AFTER BIG GAME
IN ARCTIC AND TROPIC

Smithsonian
Institution
Libraries

From the
RUSSELL E. TRAIN
AFRICANA COLLECTION

MRS. W. P. HAMILTON

Only a Specimen of Real Throat

for

(All Great Specimens)

The Museum, etc.

And shall be provided to

A full and complete
list of the

to be made

above list

With a Sportsman's Best Wishes

for

“All Good Hunting”

In Whatsoever Field

This Book is presented to

A fellow Sportsman
Thos. Carlin

By its author,

Max F. Hirsch

After Big Game
in
Arctic and
Tropic

TYPES OF BULLETS, CUT FROM TROPHIES

After Big Game In Arctic and Tropic

A Sportman's Note-Book of the Chase
Off Greenland and Alaska;
In Africa, Norway, Spitzbergen,
And the Cassair;

As Kept By

MAX C. FLEISCHMANN

Life Member National Geographic Society,
Explorers' and Arctic Clubs.

THE JENNINGS AND GRAHAM PRESS

Cincinnati, Ohio

1909

Copyright, 1909.
By Max C. Fleischmann

Photo Engravings
by
The Cincinnati Process Engraving Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

SK
33
F54
1909
SCNHRB

To

MY WIFE,

*Whose Tender Sympathy and Interest
have accompanied me on
these journeys*

This Book is dedicated

Contents

I.	After Big Game in Frozen Seas, - - -	14-69
II.	An African Hunt, - - - - -	70-114
III.	By Pack-Train Through the Cassiar, - -	115-148
IV.	After Alaskan Bear, - - - - -	149-162

A Sportsman's Apology

Good hunting in pastures new is contagious. Half the zest of the chase in little-known places lies in the pleasure of opening up hunting-grounds into which others thereafter may follow, profiting by the first comer's experience.

It is in response to repeated urging of friends that we put into permanent form our own experiences on hunts such as these—that these jottings from the note-book and camera catches are presented. Where, here and there, terms have crept in, which one very familiar with is apt to use, forgetful that others may not have such close acquaintance with the same, amplifications have been made by Mr. Felix J. Koch, of Cincinnati.

If, through the reading of this narrative, others may be able to gather some idea of the life of the big-game hunter, and made to realize that it is not always an easy task, first, to secure, and then bring home desirable trophies;—or if any brother sportsman may gather from these pages things of interest or value for future work, abundant satisfaction will be felt.

We are not attempting to give a detailed account of the manner in which each trophy has been secured—but endeavoring, rather, to put the jumbled notes of a hunter's diary into more permanent form.

It is such a volume, then, that is presented, with all due apologies, by

THE AUTHOR.

I

After Big Game in Frozen Seas

The Cruise of the Laura to the East Greenland Ice-Pack

HERE was the call of the North behind it all, to begin with.

I believed that with a good, stout ship, properly equipped and stocked with eighteen months' provisions, to guard against any unforeseen contingencies or of being frozen in the ice,—a trip could be taken far enough into the Arctics, with comparative safety, so that, providing ice conditions were in any way favorable, the chances would be good for getting to the East Greenland coast, King William Land, and then returning home the same year.

One fact which determined me in selecting this east coast of Greenland as objective was that on Shannon Island and at another nearby point there are two Arctic relief stations—one established by the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition, and the other by the Swedish Government, under Nathorst—and these might be accessible to us in case of accident to the ship.

Briefly, then, the objects of the trip were as follows:

1. To approach the Greenland coast near Franz Josef Fjord;
2. If ice conditions permitted, to advance north as far as possible toward King William Land;
3. To attempt to secure live specimens of musk-ox and polar bear;
4. To collect specimens of bird-life and study their food and habits;
5. To make some short land-expeditions;
6. To secure what shooting we could.

We had no definite idea as to the length of time needed for the journey,—we must get out before the winter's ice closed things in.

The general itinerary, as it stood at departure, was to sail from Tromsø, Norway, to Skaaro, and thence to Bear Island and Spitzbergen. There time could be profitably spent shooting reindeer and such other game as, salted down, might serve for provisions in the near future. The Seven Islands (Lat. 82°) formed the goal until such time as the course might be changed to westward.

Early July promising the best chances for openings in the pack, we selected this for departure. The volcanic island, Jan Mayen, should also be touched.

Our purpose was to leave an over-wintering expedition of three men at that place, these to be called for the next year.

How much farther north than 80° we got, and what we saw of East Greenland, as well as the variety of game secured, the narrative, in due course, will show. Suffice it, the novel experiences the cruise afforded, the bear, seal, and other specimens of fauna as well as of flora obtained in excess of anticipation, went far to recompense for such other endeavors as we failed to attain.

THE LAURA

DSI

As preliminary, in the winter of 1905-6 I opened correspondence with Magnus K. Giaever, the owner of the *Frithjof*, used by Wellman for his expedition of 1907 and his trip of a few summers ago, and who had accompanied Champ in the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition to the Arctic. The outcome was the chartering of the auxiliary barkentine *Laura*.

The *Laura*, built in 1868, was a vessel of rather low horsepower, 176 tons burden, and 111' 3" between perpendiculars. She was recommended as particularly well fitted for our purposes,—there being a dark-room, accommodations for taxidermy and for the collecting of flora, and the like.

TO COLLECT SPECIMENS OF BIRD LIFE

The ship was fitted with six comfortable deck-house state-rooms, 5½ by 6 feet, arranged three to each side of a central passage, the group, then, standing a trifle forward of midships. Each cabin had a bunk, with four drawers beneath; next the bunk, under a port-light, a washstand stood, while across from this a low, leather-cushioned locker formed a bench as well.

Midships, a hatch-way led to a storage-room and to the coal bunkers in the hold. We carried 150 tons of coal without a deck-load, permitting the consumption of two tons daily. On the open sea we relied largely on sail.

Proceeding, another large deck-house was in the plan, extending almost out to the stern.

Our combination dining-room and salon, the captain's cabin; a bath-room, alias dark-room; as well as engine-room and galley, were in this deck-house.

Incidentally, the salon was equipped with library, ranging from lightest novels to most technical accounts of Polar expeditions. Here a talking-machine and various games were

kept, for whiling tedious hours away.

Our crew were Norwegians; some of them worthy of note. Captain Jen Oien, for example, had had ten summers in the Arctic, one as first mate of the *Frithjof*, on the Swedish Expedition to Spitzbergen and Greenland. In 1904, again, he had captained a German hunting expedition to these places.

The first mate, Kristian Petterson, had spent a season sealing in the Arctic and another (1905) as first mate of the *Terra Nova*, with the Fiala-Ziegler Expedition to Franz Josef Land.

Bos'n Daniel Johannessen had had eight years of Polar service—one of these with Wellman in Franz Josef Land—and had spent two and one-half years with the German South-Polar Expedition.

All these men were from Tromsøe.

With the rest, the periods of Arctic service ranged as follows: First Engineer Everson, one year; Second Engineer

MAGNUS K. GIAEVER

THE LAURA'S ICE-BOX

FIRST MATE PETTERSON

THE COMPANY AT JAN MAYEN

Harry Kyaldsen, one year; Harpooners Jacob Olsen and Peter Peterson, five and four years, respectively; Carpenter Hanz Dahl, two years; Sailors Anders Anderson and Jakob Jakobsen, each two years; Odin Olsen, three years; Hans Peterson, one year; Fireman Hendrickson, one year; and Chef Kristiansen, Cabin Steward Hansen, Mess-Cook Altman and Mess-Boy Gerhard Grave, each a year to two years.

'MIDST ICE FLOES - - - ONE
CAN NOT GET DULL

Our Company consisted of Mrs. Max C. Fleischmann; Doctor and Mrs. Christian R. Holmes and son, Carl; Mr. Noel C. Livingstone Learmonth, and myself. Aside from Learmonth, who was an Englishman from Blandford, Dorset, all were from Cincinnati. In addition to these, A. Kennedy was aboard as valet.

The Doctor and I have been criticised for allowing the

IN MY SPITZBERGEN ATTIRE

ladies to accompany us, but neither has since had cause to regret having taken them, they having stood the cruise surprisingly well. Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Fleischmann both bear testimony, cheerfully, that

they gathered a great deal of pleasure, and, if anything, received considerable benefit from their novel experience.

As to time hanging heavily on our hands, in regard to which we are often

asked, and as to how we managed to amuse ourselves and to kill what some of our inquirers termed "the dullness of it,—so far as the writer is concerned, there was not one dull moment during the trip, and in this statement he enjoys the hearty second of all the rest.

As soon as one is well in the ice, there is always the interesting anticipation of what is next to happen.

Even during a heavy Arctic fog, which sometimes lasts two or three days at a time, and which necessitates tying up to an ice-floe, one can not get dull. An overly-anxious Arctic traveler may chafe or fret a bit because of unavoidable delays at not being able to make progress toward his destination, but he or she of philosophic mind will sit down and play a few rubbers of bridge or listen to the musical grind of the phonograph. Far be it from me to say that any of my party were philosophers, nor were they the sons or daughters of philosophers; but we found that we could endure the fretting, and still fight off the ennui quite successfully, because of our more or less expert knowledge of cards, and our fondness for music. A phonograph is a great source of pleasure, indeed, on a trip of this kind, and enables a befogged or ice-bound party to pass hours pleasantly which might otherwise be set down as "dull."

Preparations for our personal outfits were made in New York very largely, with only finishing touches put on at Tromsøe.

Furs, suggesting themselves first of all, are undesirable for a summer voyage, absorbing moisture too readily. Fogs are incessant at this season, and a water-soaked garment in freezing winds would be little comfort. With the coming of Arctic winter and the disappearance of these fogs, on the other hand, furs become imperative.

Off Spitzbergen, where the climate is fairly mild, aboard ship, in dry weather, corduroy suits were worn. Garments of "loden," a heavy woolen stuff, much the same as that worn in the Tyrol, were found best for general wear. This material is of a dark brown or gray, waterproof, and, while thick, not too heavy for walking.

Two of the men had fleece-lined leather coats,—sources of great comfort. Negligee shirts, of fine chamois skin, soft and pliable as flannel, but impervious to cold, were another boon.

While caps and hats were of various sorts; close-fitting wool caps, with small openings for the face, were preferred when winds blew cold.

Boots were made large enough to fit over two pair of stockings—a fine woolen one for next the foot; the other, a long, heavy, knitted woolen sock. Boots, lacing high and resembling hunting-boots; but of soft, waterproofed, chrome-tanned leather and heavily hob-nailed, were favorites.

Sailing away from the haunts of men, a thousand and one things must be taken. Bedding was one; blankets, but not sheets, (for in a damp latitude these would be decidedly chilly; hoar-frost often appearing where the breath came in contact with the blankets), and eider-down comforters, converted to sleeping-bags, were others.

In regard to batteries, the Doctor and I selected so-called high-power Winchesters; the two ladies and Carl were to shoot with a 303 Savage rifle. As far as the writer was concerned, the Winchesters proved dismal failures; bullets cut from the animals afterward having failed, in almost every case, to expand properly. The Savage showed up well.*

* Note.—Cf. 22 Frontispiece.

Our company sailed from America in two parties: Mrs. Fleischmann and I going to England first, where we met Learmonth; the others to Germany.

June 9th all assembled at Trondhjem, setting sail next morning at half past eight on the Steamship *Vesteraalen* for Tromsøe, a small town on the northwest coast of Norway,

WEIGHED ANCHOR FROM TROMSØE

accessible by water alone, and arriving there on the morning of the 12th.

Five rainy days were spent at Tromsøe before sailing. Here preparations were completed, and, among others, we invested in a Samoyede dog, renowned as a bear hunter, who had been taken with the Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition to the north. "Napoleon," as he was called, was to be mascot of the ship.

Dr. Holmes was at this time appointed Ship Surgeon, and Mrs. Holmes, Historian, for the cruise.

Midnight, Saturday, June 16th, we boarded the *Laura*.

The sun shone in full splendor as we weighed anchor, northward bound.

June
11th-17th

The First Lap of the
Arctic Journey

The First Lap

Tromsøe Harbor lay bathed in radiance as the *Laura*, flying the New York Yacht Club flag, beat her way out.

On the dark, rock-bound mountain behind the town ice filled the crevasses. To one side little gabled buildings nestled, as if afraid. A quaint old sailing-vessel or two lay in the Bocche; and where the mountains cut off the light,

June
16th, 17th

OFF SKAARO

the waters seemed dull and forbidding. Clouds lowered in impressive adieu.

Fairly off, we slept until noon, waking to find ourselves anchored off Skaaro, a small island in Fuglo Sound, not far from both Vanno and Fuglo. The Anglo-Norwegian Fishing Company, later a Norwegian corporation, had a train-oil factory here, survivor of the old whaling station, but the present owners have changed the seat of operations to Bell

Sound, Spitzbergen, owing to the Norwegian Government forbidding whaling off her coasts. An old fence, however, remains as memento of the halcyon days.

A heavy gale making it unwise to put to sea, we dropped anchor at Skaaro, remaining until the 19th.

*June
18th, 19th*

Nor did time hang heavy. A fine mess of cod was caught from the boat. Learmonth, Giaever and I went ashore after eagle. We saw six—one near enough for trying a long-range shot at, but without success.

The ladies and Carl attempted tramping the island; but the walking was bad, and the ground either rocky or swampy, as a result of snow, recently melted.

On the higher peaks we could see snow and ice lingering also. We were already growing accustomed to the cold, and thought nothing of 43°.

It was deemed inadvisable to attempt Greenland before July. A reindeer hunt could occupy our time the while, and this we resolved on, for, if nothing more, it would afford us fresh meat far more cheaply than we could bring this from Tromsøe.

Heavy gales the morning of the 18th made it squallier than ever. The Doctor and Carl trolled an hour for sei, getting fourteen; combined weight, 103¾ pounds. That afternoon Learmonth and I tried our luck at the same, he with a rather heavy salmon trolling-rod, and I with an eight-ounce grisle.

We found the sei a gamey fellow, fighting as salmon might, but without breaking water.

