out the coffee pot and dippers. Joe will build the fire, and I will go to a spring I know and get water. Boys, you'd better lie down under the trees and rest. You will need all your strength this afternoon for the climb."

The boys were tired, and the carpeted ground was very grateful to their bodies. Burnham fell asleep at once, and the others were inclined to, but when Joe began to drive the forked stakes each side of the glowing fire Dicky and Rudolph insisted on helping.

"Let us do something, Joe. We're not a bit tired."

Joe pointed to an old fallen hemlock, saying, "Go getum bark. Makum fire hot like —"

"Like Havana," interrupted the chief.

The boys laughed at Joe's expression. They knew that he had no idea that it was profane. His meagre vocabulary would not admit of his missing so expressive a word, for it was an Indian's idea of something very hot. Joe was a Methodist and really wanted to be considered pious. His son was a Catholic, as was his French mother.

Joe had peeled long strips of birch bark and laid them upon the ground, placing small stones upon their curling corners. On it were placed long slices of old-fashioned gingerbread, doughnuts, crackers, and sea-biscuits, together with liberal slices of cold corned beef and the remains of two large togoes left over from breakfast. There was a tin plate, dipper, knife, fork and spoon for each man.

CHAPTER IX

A DIVERSION

It was decided that Joe, with Lieutenant Sanford, Rudolph, Dan and Dicky, should take the southwest trail, while the Chief with the others should turn to the south-east; and after proceeding about two miles all were to turn towards the summit, the party arriving first to wait for the other.

"The mountain," said the Chief, "is 3226 feet above the sea. But we shall not have to climb that distance, as Moosehead is about 900 feet above the sea, and we must now be 400 or 500 feet above the lake. I think we can easily make the summit before sun-down. If Joe's party arrives first, he will fire a rifle. If we reach the summit first, we will do the same." They were about to

separate when they were startled by the sharp report of a rifle, followed by two others in rapid succession.

"Thirty-thirty ver' near. One gun," said Joe, "may be wassus. (Indian for bear.) Old Squaw great place wassus."

Chief advanced up the trail a short distance, calling Joe. There was something in his face and manner that silenced inquiry. Both were seen to observe the trail very closely. Joe shook his head. They soon returned, and the Chief said, "I cannot account for the presence of the person who fired the gun. He did not enter this way. Joe and I are going to investigate. Sometimes Canadian poachers come in here and destroy our game in the closed season. It is just possible that some old hunter may have trailed a bear across from Moose river. I want you to conceal yourselves, right and left of the trail, but near to it. When I whistle you can come out. There is nothing to fear, but we are going to find out what this shooting means."

They disappeared as mysteriously as did the followers of Roderick Dhu.

From where the students lay concealed they could see any one passing along the old tote road, without being observed themselves.

The two men had been gone about twenty minutes, when Broadhead, who was on the upper side of the road nearest the place where the Chief and Joe had disappeared, discovered the Indian gliding toward them.

He was looking sharply about and constantly placing his hand over his mouth. Very soon the Chief appeared.

"Joe," said Broadhead, in a low voice, "who is it?"

"Ugh," grunted the Indian, and moved towards Broadhead who was crouching behind a thick fir. The Chief followed.

"Captain, how many men are on the other side of the road?" he inquired.

"Five. Why?"

"I can't tell you now, but they must keep

still and not expose themselves. Are they near the road?"

"I think so."

"Joe, you cross over and tell them to remain perfectly quiet, regardless of what they may see or hear."

The Indian had barely crossed the road when they heard someone approaching. There must be two, for there was talking.

Soon two men came into view. One of them was a giant. He looked like the pictures of fierce black-bearded pirates. His nose was like the beak of an eagle; his black eyes were set deep beneath overhanging brows. He was clothed in rough garments, and under a loose-fitting coat could be seen the gleam of his red shirt. He carried a rifle, and in his belt the hilt of a revolver and a hunting hatchet appeared. His companion was a much smaller man, with a sharp, thin face. His mouth was cruel; his hair black and straight. He moved with the gliding movement of an Indian. Over

his shoulder hung a saddle of venison. When they reached the forks, they were attracted by the evidence that a party had but lately camped there. The fire had been extinguished but there remained coffee grounds, crumbs of bread, and the bones of fish, all indicating a large party.

They looked sharply over the ground, the wiry fellow approaching very near to the tree behind which Burnham was trying to hide himself. There was a hurried consultation. Then they swiftly retraced their steps, passing out of sight.

"Don't speak," said the Chief in a low voice.

After fifteen minutes—a time that seemed interminable to the hiding men—Joe appeared in the road, the Chief coming from the other side.

"Tell the boys to come out," he said.

"Boys," said the Chief, "Joe will explain to you what he thinks the appearance of these two men signifies. They are Canadian poachers he says and are wanted in both

Maine and Canada by the officers of the law."

"Tink big man, Jude Brittain. Ver' bad man. He kill deer, moose, caribou, everything. Never mind law. Run across New Brunswick. No ketchum. Come purty soon some more. Maine man get ver' mad. Send brave man ketchum. Brittain shoot 'im. Then other man he ketch Brittain. Brought him Oldtown. Joe see 'em. Everybody want kill Brittain. Joe too. Brittain jump off car in swamp. Hide away. Tree hundred dollar offered ketch Brittain. No one get 'im. No seeum Brittain two years, may be tree. Big man Brittain. Little man, Brittain-brer-law, Cloakers. He bad too. Killum man, McAdam. Joe like ketchum. Get tree hundred dollar. Lackawan likum go with Joe ketchum Jude? Joe share money. Make Joe big man."

All were for pursuing the supposed outlaws, but the Chief called their attention to the fact that Joe might be mistaken and

even if he were not, that they had no warrant if they could overtake them, which was doubtful.

"And," he continued, "if they are the men that Joe thinks them to be, they are desperate villains, and would not hesitate to shoot to kill."

When they came to the place where the deer had been shot, as the entrails indicated, the Chief looked about to find where the deer was hidden. The students were surprised to see him look up among the trees, and especially where the maples were mixed with the fir and spruce.

"I wonder if he thinks the deer took wings after they killed him," said Croxford.

"He knows what he is about," replied the lieutenant.

"I have found him," said the Chief. "Come here, all of you. Look up there."

Ten feet above them, nearly hidden by the branches of the fir trees, was the deer, or what remained of it.

"How did they get it up there?" inquired Dicky.

"It is very easy," answered the Chief. "The light fellow climbed up this slender maple, and when he got up to where it began to bend, he tied a rope at that point, dropping one end to the ground. Then he swung out and bent the top over like a bow. The man below secured the end to the deer, and when the man in the tree dropped to the ground, the maple recovered, and the deer was shot up out of the reach of man and animals. Sometimes the right tree cannot be found, and they are obliged to leave the deer over night where it was killed. If there are foxes, they will probably eat and destroy the rump, that being the only part they seem to care for. But the hunter has learned that if he rubs his hands over that part of the deer, the fox suspects something, probably poison, and will not eat it."

"Is it all right for us to use what they have left?" inquired the lieutenant.

“Certainly, but we will report to the game warden how we came in possession of it.”

The deer was taken down, the Chief explaining the method of bleeding and removing the entrails. “They have not taken the liver. We will have that for supper. It is a choice bit.”

It was decided to advance together half way to the summit and camp. The next day at ten o'clock they stood on the summit and beheld a scene unmatched in nature.

CHAPTER X

THE SUMMIT OF OLD SQUAW

The scene before them was impressive. Compared with the continental sweep of the wilderness Moosehead seemed small—incidental. At first the eye caught the blue summit of Katahdin, rising majestically above the forest. "In listening silence" it stood above the plain, like a prophet of strength and serenity, dominating the whole region. Far to the west, but less clearly, could be seen Old Bigelow, so named because Benedict Arnold, on his ill-starred expedition, had sent Major Bigelow to mount to its summit, hoping that he might discover the spires of Quebec, two hundred miles away. Bald Mountain and Old Abraham could be dimly seen. Thoreau has said: "I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the powers had made there, the

form and fashion and material of their work. This was the earth of which we had heard, made out of chaos and old night. It was not lawn, nor pasture nor mead, nor woodland nor lea, nor arable nor wasteland. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet earth. Man was not to be associated with it."

The Chief swept the scene before him. As he removed the glasses he encountered a wistful look in Dicky's eyes. "Would you like to look, Richard?"

"Yes, Chief; for I can partly see with the naked eye something I cannot account for. Perhaps I can make it out by using the glasses."

He swept the lake, then bringing Sugar Island clearly into focus, he singled out Deer Island and the little bay on whose shores was their camp. He could see four steamers lying motionless in the bay, and many canoes moving about. Then he directed his attention to the camp grounds. The two white tents should be visible, but

they were not. What puzzled him was that there appeared to be along the shore a regular series of white objects and above, on their little plaza, a long white strip with black figures upon it.

"What is it, Dicky?" said the captain.

"O boys! boys!" he cried, "something awful has happened to Camp Lackawanna. Look, Captain."

One view was enough to satisfy Broadhead, who handed the glasses to the lieutenant. "By Jingo! Something has happened. We must go."

The Indian was the last to look, but the first to suggest, "Iroquois, he been there. Steal all but cook house. Maybe got Francis. Joe go. Have canoe ready for crossing to island." And without another word the Indian plunged down the mountain.

"I think," said the Chief, "that Joe is right. The Iroquois have outwitted us. They may have taken our canoes, and possibly a sleeping tent, but I do not think they

would go so far as to take the large tent. It would be rather a stale thing to attempt the canoe act again. I counsel that we go down to the little shelf, just below, and prepare a good dinner, and make sure of that. If they have moved our wangan, food may be scarce at the camp. We have plenty of fresh deer meat and other food. We'll have hard pull to reach the shore before dark."

"Chief," said the captain, "I am too mad to eat."

"So am I," piped in Dicky.

"Well," said Silkman, "if money will get even with those fellows I'll put up a thousand dollars."

"Even with them!" said Radcliffe. "I'll exhaust all there is in me to balance this account."

"We fixed them before, and we'll do it again," said the lieutenant.

"I pity the Iroquois," snapped out Burnham.

"Don't forget, boys," said the Chief,

"that by all the laws of reciprocity they owed us something, and thought it a good time to pay it while we were absent."

"That's just the mean part of it," exclaimed the captain. "I bet they made that up about going to Dover."

It was dark before they reached the shore opposite Deer Island. They found Joe waiting for them. He had to make several trips across the narrow channel to get them all over.

"How bad is it, Joe?" inquired the captain.

"You come see."

When they reached the camp they found not a vestige of their comfortable quarters save the floor of the big tent and the cook house. Even the bean hole seemed obliterated. On the sandy shores were heaped up graves, and in front of each was what looked from the water like a grave-stone. For from barrel-hoops and staves they had fashioned the frames, and over these they had tacked bleached sheeting on which was

written an obituary of each member of the Clan.

There were some amusing epitaphs. The Chief's was dated Dec. 1, 1750. Dicky's grave was the last and was about a foot long. The name "Dicky" was plainly marked on the white-cloth grave stone, and under it was drawn a hen's nest with a dozen eggs in it, with the following epitaph:

Here lies Dicky Dozen in this sandy corner,
Leaving his home was a fatal mistake.
He was born on the shores of Fair Lackawanna
But sleeps on the banks of Moosehead Lake.

"My last request when I do die," said Dicky, "will be that somebody write an epitaph in which the rhyme and rythm is as bad as that. If that don't wake me, don't delay the funeral."

"Boys," said the Chief, "you are pretty mad, and I don't blame you. There is something up here on the plaza that has stirred me more than these graves.

"What is it?"

"It is too grim for a joke. But here comes Dan and Radcliffe with it."

A long piece of sheeting was hung between two stakes, and marked with big letters were these words: "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

They slept that night under the trees in their blankets, planning revenge. During the night some one touched Joe's shoulder and softly said: "It is Francis."

"Ugh. All right. Where Chief?" said Joe.

To the Chief, Joe said, "Francis come. Iroquois send him back. Big raft on shore. Tent, everything. Callum Clan, fix up tonight. Big surprise ever'body see tings jes' same before go Old Squaw."

"Great idea, Joe."

The Clan were called, and before the sun had lifted above Lily Bay, Camp Lackawanna stood intact in every particular, and on the reverse side of the strip of sheeting was now printed: "The Resurrection Morn."

CHAPTER XI

THE PLOT

The Lackawannas slept late, but when they gathered around the breakfast table, they found hot baked beans and brown bread, hot rolls, doughnuts, apple and pumpkin pie, the unfailing gingerbread, coffee and cream, cheese, three kinds of pickles, and fruit.

"I guess the neighbors must have sent something in," said Radcliffe. "You couldn't have cooked all this this morning, Francis."

"That's just what the neighbors did do," replied the Chief.

"Did they come from Capen's," inquired the lieutenant.

"Guess again."

"If they didn't come from Capen's, where did they come from?"

"You are right when you said the neighbors brought it, and these neighbors are the Iroquois. We found all this on the raft, and a note which read, 'With our compliments, but without red pepper.' "

"Mighty handsome thing on their part," said Dan.

"I shall feel safer after I have waited three hours. Maybe there is a joke in the beans that has not come to light."

"Don't let that idea spoil our breakfast," said Dan, and they did not.

When Joe went over to Capen's for the mail, he brought Newman back. Newman was unaware of what had taken place at the camp.

Francis said the Iroquois had come upon him unawares and overpowered him. They told him they were only going to pay back the Lackawannas in their own coin. They blindfolded him while they razed the camp. They put him on the raft with the tents and towed it to Lily Bay. He was given

some liberty on his promise not to try to escape.

Newman had a story to tell also. By mere accident, he overheard one of the guests at Kineo tell the landlord at Capen's of a big event that was coming off on the 20th at the Kineo House. "It appears that the Iroquois are invited to give a closing entertainment to the guests of the house. Ten of the singers are to come dressed in Indian costume, and will land on the shore in front of the hotel. It is arranged that ten of the young lady guests are to be dressed like Pocahontas and to be near the shore when they land. On the dress of each Indian maiden is to be a number corresponding with numbers upon the warriors. The warriors are to rush up the bank, shouting a warwhoop. The Indian maidens are to flee, but will presently permit the Iroquois to capture them. Then they are to march into the reception room, in which will be seated the guests of the house. The Iro-

quois are to sing several Indian songs of their composing. Then they are to join with the maidens in several popular songs, followed by a war dance; then a grand chorus and a dance, in which all may join. The hall is to be decorated with bows and arrows and implements of war. In one corner of the room there is to be a tent in which an Indian sorceress will tell the fate of those who may desire to look into "seeds of time." Then will follow a supper, in which the Iroquois are to be entertained by speeches from some of the guests."

"I wish we were going to be there," said Dicky.

"Well," replied Radcliffe, with a ring in his voice, "if you will back me up, we will be there—and be there first."

"What are your plans?" asked the Captain in surprised tone.

"This is my scheme: The members of the Iroquois Musical Club have had their pictures taken, in Indian toggerly. One of these pictures they have stuck up in Capen's

hotel. Now, I propose, in the first place, that we see that this picture mysteriously disappears. Having this, we will send a committee to Bangor to call upon the Chief of the Red men and arrange to hire their toggery. We can fix it over to correspond with the picture.

"Then, is there any reason why we cannot hire a launch and tow our canoes up to Kineo?"

"None, none!" they all cried.

"Is there any reason why we cannot land on Kineo's shore, in full war paint?"

"None, none!" they all chorused.

"Chase and capture the Indian girls?"

"Ah! ah!"

"March into that reception room—?"

They had all sprung to their feet and were wild with enthusiasm—

"And carry out, to the letter, the programme as the Iroquois have planned?"

"None! None! We'll do it, we'll do it. 'Rah for Freckles!" cried the captain, as he threw his hat in the air.

Radcliffe continued: "We can sing, we can dance and—"

"We can eat," said deep-voiced Burnham.