The heavier rod is the better with him, bringing the fish to gaff in five or seven minutes, while the smaller rod receives too great a strain and often fails to land the fish before fifteen or twenty minutes' play. A medium-weight salmon-tackle is recommended for this sport.

The weather improving that night, at two the next morning we set sail. Ahead, the Rock of Fuglo rose from the sea, its outlines sharp-cut by the northern sun. Sea fowl filled the air, rising from thousands of nests on Fuglo immediately on the steamer's whistling.

By and by we were on the open sea, and actually off! Fair winds allowed some use of sail, though betimes the ship

A FENCE OF WHALE-BONES

tossed badly. On the rough sea, on the 20th, the first real Arctic birds—fulmar petrels (also called storm-fuglers or sea-horses, from the native *Sohest*)—began to put in their appearance. Their curious method of locomotion—part running, part flying over the waters, just before taking wing,—struck us forcibly, and really formed a striking illustration of a modern flying machine commencing its flight.

Another variant, so early in the cruise, was an intoxicated chef. When, at first, an occasional meal was missed it was not so bad. Things grew worse with toleration, and there

[Photo-courtesy of Dr. C. R. Holmes.]

MASSSES OF FLOE ICE FILLED THE SEA

being no chance to discharge him in favor of some other, the Doctor threatened the man with hypodermics so strong as first to make him sick; and then, should he drink again, to kill him. The threat worked remarkably well.

During the morning of the 21st we anchored off Bear Island. Great masses of floe-ice—the first we'd met,—filled the ocean. Beyond them the precipitous islands rolled, untenanted by man, on up to Mt. Misery, seven hundred and sixty feet over the sea.

June 21st

Whales being plentiful in these waters, the Ingebrigtsen Company, of Tromsø, has established its station on the most accessible point of the island; and two whales, the one a seventy-five footer, were being brought ashore.

Thousands of fulmars had gathered, feeding on the refuse of the whales.

Burgomeister gulls (*Laurus glaucus*) and auk (*Uria lomvia*) were on the rocks; the Doctor, Learmonth, and I soon bringing down a hundred of the latter, and the ship's boat picking them up, as they fell. They were very fair eating.

Later we men had an exciting climb of it, up the steep, rugged rocks of a small island, at the harbor entrance, in search of fresh eggs. On this the view of sea and ice from the lesser peaks held us by its beauty.

[Photo-courtesy of Magnus K. Gjaever.]

Force was necessary to get the birds from their nests; the gulls refusing to fly, and showing their anger or fright by expectorating a thick green fluid for quite a distance. Thirty-six eggs were taken, only four of them fresh enough to eat.

Two birds were secured as specimens as well.

Foxes, it seems, are also to be found on Bear Island, while early this summer, for the first time in years at this season, a bear had

CUTTING BLUBBER FROM WHALE been killed, the animals being numerous in the winter only.

Two in the morning of June 22d, when, finally, we sailed from Bear Island, the midnight sun—a ball of fire just over the sky line, all its radial lines cut by the fog,—created a scene which baffled the pen for its beauty. Distant icebergs near the sky line glinted and glimmered, while the drift ice, on which two seal appeared, was heavier than is usually found here.

Back in 1871 an Austrian expedition, under Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer, was beset ten days in just such ice.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN—A BALL OF FIRE

Progress was slow, necessarily; the sea grew heavier, and sharp snow flurries accentuated a thermometer at 33° .

That day and the next the waters lashed wild. Half past five in the morning our rudder unshipped. Although we secured it, there was no anchorage nearer than Spitzbergen for repairs, so that we were forced to employ a makeshift and continue, with the rudder astern, at a rate of one to three knots an hour. Welcome, indeed, was Spitzbergen when sighted, at half past seven! *June 23d*

Spitzbergen, it will be recalled, consists of six large islands and a number of small ones, lying out here in the Arctic; their combined land areas perhaps 27,000 square miles. Of these islands, West Spitzbergen, a triangle, with apex at South Cape, is largest—15,000 square miles.

The proximity of the Gulf Stream makes Spitzbergen's climate, particularly on the west coast, considerably milder than this latitude offers elsewhere; leaving the archipelago quite accessible.

Already in the first quarter of the century the fjords and bays of this west coast were the scene of vast whaling endeavor; and in 1607 Hudson, the English voyageur, on his search for a trans-Polar route to China, (much the same quest as that causing Barentz, the Dutchman, to discover Spitzbergen in 1696), noted, far to sea, the number of whales, seal, and walrus thereabouts.

The great possibilities of the region were early recognized, and fisheries established by both English and Dutch. Greatest of all these was the Dutch settlement, Smeerenburg, on Amsterdam and Dane Islands, which boasted eighteen thousand souls at one time.

Annually, in mid-June, with the opening of the ice, hundreds of sailing vessels came for whale, seal, and walrus, returning at the end of the short summer. So large was the slaughter that, about 1750, the industry was ruined.

To-day the walrus are almost extinct, and the whales are only to be taken in the open sea, not over a hundred being secured in a season, despite its being a No-Man's-Land and without game protection.*

Since the days of Smeerenburg's greatest glory the coasts of the larger islands have been explored, and hunters have wintered, often involuntarily, on their bleak shores, numbers dying there of scurvy. Here, through the four short summer months the sun never sets, though obscured the greater part of the time by mist and clouds. In winter, on the other hand, it lies well beneath the horizon.

June 24th Our rudder incident was not yet closed. The day following the accident, the tow-ropes became entangled in the propeller, and we had to lay to several hours to free it.

Retracing, an anchorage was finally found, where the rudder might be repaired.

One day, to the hour, after sighting Spitzbergen, we dropped into a sheltered bay east off her southernmost cape. A flock of eider duck, the first seen since leaving Norway, and another of teist, or black guillemot, (*Cepphus grylle*), sometimes called the sea-pigeon, greeted us here. These latter are small, black-and-white sea fowl, with red legs.

* Note.—We learn with considerable pleasure that in the summer of 1908, the governments of Sweden and Norway, realizing the inroads being made on game in Spitzbergen, passed laws providing for its future protection

SPITZBERGEN—A NO-MAN'S LAND

Nests filled with baby auks were other interesting studies.

Late in the evening there was snow; so we were glad when, three in the morning, the rudder being fixed, we could get away.

June 25th brought us in sight of Hornsund's Tind, one of Spitzbergen's highest peaks—4,500 feet. Seldom is Hornsund's wholly cloud-free; at the time of our visit a stratum of cloud crossed the slopes, two-thirds to the top, leaving ice-clad peaks in view, to reflect the occasional sunlight which peeped through the clouds. *June 25th*

Mountains capped in unmelting snows rose close to shore, wearing a loneliness which untrodden countries alone bear.

Off from Bell Sound, round Recherche Bay, on the 26th, these snow-capped peaks circled round, till one scarce could find the entry to the harbor.

Seven whaling companies are entrenched here—their methods of procedure much alike. A whale, when shot, is brought alongside by tug, and flensed while yet in the water by men in skiffs. The sea round about grows gory in the process, and the air swarms with fulmars. Blubber is hoisted to the vats, while the ship's deck is converted to a noisome whale-oil factory.

LANDING IN BELL
SOUND

Ten miles from the factories, on Eider Island—a bit of rocky land, covered with shale, and of low shores, built rather steep—we huntsmen found good sport.

Learmonth shot three seal at close range on the ice; but, as usual, these lay over their blow-holes and slid in at once, so that we lost them. Sixty-nine eider duck, a black-backed gull, one burgomeister, one herring gull, five tern, a pair of snippets, three geese, three robber gulls, two little auks, and five white buntings comprised our bag, without mentioning the fresh eider eggs obtained. *June 26th*

The following day brought variants, likewise. Five in the morning we put off, riding through a snowstorm for several hours, till we came to Ice Fjord.

Seas were running high, and six o'clock found the *Laura* at Green Harbor.

There, again, there was whaling, and the high wind forced us to drop anchor. Learmonth and I went out after reindeer, which had been reported from the valley, but without success.

Leaving Green Harbor finally, the *Laura* put into Coal

A MIXED BAG

Bay (or Cole's Bay, as some have it) at ten. This bay is an arm of Ice Fjord, and the corries of the surrounding mountains are favorite haunts of reindeer. Tramping over sharp rocks, through deep snow and bogs, for sixteen or eighteen miles, our two parties (five rifles) brought down nine deer.

As soon as killed, the deer is gralloched; but the antlers being in velvet in the summer, comparatively few specimens worth keeping were found. The meat, on the other hand, was most excellent and we put it to good use.

Meanwhile the ladies enjoyed a stroll over the coal crop-pings, getting shots at eider and geese.

Our deer hunt extended on into the 29th, when Lear- *June 29th*
month, out alone, brought in two more.

On shore, the winter hut of a reindeer-hunter also proved a point of interest. Like the houses of the Labrador livey-eres, it was a miserable, sod-covered shack, with a couple of deer skulls at the top and a window set deep in one side. Within were the furs of Polar bear and the pelts of Arctic foxes.

WINTER HUT OF A REINDEER HUNTER

At this place we were fortunate in obtaining the rarest and perhaps most valuable single specimen of the trip—a king eider duck.

In addition, a long-tailed duck, a herring gull, three eiders, a gray goose, and four brown-breasted waders were bagged.

June was at an end, but the weather continued to favor.

We men took a walk to a lagoon, a mile or two inland, and succeeded in adding two gray geese, three long-tailed duck, an eider, two red-throated loons or divers (*Urinator lumme*), five snippets, and a white-cheeked goose (*Branta leucopsis*) to our collection.

June 30th

Prior to our departure Mr. Giaever had an unfortunate accident, spraining his ankle in jumping from a small boat, and was laid up for some little time.

The *Laura* arrived at Advent Bay at ten A. M. This bay
July 1st contains the only permanent settlements in Spitzbergen.

Coal croppings being abundant over the island and, incidentally, adding dreariness to the prospect, two coal concerns have located here. One, an American company, is established on the south side of the bay, bringing coal from some distance inland.

The miners of this latter were on strike just then—

DRYING SKINS OF REINDEER

“shorter hours, greater pay”—so we coaled on the opposite shore, where an Anglo-Norwegian concern had driven a tunnel into the mountain side and mined by gravity.

Coal brings eighteen kroner (20 cents—a kroner) delivered aboard. The quality is much like our own Pocahontas.

Many whalers bring their boats in shore here to coal, often getting the supply from the surface. Acting Manager Daal, of the concern, and Resident Doctor Ulsted,—Norwegians both,—dined aboard with us this evening.

July in Arctic Seas

SKINNING SEAL ON THE ICE

July in Arctic Seas

By July the stock of specimens aboard called to be worked into shape.

Arctic birds are hard to prepare, owing to their fat. Eider skins, for example, are covered with this, and one must first scrape very thoroughly, if he would have the preservative take effect on the skin. This work had to be crudely done,

FOUR GUNS BROUGHT DOWN 36 EIDER

and the skins were later sent to Berlin to be tanned, and to the States for mounting.

Messrs. Lerner and Riemeyer, in charge of the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger's Polar Expedition—the latter as artist,—dropped in, along with the Norwegians, to-day. Their expedition is sailing about Spitzbergen in a small steamer, *The Express*.

At three in the morning of July 2d we weighed anchor, and reached Temple Mountain shortly after. Dividing into two parties, a sea-parrot hunt was enjoyed. July 2d

On July 4th we touched a head-land of Prince Charles Foreland, near Foreland Island, to hunt birds; for nearly everywhere on the boggy island eiders made their homes— July 4th

nests covered with down plucked by the female from her breast, that is, and placed on the naked rock, very often. Male birds were rare.

Four guns brought down thirty-six eiders, thirty ring geese, three terns, as many burgomeisters, and five robber gulls in a few hours. The robber gulls we killed at every chance, these feeding on eggs and even upon the young of others.

Having arranged to celebrate the Fourth with the Wellman party, while at dinner the night before leaving Tromsøe, we proceeded toward Virgo Haven now, with pleasurable anticipations.

The entrance to the sheltered harbor is through Dane's

WELLMAN'S HEADQUARTERS

Gate, and is concealed almost from view by a semi-circle of ice-covered mountains.

The point of Dane's Island, in Virgo Bay here, where the Wellman Record-Herald Expedition has established its station, is likewise the site of the ill-fated André Expedition, the ruins of the André balloon-house being but a short distance in from the shore.

On Independence Day, sure enough, we lifted our hats to Old Glory, waving both above our boat and the houses of the expedition, which last were in fair way of construction.

Mr. Wellman not being present, (though expected in a very few days), and neither fireworks nor fire-crackers being at hand, Major Hersey, U. S. A., second in command of

THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION

the Polar Expedition, ordered a salute by a squad armed with pistols, guns, and the like; which we returned, in kind.

In addition to Hersey, Dr. Fowler and Messrs. Liventhal, Riesenbergh, Raeder, and Roseman, whom we had met at the Giaever dinner in Tromsø, spent the evening on board. They had left Tromsø on the *Frithjof* the night before we did.

Small pieces of ice were met in Latitude $70^{\circ} 5'$, Longi-

tude 4° west. Our captain, Jen Oien; first mate, Kristian Petersen, and second mate, Daniel Johannsen, now decided to try reaching the Greenland coast, between 74° and 76° north; this promising the best chance of success, since no ship has penetrated the coast south of 73° , and only one north of 76° .

The last authentic attempts to reach Greenland at this latitude were one by the Swedes, under Nathorst, in 1900, and another, which tried to get in five years before, through

Franz Josef Fjord, and reached land north of Shannon Island.

July 5th The 5th was selected as date of departure; but, the solid ice-pack to the north making sailing inadvisable, Learmonth and I went for seal in Smeerenburg Bay. We failed, however, to get close enough for a shot.

We took tea this night at Camp Wellman, the party occupying a house erected by Arnold Pike in 1890. Pike was an Englishman, who owned a boat and wintered one year at Dane's Island. Often, in the summer, he came to Spitzbergen to hunt.

The Wellman party returned our visit aboard the *Laura* this evening.

Leaving Virgo Harbor July 7th, the route was fixed through Dane's Gate, round Amsterdam Island, past the entrance to Smeerenburg Sound, and then among the Fuglo Sang (Bird-song) Islands. Early morning brought us within six hundred miles of the pole.

Continuing through Fuglo Sound, toward which several glaciers flow, Cloven Cliff and the Norway Islands lay on ahead. The Polar Sea to port was filled with ice, and on this, off shore, several seal appeared,

KOBBE, KOBBE!

July 7th just out of range, while eider duck were numerous. Once a bear was sighted. Flocks of auk and teist were seen, and "sea-horses" were numerous.

Meanwhile our progress grew ever slower. It was evident that, thanks to the solid ice remaining till late, we could get no further north.

July 8th With the 8th the real seal region was reached; cries of "Kobbe! Kobbe!" (seal) sounding again and again from the crew.

By eleven we had half a dozen seal aboard, two of them

big fellows—nine and eight feet, respectively. Others ranged at six feet eight inches, six feet six inches, and less.

"The hunting of seal in the ice is interesting and exciting," Mrs. Bettie F. Holmes recounts, in *The Log of the Laura*. "When a seal is located on a floe, the ship at once stands by. Rifles and ammunition are always in readiness; the hunters and sailors get into the seal boat, as she hangs

FLENSING THE SEAL

on the davits ready for lowering at a moment's notice in pursuit of game, and are down and away into the ice with wonderful rapidity. The seal boat carries three hands, is twenty-one feet long by five feet six inches beam, and is strong and swift to row. A strip of zinc sheeting about two feet wide covers the boat from the water-line up, to resist

concussions with the ice. The oars hang in rope grommets to stout single thole-pins, and the steersman directs the boat by rowing with his face to the bow. The boats are invariably painted white, to make them inconspicuous as possible.

"Each boat is provided with harpoons, ice-picks, ice anchor, and telescope; a compass, a keg of water and biscuit are also included in the boat's appurtenances, and are particularly essential, since the sudden dense fogs of these regions often obscure the ship so completely, even at a short distance, that it is an easy matter to get lost in the labyrinth of ice.

"As the boat approaches the seal, the hunters kneel in the bow, with nothing visible but their white-capped heads; the oarsmen lie flat, and even the steersman, whose white coat makes him less distinguishable from the surrounding ice, rows in a crouching position."

It is difficult to shoot a seal; that is, to shoot him in such a way as to get possession of him when shot. Unless the bullet hits the head and kills instantly, the seal flops from the ice into the water and, though he may be mortally wounded, usually does not rise again, for even after death the carcass of seal will not float. Seal holes are to be found only where there is bay or shore ice, or far in on large ice fields. On the floes the seal invariably lies near the edge.

Our seal were brought on board, so that we might see them, and then flensed.

Ordinarily, however, when the seal is killed the boat is anchored to the floe, and the flensing done on the ice while the body is still warm. The skin is washed; then, on deck, the crew have the greasy task of "making-off" blubber. "Making-off blubber" is the process by which the layer of fat is separated from the skin. The skins are hung blubber side up on a wide board frame mounted at an angle of about sixty degrees, which is placed on deck when to be used. One or two men, clad in oil-skins and armed with large knives sharp as razors and slightly curved along the edge, stand behind the frame. By a short, sweeping stroke they slice off the blubber, which rolls away of its own weight, like a thick, oily blanket. It really looks quite appetizing, and after seeing it, one can better understand why the Eskimos regard

it as a delicacy. All ships hunting in these seas carry several persons among the crew who are experienced in skinning and preparing the catch.

The blubber, and the skins, which latter are salted, are then stowed away in the hold in casks provided for this purpose.

Seal growing scarce, (though Learmonth got one six feet, six inches long), we set the course for Greenland.

A stop was made on Cloven Cliff Island for birds, the steep cliffs fairly swarming with these. A hard climb on the rocks brought us within range, the birds flying from their nests upon our approach. Nevertheless, three of us made a good bag.

We had still to take our last game-bag in Spitzbergen—a hundred and five auk, fourteen puffins, two little auk, and a teist, together with four burgomeisters, and six ivory gulls.

With these aboard, almost regretfully we bade the “Peaked Mountain” adieu.

On to Greenland

On to Greenland

We were fairly off now for Greenland.

The next few days had much of sameness; the monotony broken at times, very luckily, by the sight of seal. Several varieties: Jan Mayen (*Phoca foetida*), saddle-back (*Pagophilus groenlandicus*), troll or gnome seal, and hooded seal (*Cystophora cristata*), were bagged at one time.

Several of us, out in a small boat in pursuit of a large herd of seal, had the rather exciting experience of being lost in the fog, and this among thick ice floes threatening to separate us permanently from the ship. The herd lay on the far side of a broad, thin sheet of rotten ice, to cross which would be dangerous. Ever heavier the fog came in; even the fog-horn was lost, for a time.

When, again, we came within its sound, an echo accompanied it. At the time we attributed this to reverberation in the fog, and paid little heed to the matter. Later, however, we learned that a sealer, hunting in the East Greenland ice, had also blown his horn at this time, hearing again and again what he thought to be an answer.

Luckily, on the 18th we met with an ice bay, sheltered from the force of the wave. This permitted our advancing into the pack to a shelter from mighty swells showing furious storms outside. These swells followed on through the ice until Latitude $75^{\circ} 38'$ north, Longitude $3^{\circ} 6'$ east. was reached, and here another hooded seal was secured.

July 18th

Heavy fog, rigging ice-covered, mercury at zero, formed the setting to our ship, forced to buck savagely now in trying to win a passage on, to fairly open water beyond.

Ever and always, also, we must guard against being hemmed in. In the course of this butting the ice-plates were

wrenched from their bolts and partly separated from the wood on the port-bow.

The *Laura* beginning to take water at the rate of a foot an hour now, double forces were necessary at the pumps, while we lightened the ship forward, so as to raise her sufficiently to permit the carpenters to stop the leak.

Even then, the patch hindered our passage through some heavy packs near the coast, and we might ultimately have achieved our goal but for this. On the 17th we left this sheltered bay, slowly making our way west.

THE SHIP TOOK ON WATER

Seal varied the day's program, Learmonth bringing down a hooded male—an ugly, fierce-looking brute, spotted black upon dark-gray, and over eight feet long. This seal, (*Cystophora cristata*) is a ferocious brute, splashing and quite apt to attack and even bite its pursuers, if wounded. The females of this variety resemble the male, but possess no hood.

In the afternoon, anchored to a floe four hundred and fifty feet across, we took water and indulged in skee practice, the latter in preparation for future use. Meanwhile, currents caused the ice to move so rapidly that, of a sudden, we found

LEARMONTH DISCOVERED THREE BEAR

ourselves surrounded by a pack and were forced to cast away in such hurry that we had not even full water-supply aboard.

July 19th brought bear at last.

July 19th

A great "she," followed by two cubs,—a year and a half old, perhaps,—put in their appearance.

The cubs being too large to take, we held a spirited hunt and managed to shoot the three. The Polar bear is not a fish-eater, as is commonly supposed, there being no fish as far north as this. Instead, his is a carnivorous diet—seal very largely; and, as result, the flesh is far from palatable.

Our method of preparing bear meat was to cut it into thin steaks, pound the oil and blubber out, far as possible, and then fry, with onions. If one has a penchant for onions, bear meat is not half bad.

The temperature falling rapidly, thin ice coated our rigging again. Leads in the ice belt grew so narrow it was hard to find a way to the open water visible from the crow's-nest.

The ship crashed and butted, but the ice remained impenetrable to westward; and she could only circle about, at half speed, all day, watching for chances to get into the pack.

Seal were numerous in this region, and one of those seen was of a species not noticed before.

Bear at this stage of the voyage proved, by all odds, the chief topic.

To quote from the *Log of the Laura* for a specimen hunt:

"Early in the afternoon Mr. Learmonth discovered three bear wandering over the ice, about a mile from the ship. He was on the bridge scanning the fields of ice all about, when the bear casually came into his line of vision. They were coming up the wind and proved to be a female and two large cubs eighteen months old. The ship was quickly headed so as to intercept them, but when we were quite close the large one sighted us, and all three came to the edge of the floe, and the mother sitting, the little ones standing, gazed upon this strange object looming up before them. We had been able to observe their actions minutely, and it was quite thrilling to see the old one, followed by her young, going with her great, ambling strides over the floes, jumping into and swimming rapidly across intervening water.

"When we were within range, cameras were first brought

into play, and then Colonel Fleischmann with a well-directed shot, hit the large bear, which tumbled backward into the water. A boat put off at once and found her quite dead just where she had fallen. She was hit in the side, the bullet ranging through her lungs and passing close to the heart. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Learmonth each brought down one of the cubs. They rolled about, growling loudly, and staggered and crawled fully one hundred yards after being hit. One was in advance, but the second managed to reach him, and they lay one on top of the other when found. Both were shot in the shoulder, Dr. Holmes dispatching his with two bullets, and Mr. Learmonth with three, his last entering the neck. All the shoulder shots passed completely through the bodies, one of Dr. Holmes's shattering the spine. The bears were towed to the ship by the small boats and hoisted on board by block and tackle. The mother measured six feet nine inches, and the cubs five feet nine and five feet seven inches.

"The carcasses of the bear, like the seal, are flensed by some of the crew; the skin, however, is towed for several hours, to cleanse it thoroughly of blood. After a few days the fat is made off and the head skinned; the skulls are prepared and kept for use in mounting, and the fur salted and put away in barrels. The haunches of the cubs were hung in 'cold storage' with the reindeer meat and the geese."

Three snow grouse or ivory gulls (*Pagophila eburnea*), beautiful white birds, were also brought down.

July 10th We had reached far enough into the ice-pack by July 20th to note the absence of the mud-colored bergs abounding on its outskirts. Floes increased in area, and the former flat surfaces of these gave place to tumbled masses and rather thin, irregular snow-blocks. The latter, heaped one on another, rose to heights of from twenty to fifty feet.

It was below freezing still, and the ice stood thick on the rigging; crystal fringes of icicles, hanging from the edges of the floes, adding other touches to the scene.

"At 7 A. M. Mr. Peterson, the mate, sighted a big bear walking over some heavy ice to starboard, and shambling easily along to the edge of the floe, where he plunged into the water for a morning dip. The first shot hit him as he was leaving the water about fifty yards from the ship. This as well as the next struck him in the shoulder; he whirled about, and then ran rapidly over the ice, followed by several shots, all of which hit him and knocked him down, but he recovered each time and ran out. Mr. Learmonth at a range of about three hundred yards finally laid him low, but still

did not kill. The boat put off at once, and Colonel Fleischmann, Mr. Learmonth, and Dr. Holmes had a rough tramp over the floes, climbing hummocks and jumping across the waterways, to come within close range. The bear was on his haunches, unable to rise, but moving his head viciously about until Colonel Fleischmann sent a finishing shot into his neck. Napoleon, the bear dog, was let loose as soon as the boat touched the ice, took up the trail promptly, and ran around the bear excitedly barking,—as if to make sure of guarding him until the hunters came up. The bear was a big male, measuring eight feet three inches and standing three feet eight inches at the shoulder. He weighed approximately eleven hundred pounds. He was flensed where he lay, for the carcass was too heavy to be brought over the ice to the boats.” (*Log of the Laura.*)

One seal was shot in the water and floated until reached by the boat. Experts claim that if a seal be shot just as he is inhaling, the inflation of the lungs will cause him to float. The opposite holds true where the shot comes at the time of exhalation.

Others would have it that, whether a carcass sink or float depends on the amount of its fat supply. Opinions are very divided as to this point. As far as the writer is concerned, he holds to the first theory.

CARCASS OF BEAR

The 21st gave the *Laura* little headway; a dense ice-pack sending the boat to southwest and forcing her to beat about all day looking for openings, while the wind jammed the ice.

July 21st

July 22d, by way of contrast, was an exceptional day for these latitudes. With a clear view from the crow's nest above, we followed promising leads in the heavy ice, toward open

July 22d

waters, whose presence was shown, from afar, by the "water-sky" * above.

Such leads ending in snares, we sailed south-southeast all day in discouraging attempts. Not even a couple of small seal sufficed to raise our spirits, though shooting seal from aboard ship is filled with spice. The hunter conceals himself in the bow, his gun pointed ahead, and just enough of his head showing to allow his taking sight. The ship is pointed for the floe where the seal are lying, and drifts toward the ice where they may be. We found a head or neck-shot equally fatal; while if hit in the body, the seal is usually lost.

July 23d On the 23d a new specimen, the snad or spotted seal (*Phoca vitulina*), was killed in Latitude 74° 6', Longitude 13° 47' west.

Innumerable heads would bob up round the floes, but of all our shots only one drew a floater. These animals are the usual prey of the bear, and are what most artists have in mind in their hackneyed pictures of "Ice bear devouring seal." We have found by this time that by rolling around on the ice, tossing our limbs and the like, we could attract the seal. A high-voiced call similar to: "Oya! Oya!" also succeeded in bringing them. Two blue-backed seal were taken to-day.

July 24th On the 24th, the sun coming out of the fog sufficiently to permit observations, we found ourselves one hundred and fifty miles south of our route. Then, its doleful message told, the fog closed in once more.

Lead upon lead opened out, but to be tried and to deceive.

Between trials, seven seal—the largest bag of any day—came to hand.

Ever thicker grew the fog, more deceptive the ice passages. Midnight to noon the mists lay heavy, reminding one of a Newfoundland or Alaskan morning.

* "When light falls on a field of pack-ice, it is reflected in the stratum of air above it, and this span of light, called the 'ice-blink,' just above the horizon, warns the navigator of the impossibility of penetrating further. This phenomenon is often observed over drift-ice, although not so intense or so yellow in color as over pack-ice. Water spaces, on the other hand, show their presence by dark spots on the horizon, produced by the formation of clouds from ascending mists. These are the so-called 'water-sky' and faithfully indicate the 'leads' beneath them. Above the large 'ice-holes' they assume the dark colors of a thunder-sky, though they are never so strongly defined." —(Julius Payer, "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle." Narrative of the discoveries of the Austrian Ship *Teggethoff* in 1872-1874, Vol. I, p. 12.)

A mother-bear and her cubs were sighted once, pursued, and then lost in the mists. An ivory gull was less fortunate.