"I have thought it all out. We shall have to disable their launch. They are not to start until after dark. Now, if we can fasten ropes each side of the launch that will trail behind, they will not snare the propeller until they make the turn around the island. This will allow them to get well out into the lake, and when they swing to the east, the port rope will catch in the blades of the propeller and stop the engine; and there they'll be. You may say they can use their canoes, but they are to be cut loose by some of us after the start. I have a plan for doing this. The only way that they can get out of the difficulty will be for some of them to jump overboard and unwind the rope—a pretty cold job. This will cause considerable delay, probably two hours, and during that time what can't we do?"

When they consulted the Chief he an-

swered: "The scheme is a splendid one, and I am sure it can be carried out."

The lieutenant brought up a point: "What if the Iroquois should arrive just as we were gathering around the table? Might they not rush in and make a scene causing trouble for the hotel and its guests?"

"No, I think not," replied Radcliffe. "I take it these young men are gallant fellows, and when they learn that they have been fairly outgeneralled they will make the best of it. But I have thought that if there is any unfriendly demonstration on the part of the guests, at a signal from the captain we will replace our masks and retire, leaving the food untasted."

CHAPTER XII

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT

The night that followed was made memorable by two events one of them of far-reaching consequence—we will call it destiny.

It was nine o'clock. The camp fire had slowly died down. The larger embers still glowed, responding now and then to the touch of the riviving breeze that swept up from the lake. The group lingered. Some were seated upon camp stools, some had thrown their blankets down, and partly covered by them were dreamily dozing.

There being a chill in the air Joe had thoughtfully brought another blanket and thrown it over Newman saying, "Maybe get cold."

Suddenly the white figure of a woman appeared upon the outmost point of rocks.



"THE NIGHT SHADES ARE FALLING."

"See! see!" cried Dicky.

"Hush!"

Then there arose a clear and beautiful voice:

"The night shades are falling
And fast gather around me,
The bright moon is beaming
And softly lights the vale.
Far from my country, and far from my native
land,
Alone must I wander and ne'er see thee again."

Newman had sprung to his feet, and when the turn of the air came where the tenor joins and responds, the rich tones of his voice went back to the white spirit on the rocks.

At the close of the duet succeeded a silence, till again, more timidly, came the voice back again. But when Newman again joined, it grew fuller and richer. The white figure stood for a moment clearly defined against the darkened sky, then disappeared.

The silence was broken by Joe who said,

"She French Huguenot girl. Long way from home. Feel purty bad. Callum René Lanier."

This was all Joe vouchsafed to say before moving away, although half a dozen voices called after him, "Say Joe, tell us more about her. Who is she? Where does she live?"

In the night Newman awoke alarmed. He had heard a sound, as though someone had turned a canoe over. He had heard Joe rise and go to the door, and then glide back to the side door that led to the single tent where the Chief, Francis and little Peter slept.

There was a cry from the shore, calling for help; the voice of Dan Bartlett. There were sounds of a struggle, and of a body falling. A pistol shot, the rushing of many feet, and another shot, and Radcliffe's voice saying, "It is not the Iroquois." Then he could hear the swift strokes of a paddle and the voice of the Chief saying, "Surrender or I'll shoot." Then came the sound as of

someone plunging into the water followed by footsteps outside, and the call for someone to bring the lantern.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the captain, leaping from his bunk.

"Burnham is hurt, and so is Dan. We've got a dead man here," answered Radcliffe.

Newman got to the lamp upon the table before the captain. In a moment he had lit it. Little Peter appeared at the side door with another light and then Radcliffe, Croxford, Rulodph and the Chief came in bearing the apparently lifeless body of a man, followed by Dan leaning upon Joe, and behind them came Burnham painfully limping.

They laid the stranger upon the floor, and taking one of the lights, the Chief looked into his face.

"Thank God, it's not an Iroquois; it is Cloakers."

"Is he dead?"

"Hope so," said the Indian. "Try killum, save Dan."

He had struck the man with the hatchet just in time to save Dan from a knife thrust. In the struggle with Cloakers, Dan had tripped and fallen back across the canoe, Cloakers falling with him, and uppermost. Without hesitation Joe, who reached the scene first, hearing Dan cry, "Hold his arm, he is trying to stab me," raised the hatchet and brought it down upon the head of Cloakers.

"Pull him off quick, Joe. My back is breaking," Dan had cried. When the body was removed Dan could not rise.

When the Chief reached the shore he could dimly see a canoe near the land with a man sitting in the stern. He rushed into the water nearly to his waist and seized the prow of the little vessel just as the man rose up and fired point blank at him. The shot missed him but struck Burnham's left leg below the knee, the ball glancing from the bone but making an ugly cut.

Burnham cried, "Here, Chief, take this gun and shoot him. I am hit."

Then it was that the Chief had called "Surrender or I'll shoot!" as he took the gun from Burnham.

But the man had plunged out of the canoe into the water and was lost to sight. In a few moments they could hear him swimming, and Joe coming up cried out, "That Brittain. I shootum." And he attempted to take the gun from the Chief. But the Chief withheld it saying, "I cannot have you deliberately kill a man. It seems too much like murder. He is swimming for his life. Let him go. We must look after our friends."

An examination of Cloakers showed that he was dead, but not by Joe's hand. Jude Brittain had fired the shot that killed his confederate. When the two men were struggling in the canoe Brittain saw Joe rushing towards them with his hand uplifted. He had paddled close to the shore and, as Joe bent over to deliver the blow, had fired at the figure. It was light enough to see forms, but not to take sure aim, and

the ball intended for Joe entered Cloakers' body just as Joe delivered his blow.

It all came about because Dan had found himself unable to sleep, and arose and went out into the night. His attention was drawn to the sound of an approaching canoe. He ran towards the shore and threw himself upon the sand, thinking that he would not give an alarm until he was sure. He could discern the outlines of a canoe, which soon touched the beach. There were two men in it. These he felt must be two Iroquois bent on some mischief.

He was a daring fellow and it occurred to him that it would be something to his credit if he alone should succeed in capturing one of these mischievous neighbors. He saw one of the men leap out and run towards one of the canoes that lay upon its side. The man was about to right it, when Dan sprang upon him, his idea being to overpower and hold him until help came. Just as he was about to seize him there was a shot from the canoe and a ball whizzed close

to his head. He realized that this was no Iroquois visitation, and the low "sacre" of the small but powerful man he was struggling with brought to his mind the two evil men of Old Squaw.

In the darkness Dan had failed to get an advantageous hold. He had detected the swift movement of Cloakers' hand to his knife belt, but had seized the arm in time to prevent a blow. His other arm was around the neck and shoulders, and he was struggling to trip and throw his man when he backed against the canoe and fell over, crying for help.

It was decided to remove the body of Cloakers to Capen's that night. In the morning it was turned over to the authorities. No reward was expected as it had been offered only for the capture of Jude Brittain. The outlaws were attempting to steal a canoe, as theirs, which was found the next day, was quite worthless. No signs of Brittain could be found, and the Clan was secretly hopeful that he had been

drowned in the lake. Croxford had bluntly said so, but Joe had grunted out "Devil never drown. Brittain devil."

The two wounded men were not seriously hurt. The doctor at Greenville dressed their wounds and said they would be all right to attend the great concert at Greenville on the fifth.



MOUNT KINEO.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CONCERT AT GREENVILLE

When our friends reached the steamboat landing at Greenville on the evening of September fifth, they were surprised at the number of people assembled to greet them. A committee of the church, headed by the minister, escorted them to the meeting house. The church was crowded to the doors.

The concert closed by the reading of Meredith's "Aux Italiens," by Lieutenant Sanford. To heighten the effect of the reading, the Lackawannas accompanied, singing the Prison scene in *Il Trovatore*.

This was an entirely new form of entertainment to the people of Greenville, and at the close the applause was loud and long. When it had subsided, another shout of approval was heard outside, ending in "Bravo!

bravo! bravo! for the Lackawannas!" The Clan knew that their generous rivals had been appreciative listeners.

"Did you see her?" inquired Dicky of Newman, as the steamer was moving up the lake.

"See who, Dicky?"

"Why, the girl, the singer, that made all our hearts hiccough the other night."

"Was she there?" asked Dan.

"Yes," continued Dicky, "Newman knew she was there as well as I. That was what made him sing so well. She was there with her father, that man with the long face and goatee. Sort of a poetic-looking chap. I saw them applaud. She kept a veil over her face most of the time. I'll bet she is pretty!"

"How do you know it is the same girl who sang on the bluffs?"

"Because I heard two of the women committee talking about her. They said that Philip Lanier with his daughter, René, was present; that they had come down in the

afternoon, and were to remain over night at the hotel. I learned a lot about them. It seems that he is an artist, and formerly lived in Normandy. They think he must have had some trouble there, because they came to Montreal and lived a very secluded life. In the early part of the season they took rooms at Kineo, the man sketching different scenes on the lake. They are now living in the pretty cottage in the cove above Capen's. They are awfully high toned. They both paint, and René and her father seem inseparable. Her mother is dead. Isn't that romantic? If I were five feet ten, or six feet, I would offer myself to her tomorrow, and agree to endow her with all my worldly goods."

"Poor Dicky! He's got it bad."

"That's so," said Dicky cheerfully. "But I'm no worse off than Newman. He's too far gone to talk about it, but lets concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek."

The next day being cloudy, all excepting

Burnham, Dan and Francis went trolling among the islands. They caught a few togue but no trout. It gave them an opportunity to improve in the management of canoes. Even Newman had used the bow paddle most of the day, and at Sandy Bay proved the most successful fisherman of them all.

The next day they planned to paddle to Kineo, ten miles away, and to return by steamer. The old guide was anxious for them to climb Kineo mountain and view the wonders of nature from that point. "You will see Moosehead Lake in all its beauty from the top of Kineo. We will start early, and take our dinner at the edge of the cliff, 750 feet above the lake. When you return to camp you will have a good idea of the famous old lake. This will be our last experience before we begin our Alle-gash trip."

At four o'clock the next morning Francis announced that breakfast was ready. It was a sleepy crowd that gathered around

the table. Francis, Joe and the Chief had been up an hour. The night before the boys were very sure that they would be wide awake and on hand before breakfast hour. But oh, what a difference in the morning!

Radcliffe mechanically dressed himself with both eyes closed, saying, "I am going to sleep as long as I can. Wake me when I get to the breakfast table."

Dicky was the only wide awake one among them. He was rushing around helping the Chief prepare the canoes, and singing at the top of his voice, "High up on the mountain top."

"Say, fellows, but you are slow. Did you ever see a snail, Croxford?"

"Saw a million at Sandy Bar."

"Must have met them," replied Dicky, as he jumped one side to avoid a shoe hurled at him.

As Burnham and Bartlett were still troubled by their wounds, they were to remain at the camp with Francis and Peter.

Silkman, Newman and Rudolph were to go with Joe in his large canoe; Radcliffe, Lieutenant Sanford and Broadhead in another, the Chief, Croxford and Dicky in another, Dicky taking his Flobert. They were to change about in paddling, that they might learn to change places with each other without upsetting, as well as to rest.

They paddled along the western shore of the lake whose waters that early morning were still and smooth. They passed in sight of the dam, and could see the waters flowing over its lip. They saw quite a number of ducks, which the Chief said were sheldrakes. Several loons appeared tantalizingly near at times, Dicky popping away at them, but falling short.

"Here loon laugh at Dicky," said Joe. "Fun for loon see Dicky shoot."

They hugged the west shore to avoid the wind as much as possible until opposite the Kineo House.

"Now, boys," said the Chief, "it will not

do to cross in a direct line. Joe, you take the lead."

Joe started out from the shore crossing the waves quartering. The Chief had placed the best man in the stern of each canoe.

"There is no danger. If you sit low and keep still we will make it all right."

"Boys, you'll do for the Allegash," exclaimed the Chief as they landed. "We will meet nothing rougher there."

They pulled their canoes upon the shore above the log club-house, and started to climb Kineo, each man bearing some portion of the dinner to be eaten on the summit of the cliff. When they reached the foot of the ladder, Newman showed signs of exhaustion. His face was pale as he sat down upon the first step, breathing hard.

"I think I will remain here with my cousin," said Silkman. "He is not strong enough to make that climb. It is almost too much for a well man."

The Chief came forward saying, "Boys, you go on and leave Newman to Joe, Radcliffe and myself. Newman shall see the view from the top of the mountain. Don't ask any questions, but proceed. We will rest awhile."

When they seemed lost in the chasm of the rock above, the Chief turned to Newman and, regardless of his protests, took him in his strong arms as he would have taken a child, and started up the rough stairway. At the second section, Radcliffe relieved the Chief, carrying the pale Newman with perfect ease. At the third section Joe said, "Me wantum car' Newman." So he was laughingly transferred to the arms of the Indian, who said as he started, "Littlum man good ting now. Joe run all over Kineo. Never know Newman weigh anyting."

They found the Clan waiting for them at the head of the stairway. Newman was in fine spirits, and said, "I have been riding on the shoulders of three Atlases."

"Make it Eneas," came from Radcliffe.

"This cliff will do for the walls of Troy," said the lieutenant.

"It strikes me," suggested Croxford, "that the simile must end there. Newman will never do for an old Anchises."

"Make him young Anchises," chimed in Dicky. "Maybe the old man had an heir."

"Chief," said the perspiring Radcliffe, "I cannot see or appreciate anything until I get a drink of water. I suppose there cannot be such a thing as a spring up here, 700 feet in the air."

"Ver' good spring in lil' holler over hill. Joe show you."

They were soon drinking the clear water from what Dicky called the "Altitudian spring."

"I am wondering," murmured Radcliffe, with the old shy look in his eye, "how this managed to spring—so high."

"Kill him! Kill him. Throw him over the cliff. Shoot him with your Flobert,

Dicky," were the outcries at Radcliffe's pun.

"This is one of the wonders of Mt. Kineo," said the Chief.

"How do you account for a spring 700 feet above the lake?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Springs are accounted for in this way: All the rain that falls on the land, if not used by plants, will do one of two things: run down in streams, form brooks and rivers, and at last reach the sea, from which it was taken in the form of vapors; or if it does not take this course it will sink deep into the earth until it comes to the hard rock through which it cannot percolate. Then the water accumulates, and being hard pressed will be forced up through sand and gravel and strata and rocks, and at last come to the surface, as in this case, a spring. In its long course it becomes purified, taking on many healthful elements and dropping all deleterious matter."

"That is very clear, but how do you ac-

count for its reaching so great an altitude?"

"We are surrounded by many mountains three and four times as high as Mt. Kineo. That leads me to call your attention to the remarkable uniformity in the heights of the mountains about us. For instance, Kokadjo is 3035 feet, Sabotawan is 3135 feet, the Lily Bay 3589 feet, Old Squaw 3267 feet and Bald Mountain about the same. There is a tradition that Thoreau heaped these stones up. He made a mistake when he says in his *Maine Woods*, 'standing where we now stand on the edge of this apparently sheer cliff, seven hundred feet high, one probably might have jumped down to the water.' You will see this could not be, as it is doubtful if any of us can throw a stone far enough out and away from the cliff to fall into the water. It is said that the face of the cliff descends ninety feet below the surface. But let us look at the picture."

After a long silence Newman broke in with this salient observation:

"Isn't this world just full of wonderful

and beautiful things if one only get high enough to see them!"

"I wish someone would kick me," broke out Croxford.

"What is the matter now, Croxie?"

"I can't get out of my mind what a blamed fool I was on my way here, and probably you can't."

"Now, Crox," said Radcliffe, putting his arm over the shoulder of his friend, "you've paid penance long enough for your one little fault. Most of us have greater ones."

"The rock of which this mountain is composed," said the Chief, "is hornstone, and is the largest mass of its kind in the world. It is found in various places in New England where trap-rocks have acted on silicious slate. Thoreau says that he found hundreds of arrow heads made of the same material, and he describes it as being slate, colored with specks; it becomes a uniform white where exposed to light and air, and breaks with a shell-shaped depression, producing a ragged cutting edge. Many

writers feel sure that the Indians came here from New York and Massachusetts to get this rock for their arrow heads, spear heads and hatchets. Among the tributes the Mohawks exacted from the Micmacs and Penobscots were large quantities of this rock."