Owing to such things as these, it was not until July 26th that we found ourselves at Latitude $73^{\circ} 20'$, Longitude $15^{\circ} 39'$ west. At this point, thanks to the air being so clear, the mountains of the coast, from Cape Hold-with-Hope to Pendulum Island, seventy-five miles distant, could be seen from the crow's nest. July 26th

Fine stor-kobbe (*Phoca barbata*), the largest seal of the north, were to be had off here, and we killed one of these. The animals were found near the coast alone. Each yields a barrel of blubber.

The clear weather which we were now having made the

solid ice, barring the ship from the Greenland coast, irritate all the more.

In the afternoon attempts to bore the pack were made, only to bring us to anchor once again.

It was not until 7 30 at night that a clear waterway opened.

Then—so rapid the effect of the wind on the ice—by ten we were well out of the pack, and headed for Greenland!

The good luck was not to last, and from that day on,—it was July 27th now,—until the 20th of August, the *Laura* was enveloped in fog, or else beset,—front, rear and sides,—by ice floes. July 27th

The course in these days was changed to all points of compass, despite the goal—ice-bound Greenland.

Obstruction in the straits, fog, great floes, heavy mist,

stirred our zeal but the more. Once we made two knots an hour, and we tied to the next ice floe, jubilant. Again we drifted to the southeast, a knot to a knot and a half an hour, undaunted.

Finally the truth would not be downed—we would probably not get to Greenland! Discouragement was to be read on every face. Expectation was spelled a-p-p-r-e-h-e-n-s-i-o-n. The monotone of waiting was broken by watching bear or seal, and sometimes by a chase or pursuit. All in all, three bear were taken.

Then, one memorable hour, we got to a point within twenty odd miles of the coast. This was near Shannon Island.

Another time we reached a point near Franz Josef Fjord, thirty miles from the goal, when the ice-pack again blocked the way.

Finally the *Laura* got into uncharted currents, possibly the Gulf Stream, and they helped decide her fate. These currents ran in the pack at Latitude $72^{\circ} 25'$ north, Longitude $14^{\circ} 39' 30''$ west, and their waters lay in a strata of light-green—different from the rest of the sea—about two feet from its surface. Down in these the sea was from a degree to a degree and a half warmer than in the darker ocean below.

July 28th We were still in season for bear to be out with their cubs, and on July 28th another mother and her babes were seen, only to be lost in fog.

July 29th The next day slight swells underneath revealed to us the proximity of the open sea, though the mist would not allow our seeing it. Heavy floes in the currents forced the *Laura* from her place, and again we drifted slowly.

Bear at times would be seen, vanishing in the mists.

Fogs came down, vanished into space, and then, hardly were we aware of their passing, before others hemmed us in.

This July end was a most discouraging period. That night, for the first time on the cruise, the lamp was lit in the salon. Darkness was unusual in this latitude at that time of year, and was caused by the fog-laden air. Rain fell several hours this evening, making the night most dismal.

It is very hard for any one who has not had any actual experience in Arctic work to fully realize just what the fog-

evil amounts to. Along our Atlantic coast fog is bad enough, but there the navigator may usually steer dead reckoning on, or else drop anchor.

In the Arctics, on the other hand, after days of toil, you approach your goal; rarely in a direct course, however, and at an approximate speed of two to two and one-half knots per hour. That is good progress, and hopes run high in the hearts of all.

The promised land is near!

Then, of a sudden, fog lasting from six to—in our case—sixty-four hours, sets in, and, fastened with an ice-anchor to the nearest floe, the ship lies helpless, the crew keeping her free as possible from the surrounding drift-ice. All the while one realizes she is drifting from course at an approximate rate of one and one-half knots per hour—away from the point she has striven so hard to attain!

It is because of this that Arctic work entails more patience and fortitude than any other hunts I have experienced.

On July 30th we made a stop for fresh water, and another to shoot a stor-kobbe. Then, the very last of July, the sun appeared, bringing hope in his wake, as he filled the scene with brilliance. *July 30th*

Taking time by the forelock, Learmonth and Carl enjoyed a splendid peep at forbidden Greenland from the mizzen-top, though we lay forty miles still from her coasts and far west of the position we should have occupied. A belt of very densely packed ice stood between us and the stretch of open sea, on the other hand. *July 31st*

Fog, close to earth, prevented our finding a passage through this barrier. All the day we beat about, searching, but vainly.

A bear—yellow, not white, as seen against the ice—appeared, then vanished in fog banks.

So July went out, in the Arctics!

Midsummer in the
Frozen Seas

Midsummer in the Frozen Seas

August came to the Arctic seas, clear and beautiful. Light-blue skies, with fleecy clouds playing over, reminded more of an autumn day in Maine or Nova Scotia than midsummer in the Greenland pack, as one pictured it. *Aug. 1st*

Only the floes, drifting gently by, and a glassy sea, ever at hand, served to dispel the illusion.

On the quarter-deck we basked in the sunshine—reading, writing, and playing the graphophone.

This perfect weather continued for eight days, the wind changing to west-northwest.

Despite it, the pack refused to break or to be broken, and as the wind changed to northeast and the ice became heavier, the Captain decided to make course south, in hope of finding more open ice in the lower latitudes.

On the 10th a defective cylinder-cap caused a lay-up of several hours. An exciting bear hunt also occupied that day, resulting in the bringing to bag of a good specimen, measuring seven feet one inch. *Aug. 10th*

With heavy hearts at the barricades of ice, we resolved to turn, sailing back to what was, at least, a better land for bear; there to hunt till this ice chose to open. Early August, we felt, might bring such a change. *Aug. 11th*

It was about this time first that we began to notice the wane of the all-too-short Arctic summer.

The warning came simultaneously with our first sight of the moon; and then, as if to emphasize, fresh ice began forming at night. This, we were told, was due to the fresh water, which melts from the ice-floes, remaining on top of the salt, and so freezing quite readily.

Shortly after 6 P. M. Learmonth sighted a bear climbing

the ice hummocks of a great field a mile and a half from the water's edge, and immediately we were in pursuit.

The going was bad; we had to wade through fresh-water pools covered with thin layers of new ice, jump the channels where sea-water had eroded the ice, and wallow through snowdrifts, among the hummocks into which we sank to the waist. The bear was lost sight of, once we left the ship, but rapid walking for three-quarters of an hour brought him to view again.

Learmonth, the Doctor, Petersen, and Carl, as well as a sailor, went to the left; another sailor and I turned to the right; all running as soon as concealed by hummocks, but crawling warily on all fours where we might be seen by the bear. Hard running, then, enabled us to turn the animal, and he started off, in a rapid trot, in the direction of the other party.

LEARMONTH'S BEAR ON DECK

Now and then he stood erect and sniffed the air, showing some

signs of suspicion, but not knowing whence the danger might be coming.

When within one hundred and twenty yards of the bear, Peterson released the impatient dog. "Napoleon" dashed at the animal, the bear making for the top of a great hummock, there to raise himself on his hind legs; and it was while in this position that Learmonth's rifle laid him low, the animal coming down heavy on his back. It was thus that we found him, rolling from side to side, growling and snarling at the dog, who circled nearer and nearer, until bruin at last fell dead.

Late that evening there was another bear hunt; the quarry

swimming in the direction of the boat, in its efforts to escape, and being shot from the deck.

Early the evening of August 12th the *Laura* was run on the inclined surface of a huge, projecting ice-foot in such fashion as to raise her bow several feet, and to bring it in contact with ice hummocks quite as high as itself. Meanwhile ice was closing in rapidly, astern, two floes having drifted together. Aug. 12th

Our danger increased momentarily. All hands were set to work against the port-bow, causing the ship to glide to starboard and off the ice. Meantime, other ice, closing in around the propeller, was another source of anxiety, since, by striking the ice in the course of its revolutions, the blade might be broken. Repeated stopping and starting finally got us free, but only after several moments of rather keen excitement. This, however, is all a part of the game, and is always to be expected when in these waters.

From this southward course we turned, to attempt a straight one westward, trusting that this, at least, might lead to Shannon Island. The waters were fairly free of small drift-ice here, though several huge floes were sighted, and we kept the course fairly well till four in the morning. Aug. 13th

Early of the 14th, ice conditions became very bad again, and, it being plain that Shannon Island could not be reached, the course was once more set for the coast to the south, down near Franz Josef Fjord. Another memorable bear hunt that day served to cheer our drooping spirits; for we brought down a mother bear and a pair of cubs after quite a chase 'cross the ice. Aug. 14th

The ladies took a decided hand in this hunt; the first women, without doubt, to shoot bear in these wastes.

The 15th brought still more bear, five being killed and one taken alive inside of a very few morning hours. Aug. 15th

Mrs. Holmes in "The Log of the *Laura*" relates of one kill in particular:

"About eight o'clock we were awakened by the good news that three bear were on the ice ahead, and all of us were on deck in a trice. The rapidity with which every one dresses under the stimulus of a prospective hunt is quite remarkable—and sometimes the costumes are equally remarkable. Dr. Holmes, Mr. Petersen, and two sailors formed a skirmish

line on the ice, and thus kept the bear—a mother and two little cubs—well along the edge. They took fright at once, and the little ones ran on ahead, while the old one stayed back, as if to shield her young. Napoleon again distinguished himself, and his work was wonderful to see. When he was let go he gave chase to the old bear, incessantly worrying and harrying her. Whenever the skirmishers seemed to be coming up too rapidly on the cubs, she would turn on the dog, hold him up as if to gain time for them, and then go on again. The cubs at last took to the water; but as they jumped from a high bit of ice one jostled the other, probably in his excitement, and the little brutes growled and fought even as they swam.

“The mother thinking, no doubt, that they were now well out of harm’s way and beyond reach of the dog, turned from the latter and made for the water. She swam to a neighboring floe, upon which she climbed and looked about until she had located the cubs. Jumping in again, she swam rapidly in their direction. The keenly developed maternal instinct, shown by all wild animals in guarding their young from danger, is infinitely pathetic to see, and despite the ‘lust of the kill’ the hunter can not but be touched by it.

“The little cubs were only about five months old, and it was decided to take one of them alive. Mr. Learmonth and Colonel Fleischmann accordingly put off in the small boat after them. By this time the mother had almost reached the youngsters. Several photographs were taken of them in the water, and then Mr. Learmonth sent a bullet into the neck of the old one, and Colonel Fleischmann killed one of the cubs. The other was pursued—and at first it took fast rowing to keep up with him—until he was tired out, when, after several attempts, a noose was thrown over his head and the other end of the line made fast to the bow of the boat. The boat-swain, who was in charge of the capture, then tried to steer him with a large pole whenever he started off in a wrong direction.

“The cub, young as he was, showed remarkable strength notwithstanding his long swim, and frequently towed the boat. Now and again he growled fiercely, viciously striking at the gunwale and sinking his teeth into the steering-pole. By the time the ship was reached the little captive was quite exhausted, and was hoisted on board and tied to a ring on the deck without difficulty. There was a long fresh scratch on one of his hind legs, no doubt a last token received from his late brother in the fight to which I have referred. He looked like a great shaggy dog, and at first seemed quite docile; but he was evidently only worn out, for he soon re-

1. ONE DAY'S BAG OF BEAR
2. HOLMES AND LEARMONTH ON THE ICE
3. "TOMMY"

covered his ferocity and made the day hideous with his growls. In the afternoon he was transferred to a rude cage knocked together by the ship's carpenter.

"Poor little beast! This is but a forerunner of what the future has in store for him, for he has probably exchanged the freedom of his great ice-fields for confinement behind iron bars. He seemed more contented, however, when freed from the ropes with which he had been tied, and peacefully munched his meal of seal blubber. Strange to say, he loves sugar quite as much as his cousin of a warmer clime. 'Tommy' (for so we have named him) had been on board only a short time when the captain discovered another trio of bears on the same floe."

The hunt for these was well-nigh a repetition of the other.

Next day, wind and weather were fair, and running full speed occasionally helped the vessel well on her course, so that by nine at night Cape Hold-with-Hope and the Pendulum Islands were again clearly in view. Peaks of both, some of them forty-eight miles distant, served to close the sky-line. Between ship and land lay ice impenetrable, but all hope of reaching the coast was abandoned.

Aug. 16th

The short Arctic summer had gone, and we dared not remain in the ice any longer.

East Greenland, we consoled ourselves, is ever difficult of access. Prolonged fog, adverse wind, and unfavorable lay of the ice had handicapped the ship throughout. Since the accident, moreover, our bow was not of such sort as to permit the continued ramming of ice, and without this no ship could hope to reach that coast.

What time we had left in the Arctic Seas we would turn to bear-hunting and to a search for openings in the pack.

Sunshine, lasting till half past ten at night, helped us well in this.

On the 17th not only the search, but rowing and skeeing served as recreation. Three snad were killed, and when no prey was seen, bottles and tin-cans set on the ice, served as targets for pastime.

Aug. 17th

Sunrise at half past one, these days, was apt to wake folk early, and so the companion rule was "early to bed."

Sometimes, for amusement pure and simple, iridescent little red jelly-fish were caught. Terns and robber gulls, the

first birds, besides fulmars and ivory gulls, seen in days, flew overhead now.

"Tommy," resigned to his fate, and munching at sugar or swilling a thick dried-pea soup, with manifest content, made an interesting playmate at this period.*

Casting off from a floe about nine, we steamed slowly through heavy ice all morning.

In the afternoon, fog put a stop to hunting until nine at night, when three bear were chased. This pursuit resulted in

BEERENBERG STOOD OUT CLEAR AND SHARP

the quickest kill on the trip; within forty minutes of sighting the animals, all three lay dead on the deck.

By ten o'clock of the 18th, as result, twenty bear had
Aug. 18th been killed in all, the last of this score a young male, caught in the act of devouring a seal and falling a ready victim. An ice-ryper and two snad were killed the same day.

Bleak, wintry weather was now at hand, with occasional
Aug. 19th snow. Through the storm, at one time, a Polar bear was seen far ahead; then he disappeared in the ice.

Another successful bear hunt later in the day afforded much the same story—sighting, pursuing across the ice and

* Note.—Tommy was presented by the writer to the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, and may be seen there to-day, a splendid specimen of *Ursus Polaris*—(Ice Bear).

REMAINS OF AUSTRIAN EXPEDITION, JAN MAYEN

leads, circling for a vantage-point, and, finally, the bringing-down and flensing.

Our coal, too, was running low. The average consumption had been two tons a day, for steam was absolutely necessary this late in the year, to guard against being beset by ice.

Aug. 20th

Hope of improved conditions being foolhardy, any last attempt at reaching the Greenland coast must be abandoned now.

Realizing the inevitable, we set sail at last for Jan Mayen, after having cruised up and down the relentless pack, between Latitudes 73° and 78° , for six weeks or so.

The afternoon of August 21st brought the passing of the heavy pack, and we were clear of the ice till evening. Sailing north all day; then, to round a long, narrow cape, a line of breakers, formed by swells of heavy sea beating against the close-massed floes, made the proximity of other ice less dangerous and uncomfortable.

Aug. 21st

August 22d and 23d the *Laura* proceeded, full sail, on her way. Clear skies and sunshine kept her company. Then, on the 23d, Mt. Beerenberg, on Jan Mayen, rose; fifteen miles ahead, at least. But, so clear the air, the snow-clad peaks seemed but a mile away.

*August
22d, 23d*

The peak is an extinct volcano, last seen in activity by Scoresby in 1818, and stands 8,350 feet in height. Usually its summit is topped with fog; but while great belts of mist obscured the lower third to-day, the rest stood out, clear and sharp.

ONE WHO WAS LEFT BEHIND.

About ten this same morning we dropped anchor in Mary-Muss Bay, a roadstead near the center of the north Jan Mayen shore.

Jan Mayen, it will be recalled, is a queer, spoon-shaped island, thirty-three miles long by twenty-three across at its broadest, and a mile and a half at the narrowest point.

On the island, a house which was built for an Austrian meterological expedition in 1882 still stands. American canned foods, left by these folk a quarter of a century before, were tasted here and found good as new.

PROVISIONS FOR BOS'N AND MEN

Signs everywhere showed quite plainly how futile any hope of reaching Greenland this year had been.

What is more, a month after our return to Tromsø we learned that a small steamer, which had tried to reach the coast for walrus and seal, was beset by ice, and, likewise, failed of its purpose.

So far as learned, in fact, no vessel of record reached East Greenland in all that twelve-month.

August 24th, therefore, we held our last hunt, a white fox and two blue fox comprising the bag.

The day previous, Napoleon disappeared on the island, and, not having put in his appearance since then, to-day the Doctor

and I rowed to the place where last he had been seen, but without finding a trace of the dog. After searching widely and vainly without faintest sign of Napoleon, we were forced to weigh anchor and leave him behind.

Before leaving Jan Mayen we landed our bos'n and two men, together with a large quantity of provisions. The three were to spend the winter trapping, as well as taking meteorological observations in the interest of the Norwegian Government. Giaever, it had been arranged, was to have the *Laura*, or some other ship, call for them next year.*

SECURED SOME REINDEER TROPHIES

After all, to confess it—now that the end was at hand—we were glad that we were really returning.

As some one has said: "With the coming of the dark and the passing of the ice, the Arctics had lost their charm."

On the 26th the ocean lay quiet and calm, and we steamed on, making good progress. A fresh westerly gale springing up next day enabled us to take advantage of full spread of canvas, and we boomed along merrily, making full eleven knots during watches.

Aug. 26th

*Note.—Later we learned from Tromsøe that, owing to the *Laura* being badly ice-bound in the Greenland pack that following year, while under charter to a German nobleman, the *Frithjof* was sent out, as relief expedition, to call at Jan Mayen for the men. After picking them up, she was beset by ice in a storm and sank, with all but one of her seventeen hands. By queer play of fate, moreover, the *Laura* escaped this ice and called at Jan Mayen not forty-eight hours after the relief-ship's departure.

A LAPP TYPE

Finally, close on to noon of the 28th, off through the rain, *Aug. 28th* the coast of Norway was sighted, and by evening we reached Malangen Fjord. Daylight revealed, again, the curious Norse villages, scattered here and there on the green slopes of the channel.

It seemed odd, indeed, to see houses, trees, meadows and cattle, when, at seven that morning, we cast anchor at Tromsøe.

Here, then, the party separated.

Dr. and Mrs. Holmes and Carl sailed for Trondhjem, and thence homeward. The rest of us—Learmonth, Giaever, Mrs. Fleischmann and I—returned to the *Laura*, and with a reduced crew (since we intended using steam only) proceeded up the fjords to the Island of Rödö on a search after reindeer, not having secured any good specimens of these in Spitzbergen.

Learmonth and I wanted at least one good head apiece before leaving the north.

We hunted two days, and in that time came across two herds of the animals. The rough mountains making ideal stalking grounds, we were enabled to bag three fine specimens.

Giaever did not go out for deer, putting in his time after ryper.

When we reached Tromsoe again, one week after date of departure, we were a unit in declaring this jaunt a most pleasant and satisfactory ending to the long Arctic trip.

II
On Safari Through British
East Africa

MY EAST AFRICAN TROPHIES

On Safari Through British East Africa

HERE were four of us in the party—Noel C. Livingston Learmonth, of Hanford - Blanford, England; Mrs. Sarah H. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati; Archibald Kennedy, the valèt, and myself.

We were bound for the sportsman's great hunting-ground, British East Africa,—this in advance of Theodore Roosevelt, whose coming to those same fields, a very few years later, has resulted in focusing the attention of the American public on the preserves and plains, and succeeded in attracting to Africa many people who would otherwise have still known little of the progress and development of that wonderful country which is commonly miscalled the "Dark Continent."

The party left Victoria Station, London, at 10 A. M., February 15, 1907, changing cars at Calais for a through train for Marseilles, due to arrive there at seven next morning. This would give ample time for connections with our steamer, *The Admiral*, (Dutch East African Line), Captain Doherr, scheduled to sail the next afternoon.

Feb. 15th

All baggage, tents, ammunition, cots, etc., had been sent the company's agent at Dover several weeks before, and, owing to heavy luggage dues,—we traveled light, 'cross country.

Reaching Marseilles on time after a pleasant journey, we boarded *The Admiral*—a splendidly appointed vessel, 131.80 meters in length, twin screw, fourteen knots speed. Comfortable deck cabins were provided,—our own even boasting the luxury of bath and shower.

Feb. 16th

All baggage aboard, we took a drive around the city, enjoyed lunch on shore, and returned to the ship just in season for sailing at two.

Another shooting party,—a Dr. Lessels and Captain Schwobacher, of the German Army—was aboard,—off for a hunt between German and Portuguese East Africa.

Feb. 17th Our ship was scheduled to arrive in Mombassa March 5th or 6th. Smooth sea and weather clear, and a promising lot of passengers, seem to foretell a pleasant voyage.

MRS. FLEISCHMANN AND I

Feb. 18th Reaching Naples early this morning, we hired a guide and Daimler motor for the day, visiting both Pompeii and another point where fresh lava, from Vesuvius's last eruption, was still smoking.

Naples is a very dirty place, and impressed us unfavorably. Beggars and grafters, (including our guide) are everywhere. English is spoken generally, making a guide an unnecessary incumbrance, so that our own was soon dismissed. Fine corals and tortoise-shell are to be had.

Set sail 10 P. M.

THRU THE SUEZ CANAL
TAKING A MULE ABOARD
A CARAVAN ON THE DESERT
AN ARAB 'DHOW'

At sea; fine weather and smooth sailing. Traversed the Straits of Messina, separating Italy from Sicily. Scenery delightful. *Feb. 19th*

In the Mediterranean. Weather fine. Met some very pleasant people—a chap named Goode, Colonial Secretary to Northeastern Rhodesia; one Penton, returning to his fifteen-thousand-acre farm on the Athi River, in British East Africa, after vacation; and a certain Mr. Buxton, out for a look at the country. All play bridge. *Feb. 20th*

At sea; weather fine. *Feb. 21st*

A CORNER IN MOMBASA

Weather delightfully cool. Made the entrance to the Suez Canal and arrived at Port Said. *Feb. 22d*

The Port is known as the toughest, dirtiest town on earth,—but is not nearly so bad as represented. The streets are quite clean, and it “looked good” to us—particularly after Naples.

The shops are fair and afford fine shawls and cigarettes, providing you purchase in first-class establishments. Swarms of street hawkers, coming out to the boats, sell all manner of fake stuff. No matter what price is paid, you are sure to get the worst of their bargains. We secured some good Soudanese beads.

Learmonth dug up a street magician and brought him aboard; and, considering that he was within two or three feet of us on the deck, he did marvelous work, performing a wholly different line of tricks from what one sees at home.

Our searchlight now having been attached, we left to-night on the passage through the Canal. *The Admiral* went aground about midnight, not getting under way until about dawn. Lost about three hours.

Feb. 23d In the Canal. Interesting and beautiful. Swarms of Arabs appear in groups on the banks—usually about the water-holes. Saw a caravan of sixteen camel on the desert.

We reached Suez this afternoon; our passage taking twenty hours. Suez is a picturesque place, one particularly good-looking street paralleling the shore.

Feb. 24th In the Red Sea. Delightfully cool; sea smooth.

Feb. 25th In the Red Sea. Weather not uncomfortably warm; sea smooth. The German band aboard has improved considerably, and our evening concerts have become quite an event. To-night we have an informal ball.

Feb. 26th In the Red Sea; weather fine. A very delightful surprise was tendered me in the form of a birthday party, in which the Captain, Learmonth, Buxton, Penton, Goode and Mrs. Fleischmann participated. There was the proverbial cake with candles, and a present from each of the party.

Feb. 27th Reached Aden, "The Gibraltar of the East," about midnight. Our two shikaris, Douda and Hirsi Mohammed, whom we had previously engaged, came aboard with a letter from Cawasji Dimshaw, an Indian merchant, trading in Somali-land, advising that we get our second gun-bearers in British East Africa.

A siege of horse-sickness making ponies unprocurable at any price here at Aden, we wired Newland & Tarlton, caravan outfitters at Nairobi, to do what they could for us at that place.

Later, Buxton, Goode, Penton, Mrs. Fleischmann and I went ashore, hiring a couple of gharries, and drove out to some old Arabian waterworks, a full moon making it light as day.

Feb. 28th Returned to Aden about 4.30 A. M.; woke the hotel people, and prevailed upon them to give us breakfast. Later went

THE UGANDA LIMITED

OUR FAITHFUL DONKEY

MOMBASSA STREET CARS

shopping, picking up some Arab and Somali chains, and several Somali spears and shields.

Sailed from Aden at eight this morning.

In the Indian Ocean. A gymkana was begun at three this afternoon, and is to continue two days. There were many entries for the athletic sports, bridge and skate tournaments, chess and bull-board; spar and bolster fighting, turtle pull; obstacle race (the obstacles being the life-buoys, two benches, one spar, and two sacks; the last-named to be crawled through), tie and cigarette races, and tugs-of-war (First Class vs. Second Class; Passengers vs. Crew; and Anglo-Saxons vs. Teutons).

March 1st

In the Indian Ocean. A fancy dress-ball was held to-night. The second-class deck was lit by Japanese lanterns and electric lights, and bunting was spread around. Many of the ladies, anticipating this event, brought appropriate costumes along; but the prettiest gown after all was one made completely from newspapers. Altogether the affair proved most enjoyable.

March 2d

Sunday at sea.

March 3d

The gymkana was concluded, and prizes awarded in the smoking-salon this evening. The affair proved a bonanza for the ship's barber, the committee on prizes purchasing almost his entire stock. I was the proud winner of a bottle of Dr. Pierre's Dentifrice, a bottle of hair-tonic, and a pocket-knife. The tonic, in particular, came in quite handy.

Later in the evening a farewell dinner was given by Learmonth and Buxton.

March 5th

Landing at Killindini, British East Africa, at nine, we

ALI NURE, SOMALI, OUR
HEAD MAN

found it hot. A representative of Smith & Mackenzie, brokers and outfitters' agents, with whom we had corresponded, met us.

Mrs. Fleischmann went by gharri to the Hotel Cecil in Mombassa. Learmonth and I hustled the baggage through customs, had the guns registered, and secured shooting licenses, in order that we might catch the up-country train leaving at eleven the next morning. Ten *per-cent ad-valorem* duty is paid on every article brought into the country, and each gun must be stamped and sealed before it can be taken in.

Very warm. Were to leave Mombassa, *via* Uganda Railway, (three through trains a week) at eleven o'clock, but it was twelve before we started. Country very tropical, and at first cocoanut palms and banana plantations numerous. The railroad soon deserts the coast, however, starting up-grade and leaving tropical scenery behind.

Lunched at Sabara, and took dinner at Voi.

The little compartments being entirely open, we were cool and generally comfortable, though annoyed at times by ter-

OUR AFRICAN CAMP

SHOOTING PONIES AND MULES

rific red dust. At night we slept under blankets of our own providing, the railway furnishing no bedding whatsoever.

Saw our first game this afternoon—a cheetah, a hartebeeste, and ten giraffe;—all quite close to track.

Rose early. One side of the track is a Government preserve. Saw large giraffe, and hundreds of kongoni and Thomson's gazelles ("Tommies"), several ostriches, maribou storks, wildebeeste and Grant's gazelle. Country largely rolling and much the same as seen in Kansas, Nebraska and others of our Western prairie states; excepting at the Kapiti Plains, which were absolutely flat.

Reached Nairobi, three hundred and twenty-two miles from Mombassa, at eleven thirty; town-site lies 5,500 feet above sea-level.

Newland, of Newland & Tarlton, met us, and we kept busy: tried ponies, overhauled kits, shopped, and did everything necessary to facilitate our going on trek next day.

Put up at Norfolk Hotel, a hostelry known to sportsmen all over the world and very excellently conducted.

We were ready to start at 3.30 P. M. The caravan,—or safari, as they say in British East Africa,—started ahead; with the donkeys. We followed in the course of an hour on our new mounts, three gray shooting-ponies, which had been given a thorough try-out and seemed rather good. Penton and Buxton escorted us to our first camp, about three miles from Nairobi.