Joe pointed out where the Tomhegan stream flowed into Moosehead Lake, opposite Farm Island.

"Tomhegan, he mean axe, hatchet," said Joe. Brassua stream, south of the Tomhegan, he said, is the Indian word for Frank, the probable name of some noted Indian chief who lived there. Joe grew quite eloquent as he pointed out the different streams and lakes named after famous warriors of his tribe.

"Socatean," he said, "means standing Atean. Big brave. Mighty warrior. All gone now. None left but Joe. My people once own everyting, all water, all land, woods, deer, bear. Ver' great people. White man come, too smart for Indian. Indian try killum, but white too smart. Now

all gone wigwam, big chief, mighty people. Joe all alone." Then as if he realized that he was getting sentimental he said, "Joe go down canoe."

"Stay for dinner, Joe."

"Joe get wood."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SERENADE

As they started to return Silkman remarked, pointing to the Kineo House, "What a magnificent location that is for a hotel. I never saw its equal, and I have seen most of the great summer hotels in this country."

"It must be a pretty good stunt," said Croxford, "for the hotel people to keep pace with their situation and surroundings."

"But they do it," replied the Chief, "and you will think so when you once enter the house and note how it is run. I have met many of its guests, and never heard one complain, but have heard them say that it is one of the few hotels where they do a little more than they agree to do."

They were tired when they reached the camp, but the cheering blaze of the fire,

the table spread with its bounties, the brightness and cheer of everything around them, the swinging hammocks and easy chairs offering them rest, the wholesome and hypnotizing odor arising from the fir pillows and cushions, the delightful sense of fellowship and harmony, the buoyant health and freedom, made their camp a home indeed.

The Lackawannas now bent most of their energies to preparing for the great event of the twentieth. Silkman and the lieutenant had been successful in procuring the costumes of the Red Men. They brought twenty-five suits to select from, but sent to Boston for new masks. They ordered music and began rehearsing the sextette from Lucia, under the direction of Bartlett, who had had a good musical education.

One night they paddled around to the pretty little cottage at the north end of the island occupied by the Laniers. Sitting in their canoes in the semi-darkness they raised their voices in song. There was a faint

light in the house, which was extinguished before they had finished their first song. This dampened their spirits, and Dan had about concluded that their music was not appreciated when they heard the door of the cottage open and the figure of a woman dressed in white appeared on the balcony that hung out over the rocks.

"Gentlemen," said the girl, "I thank you for your beautiful music. I regret that I cannot invite you into our home. My father is quite ill, but says that the music cheers and comforts him. At another time we hope to extend to you greater hospitality. My father presents his compliments and begs (if it is not asking too much) that you favor us with other selections."

Dicky, in a low voice said, "It is 'that not impossible She.'"

"Hush, Dicky," said Dan. Then he arose and asked, "Will you please indicate the music that most pleases you?"

"My father," said the voice, "is very fond of the operas. But it is too much to ex-

pect that you are prepared to gratify him on so short a notice."

"The sextette," whispered Dan.

"Isn't it a little risky?" ventured Sanford.

"We must take the risk," Dan replied, and he sounded the leading note.

Everything combined to make their singing of the wonderful composition effective, and a voice was heard to say, "It is beautiful. But I must say good-night. Once more I thank you."

"I wonder if she suspects who we are?" said Dan, as they paddled homeward.

CHAPTER XV

THE MISSING MAN

The Chief began to train the boys in rifle shooting. The target he rigged was unique. Trimming two large trees, some thirty feet apart, at the edge of the heavy woods that covered the rising land north of the farm, he bent a strong greased rope from tree to tree, drawing it taut. He cut from stiff pasteboard several targets, shaped something like the head and neck of a deer. These he suspended by greased cords two feet below the rope, in order that the bullets might not cut the sustaining cable. He tied a smaller cord to the target, which passed along and over the limb that held the rope, returning in a parabola sweep to the other limb, over it and to the opposite side of the target from which it started. This enabled the man standing at the tree to

move the target back and forth and up and down, at will. There were several intervening trees which would obstruct the view of the moving target at times, adding to the difficulty of hitting it as, with eccentric motions, it traveled along.

"Deer are seldom shot at a distance greater than twenty rods," said the Chief. "The trick is to shoot quick, and probably while they are moving. Any cool man, who knows anything about the modern high-power gun, is nearly sure of a deer at thirty rods. But much game has been lost by being unable to shoot quickly at the first jump of the deer."

The Winchester 30-30 and Savage .303 were the favorite rifles, although Broadhead made the best average with his Marlin. The target shooting proved a profitable recreation. At first Dicky was very successful, but his excitable nature caused him to lose control of himself, and he gave up in disgust.

Broadhead, Bartlett, and Radcliffe stead-

ily gained in accuracy and quickness. The Sanford brothers were tyros, having all to learn. But they were cool, and proved that practice would make them good marksmen. Silkman and Croxford made good scores for beginners. Newman did not join in the target practice. He had caught cold on the night of the serenade, and the Chief and Joe were carefully nursing him; for upon him depended the success of the music at Kineo.

The boys were anxious to see their Chief and Joe shoot, but Joe positively refused to waste ammunition on a target. "Can't killum paste board," he said. "Maybe killum bear sometime, maybe deer."

After considerable urging the Chief brought out his old 44 saying, "This old pet of mine is a little deliberate compared with your newer guns, as bullets thrown by black powder move only about 1100 feet in a second, which is nothing but meandering compared with the speed of 2200 feet made possible by the new powder."

But he astonished them with his marksmanship.

"It comes by long practice, boys," he modestly observed.

At dinner the next day Dan was missing. Joe said that he had set him across on the main land on the west side.

"Where did he say he was going?" inquired the Chief.

"Going big woods 'cross railroad. Want go alone. Sure no get lost."

"What did he take with him?"

"Maybe hatchet, matches, some bread, rifle. No compass."

"No compass, Joe? How do you know?"

"Dan say he findem way anyhow. He know all about it. Take compass, compass know all about it. Tell man everything. Dan want go same Indian. Sun compass, tree compass, big rock sun shine on, compass. Tink know some like Injin. Joe try tell him, 'No.' Red hair stand straight up, tellum Joe, 'You see me purty

queek night. Go all round big woods no compass, likum Joe.' ”

“Boys,” said the Chief, “I do not like this. Our friend thinks that he has learned all about the woods, but he does not think of the benumbing influence on the mind which the fear that he is lost will have. When he finds himself far in the silent woods, alone, probably for the first time, he will find that his mind will not act freely. Things will look unnatural, and as fear creeps in he will mistrust his judgment, and question even the accuracy of those common things by which an experienced man is guided.” Turning to the Indian he said, “Joe, did he tell you what signal he would use when he wanted you to meet him at the shore?”

“Come about five. Three guns.”

“If he does not reach the shore by half past five, he will have to remain in the woods over night. By six it will be dark there. I think that Joe and one or two others better go over to the shore and fire three times. Repeat this until he replies. He must un-

derstand the question we are asking, 'If he hears?' "

"But if he does not answer?" inquired Dicky, "what then?"

"We will build a large fire out in the field, which will be visible to him if he went up the mountain. This will show him the direction of the camp, and enable him to reach the lake in the morning. Nothing serious can happen to him to-night, and it may be that it is his intention to try the experiment of remaining out alone in the woods, and took this way of avoiding companionship."

"But what shall we do if he does not come back in the morning?" questioned the lieutenant.

"We will not wait for him to come back, unless he comes very early. We will establish a cordon of men that will extend nearly a mile and a half. I think there are enough of us to do this. I will take the right flank, Joe the left and Francis the

middle left. One of you can follow the road we traveled on our trip to Old Squaw. About a quarter of a mile apart, right and left we will advance towards the southwest side of the mountain, like a skirmish line. I think we can keep within calling distance, so that one need not advance too far beyond the regular line. We can call for him and occasionally fire our guns. He cannot be more than five miles away. In all probability he will avoid the swamps on the west and bear south of Burnham's pond. If he has not been hurt he will be sure to answer some of our calls. I am very sure we shall 'comb him out.' "

The night fell. Joe and the others waited patiently, but in vain, for the sound of Dan's answering rifle. The darkness deepened but out of the great shaggy blanket there came no sound. It was twelve o'clock before Radcliffe, Burnham and Joe came back to camp. All but Joe seemed depressed; he quaintly remarked, "Dan have

big sleep to-night. Mighty still, no wind. Joe likum be there too. Go get him morning."

Joe never realized how gratefully his hopeful words fell upon the ears of Dan's troubled friends.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SEARCH

In the morning the Chief carefully instructed the Clan how to proceed on the search for Dan. Little Peter and Newman were to remain at camp. All the others were to join in the search. Owing to Burnham's injured leg, which still troubled him, he was to follow the tote road. On his right was Radcliffe. North and west of Radcliffe Dicky was placed and beyond Dicky, Joe. South of the tote road the line was longer. Rudolph was placed just south of the trail and beyond him, his brother. Then came in order Francis, Broadhead, Croxford, Silkman and the Chief. On the south line the men were placed nearer together. The Chief felt quite sure that Dan would not leave the trail.

The Chief's signal to advance was to be

one shot, to be answered by all the others. The signal to stop was to be two shots, replied to consecutively along the line. They were also to shout after firing, the Chief to call first, the next man to respond and so on to the end of the line, that they might keep within hearing of each other, and approximately abreast.

At three guns, either from Joe or the Chief, they were to move north and south to the tote road. Five guns meant that he was found, and all were to concentrate at the junction of the two trails on the southwest slope of the mountain.

They had crossed the railroad and distributed themselves according to instructions. Then came the signal gun to advance, which was followed by successive answering reports.

Joe had sought Dicky to bring him up into position, and had just started to take his own station when he suddenly stopped and cried, "See big wassus. Dicky shoot." Dicky looked in the direction indicated by

Joe's pointing rifle, and near a shelving rock beside which grew several large beeches was a big black bear deliberately munching something. The bear was unconscious of the presence of the two men. He was thirty rods away, and above them. When Joe called to Dicky to shoot, the bear started forward. Dicky and Joe fired at about the same time. Still the bear moved on through the beeches. Both fired again, and the bear fell, Joe shouting, "Killum sho' this time," and he advanced, knife in hand, towards the struggling beast, and made sure that Bruin was dead.

"Must keepum up line, leave bear here. Go 'long."

The four shots had been heard the whole length of the line, and most of the men thought it was a signal to concentrate at the junction and started to do so, when they were startled by hearing five successive shots on the extreme left. It was the long "pow-pow" of the Chief's old 44, not to be mistaken. Joe came running across Dicky's

course crying, "Chief found Dan. Come tote road."

Joe saw that Radcliffe was moving west and called, "Go south. Trail near."

Several came together at the tote road some distance east of the junction. Then a call was heard coming from the south. It was Broadhead's voice, "Chief wants Joe and Francis to come quickly along the line. Dan's found, but is hurt."

They found the Chief standing over Dan, who was unable to rise. He had fallen over the edge of a ledge and sprained his ankle so badly that he could not step. In his fall he had broken the stock of his rifle, and could not respond to the inquiring shots of his friends the night before. He had laid all night where he fell, being unable to rise.

Joe and the Chief soon made a comfortable litter of young birch saplings and bore him carefully to the road near which was a spring.

"The first thing is to make a cup of coffee for Dan," said the Chief. "That will

brace him up. While you are making the coffee, Francis will go to the spring and mix some clay and water to make a poultice to put around his foot and ankle."

The swollen foot was stripped and under it was placed a large piece of white birch bark thickly covered with the poultice of clay. The bark with the poultice was wrapped around the foot and ankle and held there by withes which Joe had found growing out from the main trunks of yellow birch.

Dan confessed to instant relief and after partaking of a cup of coffee and a sandwich he seemed greatly refreshed and said, "Boys, don't look so blue. I shall be all right by the twentieth."

"If I had some vinegar to mix with that clay I could soon take the pain all out and most of the swelling," said the Chief. "When we get back to the camp I will show you what clay and vinegar will do for a sprain."

They were about starting back bearing Dan on the litter, when Joe quietly re-

marked, "Dicky shootem wassus, on beech ridge."

"What! what!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. "Dicky!"

"You shot a bear?" exclaimed the Chief.

"No; I fired, but Joe killed him."

"Dicky killum too. Three bullets in was-sus. All killum. Dicky hitum two time."

"Did you shoot him with that gun?" inquired Radcliffe.

"I fired with it," replied Dicky, whose face was now glowing with pride.

Radcliffe had taken Dicky's rifle from his hand, looked it over, and as he handed it back he remarked, "So you shot a bear with that. Pretty Savage—rifle, isn't it, Dicky?"

Broadhead, the Chief, Francis and Burnham started with the litter along the tote road towards the lake. The two Sanfords, Croxford and Silkman were to relieve the bearers from time to time. Dicky, Radcliffe and Joe were to bring out the bear, and he proved a big burden. Joe was for skinning the beast and burying the carcass,

but Radcliffe and Dicky would not listen to it, as they wanted to hang it up at the camp in full view of everyone on the passing steamers.

It was a tired party that reached the camp in the late afternoon; and as soon as Dan was made comfortable all but the Chief, Joe and Francis retired for a sleep. The Chief busied himself in caring for Dan.

At supper the Chief remarked, "Before you begin eating let me read a letter addressed to you, in my care:

TO THE LACKAWANNAS:

Gentlemen—This is to inform you that upon the evening of September 20, there will be an entertainment and fête at the Kineo House, under the auspices of its guests. We cordially invite you to attend. We enclose a programme which shows that your "wild" neighbors the Iroquois are to furnish the first part of the entertainment. The second part the guests of the house are to furnish, and it is not yet settled what

it will be. It has occurred to us that we might surprise and delight both the Iroquois and the guests if at a given time we could announce that the Committee had secured for its part of the entertainment the Lackawannas to sing. We are much taken with the idea. May we add that this will be paying your cheerful enemies for their last practical joke, which we thought rather severe?

Your fame has gone before you. Two of our committee heard you sing at Greenville. Their praise was warm. Can we hope that you will join with us in surprising at least the Iroquois? We hope for an early and favorable reply.

Yours truly,

ABEL ANDERSON,

CHARLES CROCKETT,

Committee of the House.

After they had finished eating, Burnham arose and made a speech.

"In my opinion, fellows," he began, "that

letter is just what we needed to spur us on. It appears by what the committee say that the people on the lake are expecting us to do something brilliant. This letter invites us to give the Iroquois as well as the guests a surprise. By carrying out our scheme we shall surprise them both. They cannot blame us, as they will feel that they prompted the act. It removes the last objection, and even Croxford must admit that there is now no ground for squeamishness or sentiment. I move that we accept the invitation, and in doing so add that we will announce our programme at the time and will agree that it shall be a surprise."

This motion was unanimously carried.

The programme showed that the Iroquois' plans were as Dicky had reported.

"Fellows," said Radcliffe, "if we had written that programme to suit ourselves we couldn't have done better."

"The only thing that bothers me," said the captain, "is that speech and the poem."

"I'll take care of the poem," said Dicky.

"How?"

"I won the prize at the high school for reciting 'The Seminole's Reply' and I'd like to try it on Joe."

"Recite it now, Dicky."

Dicky was a fine elocutionist and was able to galvanize this time-worn poem into life.

"Dicky, you're all right; you've saved us on that."

Joe was taking it all in. He watched Dicky as he recited the poem. At its close he asked Dicky, "Seminole say that?"

"That is what they say he said."

Joe grunted, "Seminole big brag, heap fool. Maybe you fool Iroquois. Can't fool Joe."

The boys roared. And even the Chief laughed.

"How about that speech?" inquired Dan from his bunk. "Can you make a speech, too, Dicky?"

"No. But I know who can. I heard Radcliffe getting off part of the speech of

Charles Sprague's 'The Indian as he was and he is.' It is swell."

"Out with it, Radcliffe," commanded the captain. "We will have a rehearsal right here."

Radcliffe unfolded his six feet two, and with good effect recited that perfect piece of poetic prose, which Roscoe Conkling once said was "the finest in literature," beginning, "Not many generations ago where we now sit surrounded by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

"Radcliffe, you remind me of Lincoln; at Kineo, try and keep that left eye open."

"Boys, the die is cast," said the Chief solemnly. "We must all work for one end—victory."

CHAPTER XVII

THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH

It was with no little pride that the Lackawannas displayed their black trophy in full view of the passing steamers. It was another evidence of their prowess. The fight with the outlaws and the capture of one of them had been exploited by the newspapers. The appearance of the bear capped the climax. Several pounds of juicy bear steak were sent the Iroquois with a note attached reading, "Fear not, but eat. Let us bear and forbear. Compliments of the L's."

"I wonder," inquired Sanford, "what the Lily Bay folks are doing. They are very quiet."

"I think," said Burnham, "that they have been expecting us to make a raid on them, and have laid low."

"Most likely."

“Chief, have you perfected your plans for crippling their launch?”

“I am all ready. I have not only got the little staples but have wire and rope. I had the staples riveted on to iron plates so that I could screw them to the side of the launch just below the water line without injury to it.”

“I like that idea,” said Broadhead. “Let us avoid all unnecessary injury of their property.”

They were all ready when the night of the fête came. The little steamer belonging to the Capens had been chartered to move them up the lake, its engineers and the proprietor of the hotel alone being in the secret. The night was just dark enough to suit their purpose. The Lackawannas had been interested in the making of their torches by the Chief and Joe. For several days woolen rags and waste had been soaking in bear’s grease, which had from time to time been warmed. Joe had cut a number of small white birch trees from which the torch sticks

were to be made. These were cut into lengths of about five feet. Their ends were split down about fifteen inches, and held open like jaws by a wedge introduced sideways. Into these jaws were crowded the greased rags and waste. By removing the wedges the recovery of the wood held everything firmly. The opposite ends were to be pinched over the rails of the canoes just back of the thwarts on both sides. Before starting, the torches were trimmed into regular form and soaked in kerosene and then carefully wrapped in birch bark to prevent the wasting of the oil and grease.

The Chief found the launch of the Iroquois buoyed some distance from the shore, with two canoes attached to the stern cleats. He was not long in securing the ropes to the sides of the launch, a little below the water line. He weighted the ends of the ropes with pieces of wire so that they would sink when the boat was motionless. When the launch was moving they would rise to the surface and stream out behind it until it

swung, when the rope would engage the propeller. Securing a small wire to the port staple he bound to this a long cord which unrolled from out the center of the ball as he slowly backed away from the launch. When he had moved far enough away so that the launch was invisible, he awaited the coming of the Iroquois.

It was not long before torches were seen flashing along the shore in front of the Iroquois' camp. Then he heard the dip of their paddles as they approached the launch. He quietly drew his canoe nearer, the torches revealing the Iroquois in full costume boarding their launch.

"Put out the torches and push back the canoes," was the command. "Keep quiet as we pass through the thoroughfare."

The Chief heard the Iroquois talking about the Lackawannas, one saying, "I think it is about time we stopped fighting and began to cultivate their acquaintance. That bear steak made me feel mighty kindly towards them. I wish they were going to

be up to Kineo to-night. I should like to see them."

The Chief smiled as he said to himself, "I guess you will have a chance."

"Let her go, Clay," commanded someone, and the launch moved into the darkness.

The Chief gradually drew on the line until he was opposite the canoes of the Iroquois. The boys were talking in low but animated tones. Now was his time! With a keen knife he severed the painters of the four little vessels and the launch moved rapidly out of sight.

"All's well so far," he muttered. "Now to land the canoes and overtake them. I can use the cut-off and save half the distance around."

He managed to secure the canoes to the side of his own and with short, silent strokes soon reached the shore. He stepped into the water and picked up the canoes one by one, and bore them to the shore. Then he pushed out towards the southern point of Sugar Island, where he expected to find the

Iroquois hopelessly floating about and his hopes were realized.

"What's the matter, Clay?" he heard someone cry out.

"The engine has stopped, Captain, and I can't start it."

"Have you tried to turn the propeller by hand?" inquired another.

"Yes, but I can't budge it."

"The canoes have gone!" cried another in an excited voice.

"The Lackawannas, as sure as you live! Well, we *are* in a fix."

"How did they manage to do it? We started all right."

"Oh, dang it. That crowd can do anything. Didn't they set the water on fire in those canoes?"

"What are we going to do?"

"Sit here and rot," growled a bass voice.

"That fellow must be the bass singer, and a brother to Croxford," thought the Chief. "I suppose I ought to end their agony before long."

"My braves," and the voice was that of an evident leader, "we are fairly caught. I have discovered that there is a rope wound around our propeller, and our canoes were cleanly cut away. It is a fine job, and we've got to make the best of it. It is no use to complain. We began the fight, and they are bound to end it. It is the slickest piece of work I ever heard of. There is just one thing to do."

"What is that, Captain?"

"This," and he began to remove his tog-gery. "I am going to strip, jump over-board and disentangle that propeller. If I can do it, I propose we first go to Camp Lackawanna, serenade the lads, shout our congratulations and then proceed to Kineo—there confess our undoing and leave it to their generosity to excuse the inevitable. What do you say?"

"I guess it is the best thing we can do, but it is a terrible emetic."

"Well, here she goes."

"Hold a moment," came a strong voice

from the lake. "Don't jump into that cold water. I have a better plan."

"It is Gabriel, by the Great Horn Spoon."

"Who are you?" cried the captain.

"The man who was born in 1750 that you buried the other night. Are you in trouble?"

"Yes," snapped the captain. "And I suppose we owe it to you and the Lackawannas."

"Oh, no. You don't owe us anything. It is all paid for—and in advance don't you know."

"Well, we are at your mercy, old man. What are you going to do with us?"

"Allow me, and I will a tale unfold," replied Bagley.

"Well, hurry up, they are waiting for us at Kineo."

"O no, they are not waiting. You have got there by this time. That is," he continued slowly, "your counterfeit presentments are there."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just this. The Lackawannas, fearing that something *might happen* thought it would be too bad to disappoint those ladies in waiting—and others, so they sent to Bangor and Boston, and maybe San Francisco, to get Indian toggery and masks to resemble yours in the picture."

There were groans from the launch.

"They looked real pretty when they started out, and I suppose that by this time the Pocahantases and the Minnehahas are admiring them."

"By the Great Jehoshaphat! But aren't we paralyzed?"

"Just incinerated," said someone.

"Send my ashes back to my mother in an urn made of the weeping willow."

"Ask him," said Clay, "if he has got a torpedo under us?"

"Don't feel so bad about it," came in kindly tones from the canoe. "I think I see a way out for you."

"Up or down?"

"Ahead," was the reply of the Chief. "But wait until I can cut the ropes away from the propeller. Here, some of you hold my canoe up to the stern while I work. Swing her sideways. Now keep her from dipping. It will take three of you, for I must reach into the water."

They did as he bade them. It proved to be a difficult task but it was finally accomplished.

Bagley sprang aboard the launch saying, "Now try your engine."

It worked perfectly.

"What is to be our next humiliation, Mr. Bagley?"

"I fear," replied the old guide, "that some of you are taking this matter too seriously. I judged by what I overheard that you were to regard this as a good joke, and the proposition which some of you made to go over and serenade and congratulate your rivals struck me as worthy of you."

"We meant to do it, didn't we, boys? If we could ever get the engine to work."

"I think you did," said the Chief heartily. "And as I have had something to do in getting you into this trouble I will have more to do in getting you out. Just trust me. But first introduce me. You know who I am for you were at my funeral."

"You beat Lazarus in coming to life again."

The leader said, "I am known as Ray Clarkson, and have the honor of being captain of the Iroquois. The man at the wheel is Charles Clay, our engineer. The big fellow there is Samuel Lambert, the diapason of our double quartette. The next man is Mr. Buker, then Whitcomb; the slender fellow is Todd; the man next to him is Carey, our Campanari; this fellow here is Philosopher Jones, the planner of all our pranks. The next fellow, equally bad, is Toothacker the giant from Dixmont, six feet two. Last but not least among the victims of your Lackawannas, is John Crosby, holding the painter of your canoe."

"Now, what is to be our fate?"

"While I talk keep her headed for Kineo." Then the chief revealed his plans. And when he had ended he asked, "Is your fate so very hard?"

"No! No!" cried several. "It is splendid! It is generous! But are you sure the Lackawannas will agree to this?"

"As sure as I am that they are generous and brave, and will extend to you every courtesy in their power, as you seem willing to do to them. Rely upon me. To prove to you how sure I am of my boys, I will march at the head of your procession, with your captain, as we enter."

"Three cheers for the Lackawannas!" cried the captain.

"Three more cheers for Neptune Bagley," came from sub-base.

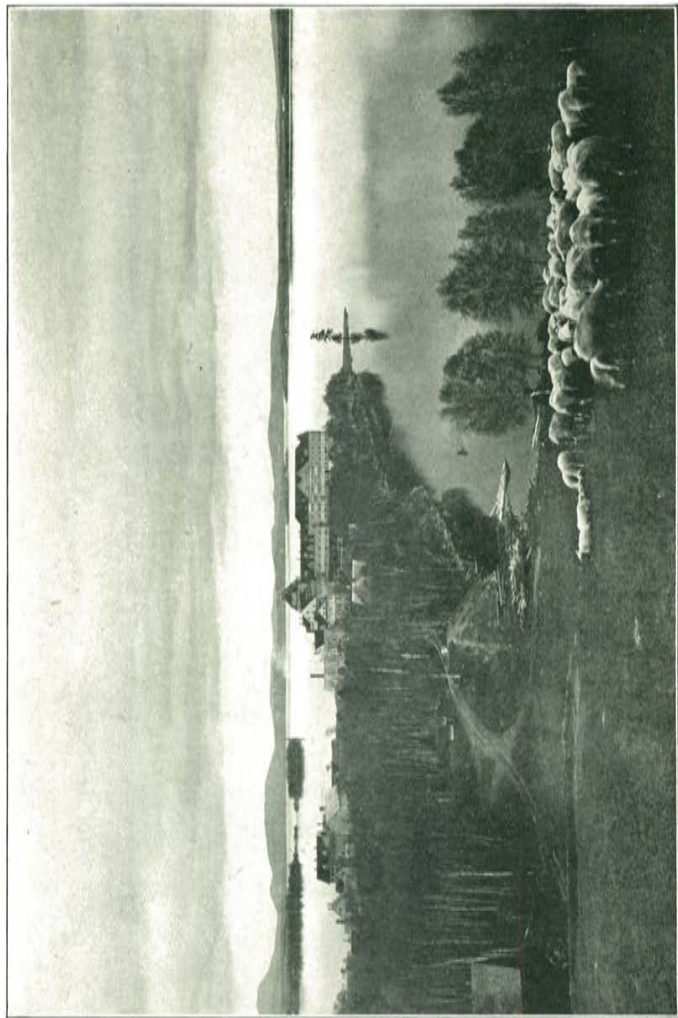
"Have your pilot land us," said the chief, "beyond the steamboat landing back of the old hotel. Remain in the launch until the captain and I can interview the proprietor and the head of the committee."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FÊTE

Everything went well with the Lackawannas. Their canoes with their flaring torches made a brave display as they approached the shore. The hotel was a blaze of light, and though it was cool, almost cold, the porches were crowded with guests. When the "savages" appeared on the south plaza with bright torches, dressed in their war-like costumes, yelling like fiends, a shriek of alarm went up from the ten waiting maidens, who fled in terror. They had nearly reached the porch before the warriors overtook them.

In their flight the girls had not maintained the regular order as pre-arranged, and the warriors had some trouble in finding their corresponding numbers. Dicky, in his ex-



MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND KINEO HOUSE.

citement, had seized number ten. Discovering her number to be that of Newman's, he rushed forward leading his captive. "I say, Newman. I've got the wrong girl. This one has your number. Take her. I must find mine."

Newman offered his arm. For an instant it did not occur to him what Dicky's words revealed. The girl stood perfectly still, looking straight at her captor. Then there rushed into his mind the significance of Dicky's thoughtless remark.

The maiden's face was partly concealed by a black mask, but her fine throat and chin were exposed. Finally she spoke, "You are not Mr. Todd?"

"No, no," he said. "But go with me. It will be all right. See, the others are entering the house, the people are watching us."

She took his arm, saying gently, "I will go with you. You can trust me."

The orchestra which had been playing, now ceased and silence fell upon the crowd. The supreme moment had arrived. Not a

man had blundered, save poor Dicky, who was wholly unconscious of it.

The costumes were gaudy. The captain, as the great Chief, was painted and be-feathered to personate Sitting Bull, while Radcliffe was hideous as the great medicine man. The others were more becomingly dressed, their toggery being of good material, well-fitting and highly colored. Each wore over one shoulder a red blanket.

A chord of music was heard. Then there arose from the unique group the strains of the sextette from Lucia. At first Dicky's voice was a little weak, but he soon recovered his confidence and sang up to his mark.

Newman did not join until the full sextette had been reached. The Lackawannas knew they were winning. When the song was ended there broke forth such an acclaim as old Kineo never heard before. The people were not content with the clapping of hands, but arose and shouted, "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!"

Newman's captive stood back to him when

the singing began. He noticed that she was trembling. When his voice joined those of his friends in the magnificent closing, she turned about and with her hands clasped seemed listening to him alone.

The encore was loud and persistent. Finally Dan whispered "The Stein Song." The fine song had a wonderful effect upon the excited audience, and was applauded heartily.

The next number was a song and chorus by the Indian maidens, given with fine effect.

The proprietor of the hotel was master of ceremonies. The orchestra struck up, and he with his wife, led the pseudo-Iroquois four times around the hall amid the constant applause of the guests. They finally stopped at the farther end of the hall, where stood a dais. At each side of this the captives and captors were placed. Then Dicky advancing with his Indian maiden stood upon the platform. With grace and dignity he placed his partner in the provided chair

and then recited "The Seminole's Reply." There was force, fervor and beauty in its delivery, and the Lackawannas proudly joined in the applause that followed.

Once more they sang, and then from an unexpected quarter came a request for "Aux Italiens." This swept the people off their feet and some one was heard to inquire why it was that the Iroquois had never sung this music before. "They are outdoing themselves," one remarked.

"I can't understand it," said another. "They show quality and training that I never discovered in them before."

"Well, I know one thing," said one, querrously, "they have imported two of their singers. That little fellow never sang with the Iroquois before; neither has the first tenor."

After "Aux Italiens," came Radcliffe's speech, "The Indian as he was and as he is," which was well received.

Then followed the grand march, the Indians leading. They marched around the

porches and back through the main rooms, and were halted in front of the closed doors of the dining room.

Shortly after Radcliffe's recitation, the proprietor and two of the committee, were seen moving among the guests in a somewhat hurried manner; then they withdrew followed by ten young ladies dressed in white.

There was some delay before the doors of the dining room were opened. It was evident that something unusual was going on, for they could hear commands issued in a low voice and a sound as of the driving of tacks. Then someone said, "A little lower. A little more to the right. That will do, hold it there."

The Lackawannas had decided to withdraw after the unmasking, and before the supper, if circumstances seemed to require it. While waiting at the door of the dining room a note had been placed in Captain Broadhead's hand signed by Chief Bagley, which read as follows:

"Don't be surprised at anything. Keep perfectly cool. Iroquois here, and friendly. Everything O.K."

The Captain managed without attracting attention to move among his men and convey the substance of Chief Bagley's note.

And so when the doors were opened and they saw stretched across the farther end of the hall a broad white banner on which were written the words, "The Iroquois salute and welcome the Lackawannas," they were prepared.

In the centre of the room was a very long table beautifully garnished, while at the sides the usual order of smaller tables was maintained. The proprietor, placing himself at the head, marched into the room at the left of the long table, followed by the Lackawannas and their captives.