The camp consisted of two double tents, a single tent for combination dining- and store-room, and a large tent for night

March 7th

A TYPE OF PORTERS' PAGE

March 8th

Photo by Mrs. Fleischmann

A CAMP ON THE LOWER THIKA

pony shelter; this last being absolutely necessary in order to prevent the animals eating the grass, when covered with dew, which would result very quickly in death from horse-sickness.

The tent provided for Mrs. Fleischmann had the luxury of a bath-annex, which proved attractive, but impractical, since it kept out all air which otherwise might pass through the tent. The annex feature, consequently, was dispensed with.

IMPALLA

WE KILLED A GOOD RHINO

Our safari, or caravan, consists of the following :

			Wages per month
Ali Nure,	Headman,	Somali,	85 rupees
Doudo Mahammed,	1st gun bearer,	"	70 "
Hirsi Mohammed,	Shikaris,	"	70 "
Kongoni,	Skinner,	Wakamba,	20 "
Juma,	2d gun bearer,	"	20 "
Cook,		Somali,	40 "
3 Syces (horse-boy),		"	12 "
4 Askaris (soldiers, natives),		Swahili,	12 "
3 donkey boys,		"	12 "
3 body servants,		"	25 "
46 porters,	@ 10 R. each,	16 M'Mezi,	460 "
		21 Wakamba,	
		7 Kikuyu,	
		1 Kavarondo,	
		1 M'Ganda,	
			<hr/> 46

Besides, we have twelve or fifteen boys to carry food and the personal effects of the porters. These boys, whose ages range from eleven to fifteen, are paid one rupee a month by the porters themselves. In addition there are ten donkeys—the equivalent of twenty porters,—a donkey carrying one hundred and twenty pounds, or two porter loads.

For batteries Learmonth took a .450 Cordite Express, a .360 Cordite Express and a .375 magazine rifle, with telescope sights, all made by Evans. The writer used a .450 Cordite Express, made by Wesley-Richard; a 9 M. M. Männlicher, with telescope sights, and a 12-gauge Wesley-Richard Explora, sighted at 300 yards.

Wearing apparel included two khaki suits each, (Mrs. Fleischmann using divided skirts); sun-pads for the backs of the coats, and pith helmets. We also carried cummerbunds, which were very handy to wrap around the abdomen, when out after dark, or in heavy perspiration.

March 9th

A WATER BUCK

Rose at 6.30, and off at 8. Newland rode out from Nairobi before our start, to see that we were properly straightened out. Lunched at 11.30, and moved on again in an hour. Saw several "Tommies" and wart hogs. Camped near electric-light plant, in course of construction near the falls of the Ruera River. Open country; grassy plains. Marched twelve miles. Weather cool; rain and showers during night of 9th and 10th.

March 10th Warm. Off at 7 A. M. Game very shy, and country void of cover, making stalking difficult. Most of the shots we had were from three hundred to four hundred yards, the telescope sights coming in handy. Camped on south side of Thika River, about a mile below the Port Hall Road.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One Thomson's gazelle,
One kongoni.

Fleischmann—One spring buck.

A VERY BAD FORD ON THE THIKA

Hot. Broke camp early. A M'Kamba porter deserted in the night. Mrs. Fleischmann followed us with safari, camping about twelve miles further down the Thika. On the way she sighted a small lion in the bush near the river, and several Colobei monkeys.

March 11th

Learmonth came in at noon, having lost his syce and brown mule. The mule was used by a shikari and is quite a loss. Sent two men to look for them; one returning at dark, having seen nothing of either syce or mule. Eight o'clock coming and the other not showing up, Learmonth wrote a "chit"* to the police station at the new bridge over the Thika at Port Hall Road, asking them to send these men after us if found, or to notify Newland & Tarlton, at Nairobi. Grassy open country.

Day's bag:

Learmonth—One impalla.

Fleischmann—One Thomson's gazelle.

Hot. Learmonth rose early after game which came from the plains after water. I was off at seven. Two men were dispatched with the "chit," and two to a large farm owned by a Mr. Dino, six miles up the river, to get "mealies" for the ponies. The mule and syce were found at Dino's by an askari, and reached camp at 11.30.

Several porters were given medical attention this afternoon for sores about the feet. Many of them have an inherited

March 12th

A BUSH BUCK

* Note.—"Chit," *i. e.*, letter or message.

blood-disease which causes even slight cuts to turn to nasty sores, rather insusceptible to treatment.

Grassy and rolling open country.

Day's bag : Learmonth—One kongoni.

Fleischmann—One kongoni,

One zebra.

March 13th Hot. Broke camp early and made a five hours' march down the Thika. Country growing wilder and quite bushy, making stalking easier and game not nearly so shy. Only about half a mile of wooded hills extends between the Thika

WAS FORCED TO SHOOT A RHINO
WITH CALF

and Athi Rivers. Donya-Sabuk is still in sight to the south, and snow-covered Mt. Kenia to northward.

Many fresh rhino- and hippo-tracks.

Distance marched, fifteen miles.

Game bag : Fleischmann—Two impalla (right and left).

March 14th Hot. Broke camp early, moving down the banks of the Thika. Country very wooded and broken. Saw a great many water-buck. A wounded wart-hog charging me, I killed it at about eight yards. Saw two small rhino near camp.

Distance marched, ten miles.

Photo taken near junction of
Thika and Tana Rivers.

GIRAFFE ON THE HORIZON

Day's bag: Learmonth—One water-buck.

Two impalla.

Fleischmann—Two water-buck,

Three wart-hogs.

Hot. Learmonth and I off early, trying to cut off game before getting back to cover, after watering at the river. *March 15th*
Heard lion roar across the stream at 7.30.

I killed a good rhino with two shots (neck and shoulder),
.450 Cordite solid bullet.

About 2 o'clock Hirsi, who had accompanied me back to camp, sounded the alarm of "Moto!" ("Fire!") The wind

WART-HOG

from the southeast was driving a tremendous blaze our way. Fortunately the camp was in a little offset, guarded by the river, or the fire might have put a sudden end to our hunt. As it was, everybody in camp ran out, lighting a back fire, and fighting the flank towards camp with green branches, thus saving our position and causing the flames to pass beyond us. This fire was at least a mile wide, and it was a stirring sight to see the animals and birds fleeing before it. As soon as the ground cooled somewhat, hundreds of storks gathered, to devour the roasted grasshoppers.

Game bag: Fleischmann—One impalla,

One rhino.

Hot. Moved to southern point of the Thika River, in an
March 16th unsuccessful attempt to find a good ford. Camped on high ground, surrounded by boulder hills. Scenery magnificent. Country thorny, a tree without thorns being the exception. Learmonth saw two rhino.

Mrs. Fleischmann's syce and a sick porter, both Wakambas, deserted during the night. Learned we were camped only six miles from the village of their tribe, and ordered the headman to place a guard of soldiers around the rest of the Wakambas for the next few days, until we got some distance from the place.*

Marched ten miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One kongoni (food for porters).

Fleischmann—One water-buck.

Hot. Found something that looked like a ford, and crossed
March 17th the Thika at 8.30 A. M. Very poor crossing; but, considering the bad stone bottom and swift current, the depth of water, and, in addition, the numbers of crocodiles, we got over safely and quickly. Country thorny and bushy. Marched north eight miles and found a splendid camping-place under three large thorn-trees.

Many rhino in these parts. Both sportsmen met the same rhino at different times, the animal seeming too curious for comfort. As the beast had a very bad head we did not wish to be forced into shooting him.

Innumerable guinea fowl around the camp; the porters catching several chicks by hand.

Marched six to eight miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—Two bush-buck.

Fleischmann—Three guinea-fowl,

One water-buck.

Hot. Caravan off at 7 A. M. on five and a half hours' march.
March 18th Made camp near the junction of the Thika and Tana Rivers.

* Note.—"There has been much discussion as whether it is best to mix the tribes or to take only men from one tribe in forming the caravan. Not having had enough experience to judge for myself, I acted on the advice of the firm that outfitted me, and, from the experience I had afterward, I am strongly in favor of the mixed caravan, for the following reasons:

When one man deserts from the caravan it means that that man's load of sixty pounds is to be divided among the men that stay. That being the case, and as all desertions take place at night and when within a reasonable distance of the would-be deserters' tribe, you have the men of perhaps five or six other tribes to keep guard and to notify you when you are within reaching distance of the tribe of a dissatisfied member of the caravan. While I had four desertions during the whole time that I was in Africa, which is very light, they all took place while we were within about six or eight miles of some Wakamba villages.—(Fleischmann, in "Cosmopolitan Magazine," September, 1907).

RHINO *vs.* CROCODILE

Photo by Archibald Kennedy

A rhino with calf charging me, while trying to photograph it, I was forced to kill it; two "snap-shots" with a .450 Cordite, at about fifteen yards (neck and shoulder), doing the work. The tremendous striking-power of the .450 Cordite was strikingly illustrated in this case, as it bowled over the tremendous beast as if it had been a mere rabbit.

Saw a herd of perhaps a hundred Cape buffalo scattered over the wooded plains across the Tana.

Spent several hours in an unsuccessful attempt to find a ford; rather tantalizing. Saw quite a number of hippo, counting twenty in one herd. Learmonth, who prospected across the Thika, found the country very thick and thorny. Saw seven giraffe.

About 4 P. M., Ali called Mrs. Fleischmann and Kennedy, who were traveling with the caravan, to come to the river, where a rhino was being hauled into the water by a crocodile, the saurian having hold of the beast's hind leg. The struggle lasted about an hour and a half, the rhino being dragged a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards down the stream before being finally pulled under. Other crocodiles evidently joined the fight, since, when the water rose to the rhino's side, blood and pieces of flesh floated to the surface. Some excellent pictures of the combat were taken by Kennedy.*

Marched sixteen to eighteen miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One bush-buck,
One wart-hog.

Fleischmann—Two impalla.

Warm. Camp's position unchanged. Learmonth again crossed the Thika, seeing a large herd of giraffes in the distance. Following the Thika River to Tana, he came upon an enormous herd of hippo, photographing them at thirty yards, and shooting one of them.

March 19th

I prospected along the Tana, shooting at a couple of hippo.

* Note.—"A recent issue of the London Times credits Max Fleischmann with having witnessed a spectacle in the wilds of Africa which no other human being has ever beheld, and at the same time with having photographed the previously unheard of contest between a rhinoceros and an alligator. The Times says the story of Max Fleischmann would be beyond belief if the Cincinnati hunter and traveler had not photographed the thing he saw. The statement appears in a two column story in the Times. The writer says that the rhino is a pretty speedy fighter, and that elephants hesitate to tackle him. Alligators, of course, are supposed to flee from it. But one husky alligator got hold of the hind leg of a big rhino in an African river, and made away with the rhino. Max Fleischmann witnessed the event and photographed the spectacle. The Times informant says the story is related at length in one of the books by Selous, and that every one is obliged to accept the story because it is backed up by the camera."—Cincinnati "Times-Star," September 16, 1909.

Believe I killed one, as I used the telescope on him and aimed at the eye.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One hippo.

March 20th Warm. Up early after giraffe. Long chase after the first, which escaped. After a foot-chase of one and three-quarter hours the largest male of a herd of six, after being hit four times, was lost; thanks to the second gun-bearer's stupidity. I had a long chase after him, and, had the ponies been at hand or brought up when signalled for, I could easily have overtaken the one wounded. The giraffe was staggering along, very sick, and unable to keep up with the herd. I was utterly fagged by this time, as well as overcome by the heat, however. My first shikari tried to install some wisdom through the influence of a thick branch into this gun-bearer, Kongoni, who had failed to bring up the ponies, and it is believed that in future the animals will be on hand when needed.

Learmonth shot a hippo on the banks of the Tana in the morning, but did not recover him.

Saw several natives (Wanderobos), armed with bows and poisoned arrows. All ran away at sight of us except one, who had a sore foot. This one explained, by imitating animals and in other sign language, in the use of which the tribe is most proficient, that they had seen neither lions nor buffalo, but were out collecting vulture feathers.

That afternoon Learmonth and I crossed the Thika to photograph giraffe, which we had seen there, earlier in the day. Had a long, unsuccessful chase.

Saw the hippo which I had shot the day before, anchored to a rock in the middle of the Tana. Porters, fearing the crocodiles, would not go in after him. The rhino episode had shaken their nerve.

Hirsi, the shikari, wanted to swim out, fasten a rope to the hippo, and then pull him in. Would not permit this. While we might take the chance on a porter, Hirsi is too valuable a man to even risk losing; so we left the hippo where he was.

Ticks are fierce on the other side of the Thika.

Day's bag: Fleischmann—One kongoni,
One stein-bok.

March 21st Weather not oppressive. Caravan marched up the Tana five hours, and made camp. A swarm of flying-ants encoun-

Courtesy of N. C. Learmonth

HERD OF HIPPO' IN THE TANA

ANTS' NEST, MUCH USED BY HUNTERS
IN AFRICAN STALKING

FLEISCHMANN AND ZEBRA

tered just as we were starting luncheon, drove us to cover. Smoke having no effect on them, we were forced to protect ourselves with a net.

Found the big giraffe two miles beyond the place where I had been forced to give up the chase after him. The animal had been eaten by hyenas during the night. Took a portion of the skin to make a foot-stool as trophy, and cut out one of the bullets.

Hirsi was stunned by a hard throw from his mule, and his arm seems to be hurt. The accident was result of foolhardiness, in his throwing a zebra's skin on the back of the mule, after the animal had shown signs of fear on approaching dead zebra.

Learmonth saw spoor of three lions.

Day's bag: Fleischmann—
One zebra,
One giraffe.

Not oppressive. Left the Tana River and marched across a badly burnt country—hilly, rocky, and very bad going—to the Maragua River. A temporary bridge of felled palms across the main gorge, and two small fordages brought us over the stream; uneven lava rock made even this difficult. Tropical scenery about the river very beautiful. Camped next the ford.

March 22d

BUILDING TENNIS COURT

SPRINKLING THE COURT

Learmonth,
scouting away
from the caravan,
saw twenty-one eland,
twenty hind, one small
buck, and five rhino, in-
cluding a baby of the lat-
ter. Heard a lion roar last night.
Marched eight miles.

Day's bag:

Learmonth—One oribi.

Not oppressive. Reached Fort
Hall, situated on a high hill (alti-
tude 4,200 feet), at 10.30, camping
on Government Square. Thirteen
whites and one hundred black
police here.

Good tennis court in course of
construction, a whole native vil-
lage of over three hundred people
being employed at the work.

Dined with Mr. Lane, Sub-
Commissioner of the Kenia Dis-
trict, who gave some interesting
data about their tax system.

Each native hut is taxed
three rupees a year. The
Kenia District is expected
to bring in half a million
rupees for the fiscal year
beginning April 1st. Lane
states the total
white popula-
tion of British
East Africa to
be only one
thousand souls.

THE GORGE OF THE MARAGUA WHICH WE CROSSED
BY LAYING TEMPORARY BRIDGE

TYPICAL BIT OF BROKEN HILL COUNTRY—LOWER THIKA

Procured a subsidiary caravan, Kikuyus,—headman and eight porters—from Aladinna Visram, an Indian trader, and sent them with our first consignment of skins to Newland & Tarlton.

Marched eight miles.

Rained a little in the night. In camp at Fort Hall. Paid *March 24th* advances to porters. Hamis, an askari, misbehaving, I placed him under arrest and close confinement until we left the Fort.

Weather not oppressive. Left Fort Hall at 7.30 for the Embo country.

Marched five hours, meeting many warriors armed with spears and swords. Many of the chiefs and headmen came up to greet us, first planting the spears in the ground and dropping their other weapons, and then, after spitting in the palm of their hands, advancing to "the handshaking ceremony" with arm outstretched.

I had been teased by the rest during the morning for wearing heavy riding-gloves, but had the laugh on Learmonth and Mrs. Fleischmann when this ceremonial

took place. The warriors were a fine-looking type of men, though disfiguring themselves considerably by covering faces and hair with a red pigment, much like the red clay of New Jersey.

Crossed the Tana, one and a half hours from Fort Hall, by means of a ford and a rope-ferry, the latter operated by the government. A number of native villages were seen on both sides of the road. The natives do a great deal of rough cul-

TAX-COLLECTOR AND
WARRIOR ESCORT

tivation, besides raising goats and flat-tailed sheep. We were able to secure supplies of "muhinde" (native corn), eggs and various kinds of vegetables here.

Poor country for game. Made a fair camp beside a small stream, and were visited by the headman of the nearest village and his second in command, both slightly "under the influence," thanks to native beer.

Learmonth and I, with about thirty native beaters, went after guinea fowl, securing enough for the pot. In honor of the occasion the leader of these beaters made a new toilet,

PRISONERS AT EMBO

changing his somewhat frayed banana-leaf for a fresh one. Paid party of beaters the price asked,—something like two rupees. Had a bow and arrow contest for a prize, the natives, however, proving poor marksmen.

The country passed through was broken. No big game seen. Marched twelve miles.

Heat not oppressive. En route by seven. Over mountainous country, well watered by swift streams. No game seen to amount to anything. Crossed "God's Bridge," a lava formation spanning a deep cañon, beneath which rushed the river.

THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

Met a native tax collector, with warrior escort; fine-looking type of Kikuyu warrior. Took his photograph and gave him a bracelet. Later he sent us exquisitely-made arrows, freshly poisoned, as a return gift.

After a five and one-half hours' march, reached Fort Embo, pitching tents on Government campus. This post was opened in January, the houses having just been completed.

Met J. J. Gilkinson, Collector, and Captain Grimshaw, of the East African Rifles, the only white men at this fort, and dined with them. Many prisoners and about one thousand

THE RECORD BUFFALO FOR BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

cattle have just been brought in by an expedition, and, as result, natives in the vicinity are now fairly well-behaved.

Marched fifteen miles.

Not oppressive. Left at 7.30, led by two native guides provided by the Collector. Marched two and one-half hours down the Rupengazi River, camping to east of it. Beautiful open country, with grass not very high and only a few thorns.

March 27th

Sent ponies back to Embo with two syce and two other men—the country being infested with tsetse flies—but kept two mules with us. Many water-buck and kongoni seen;

shot four of the buck, and left meat to attract lion, lion tracks being noted on both sides of the river.

My shikari was charged by a wounded water buck, the animal missing him by not more than a yard.

Being engaged in reloading my rifle at the time, I was unable to shoot promptly.

At about the same time a rhino approached within one hundred yards of the camp, on a run, but was frightened off by Kennedy, the askaris, and porters; Mrs. Fleischmann taking to the "tall timbers"—in other words, making a brave attempt to climb a thorn tree. We had probably encamped on the rhino's "runaway." *

Broken country now to the east; plains and dambos to the south and southwest, about one day's march distant.

Marched eight miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One water buck,
One impalla.

Fleischmann—Three water buck,
One kongoni.

March 18th Quite warm, but not overly oppressive. Heard three lion roar in night. Hunters off at 6 o'clock. I returned to camp at 9.45, having shot a good eland. Eight porters, sent out to bring in the meat and head, disobeyed instructions to keep close enough to be in touch, and were lost.

Returning to the animal, to photograph it and show the body to Mrs. Fleischmann, found that those lagging porters, slowly following my trail, had come up to the kill, and, not finding any one in charge, proceeded to have a feast and gorge themselves, ruining the eland entirely for mounting.

Placed malefactors in charge of two askaris, and, on reaching camp, held trial, condemning the leader to receive five, and the others three lashes apiece, to be delivered by the head askari.

Learmonth prospected down the river, finding fresh buffalo tracks.

Days bag: Fleischmann—One eland,
One silver jackal.

* Note.—Rhino usually follow the same trail, day after day, and are known to have certain spots where they regularly deposit their offal.

CATTLE TAKEN FROM NATIVES BY MILITARY EXPEDITION

VIEW OF FORT HALL

Hot. New camp one hour's march down river. Men off at 3.45 A. M. for buffalo. The country here, and for a few miles down the Tana is very flat; but, going inland, toward the buffalo country, there are large hills, very rough, and generally wooded, broken country.

March 29th

I returned to camp about 10 A. M., going out again later with Mrs. Fleischmann and killing my second eland. Saw natives and called, intending to give them meat; but they were very timid, and ran away. Found later that these natives belonged to a tribe which had been prohibited from entering this district, and would have been severely punished by the collector if caught within this tract.

NATIVE SETTING VULTURE TRAPS

Returning, saw fresh buffalo tracks, but could not locate the animals. Found two pitfalls,* dug by natives to depth of twelve or fifteen feet and sharply spiked at bottom, this to impale any animal falling through the thin cover above.

Marched three miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One eland.
Fleischmann—One eland.

Warm. Men off at 3.30 A. M. for buffalo, endeavoring to reach their watering-place before daybreak and get a shot at them in the open. Saw a leopard eating an impalla, but he bounded into high grass before a shot could be fired. Waited an hour for his return, when one of our trackers,

March 30th

* Note.—There is a prohibitive mandate against pitfalls in this district.

climbing a tree, reported some buffalo just disappearing in very dense bush, a mile or so ahead.

Crawling through almost impenetrable thorn thickets, on paths so low one could not wear a hat or assume anything but stooping position, we came into the midst of a small herd of buffalo, who stampeded immediately. The cover was so thick it was impossible to get sight of the animals, in order to shoot to any advantage.

Rather discouraged, we pressed on and came at last upon another herd, just as this broke across a small clearing, open enough to allow of shooting, although only occasionally did

BEARING RHINO HEAD TO CAMP

we get a glimpse of their heads and bodies, passing from bush to bush. Managed to get a fine head—fifty and one-half inches spread, on the curve. It really was a remarkable stroke of luck, as the specimen secured turned out to be the record head of British East Africa, although, when I pulled trigger, I had absolutely no idea that I was shooting at even the best animal within range.

Our natives were wonders as trackers, and—also as runners; for, so soon as the buffalo stampeded or made a move, they would beat a hasty retreat.

Spent several hours tracking another buffalo, which I had wounded, but failed to come up with him; a circumstance

lucky for us, perhaps, as the country was such that the odds would have been in the animal's favor.

Spent five or six hours in this thicket. Very hard work. Returning, we beat the country and nullah where the leopard had disappeared, but without success.

Day's bag : Fleischmann—One Cape buffalo,
One kongoni.

DEAD BUFFALO

Not oppressive. Showers early this morning. All rested in camp throughout the morning. *March 31st*

We went out in the afternoon, Learmonth going down towards the plains, I crossing the river to explore. Both saw rhino, eland and ordinary game.

Day's bag : Learmonth—One wart-hog.
Fleischmann—One water-buck.

Warm. Showers early this morning; the rainy season is not far off. Learmonth rose at 3.30 to go after buffalo, returning to camp at 7 to-night, well fagged out. Came on *April 1st*

the animals in thick bush, but was unable to see kind of head he was shooting at, so refrained from pulling the trigger. Saw several rhino in the thicket, passing a young one at less than ten yards.

Am laid up in camp with a sore foot, result of a jigger being removed. Since crossing Maragua River, we note total absence of annoyance from ticks.

April 2d Not oppressive. Rained until 9.30, when it cleared and the sun came out.

Mrs. Fleischmann and I went down toward the plains and, while stalking impalla, saw a large, maned lion slinking off through the grass, about two hundred yards away. Unable to shoot, we pursued him to the river, where he was lost among the reeds and high grass.

In the afternoon I went out again, with twelve porters, to beat up the country where last the lion was seen, and got him up, after we had practically abandoned the attempt; the porter who flushed the lion being only about six feet away when the animal broke cover, scaring the porter so badly that he threw himself on the ground, face stuck in the grass, and had to be dragged up by the neck. The lion then broke back through the beaters, and, the gun-bearers not being close enough to hand me my gun promptly, I was forced to shoot at long range (250 yards) and missed.

Later, found the lion's kill, a water buck—one night's feed.

DEAD GIRAFFE SPOILED BY HYENAS

Learmonth saw a lioness on the other side of the river. His porters jumped same, while he was otherwise occupied and his gun rested against an ant-hill, otherwise he would have had a very good shot. Learmonth jumped up and fired, but missed. He killed two rhino, hitting one seven times. The larger, when first hit, turned and gored the smaller several times, bringing blood.

CROSSING THE RUPENGAZI

Returning, Learmonth started another rhino in the high grass and was charged so suddenly that he was forced to take shelter behind a tree, from which he put in a high shot at ten yards, driving the animal off.

Rhino are too plentiful for comfort in this country, and as one does not wish to shoot any that have not good horns, they often spoil the stalking of other game, by forcing the hunter to take wide detours to avoid them.

Day's bag : Learmonth—Two rhino.

Not oppressive. Learmonth went off at 3.30 after buffalo, following tracks of a small herd twelve to fifteen miles in the direction of Fort Embo,—these taking him into a thick and rugged country. Found herd had taken refuge in a thickly-overgrown nullah of some extent. Working around to the

April 3d

other side, he sent some of his beaters to stir up the herd. Upon their dashing out on the side, where he was stationed, he managed to get a very fair bull, thirty-six and a half inches spread. He returned to camp about 4; both he, his shikari, and gun-bearers well fagged.

I was off at 4.30 to find the lion lost yesterday, and beat up the country about its kill. Hunted both sides of the river to the south, but unsuccessfully. Returned to camp at 10 o'clock.

Toward evening we received a surprise in the form of some mail sent from the States, February 17th, handed by Newland & Tarlton to native runners, with instructions to find us somewhere up-country.

KUTU

The man bringing same had been tracking us, making fast time and inquiring our whereabouts of natives until reaching us to-day.

The mail is carried in a cleft stick and is wrapped in a small piece of cloth, the whole being bound with a twig. This device is the sign of a mail-runner over all Africa, and its bearer is always given assistance and information by whites and natives alike.

Day's bag:

Learmonth—One buffalo.

Fleischmann—One water buck,
One wart hog,
One impalla.

April 4th Hot. Hunters off early; I going a long way into some new territory, towards the plains; prospecting for lion's spoor and inspecting the country. Did not like the looks of it. On the plains toward the river I encountered a great many tsetse flies and ticks. Saw a python.

Learmonth crossed the river and continued in another direction, failing to see any new variety of game.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One water buck,
One wart hog.

Fleischmann—Two water buck.

TYPES OF KIKUYU WARRIORS

Fairly comfortable. Broke camp and marched to Fort Embo—three hours. Caravan crossed the Rupengazi near camp. I started ahead on foot, with my shikari, walking to Embo via another route. *April 5th*

Learmonth is feeling seedy and unable to walk.

Shortly after arrival at the fort, Kutu, a Kikuyu chief, entered the same, escorted by four companies, of one hundred warriors each; all in full regalia, bodies greased, heads and necks smeared with red clay; head dress of aigrettes and maribou feathers; swords, belts, beads, leg-bells and spears. Each company, as it marched, chanted a battle-song and

DINING-ROOM AT PUNDA MILIA

whirled the spears in unison, at each step;—a most remarkable sight, this. Kutu, we learn, gets six hundred Pounds a year from the government.

He and I exchanged presents; I receiving a sword and belt, two shields and knob-kerrie,* for a pair of gloves and two bracelets.

Lunched with the Collector. He and Captain Grimshaw dined with us.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One bush buck.

Hot. En route Embo to Fort Hall; marching a little over half the distance before making camp. *April 6th*

* Note.—Knob-kerrie—usually a short club, weighted at the upper, rounded end.

NATIVES PLANTING GROUND NUTS

A gray mule, one of the pair we had risked taking into the Embo country—the one for Mrs. Fleischmann, the other for any sick or injured member of the caravan,—was taken with horse-sickness in the morning and died on the road at 4 P. M.

Soon after pitching camp, a local chief sent twelve carriers to us, with presents of sugar-cane and bananas,—excusing his own absence with the fact of his nephew having small-pox. Sent return presents—red bandanna and cigarettes—and told him his absence was excusable, and that the only thing that would not be excused would be his attendance.

The cook being short of meat, we went out for guinea fowl, which had been seen near camp. Greatly to the amusement of the beaters, I fell into a muddy river and returned very shortly; but between us we managed to get enough birds to last as food until we reach the game country again.