From the opposite end of the dining room Chief Bagley appeared, leading the Iroquois with their captives.

The proprietor and Chief Bagley reached

the head of the table at the same time. The shrewd face of the former had a half concealed smile upon it, and the Mosaic countenance of the old guide seemed illumined when the long-contending warriors stood face to face.

The music ceased; then the proprietor spoke: "Iroquois and Lackawannas, and guests of the house, I desire to say that the lights will be extinguished for a few seconds. During the darkness those wearing masks and dominos will please remove them. When the light is restored a general introduction will take place between the two tribes of warriors present. I will introduce the Iroquois, calling each name, William Bagley will do the same for the Lackawannas. Then will follow our supper. And may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

The lights were extinguished for nearly a minute, and when restored the Indian had passed away. The white man stood in his place; and for the first time the campers of

Lily Bay and those of Deer Island stood face to face.

The supper that followed was a joyous affair. At the close of the feast the proprietor proposed, that, peace having been declared, the two tribes retire to the lower rooms and become better acquainted with each other.

Then followed the dance, in which nearly all the guests took part. Newman had been introduced to René Lanier. She was very beautiful, he thought, but quiet and reserved.

CHAPTER XIX

JUDE BRITTAIN

After the affair at Kineo the two camps became very friendly, and the day before the departure of the Lackawannas on the Allegash trip the Iroquois gave them a farewell dinner, prepared by themselves, in the beech grove back of their camp.

The Lackawannas were not a little surprised when the Chief and Francis returned from Greenville with the supplies which they said would be necessary for the expedition.

"I thought we were going in light marching order. Here's enough to last a regiment a month," said Dan. "What is your idea in putting the different things in these canvas bags?"

"To save room."

"How so?"

"If we put ten pounds of sugar in a ten

pound box, when two-thirds of the sugar is used up the box still takes up the same amount of space."

"I've got it, I've got it," cried Bartlett. "The bag will collapse to the amount it contains."

"That's a bully idea," said Dicky. "I wonder what he's got so much ham for? I shan't eat anything but fresh meat, and yet he's got dead loads of pork, corned beef, and salt fish. Then there's a jug of kerosene. I wonder what that is for. We have candles."

"You will learn before we get back," said the Chief significantly.

"Really, Chief, I don't understand," said Croxford, "why you take so much salt meat. We can shoot grouse now, and in two days, deer."

"That's just what gets me," piped up Dicky again. "Who will eat ham when we can shoot deer, caribou, moose and bear; then there are ducks, partridges, hawks, king fishers, eagles—"

"Yes," continued Radcliffe, "and we can have fried heron, stewed sandpipers, and fricasseed crow."

There was a laugh at Dicky's expense, who looked about trying to account for it. Then he said indignantly, "We can't eat crow nor heron. What are you talking about?"

"Well I don't think I am hankering for hawks either," retorted Croxford.

"Who said hawks?"

"Someone who ought to know better, and does, when his tongue doesn't run in advance of his thoughts," said the captain.

Dicky was in the dumps again, and vowed to himself that he would treat his friends to a brilliant dash of silence.

"Chief," said Dan, "don't make it too easy for us. Folks never brag about the easy time they have. We want a tough time. Moving accidents by flood and field, lost in the woods, chased by wolves, scalped by bears, have to live on roots and berries, robbed by poachers, deuce to pay generally."

"Right you are my elegant sorrel-top," chimed in Freckles. "We must manage to do something that will make T. R. just green with envy; something that will cause him to send a wire to Bill Sewall reading something like this: 'Meet me at Seboomook, dead quick. The Lackawannas have discounted my past achievements. Must redeem myself. Yours impatiently, T. R.'"

"You are waking up, Freckles," said the captain. "But I think Chief, that this is the general feeling among the boys. We have had a fine time at the lake, but we have exercised our wits more than our muscles."

The old man smiled as he quietly remarked, "If I am not mistaken the Alle-gash trip will test both your muscle and your wits, as well as your courage and endurance."

They enjoyed the tramp across the Northeast carry and it was a happy party that started in the five canoes that were to bear them through the wild and romantic scenery of a northern wilderness. Joe's canoe being

the largest bore the surplus supplies. Two barrels cut down to the second hoops, were placed amidship in his canoe craft, and in them were put all articles that water would injure.

"Wouldn't boxes be better?" inquired the lieutenant. "The barrels seem top heavy."

"It may appear so," replied the Chief, "but I have found barrels to be the best things to store provisions in. We are sure to ship more or less water. The barrels keep everything dry where a box might admit water. We place heavy articles at the bottom and they act as ballast. A rubber blanket secured over them protects everything. They are easily handled, and in camp they afford the best security against the rodents of the woods."

The Chief led the van. With him were Newman and Silkman, with supplies for immediate use. Joe followed in his heavily-laden canoe. With him was Francis as his bowman, for no tyro could be trusted with

the craft containing such a precious burden. There would be places where the course would be hazardous, and the utmost skill would be required.

Broadhead was in the stern of the third canoe, and with him the two Sanfords. Radcliffe, Croxford and Burnham occupied the fourth, Bartlett and Dicky brought up in the rear. In their canoe were stored the tent, poles, ropes, and many things for more or less permanent camping. Little Peter was left at Camp Lackawanna with Mr. Kendall and his friends.

The silent canoes moved on with their silent occupants. Even Dicky seemed muted. Each man was dumbly occupied in holding on to his own happiness. When they approached the level waters of the mouth of Lobster stream, Joe's canoe waited until the others came up, the Chief still moving along. They were soon alongside and answering their look of inquiry the Indian said "Lobster Stream. Lobster Lake he up there. Great fish lake. Lobster Stream sometime

he go up, sometime he go down. No other stream same he."

Noting the rather perplexed expression on the faces of the listening men, Francis explained what his father meant. "He means that in the spring when there is a high pitch on the West Branch, the Penobscot is higher than Lobster Lake and the water runs up and into the lake. But when the river is low, as it is now, it runs out."

At this moment the sound of a horn was heard coming from below where the Chief's canoe had disappeared around a bend in the stream.

"Chief wantem all come. Maybe seeum deer, maybe moose."

Bartlett and Dicky tried to pass the two Indians, but soon gave up the task, for they were contending against the skill and strength of Nature's own children, whose cradle was the canoe, and which was to them what the wild pony is to the children of the plain—their natural means of conveyance.

Swinging to the north they saw the Chief's canoe hugging the east shore, apparently motionless. The keen eye of the Indian detected a significance in the wide-spread fingers of the uplifted hand of the Chief. As Bartlett's canoe neared Joe's the Indian remarked quietly, "Dicky, you swallow tongue. Keepum still. Chief see something, say so with hand."

Silently they glided near the place where the Chief's canoe lay. Newman and Silkman sat gazing at the other shore. Joe silently pointed in the same direction. There, standing knee-deep in the water was a large cow moose. She did not seem alarmed, although it was evident that she saw the canoes and their occupants.

"Isn't she a buster?" said Dicky in smothered tones.

"Hush, Hush," came simultaneously from many voices, and Dicky formed another resolution.

"Follow me," commanded the Chief as he moved out into the stream, directly towards

the animal. As they approached, the moose raised her head but did not move until they were within fifteen rods of her. Then, turning, she waded to the shore where she paused, and looked back at the approaching strangers. They were so near that they could see the expression of the great brown eyes that seemed endeavoring to make out what order of beings these were that had come to disturb her in her home.

After the moose had disappeared the Chief remarked, "Now boys, you have seen your first moose. The law does not allow anyone to shoot a cow moose at any season, but after the fifteenth of October the male may be taken. The large stream just below us is called Moosehorn. We will camp this side near Smith's Landing. Joe and I will push ahead and prepare dinner. You can take your time. You did very well in that swift water below Lobster, but before reaching Chesuncook, we shall pass Rocky Rips, which will test your skill as canoeists."

Joe and Francis were already well down the stream. Newman was using the bow paddle in the Chief's boat, and looked the picture of health and happiness as the canoe shot forward. The beauty of the scenery along the river checked haste, and when at last they came in sight of the camping spot they shouted their delight at the prospect. A cheerful fire was burning, and over it hung a kettle of water already steaming. Joe was busy preparing the fire wood, and the Chief and Francis were taking up the beans for dinner. Silkman and Newman were trolling for pickerel in front of the camp.

"I say," began Radcliffe, "don't you pity those fellows hanging around New York, and fooling themselves with the idea that they are having a good time?"

"No, I don't pity them," replied Croxford. "They don't deserve any. They have heard about this country, but can't leave that giddy whirl long enough to come here and get things first-handed. They

think 'little old New York' the only place on earth, when the fact is it is the last place in which a sound and rational man would want to live for six months of the year. I'd rather live in Maine than anywhere on earth."

They walked up the shore and threw themselves down upon the leafy carpet. Before five minutes had passed Radcliffe, Burnham, the lieutenant, the captain and Dicky were asleep. Silkman and Newman had come in with three fine pickerel, which Francis was to prepare for dinner.

"Don't hurry, Francis. Take plenty of time. Let the boys sleep."

Joe was seated on a log, smoking, when he suddenly took his pipe from his mouth and seemed to be listening. Calling Rudolph, who had been watching the cook, he said, "Getum shot gun. Come with me."

Rudolph rushed to the Chief's boat and seized the double-barreled shot gun belonging to his brother. Without a word the Indian started into the woods, Rudolph fol-

lowing. They had gone but a few rods when Joe stopped saying:

"Guess partridge here. Listen!"

Soon they heard the "keip, keip" of a partridge.

"He moving. No fly. Soon seeum. Guess two—There!—shoot queek!"

There was a sharp report and Rudolph rushed forward, in spite of the warning of Joe, to seize the struggling bird. Before he reached it two others flew up right before him. He had dropped his gun when starting for the bird. Another sharp report and one of the birds that had volleyed across his course, fell before the aim of the Indian, who came up and quietly remarked, "Too much hurry. Alway two bird. Sometime tree, maybe four. Getum all, don't hurry."

Then the horn blew and they went back to camp, Rudolph proudly bearing the two birds.

The shooting had aroused all but Burnham, who was snoring like a Falstaff.

Burnham was finally aroused, and when

they gathered around the birch-bark table, spread upon the ground, it seemed to them that never in their life had food tasted so good. There were warmed-over beans, an abundance of coffee, cream from Smith's, fresh pickerel done to a brown turn, boiled potatoes, doughnuts, cheese, hard-tack and, could you believe it, hot biscuits, made by Francis from prepared flour and baked before the open fire.

"We can't keep this up through the whole trip, can we, Francis?" inquired Dicky.

"Can if you want to."

"How about doughnuts?" inquired Dan.

"They won't keep three weeks. You can't make them in the woods, can you?"

"Yes."

While they were eating, a canoe was seen coming down the river, containing two men. As it approached their landing the Chief said, "Who are they, Joe?"

"Maybe Frenchmen. Maybe want go with us. Maybe—" Then suddenly Joe arose and moved towards the shore, his eyes

fixed upon the approaching canoe, the Chief following. He had noted the look of surprise on Joe's face. The boys took but little notice but attended strictly to their eating, Francis serving.

The strange canoe reached the landing and the bowman, a thick set, full-bearded man, leaped to the shore, the man in the stern remaining in the canoe. The Chief advanced and asked "What can we do for you?"

The man on the shore replied in good English "I thought you might need more guides. If so I would like to hire." His voice was pleasant, but there was something hard and cruel in the straight mouth and the white teeth that gleamed through his short mustache. When he spoke the mouth seemed to widen and the lips grow thin, and he cut out his words as though he had committed them to memory. The eyes were light blue and there was no hint of a smile about them. Notwithstanding that the

voice was not repellant there was something sinister about the man.

"We do not need any more help," said the Chief in a tone that precluded any further consideration of the subject.

The man turned to go, when the Chief said, "Have you had dinner?"

"No."

"Wait here," said the Chief, "and I will bring you something to eat."

All this time Joe had been watching the man in the canoe. He was very large and beardless, the lower part of his face being of a bluish white, indicating that he had lately shaved off his beard. The jaw was heavy, and there was a relentless expression about both the eyes and the mouth. He was dressed in the ordinary lumberman's clothes, and at his side, the barrel resting upon the thwart of the canoe, was a rifle.

When the Chief brought the dinner, the short man passed the coffee to his companion, who drank it at once, but placed the

food upon some blankets in the canoe, and they paddled away, the bearded man grunting half audible thanks.

"I can't make them out," said the Chief to the Indian, "but there is something in the face of that big fellow that is familiar. Did you notice how blue his face is, and how he turned away when I came down to the boat?"

Without any emotion the Indian slowly replied, "Big man Jude Brittain. Shavum face. Tink no one know him. Joe know big ear, big chin. Little man just bad. Going make trouble. Maybe steal wangan; maybe kill somebody."

"Joe," said the Chief, surprised and alarmed, "are you sure?"

"Joe very sure, little man no want hire, just want stay long enough see what we got, then some night he and big man come steal everything."

"Joe," said the Chief with a troubled voice and look, "for the present keep this from the boys. You may tell Francis."

"Yeh," grunted Joe.

"Who was that blue jay that sat in the canoe?" inquired Croxford of the Chief.

"Could you see the color of his face from here?" said the Chief.

"We could by using my glasses," said Silkman.

"It struck me," broke in Radcliffe, "that I had seen that man somewhere. There was the big nose and the great ears that stood out from his head, the heavy shoulders, the coarse, straight black hair, and the big rolling dark eyes showing their white. I tell you, boys, that man I have seen, but where?"

After a moment's thought Radcliffe cried out "It's Jude Brittain, with his beard shaven."

"That's just who it is," said Dan.

"Right you are, my scarlet pompadour," chimed in Croxford. "We shall have to set a watch upon the wall to guard our New Jerusalem."

As if the matter had been settled, Broadhead inquired, "Who was the other man?"

"Jest bad as Brittain," said Joe.

"That is what I thought," said Dicky. "He had teeth like Dicken's Carker."

"Well, you must have taken them in pretty well, boys," said the leader.

"Yes, we did," said Rudolph. "And Croxford got a snap shot of that set of teeth, with the fellow attached to them."

"Did you know them, Chief?" inquired Burnham.

"Not at first. I was engaged in talking with the one that came ashore, and did not pay any attention to the man in the canoe. But Joe knew him at once."

"Well, Chief, what does this mean?" inquired Captain Broadhead. "Will they make us trouble?"

"I am of the opinion," replied the Chief, "that they may try to steal some part of our wangan. This we must guard against, and also try to do more."

"How so, Chief?"

"Boys, I understand that there is a large reward offered for this man Brittain, dead

or alive, by both Canadians and Americans. He is a notorious poacher, and a thief; some say a murderer. I know you didn't come here to engage in the capture of such a man as Jude Brittain, but should they molest us or attempt to steal our canoes or any part of our wangan, I recommend that we do not spare them, but capture them if we can and turn them over to the authorities. Brittain is a shrewd rogue, and as relentless as a wolf. If he does not molest us we will not trouble him. Are you willing to leave it to me?"

They all agreed to be guided by the judgment of the Chief, and almost enjoyed the idea that they had an enemy to watch and guard against.

Dan said: "This is something like. I almost hope that that unhung Brittain will make another attempt on our camp. I won't spare them if I catch them stealing anything."

Before they started, the Chief instructed them carefully in the use of the pole below

Pine Stream Falls. "When you are running through the sluice ways between the rocks, check your canoe with the pole before entering the swiftest water. If she moves with the water and but a little faster, she will swing with it. You may think she is going to dash upon a rock ahead, but if the bowman sits low in the canoe her head will swing with the current, providing, as I have said, you have checked her momentum. Of course the pole man will have to stand. It will be better for the bowman, in most cases, to sit on the bottom of the canoe. Now remember this: Should you lose control, cling to the canoe. She may strike a rock, possibly stave a hole in herself, or get hung up, but you are safer in her even if she is half full of water, than you would be to take the chances of jumping. Cling to your canoe until help comes, if anything happens."

Dan lost his pole just before passing the danger zone. But his canoe went through safely by his using a paddle. When they reached the Chesuncook they paddled to the

north shore and began to prepare for the night's camp.

A camp site was selected on rising ground. Details were made by the Chief, some to cut the larger boughs, some to break off the smaller ones, some to help Joe gather wood, and some to aid in building the lean-to. It had been decided not to put up the tent, for the night, though cool, was clear, and all wanted to sleep in the open. A great fire was built in front of the lean-to, and Joe and Francis brought together a number of half-decayed logs which when well-heated burn more slowly than sound timber, and hold the fire longer.

After supper came the talk, then the song, and then the placing of the guard, the Captain, Rudolph and Joe. At twelve o'clock Silkman, Dan and Radcliffe were to relieve them, the Chief overseeing everything. For the first time these young men lay down in what they called the "open," the great fire at their feet, the dark woods beyond and the sentinel stars above.

CHAPTER XX

ON TO CHAMBERLAIN

"Wake up, you seven sleepers. Get a wiggle on you!" called a voice. Then the long pow-pow of a shot gun, then a cry. Then seven sleepy-looking men raised up from their boughy beds and tried to make out where they were.

Silkman said, "Where is Newman?"

"He and Joe have gone down the lake in a canoe," replied Francis, who was busy preparing breakfast. "They have just fired at something."

"Where's my gun? Where's my gun?" cried Dicky.

"Where are we, anyhow?" Rudolph looked about in a dazed manner.

"Somebody has run away with Radcliffe and Broadhead," said the lieutenant.

"Maybe they have joined the Jude Brittain crowd, and are going to become the terrors of the Allegash. Did they see anything last night?"

"I think not," replied the Chief. "They started down the lake an hour ago. Said they would be back at breakfast time."

"Why didn't you wake us up?" snapped Croxford. "We've lost an hour of morning glory."

"Four of you stood guard half the night; besides you looked so innocent and beautiful as you lay there with your mouths open, snoring, I thought it too bad to disturb you sleeping beauties."

"You did just right, Chief," said Dan, shaking off the bedding and jumping up. "I've had more fun since I went to sleep than an Injin. Now for a dip. Come on!"

"It's too cold," said Croxford.

"Not for me," called back Dan, as he rushed to the lake. Both the Sanfords and Dicky followed. Burnham came waddling down a little later. He was the best swim-

mer among them, and when in the water all his clumsiness left him.

Silkman touched his toes to the water and yelled like a Comanche. "I wouldn't go in there for forty dollars. You better come ashore, fellows, or we'll have to cut you out of the ice. I'll go back and build a fire to thaw you out."

Then there was another Crack! Crack! and a "Whoop," which sent the bathers running back.

A shout from the water and they looked to see Newman standing in the bow of the canoe holding up three partridges and a duck.

Dicky, half dressed, ran down to meet them. "Why didn't you take me along? I am a dead shot."

"Dead sleep, too, sometime, maybe."

"O Joe, you don't like me. What is the matter with me anyhow?"

The Indian looked at the little fellow. "Getem gun. Come with Joe. Maybe see someting."

Dicky forgot his breakfast and was soon gliding down the lake with his stolid friend.

"See, Joe! There are two deer!"

"Maybe you take bass drum, make more noise."

"I know what the trouble is with me, Joe."

"All right. Learn someting by and by."

Suddenly Joe snubbed the canoe and said, "Four duck near shore. Shoot left barrel over bow. Drop down."

Dicky did as the Indian said, Joe adding, "When duck he rise skim along water, shoot low. Hit him breast."

Dicky was excited, but he forced himself to be calm, and when he fired, to his unutterable joy one of the ducks fell into the water. His heart beat fast when he drew the bird into the canoe. "Joe, Joe!" he exclaimed, "you are a darling—you are a duck—you—you—"

"Joe jest Injin."

"What a funny way you have of heading

a fellow off. Shall ever I get over being a durned fool?"

"Ver good shot. Hit better with gun than tongue. Horn blow, breakfast. Want go back?"

"Yes, Joe." And Dicky gathered up the bird in his arms as he said to himself, "I hope it didn't hurt you."

When they arrived the others were seated about the fire eating breakfast. Dicky laid down his trophy without a word and quietly sat down to drink his coffee.

"Guess Dicky is sick," said the lieutenant.

"What is the matter with you, Dicky?" said Burnham, who with Radcliffe had returned empty handed, but reported seeing two deer.

Dicky looked up and replied, "Boys, I have been taking lessons of Joe. I am working on my first study."

The laugh went around. Finally Croxford inquired of Joe, "Did Dicky really shoot that duck?"

"Yeh."

"What are the particulars, Joe. Was the duck on land or in the water, was he flying or did you find him dead? Tell us all about it!" Croxford persisted.

The Chief was watching the Indian. He saw that his equanimity was disturbed. Joe said, "Duck he up big hemlock four hundred feet high, singing beautiful song jes like musquash. Dicky, Joe, out lake two mile. Dicky put up gun, pull trigger duck fell dead. Dicky great shot. Hit bird right in eye."

There was a roar, in which even the Chief joined. "That is one on you, Croxford," said the captain, "and a good one. Joe, you know how to take the conceit out of a chap."

"It strikes me," said Croxford goodnaturedly, "that Joe has given me a lesson, as well as Dicky."

They decided to remain at Camp Chesuncook another day. They amused themselves in visiting the settlers about the head of the

lake, talking and listening to the stories of these pioneers who depended entirely upon their canoes for transportation.

About three o'clock the wind drew into the northeast, and it grew cold. The Chief announced that it would be necessary to put up the tent.

"It is going to be very cold to-night," he said, "and if you catch cold on the start you may not rid yourselves of it during the whole trip. Before putting up the tent, I want to build a big fire on the place where it is to stand."

"What for?" said Dan.

"Because the ground is cold and damp. By building a fire and keeping it burning an hour, we can dry the ground and it will keep warm all night. If you had been camping in the open a week, I would not recommend this, but there are some of you who must not be exposed too much."

They had a jolly time building the great fire and baking the ground as they called it. Then the fire was drawn away, the warm

ashes were covered with thick fir boughs and these with smaller ones. Over these were laid the camp blanket and the whole tent was made into a bed.

The lean-to was to be occupied by Joe, Francis and the leader. Again a large fire was built in front of the lean-to, which made it very comfortable. The Lackawannas had forgotten about Jude Brittain and his companion. It had grown so cold that they ate their supper hovering under the lean-to. Before they were half through, the smoke drove them out and they were glad to seek the protection of the tent.

They had noticed that Francis and Joe had thrown a number of very large stones into and around the fire. Dicky had wondered what it was for. The Chief and Joe were busy bringing firewood.

"Can't we help you?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes, I think you'd better. We are going to have a very cold night and I fear it will rain before morning. We will have to

pile the logs high to roof in the fire. Are you warm enough?" said the Chief looking into the tent where the boys sat around a rubber blanket eating their supper and really enjoying their snug quarters.

"We are warm enough now," replied Radcliffe. "Can feel the heat coming up from the ground."

Radcliffe asked the Chief why he was heating the stones, and Newman, who was nearest the tent opening, said "I wouldn't mind if I had one at my back now."

"You've hit the idea, Newman," said their leader.

"O," said Broadhead. "They are to take the place of a stove."

"That is right," said the Chief. "After you've retired, we shall put them near your feet and they will warm the tent. In the night we shall change them for hot ones, so do not be alarmed if you hear someone about. Joe and I will look out for your comfort."

"Haven't we got a little sheet iron stove?" inquired the Captain.

"Yes, but I did not get time to open the seam in the tent, and to put on the heavy tin plates to protect it from the pipe. At Chamberlain I will do it. But the stones will do for to-night."

"I suppose the supply canoe is all right," said the Captain.

"Yes. We shall guard that. We put the wide canoe over it, and brought it near the lean-to."

After the supper was cleared away, they replenished the fire and, seated on a great log in front of the lean-to, they had their evening talk and song. Burnham, who was the snorer, insisted that Radcliffe should sleep in the tent and allow him to sleep in the lean-to with the Chief. "If I wake up the bears with my snoring it won't do any harm, but that tent is too small for my lungs."

They retired, leaving their leader and the Indian watching the fire.

Once, during the night, the two watchers heard the sound of paddles. They were

quite sure that some one was approaching the camp in a canoe. The Chief replenished the fire, allowing it to blaze up in order to disclose to the nocturnal visitors, that a watcher was there. If they were friendly and seeking shelter they would not hesitate to land and come boldly into the camp. The fact that they did not, convinced this experienced woodsman that they meant mischief. He felt sure that Jude Brittain and his companion were hovering about, waiting an opportunity to rob the camp. To only Joe and Francis did he speak of his fears. They resolved that the two men should be outwitted, and that the Lackawannas should not be made the victims of Jude Brittain's evil intentions.

The Clan was called early, and by half past seven they were ready to start on their nine miles paddle up the Umbazookskus stream.

"Have you forgotten, boys," said the leader, "that this is October first?"

"I had," replied Radcliffe.

"So had I," said Dan.

"Me too," said Dicky.

"I guess we all had," said Croxford.

"That bed is to blame for that," drawled Rudolph. "It would make a man forget everything, even to dream."

For the first six miles the river ran through a flat country. The shores were low, with frequent lagoons and reedy inlets. Gradually the waters became shoal, until at length they reached the rapids when they were obliged to drop their paddles and resort to poling. The labor of poling the canoes became more and more difficult. Joe and Francis were already wading in the stream and dragging their canoe.

A number of the Clan had donned their rubber boots and before they reached Umbazookskus lake all had been obliged to wade and pull their canoes along, excepting Newman who, though quite as eager as any to do his part, was not allowed to wade.

In one place it was necessary to almost carry the canoes for several rods. By put-

ting three or four men alongside the laden vessels they could lift them over the rocks in the shoal water. At last they were grouped above the rapids ready to pass onward to the lake. At a moment when they were busily employed in this difficult portage, Joe discovered, on the west shore some thirty rods above them a large buck and doe, partly screened from view by a spruce tree top that had fallen into the stream.

He quietly called the Chief's attention to them. Meanwhile the boys were straining at their canoes and had not noticed the game. As soon as the last little craft had been safely launched into deeper water the Chief remarked,

"Who is the oldest man among you, boys?"

"I am, of course," replied Radcliffe. "A regular grandpa. Twenty-two years old this month."

"Get your rifle, Radcliffe, quick. Stand perfectly still, boys. Don't speak. Now look where I point. Just above that tree

top there are two deer, a buck and a doe. The buck is standing in the water with his head towards the shore. By looking sharply you can see the top of his back and rump. Now, Radcliffe, shoot a little back of where you think his shoulders are. Shoot quick. The doe is moving."

Radcliffe had calmly drawn up his rifle and when the words "shoot quick" came, he fired.

The doe sprang into the woods, the buck following but the "white flag," as hunters call the white tail of the deer, was down.

"Come with me, Joe and Radcliffe. The rest remain here."

The Chief's canoe was urged swiftly to the place where the deer had disappeared. The Indian was the first to leap out, knife in hand, run up the shore and plunge into the woods."

"We will wait here," said the Chief, "until we hear from Joe."

In a few moments he appeared, his hands bloody, and grunted, "Come."

About ten rods from the shore lay a fine buck. He had been struck just back of the shoulders but had had life enough to make a few bounds into the protecting woods. The Clan was signaled to come, and they witnessed the process of preparing the deer for transportation. He weighed nearly two hundred pounds and was placed in Radcliffe's canoe, one of the Sanfords joining Dan and Dicky.

For a long distance into the lake the water was shoal. They moved to the north-east, and came to the Carry. Here they secured a team and crossed to Mud Pond. They were so tired that they were glad to accept the hospitality of a good camp upon the shore, the property of a Mr. Kempton.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FIGHT ON CHAMBERLAIN

"This beats ham and herring, Captain," said Croxford, as, gathered around the rude table in the camp, the Lackawannas were putting away liberal slices of venison.

"Don't eat too much deer meat the first time," said Francis. "It may not agree with you."

"It agrees with me now," said Dan.

"I am willing to suffer a little, later," said Burnham, "for the sake of present joy."

"Isn't it fine!" exclaimed Dicky. "I wish I was as big again, and had a long neck like Radcliffe. But I musn't talk for the still pigs will get more than I."

"I say, Chief," spoke up the Captain, "why did you ask who the oldest man was, and have him do the shooting?"

"Yes, why did you?" said the lieutenant.
"That roused my curiosity."

"I will tell you. We can shoot but a certain number of deer for camp purposes at present, and I know there are none who would slay just for the pleasure of it. There are ten of you, and sooner or later all will want a chance to shoot a deer. If you should draw lots, one fellow might draw the lucky number two or three times, and another not at all. If the oldest man shoots first, then the next oldest, every man will eventually have his turn. Should one shoot a bear it will count the same as a deer. Should one miss game where there was a fair chance of hitting, it will count as though he had killed. Does that strike you as fair?"

"Perfectly fair. And I am sure we are agreed."

"But how about the game we are going to send home?" queried Croxford. "You know we have paid our license and bought the tags."

"There are thirteen of us and we are en-

titled to twenty-six deer. We may use five or six on the trip. I think we shall be fortunate if we are able to get the full quota of game. You will not care so much for deer meat in a few days."

"Hadn't we better shoot our deer right off and send them home?" inquired Dicky.

"I would not advise sending home any game until we can take it down to Connors or Fort Kent, where we can ship by railroad," replied the Chief.

The old fireplace was made to roar that night. After they had finished their supper they entertained the people at the camp with some music.

The Chief had confided to Mr. Kempton his experience with Jude Brittain, and described his last meeting with him. Kempton surprised him by stating, "I think he passed here yesterday morning. There was another man with him, with shining teeth. This morning two men whom I took to be officers or detectives—for they inquired about them—crossed the lake. They did

not say much, but were fully armed and seemed very anxious to follow their trail. They looked as though they meant business."

"Don't speak of this to any of my men," said the Chief. "They are out for fun, and I want them to have it. All I fear is that the outlaws will steal some of our canoes and supplies. But Joe and I propose to keep a sharp watch, and not ask any of the Clan to stand guard again."

The next morning at the earnest request of Kempton and his family, they sang one of their jolliest college songs, leaving a very pleasant memory with the family on Mud Pond. After entering the stream the scenery steadily improved, and when they broke into the waters of Chamberlain lake their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Could anything be more beautiful? They paddled up the west shore for about two miles, and camped in a cove near the mouth of a stream that flowed out of First and Second ponds and Lake Allegash.

"This is Paradise," said the lieutenant. "Is there anything finer in nature, Chief?"

"Wait until you see Churchill and Eagle Lakes."

The day was pleasant and the waters shone under the sun. The leaves were falling fast and as Francis expressed it, were "noisy." "We'll have to hunt in the morning before the leaves have dried. A deer would hear you coming a mile off, if you went after him on the dry leaves."

A fine camping ground was found, fronting the lake, the stream coming in from the west. "It is so dry here," said their leader, "we shall not need to build a fire on the camping ground."

Joe and Francis prepared the dinner. The lieutenant took a little squad and began to dig the bean hole, while the captain with Silkman, Burnham and Dicky went into the woods for boughs. They had placed the tent back far enough so that a north wind, which is the prevailing one here, could not strike it. A large lean-to was

built a little south, in front of which the trunk of a fallen tree was placed for a "deacon seat," and in front of that a great camp fire was built.

For dinner they had a venison stew with onions. They pronounced it the finest they had ever eaten, and proved their sincerity by consuming the kettle full—about eight quarts.

By three o'clock the camp was in prime order, the tent was bedded, a big fire was in the bean-hole, and Francis was preparing the beans. Several of the Clan were out in the little bay fishing for pickerel. Joe and the Chief had gone down the shore of the lake to tow up some dry cedar logs for firewood. Dan, Broadhead, and Radcliffe had gone back to a beech-grove with their rifles, thinking they might sight a bear. Dicky was helping Francis. "Taking lessons in camp-cooking," he said. Burnham, who had paddled through the stream and up the lake, had laid down in the tent to rest.

It was a little after four, and night was settling. The canoes had not been taken out of the water but had been secured to the shore by their painters. Suddenly two men appeared as though they had dropped from the clouds. Francis saw at once that it was Jude Brittain and his companion. Brittain had not shaved, and his three or four days' growth of beard added a peculiar fierceness to the brutal expression of his face. Without any parley he said to Francis, "We want something to eat."

"We haven't anything but crackers," replied Francis shortly.

"You're a liar. I can smell onions and there is the kettle you had your stew in." Turning to Dicky, Brittain continued, "Here, you little runt, you go to the wangan and bring us something pretty p—d—q or we will make trouble for you. We've got the tools to do it with. Show 'em, Sim." And both pulled revolvers.

Dicky did not move, but glanced towards Francis, who stood immovable near the

fire with a maple fire poker in his hand.

"Are you going to go?" said Brittain, raising his revolver, "or do you want me to let daylight through you?"

"What shall I do, Francis?" said Dicky.

"You go and get some crackers. That is all we have cooked," replied Francis.

"You lie, I tell you," shouted Brittain. "Sim, tip over the barrels, grab what you can, run for a canoe while I watch this Injin. If he moves, I'll shoot."

Sim started for the barrels and as he passed Dicky the brave little fellow stuck out his foot and the robber fell sprawling on the ground. In an instant Dicky was on his back trying to hold him down, all the time calling for Burnham, whom he knew was in the tent. Dicky was no match for the man he had tackled, whose great strength allowed him to rise with Dicky still clutching him by his neck trying to choke him. The man, finding he could not dislodge the little fellow clinging to his back and neck, called to Brittain to come and help him.

"Pull off the little rat," he cried. Brittain started saying to Francis, "If you move I'll shoot you," but just as he reached the two struggling men, Burnham bolted out of the tent, and before Brittain could raise his revolver, he shot out his great arm striking the big brute a terrible blow on the point of the jaw, followed by another on the cords of his neck. Brittain went down like a log. At the same moment Francis ran up and with his maple pole struck the man Sim a blow which glanced from his head to his right shoulder, Dicky receiving a part of it on his forearm. Both men were down, Burnham with his knee on Brittain's breast, and both hands locked on his throat. Brittain was a powerful man and was struggling hard to reach his revolver which lay just beyond his reach.

"Leave your man, Dicky," Burnham cried. "Come here. Francis will take care of him. Pick up the revolver. Now hold it to this fellow's head and shoot when I tell you. Now, Jude Brittain—for we know

who you are—straighten out your feet, put your hands at your sides, and when I let go your throat turn over on your face. Dicky, if he doesn't turn when I get up, shoot."

"You bet I will," replied Dicky, holding the revolver in his left hand close to the man's head.

Francis, who had been interested in the struggle between Burnham and Brittain, had forgotten the man Sim, who partly affecting insensibility had watched his chance to spring upon Francis. In a moment the two men were struggling. A knife was seen in one hand of Francis' assailant.

Burnham sprang to assist Francis, bidding Dicky to shoot if his man stirred. One of his powerful blows was sufficient to lay out Sim.

Dicky partly turned to witness the fight, still holding the revolver pointing at Brittain's head. The latter glanced up to discover Dicky's eyes turned. Quick as lightning, he struck the revolver, knocking it out

of Dicky's hand and sprang to recover it. But Dicky got there first. He seized it, avoiding with marvelous quickness the intended grasp, and Brittain fell prone to the ground. Before he could rise Dicky brought the heavy stock of the revolver with all his force upon Brittain's ugly head, who straightened out and lay apparently dead. It did not take them long to securely bind the two wretches. Brittain came slowly to consciousness but not before the Chief and Joe had returned. When the rest of the Clan came to the camp the reader can imagine their astonishment when they were shown the two villains, bound and gagged, lying under a tree back of the tent, and the three heroes Dicky, Burnham and Francis had to tell the story of their fight many times. Joe sagely remarked, "Little feller, he fightum like Injin devil. Dicky makum great Chief!"

CHAPTER XXII

THE BEAR FIGHT

What to do with the prisoners was the question which had to be solved. There was a large reward offered for Brittain's capture, in which both the Canadian and American governments had joined. It was a serious undertaking to go back with them to Kineo, and their presence was like a dark shadow hanging over the camp. They were debating what was best to do when they heard paddles, and in a few moments four men appeared within the circle of the fire-light. Before anyone could speak, one of the strangers remarked:

"We beg your pardon, but we are officers of the law. My name is Scribner. My companions are Mr. Warner, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Morse. We are in pursuit of notorious criminals, Jude Brittain and his pal. Yes-

terday we surprised them at their camp at the north end of the lake. They fled leaving their canoe, also their guns and supplies. We have trailed them down the west side of the lake. We thought possibly they might have come here for food for they left their guns and could not shoot game."

Here the Chief interrupted: "Mr. Scribner, the men you are looking for are here. They attempted to rob our camp and were overcome by three of our men." Then he gave the full particulars of the capture.

They were not a little pleased when Scribner announced that he should take the outlaws to the foot of the lake that night, as two other detectives had gone down to prepare a camp. He said that they had joined the Canadian detectives after leaving Mud Pond, and had agreed to rendezvous at the foot of Chamberlain as they had reasons to believe that Brittain was somewhere about that lake. He inquired the names and addresses of the captors saying that they would be properly rewarded in due time.

After the detectives and their prisoners had departed, Dan said, "I can't take any more comfort here. Let's get out. What do you say?"

"Them's my sentiments," said Radcliffe.

"Well, all I can say is," broke in Croxford, "those fellows have spoiled this place for me."

"Boys," said the Chief, "let us take a vote. The question is, shall we start for Eagle Lake in the morning? All those in favor will rise."

Every man got up.

"That settles it," said Croxford.

They were up early the next morning. By eight o'clock they were at the dam and a little later their canoes were cutting the waters of Eagle Lake. It was a glorious morning and their spirits rose high. At noon they camped on the upper island for dinner. They had passed several camps on the way, at one of which they bought a supply of potatoes and other vegetables.

They decided to push on to the head of the lake that night, and the next day continue through the thoroughfare to Churchill Lake and build a permanent camp. From there they would have plenty of sporting ground and there were other lakes to which they could make excursions. There were Spider Lake, Pleasant Lake, Cliff Lake, while all about them was a magnificent forest which at that time of the year but a few sportsmen had entered.

"I consider Churchill Lake and surroundings," said the Chief, "the nearest approach to a perfect sporting country in the world."

And when the Clan had passed Thoroughfare Brook and paddled to the east side of Churchill Lake, all acknowledged that it was a sportsman's paradise.

They took unusual pains in building their camp, Broadhead taking charge of the section of the tent and the making of the camp beds. The last layer of boughs was taken from the very tips and nothing that could not be broken with the thumb and finger

was used. The land was high and dry and sloped gently down to the water. The shores were perfectly clean, and in front of the camp a little bay made in protecting them from the sweep of the north and north-west winds. The lean-to was made very long, and above the fire the tent fly was brought down in front thus enclosing it on all sides. This admitted of having the dining-room, so to speak, in the lean-to when it was too cold or too wet out of doors, reserving the tent for sleeping purposes.

They all liked to align themselves along the "deacon seat" at night, around the great camp fire, and watch the fantastic leaping of the flames and the light and shadows that played upon the tree trunks. Then to lie down and look out upon the cheerful light, exchanging foolish conceits until, their voices gradually growing fainter, they would dreamily murmur something and pass into the land of forgetfulness and sleep.

"I think," said the lieutenant, "if I had some of my near relatives with me I could

stay here a year and never be homesick."

"O, pshaw," growled Croxford, "I have some relations, and not so very distant either, who, if they should come here, would drive me to take the next express train for Um-saskis or Chemquasabamtitook. Whew!" he continued, "that last name tired me all out."

"I have relations," chimed in Dicky, "well —" and he hesitated.

"Well what?"

"Well, if they should die, I should have to hire the mourners."

"I think, boys," said the captain, "that most of us have such relatives. But I am satisfied that we do not cultivate the right side of them. If they chance to be poor or unfortunate they are very apt to be supersensitive, and take all our advances and kindly offers as condescension. I have found that a little persistency in the right direction will at last encourage them to present their best side, and then you are surprised and pleased to find what really good

people they are, and you are glad that they are relations of yours."

"Good for you, Captain," cried Dan. "That is the right philosophy, and as soon as I get home I am going to cultivate my relatives. Maybe they are not so bad, after all."

"Boys," said the Chief, "there is a very rich camp above us, owned by three or four New York sportsmen. They have sent their men ahead, who are preparing the camp for their advent. Two of their guides are already here, and they say that this is a great bear country. Joe says there is a beech ridge between the two lakes, about three miles back, and as this is the year for the nuts there should be bears around. We cannot all go, but Radcliffe has had his shot, Richard's arm is still lame, and it is too hard a jaunt for Newman. I thought I would take six men below Radcliffe's age, which would be Broadhead, Bartlett, Burnham, Croxford, Silkman and Sanford, and start to-morrow morning on a bear hunt."

"Shan't we have a bear hunt too?" inquired Rudolph.

"Certainly and perhaps you will get the bear."

"That will help me 'bear' the disappointment. Oh, let up on a fellow," he cried, as rubber boots, shoes, wet stockings, tin plates, and dippers came hurtling his way.

"We can't 'bear' a pun," said Croxford, "and we want you to 'bear' that in mind." Then missiles began to fly in his direction.

"Oh fellows! 'On me pity take and I will no more "punneys" make.'"

"Worse and more of it," cried Radcliffe. "This is unbearable."

Three fellows jumped on Radcliffe and pitched him off from the deacon seat into the lean-to, where he was told that if he dared to open his lips on the subject of bears again they would "bare" him to the skin and roast him over a slow fire.

"Your case is hopeless, Radcliffe," said the lieutenant. "Let us all 'bear' in mind not to bring up this 'bear' subject again."

Early the next morning the Chief, with the six selected young men, started eastward on the bear hunt. They were to be gone one or two nights. They proposed to sleep in the open if it did not rain, and moved in light marching order. The Chief had each man take a piece of birch bark and mark upon it the general direction of the lake, extending north and south, and the relative direction east of Spider and Pleasant Lakes. "We are to hunt on the east side," he said; "if we become separated, move west and you must strike the lake. Now, take a good look at the shore on both sides, so that you can judge when you reach the lake whether you are above or below this camp. On the north you would meet with Pleasant Lake or the stream running into Churchill. On the south, Spider Lake and the stream. I propose to instruct you no further but leave it to you to find your way back if we become separated."

"That is just the experience I want," said Dan, "and if it wasn't for carrying that

big bear all alone I would get separated on purpose."

"That would be a great stunt," remarked Croxford.

"Had I better leave the big buck hanging up or take him with me, Chief," said Burnham seriously.

"His liver will do," replied the Chief. "By the way, we could use a deer; but shoot a buck rather than a doe."

He instructed them how to call a fox by imitating the squeak of a mouse. "Should you see one, stand perfectly still and make the sound. Sometimes they will come very near. Shoot carefully, as they are hard fellows to hit, and very deceiving as to their real size owing to their long hair."

They followed an old logging road back for some distance. Occasionally other roads branched from it which led into choppings to the right and left of the main tote road. They finally reached the beech ridge which ran north and south. The Chief sent Broadhead to the summit of the ridge and

placed Dan beyond him, then Croxford, Silkman and Sanford; he himself moved along at the foot of the ridge near the heavy spruce and fir cover, in order to take a final shot should the bear elude the hunters on the ridge. They were not to fire at any small game until they had swept the ridge for nearly three miles. They were to hold to a northerly course and maintain a distance of about forty rods from each other. They were to shout only for help, and to shoot only at the game for which they were searching, so that when the report of a gun was heard it would be known that Bruin had been "combed out." If the bear did not appear, then they would understand that he had been killed.

They set their watches and took their places. The morning was clear and crisp. Their spirits were high, but it was evident that every man, save Burnham and the Chief was trying hard to control his excitement.

Their leader had pointed out a number of signs of bear. "They have been here,

and there is every reason to think they may be here now. If they are, we shall find them. Let every man keep cool, and when you raise your rifles to shoot take as deliberate aim as though you were shooting at a target. Remember this when you draw up your gun to shoot."

They had started early from the camp and it was just five minutes of eight when the advance begun. They watched each other right and left and were able to maintain the line. As is often the case, game which they were not to shoot never appeared so plenty. Partridges frequently flew up before them. Three foxes scurried before the advancing line; six deer and two fawns and one stately buck were seen; the last fortunately was near the heavy cover in front of the Chief and was allowed to escape.

Burnham and Broadhead caught sight of a yearling moose, but had no idea what it was, except that it could not be a bear and so desisted from firing. It occurred to more

than one of the young hunters what a splendid way of hunting that was; how thorough and scientific, and what a gory field they would have left behind had they been privileged to shoot all the game they saw. They forgot to consider that the fact of their silent advance had made the furtive creatures more bold. Had there been firing, the game would have sought cover far in advance of the line.

Burnham nearly stumbled over a stupid hedgehog, who bunched himself up for the expected attack. They had advanced a mile without seeing anything but occasional "works" of the bear. Broadhead had dropped down from the top of the ridge a little to allow Dan to swing around a bog, when suddenly the heavy report of Burnham's 45-90 was heard, shortly followed by a shout and a cry for help.

Broadhead rushed down the ridge, after calling to Dan, and to his horror saw Burnham prostrate with a huge bear over him. Burnham was swinging his body and legs



"WHEN WITHIN FIVE RODS, BROADHEAD FIRED."

away from the bear's hindermost claws with which she was trying to rend him. One of her heavy paws was upon his breast and she was apparently trying to throttle him with her jaws. Burnham's face and the throat and jaws of the beast were covered with blood. The sight made Broadhead's stout heart faint. He could hear the bear's hoarse growl, but no sound came from Burnham, although he was still swinging his legs away from the bear. When within five rods, Broadhead fired. The ball struck just forward of the shoulder and high up. It glanced on the blade and tore its way through the thick skin and across the bear's back.

For a moment Broadhead's attention was drawn to the presence of a large cub that was climbing a tree just beyond him. The next instant he realized that the enraged beast was upon him. He had no time to raise his gun before the maddened beast with one blow of a powerful arm struck him down. His shot had but increased her rage,

and she was fighting for her life and that of her little ones.

Burnham attempted to rise but was too badly injured. He did not dare to look towards the place where he thought his friend was being torn to pieces. He saw Croxford running towards him and cried faintly, "Shoot quick. She's killing Broadhead."

Then three shots nearly together were heard, and Burnham knew no more until he awoke to find himself within the shelter of the tent on the shore of Churchill lake, and beside him with bandaged head, neck, and breast, lay Broadhead, asleep.

That morning the entire crew with the exception of Croxford and Francis, went out to bring home the game. Two of the guides from the camp above them went along together with one of the proprietors. It was no small undertaking, as Silkman and Sanford had succeeded in shooting the two half-grown cubs. After they had started Croxford went into the tent, and, finding Burn-

ham awake, gave him an account of the rescue of the captain and himself, after Burnham had told Croxford how he first encountered the bear.

"You see," he said, "I was taken by surprise. The first thing I saw was the bear cubs. One ran to a tree and began to climb. I rushed up and struck him on the head with my hatchet, thinking to kill him. But he only set up a cry, let go the tree and fell at my feet. I tried to hit him again, not wanting to fire, when I heard a crash, then a terrible growl, and turned to see a great bear right on me. As she raised herself I had just time to fire. I must have shattered her jaw because when she tried to throttle me she couldn't. I could feel the bones of her jaw on my breast and throat and her blood ran all over me. She tried to tear me with her hind claws, but with both hands clasping the hair of her neck, I managed to swing away from her until Broadhead fired. Then she left me. I saw Broadhead fall and Croxford running up. That is all I

remember. How badly is Broadhead hurt?"

"His breast, his right shoulder and the right side of his head are terribly torn. But he is as proud of his scars as you are, I suppose. He is sleeping now, and the doctor says he will come out all right."

"Doctor! What doctor?"

"Why, we found that there is a doctor in the camp above us, and he came down and has done everything that any surgeon could do to patch you and Broadhead up, so that your friends will know you when you return. But, I tell you, you were wrecks when he started in. Your face was a sight to behold. We thought it had been torn to pieces, but found that a great deal of the blood had come from the bear whose jaw you shattered. If it hadn't been for that, my boy, I fear we should all have been in mourning to-day."

"What makes it so still here? Where are all the boys?"

"All but Francis and I have gone to bring in the three bears."

"Three bears?"

"We got the two cubs. The old bear is a monster. The Chief says she will weigh four hundred. It was the Chief who killed her, with his old 44. In the excitement both Dan and I missed, but the Chief fired right over you and sent a ball through her heart."

There was a smile on Burnham's lips as he said in his quiet droll way, "Say, Croxy, have you written to T. R.?"

"No, but we are going to write to Bill Sewall."

"Why to Sewall?"

"Because he has the ear of T. R. and we haven't."

"I wonder if this has been rough enough to suit Dan," said Burnham.

"No, he's mourning because one of his ears isn't torn off, or a shoulder ripped open. He says that you and Broadhead are the luckiest fellows he ever saw. Now go to sleep and dream of showing your honorable scars to your grandchildren."

CHAPTER XXIII

CLOSING DAYS

The Lackawannas long talked of the wonderful shot of the Chief that killed the bear and saved Broadhead's life. He was twenty-five rods away when he realized the desperate situation. He dropped upon his left knee and fired over Burnham's body and between Croxford and Bartlett, sending the ball directly into the bear's vitals. They had watched the checking of the hemorrhage of Broadhead, by the smoke of burning punk. They had seen the Chief draw from his clothing bandages, salve, absorbent cotton, surgeon's plaster, and even a disinfectant. His rapid and skilful movements seemed more like those of a field surgeon than of a guide. When he had completed the preliminary surgery on the men, he had lifted Broadhead in his arms and

started down the ridge towards the tote road, leaving others to support and lead Burnham, who was able to walk. For nearly half a mile Broadhead was borne on the shoulders and in the arms of the strong old man. On reaching the road a litter was made of springy white birch poles and long strips of cedar bark.

When they had reached the camp they learned that there was a Dr. Archbald at Camp Harmon, a mile above. He was one of the owners and had come early for his annual sport. Dicky and Newman had discovered him. When he learned what had taken place on Bear Ridge, he took his kit of emergency instruments and came to the relief of the wounded men.

Burnham's injuries were not dangerous, but Broadhead's shoulder, neck and face were badly torn. Dr. Archbald commended the skill of Chief Bagley.

"If the wounds now heal on the first intention," he had said, "it will be owing to their prompt disinfection by Surgeon Bag-

ley. I must make his acquaintance. He must be a rare man. Where is he now?"

"Down at the lake, washing Broadhead's and Burnham's clothing. They were covered with blood."

For a few days the campers were not inclined to hunt, but on the following Sunday the doctor declared that the captain had passed the danger point, and the next day they went on a great hunt with Joe leading, the Chief, Francis and Radcliffe remaining with the injured men.

Newman had so far recovered as to try a two days' hunt. When they returned they were burdened with trophies. Rudolph had shot a small bear, Newman a buck, and Dicky a spike horn. Several fox skins hung at their belts, as well as many birds. Not a man among them but had brought down something, although Dan could only boast of a prickly pig. The Indian had showed them how to lift a large animal, too heavy for one man, by making a tripod of three strong poles bound together at the top by a

thong. They watched the spreading of the three legs to bring the center low, the securing of the deer by his hamstrings under the arch, then the lifting and advancing, one after another, of the legs, until the deer hung clear and high between the three nearly upright poles. In this way the Indian had practically divided the deer's weight into three parts.

The week that followed was one of unalloyed joy. Fox skins accumulated and Radcliffe bagged a wildcat. Joe had stretched the bear hide on a frame where it was drying. The head of the fine buck shot by Newman was to be sent to a taxidermist.

On Sunday, Joe, Francis and the Chief prepared a birch bark banquet, to which Dr. Archbald and his guides were invited.

The rough table was covered with white birch bark, and the napkins were of the same material. The cups for the coffee were tiny square boxes of birch, and the plates were made of the inner thick bark

hollowed and covered with the white bark. The soup tureen and the bean dish were of birch bark. The coffee itself had been boiled in a birch bark kettle placed on live coals. In fact, everything, excepting knives, forks and spoons, used at that forest table was of birch bark.

Just as night was closing down and the Clan with their visitors were enjoying the lake view, three canoes came in sight. The doctor jumped up and raising his glasses announced that the canoes contained his friends, one of them his brother.

They were hailed, and came to the shore. After the usual greeting and introduction to the members of the camp, the doctor's brother inquired if there was a man by the name of Radcliffe among them.

The Chief replied that there was, but he had gone with Mattawan to get some dry firewood.

"I have a letter for him sent from Kineo," said Archbald. "It has an official look, and may be important."

Radcliffe appeared and received the letter, which he stepped aside to read. After a short time Dr. Archbald and his friends returned to their camp, the Clan seating themselves around the fire to finish their smoke.

There was a sober look on Radcliffe's face as he approached his friends with the letter in his hand.

"Fellows," he said, raising the letter, "it's come!"

"What's come?"

"The appointment I applied for."

"The appointment to go to Panama as assistant engineer?"

"Yes."

"When will you have to go?"

"I must be in Boston one week from to-day if I accept, and I shall."

"That means," said the lieutenant, "that you must push through to Fort Kent with all possible speed. You cannot go alone. What do you say, boys, shall we go with him? We've had a grand time and let us

stay together to the end. Take a vote, Chief, without argument."

They voted to break camp the next morning, and proceed down the Allegash to the St. John river.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOMeward BOUND

Early the next morning the camp at Churchill Lake was broken, but the boys declared that it was their intention to come again and camp on the identical spot, where nature had bounteously provided every charm to witch the senses of the sportsman. They left a liberal supply of fresh meat for their new-found friends. At noon they had passed Chase's carry, most of the men walking around, the canoes passing through. At three o'clock they entered Umsaskis Lake, and at night camped on the left shore of Long Lake.

"There is a storm brewing," remarked the Chief, "and it looks like an ugly one. The wind is a little east of north, and it will sweep down the lake with great force. We must try and find a growth of low fir and

spruce and pitch our tent back to the trees. It will be very cold, and we have none too much time to put up the tent and gather firewood."

"Why do you choose low growth?" inquired the lieutenant. "Wouldn't there be more protection in the big woods?"

"There would be danger of large trees blowing down upon us. There are many hemlocks growing here. The word 'Alle-gash' is Indian for hemlock. Allegash river is Hemlock river."

A site was selected and the different details went to work with a will. The canoes were drawn up, turned over, and large stones placed upon them to keep the wind from blowing them about. Before they could fully secure the tent the storm was upon them and the rain fell in sheets. But they continued to work, and soon had the tent thoroughly guyed, and the supplies placed within it, but not before every man save Broadhead was wet to the skin and shivering with the cold. They had piled

up guns, blankets and all other camp equipments in great confusion, and now they were cold and hungry and, for the first time since leaving home, really uncomfortable.

Newman was coughing a little, and Croxford was growling like a bear. Even Bartlett thought that they should not have tried to come so far that day, but he was reminded by Broadhead that the Chief had protested. Broadhead had been carefully placed in the Chief's canoe and passed the rapids at Chase's carry safely, Joe guiding the craft. They had brought up the canoe with him in it and placed it inside the tent.

"How are you going to build a fire in such a storm as this?" said Croxford.

"The Chief and Joe will find some way," replied Newman hopefully. "Here they come."

The Chief was ahead and with Joe was bearing a long cedar log which they had found on the shore. Behind them trailed Radcliffe, Dicky, Silkman, Rudolph, Sanford and the lieutenant, all carrying shore

wood. It was still raining and the wonder grew how they would build a fire in such a storm.

The Chief lifted one end of the log and placed it upon the limb of a nearby tree. Then seizing an axe he began to chop on the under side. He did not chop out the wood but left long tongues hanging. The first blow revealed the dryness of the cedar. Meanwhile Joe was splitting smaller pieces, and throwing them under a rubber blanket held up by Radcliffe. In a very short time the under side of the log was shaggy with dry choppings.

"Now we will try the kerosene," said the leader. He had cut the log in two, and crossing one part over the other in a hollow in the ground, he poured the kerosene on the slivered sides.

Joe entered the tent, whittled down the sides of a dry cedar stick, and poured oil over the chips. At the call of the Chief, he touched a match to the little pile, and holding his hat over it rushed out with the blaz-

ing torch and in less than a minute, in spite of the rain, there was a good fire. In the meantime some had been busy felling two good-sized birches not far from the tent. The larger pieces were placed over the fire, like a bridge, the ends lifted up on stones so as not to press upon the burning wood below. Then smaller pieces were fitted between these so that the fire was roofed in and protected from the direct assault of the rain. It was near enough to the tent opening for those within to feel its warmth.

"Now," said the leader, "we must devote the next half hour to wood chopping, as we shall have all we can do to keep the fire burning until we can heat rocks to dry out the tent. I will try and repair the stove so that we can have a fire during the night. This outside fire will last only while we care for it."

They brought up big stones, placing them in the fire, and, regardless of the fact that they were wet, and cold, began to banter each other, the lieutenant saying: "I guess

we shall have something to talk about when we get home."

"Yes, if we don't get drowned to-night," said Croxford, wiping the water from his face and smiling through his scowls.

"I like it," said Dan. "And if Broadhead and Newman don't catch cold I shall call this good luck."

The Chief had dug out the collapsed stove, and after considerable pounding, got it together. He poured oil on the telescoped funnel, pulled it out, joined it together, and soon had it set up and a fire burning.

"Well," said Rudolph, "that kerosene came in all right at last."

"I thought it was a darned nuisance," said Croxford. "Always in the way. But the old prophet knew better than we and I will take my hat off to him. Getting comfortable, isn't it?"

Radcliffe appeared saying, "Captain, you better get out of your clothes. They take up too much room. We are going to bury

some hot stones that will warm the ground and then put down our blankets; boughs are too wet."

Very soon there was an air of real comfort in the tent. And who can explain that strange satisfaction which comes to the camper out in the far woods, who, when assailed by storm and rain, puts up his little shelter, albeit only a thin cotton tent, and calls it "home." Huddling over his little fire and feeling its genial warmth, he prepares his simple food, wraps himself in his blanket and lies down to sleep, unmindful of storm or stress and without fear of man or beast. His senses have been delighted with the simplest comforts and simplest acts. Things which in society were but conventional and unnoted yield now a joy, a happiness, which in his careless freedom he does not stop to analyze. But when the year rolls around there comes again to him a longing to go back to the woods and to the camp, and this longing cannot be resisted by those who have known its mysterious joys.

Joe and Francis slept under canoes, but the boys suspected that the Chief watched over them through the long night.

In the morning they found that the storm had passed and no one appeared the worse for it. Francis gave them a good breakfast, of which baked beans, boiled potatoes, bacon, ham, and coffee, were the back bone.

"Doesn't that ham taste good?" said Dicky. "I thought I should never get sick of deer meat, but I never knew ham to taste so good in my life."

"That's the way I feel," remarked the lieutenant.

"Me too," chimed in Dan.

It was five miles down Long Lake, and ten miles farther down the Allegash to Round Pond, which was the last lake they were to pass through on the run. It was three miles across this Round Pond, and after the eighteen miles of paddle they camped near Schedule Brook. Here they dried out their camp site by building a large fire, proceeding as at Chamberlain.

At Allegash Falls, fifteen miles below Round Pond, there was a carry of one-eighth of a mile. This they passed the next day, and camped at West Twin Brook. Here Dan shot a large buck, which was stored in Joe's canoe, their supplies being greatly reduced.

The Chief advised that they hunt one more day, near Cross Brook Rapids, as they could easily have the game sent to Connors or Fort Kent, whence it could be shipped to their homes.

Silkman, the lieutenant, Croxford, Burnham and Dicky each secured a deer before reaching Connors, which were sent forward in the canoes of two hunters that were hired at the Rapids. The trip from Churchill to Connors had been one of unbroken delight. Every turn in the river revealed a new and beautiful picture. The inexhaustible glories of the woodland deeply impressed them.

At Connors they met a very interesting character, an Englishman who had come to this country to hunt. It was his second trip.

On the occasion of his first trip he had entered at Moosehead, canoed through the lakes and along the streams and rivers, and had come out at Connors, as our friends had. When he learned that it was the Lackawannas who had captured Jude Brittain, he was greatly attracted towards them, and came to their tent and spent the evening around their camp fire. He gave his private opinion of the people of Maine, and his appreciation of their noble forest.

“I can’t understand why the people of Maine don’t do something to rescue the finest forest I ever saw. Why! you have a preserve here unapproached by any in the world. By Jove, it is nearly half as large as England. The rivers and lakes are innumerable, and the charm of it all is that they are all tied together by silver threads of water so that one may travel a thousand miles in his canoe breaking into scenes beautiful and unexpected without end. It is bewitching, intoxicating. I shall go to England and tell my people of it, and urge

them to come here early before the dull creatures to whom God gave this royal preserve have cut it into hoop poles and shingles. Your government has a great park somewhere around the Rockies, which is so far from the center of population that probably not one in ten thousand will ever visit it; and those who do, can't hunt. But here God Almighty, it would seem, has made a sportsman's paradise, which is within twelve hours of four million people, eighteen hours of twenty million, and twenty-four hours of thirty million. A clerk on a thousand a year can come here, but he never could dream of going to Yellowstone Park. Here is a playground for a nation of one hundred million; but somehow it is unappreciated by them, save for the dollars which it yields. Its history is yet unwritten, its poetry unsung, and its measureless glories unknown. Your people should blush as one man at the awful desecration of this beautiful woodland. I hope you will raise your voices, young men, wherever you may be, against

the wanton destruction of this princely domain."

Dan shouted: "I've found my mission! I'm going to proclaim from the house tops, that the whole nation must rouse up and go forth to save these woods."

"The strange part of it is," said Radcliffe, from his corner on the deacon seat, "that the State of Maine has astonished the whole nation by producing great national characters. Why, at one time the candidate for the presidency was a Maine man, the Speaker of the House was from Portland, the President of the Senate was from Lewiston, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee was from the same city, the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs was from Ellsworth, the Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs was from Bangor; a Judge of the Supreme Court was from Maine, and three different states had governors born in Maine. My father used to say that all the rest of the congressmen might have gone

home and Maine could rule the country, and rule it well. And yet, with all this surprising talent, they will not raise hand nor voice to preserve the richest gift that God ever gave man for his comfort, delectation and health, 'the healing woods.' "

"Bully for you, Radcliffe!" cried Dicky. "I am going to carry home a Maine spruce, plant it in my back yard, and start a forest."

"What have you to say, Chief?" inquired Croxford.

"This. That I never heard my convictions and feelings so fully expressed as to-night, and that by a foreigner dwelling nearly three thousand miles away. He has discovered what the people of my own state have failed to. I hope I may not live to see the fair country we have passed through stricken to death by the axe of greed, the land denuded of trees, the streams and lakes dried up, and desolation on every hand."

There were tears in the old man's eyes as he walked out, but resolution was in the

hearts of these young men, to do their utmost to save the woods of Maine.

The next day they started from Fort Kent. At Oldtown they parted with their faithful guides. The Chief was visibly affected, but Joe was as unmoved as usual. Francis was to go back and join the Englishman.

"Some of us will see you next year, Chief. Hold yourself in readiness for an October hunt around Churchill Lake," said Broadhead. And they parted.

THE END

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