WOMEN COLLECTING GRASS

Marched fifteen miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—Two guineas.

Fleischmann—Three guineas.

Heavy showers during the night. Marched to Fort Hall, (passing Kutu on the road), and camped on Government Square. Also met officer of police, with escort of six soldiers, en route up-country to settle some trouble with natives disobeying orders.

April 7th

Major Ross, assist-

NOONTIME IN CAMP

ant game ranger, a leader of scouts in the Boer War and a former "Yankee cow-puncher," arrived with his safari, pitching camp near our's. He dined with us and gave much information about localities for game.

Hirsi, injured when thrown from his mule, is steadily growing worse; a big abscess forming on his arm. He had a high fever and constant pain while in the Embo country, but insisted on continuing his work. Later he wanted me to cut off the abscess, but we decided it best to wait until we reached Fort Hall, where there is a government hospital.

Dr. Eric Lindsay, in charge of the institution, found Hirsi in bad shape and needing an operation, so sent him to the hospital, where the Babu* took him in charge. Told him the direction in which we were going to hunt, so he could find us upon his recovery.

Marched twelve miles.

Day's bag: Fleischmann—Two guineas.

April 8th Fairly hot. Left Fort Hall at 7.45 for Punda Milia Farm, branching off from main road at new wooden bridge and following a straight path leading directly to the farm, a good

MASSAI HOME AND WOMAN

fifteen miles. Lunched and dined with Swift, Rutherford and Ridley. The first two have been on the farm two and a half years, owning nine thousand acres. Have three hundred acres under cultivation; over one hundred of these in ground-nuts. Watched them plant seventeen acres in four hours, using two hundred natives in the process.

They have killed eleven lion since coming.

Ridley has taken up land in another part of the country, and is spending a year with the rest,—learning farming. All are fine fellows.

* Note.—Indian hospital-steward.

WOUNDED ROAN ANTELOPE

Learmonth, ailing for some little time, result of overtaxing himself in the Embo country, became quite ill with dysentery on our arrival in camp, and took to bed.

Showers during the night. Marched fifteen miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One oribi,
One bush buck.

Hot. I went shooting and to look at the country. Find it fairly rolling and the grass badly burnt, as a result of having been set afire by native women, through their fear of lions *April 9th*

OUR BABY ANTELOPE

attacking them while engaged in gathering faggots. Saw seventeen wildebeeste in one herd, all very wild.

Found a rough, fine-looking country, eight to ten miles off, toward the Tana,—which promises lots of game.

Learmonth still indisposed. Ali, the headman, and the cook visited his tent, praying and making mystic signs over his cot to remove evil spirits. These Somalis are very strict Mohammedans; never failing to pray twice daily,—always facing Mecca at such time.

Day's bag: Fleischmann—One "Tommie,"
One kongoni.

Moved camp and marched over rolling plains; country
April 10th looks good and very fertile. Reached farm of one Krieger, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Krieger was formerly an American missionary, but has since turned farmer.

Lions are reported in close vicinity. Learmonth still laid up with dysentery.

Comfortable weather. Heard several lions roar during
April 11th night. Off at eight, toward the hills, to locate them. Found broken country with high grass. Took eight porters and beat up two nullahs (one full of parrots, which came out in droves as the porters advanced), but with no success.

On returning, ran into a herd of wildebeeste, or gnu, and shot two (right and left). Was quite astonished to see the porters eat the raw heart, and fat cut from the neck of the animals. They relish this tid-bit, claiming it to be much like zebra, their favorite food. Toward evening it became cold, and we felt the need of great coats.

Learmonth still laid up.

Day's bag : Fleischmann—Two wilde-beeste.

Not oppressive. Rained quite heavily about 9 A. M., but
April 12th moved camp one hour's march south-south-east of Krieger's house, into rough country, as we heard lion roar during the night in that direction. Rather bad camp and only fair water supply. Gave my syce five lashes for letting a mule run away, and for general "cussedness."

Learmonth better, but still weak, and shooting from his pony only.

Received our second installment of mail.

Day's bag : One kongoni.

Hot, oppressive. Very heavy dew last night; almost like
April 13th rain. Men out at 6.30. I went south as far as the Thika. Met two rhino; shot one, and was then charged by the other, being forced to kill same at about fifteen yards.

Also saw a black-snake about four feet long gliding away from me, as I crawled through the grass toward a rhino. My gun-bearer believed it to be a black *mamba*, one of the most venomous of African snakes.

My syce is more alert and attentive; evidently the hiding he received was a much-needed medicine. Learmonth prospected toward the mountains, taking a very long hunt and

I BOWLED HER OVER, STONE DEAD

coming into wonderful game country. In one valley he saw rhino, giraffe, eland, roan, water-buck, bush-buck, kongoni, dik-dik, impalla, wart hog, zebra and several varieties of monkeys. Leaving this valley, he saw "Tommie" and wilde-beeste. On his return he was charged by a rhino and had just time to bolt onto his pony, without even a chance to reach his gun, while his syce was almost caught by the beast. He also saw a python, but was stalking a roan at the time and had no chance to shoot.

Mr. Ridley rode over, during the day, to inform us that

LEARMONTH'S LIONESS

lions were roaring near Punda Milia, and were coming nearer every night. Asked us to return to the farm.

Day's bag: Learmonth—Two roan,
Two wild-beeste.
Fleischmann—Two rhino.
Two reed buck.

Hot. Moved camp back to Punda Milia farm;—Mrs. Fleischmann accompanying caravan; Learmonth and I hunting en route. I ran across a new insect, a caterpillar—the worst insect-pest yet encountered. This is covered with fuzz, which stings like an aggravated form of nettle, leaving a red, burning rash, spreading into minute blisters, and covering a

April 14th

space six to eight inches in circumference wherever the insect has brushed.

Marched five miles.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One "Tommie,"
One wilde-beeste.

April 15th Comfortably warm. Went out after luncheon; killed a good roan. Returning to camp after shooting a bustard, found a new-born antelope on the ground, the report of the gun evidently having frightened the mother away. Brought the

OUR BANNER LION

baby to camp and fed it from a bottle. Got a goat from a native, but the fawn would not take to it.

Very heavy rain and thunder-storms during the night.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One "Tommie."
Fleischmann—One roan,
One bustard.

April 16th Weather comfortable. I was out early after bush-buck, getting a nice specimen. Learmonth went prospecting into the hills, with Kurugu, a Kikuyu medicine-man and tracker. He came across a herd of buffalo feeding, and shot a fine one, with one shot; solid bullet through the throat. Horns,—forty-two inch spread.

BACK TO NAIROBI

In the course of this hunt Learmonth had the opportunity of viewing a rather unusual occurrence. In order to spy out the buffalo to advantage, and so make his stalk towards the best head, he removed his shoes and some of his clothing, and, mounted on the shoulders of one of his gun-bearers, peered over a high rock, beyond which the buffalo herd was feeding. A small rhino, which had been lying on the grass in close proximity to the rock, became uneasy and started to

VALE TO THE DONKEYS

move off. Making his way through a group of buffalo cows and calves at a little distance; some of these wheeled around, suddenly, prodding him sharply with their horns and setting him, squealing, into a gallop. This done, they dismissed the matter apparently and returned to their feeding.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One buffalo.

Fleischmann—One bush buck.

Learmonth and I off at 6.30 with old Kurugu after lion. Followed fresh tracks to a patch of grass, and, when advancing through same, a big lioness (8 feet 5 inches) bolted, growling, about ten yards from me. I bowled her over stone dead with a lucky shot at the base of the neck.

April 17th

Caught her cub, about four months old, and brought it to camp. The little brute was very vicious, and Hirsi, the shikari, who had recovered and rejoined us by this time, received several ugly scratches, in making a football tackle on the beast, before a coat and bag were thrown over its head.

Returning to camp, found that two porter boys had gone to the native village to steal meat from one of the huts. One had his head broken open with a knob-kerrie, and the other received a flesh wound with a knife, in the attempt. The headman brought them before me for further punishment; but both Mrs. Fleischmann and I, believing they had received all their due, let them off with a lecture.

Two of the askaris having had an argument, one of them, (Hamis), waited until the other lay down, when he jumped on him and bit a piece from his shoulder. They were told to go as far as they liked, in a fighting way, outside the limits of the camp; but if there was any more trouble within bounds they would both be punished; and that, should Hamis do any more fighting and not fight fair, he would be sent to Fort Hall and get twenty-five lashes.

Day's bag: Fleischmann—One lioness,
Cub taken alive.

Hot. Hunters went out early after lion. Found no tracks.
April 18th Coming home, saw a leopard jump into a thicket, intersected by a small stream, the Maji Kiboko.

Learmonth and I took our stand, sending in beaters to drive him out. The leopard did not appear, evidently escaping to one side. The men had gone only a little way when one came running to report that he had found fresh lion-tracks leading into the thicket, and a little further on, a lioness was jumped. She started to come out of the thicket on my side; but, having already killed one, I motioned Learmonth over, to give the first shot. The lioness bolted about fifty yards from where we stood, he hitting her well in the body. The animal continuing on, both of us hit her in the shoulder. She bolted back into the thicket, and we heard her growling and snarling for ten or fifteen minutes, when, working our way in, cautiously, we found her dead. The length of our prey was eight feet.

Day's bag: Learmonth—One lioness,
One zebra.

Hot. Heavy rains all morning. In the afternoon we mustered five guns—Swift, Rutherford, Ridley, Learmonth and I—and, with only sixty shotgun shells in the party, took about fifty beaters and drove the native “shambas” for partridge and other fowl.

April 19th

Got a bag of twenty-eight birds and two duykers, or small antelope; rather a fair showing.

Hamis was reported by the head askari, and by Ali, the headman, as falling asleep on guard last night. Hamis has misbehaved most consistently, and was punished accordingly.

Hot. Ridley, Rutherford, Learmonth and I out early after lion. Finding a track leading into the grass, we put in porters to drive same. The lioness broke cover a short distance from where Learmonth and I stood, (the grass being too high to shoot to advantage), and went into the adjoining nullah. Drove after her again. During this drive a large, black-maned lion appeared on the opposite hill. He was hit by Learmonth, Ridley, and myself. The lion, after the first four hits, went into a deep gully. Fired a rocket-pistol to start a blaze and move him, but with no result. Ridley and I, with Hirs, followed blood spoor after him, and found the animal dying. The skin went to Learmonth on first hit.

April 20th

Day's bag: Learmonth—One lion.

Hot. Mrs. Fleischmann, Swift, Ridley, Learmonth and I out early after lion, the rains having driven them on the highlands. Have heard roaring every night close to camp. Came on spoor of three, and tracked for several miles, finally jumping a big male in very bad, rough country. The grass in places was almost up to one's head. Tried to gallop, to get in a shot, but the animal escaped.

April 21st

Mrs. Fleischmann and I galloped down the bed of a creek, the rest coming over the hill-top; again got it up, but the heavy grass made it almost impossible to see anything; I even climbing a tree for a better view.

Saw a fine buffalo coming through a nullah, but did not attempt to shoot it, as Learmonth and I had already secured good heads.

Returning to camp, found runners with a letter from Newland & Tarlton, stating the steamboat-agent had made a faux-

pas and had no accommodations on the boat we intended leaving May 10th by. Everything else was taken for a couple of months in advance.

We decided we might do better by being on the ground, personally. Camp, therefore, was ordered broken at daybreak, to commence a forced march to Nairobi.

April 22d Hot. Safari left at 6 o'clock, marching twenty-nine miles to Ruera River.

We followed later. Lunched with Mr. Bush, government engineer, in camp completing concrete-bridge over the Thika and over Chania Falls. States he has been two years at this work and has had a number of men killed by lions. About a year ago, five lions came through the middle of his camp at 3 P. M.; one, a lioness, stopping to kill a black boy on the way. This created such a panic that the animal escaped without injury.

"M'Toto," our baby antelope, now eats grass and takes milk from a saucer.

April 23d Hot. Reached Nairobi, nineteen miles march, at 11 A. M., and proceeded to disband safari immediately.

The news regarding accommodations on the steamers was very discouraging, and we decided that the best course to pursue was to go to Mombassa, as soon as the work of disbanding the caravan, etc., was completed. Being on hand ourselves might be very advantageous in getting passage. As a last resort, we decided to take our sleeping-bags, and, if necessary, stow away on deck somewhere, using wash-rooms for dressing, and so on.

Had a new cage built for the young lion, who is doing nicely.

April 24th Learmonth and I spent the morning assorting skins and trophies. Sportsmen, we had learned, should always be present at sorting and packing, and allow themselves about a week to close up affairs before sailing—especially if there be horses, mules, donkeys or ivory to dispose of.

Both Newland and Tarlton, of the firm by that name, have been down with fever, and the latter is still very ill. It will be some time before the trophies are shipped, their illness naturally delaying things.

Hot. Had all my spears, shields, and weapons put together and ordered them shipped to America direct—having too many to carry along with us. Spent the rest of the day transacting business with Newland. Railey, the third member of the firm—my assistant in paying off safari—was taken with fever this morning. Arranged with Newland to turn in ponies at 2,300 rupees.

April 25th

Hot. Left at noon for Mombassa. Learning of a small intermediate steamer sailing on the 27th, obtained accommodations on her; securing the Chief Officer's room for Mrs. Fleischmann, and a place for Learmonth to stow his clothes. Only obtained these accommodations through the courtesy of a hunter, unable to dispose of his ivory, and having to wait until so doing before leaving the country.

April 26th

Sailed at midnight aboard the German East African boat *Kanzler*, a dilapidated "tub," to be retired from passenger trade on arrival in Hamburg, at the end of this voyage.

April 27th

A cargo of copra and green hides wafted "perfume" our way, but our success during the two months' shooting and our luck in not being held up, a month or so, awaiting a steamer, prevented this dampening our spirits in the slightest.

After a voyage, uneventful save for our succoring a dhow, twenty-four days becalmed and out of both provisions and water;—with calm, smooth seas, but rather appalling heat, what was left of the safari, (as we still styled ourselves), arrived at Genoa two days ahead of time!

Our luck, evidently, was still holding good,—concluding for us a most enjoyable, as well as most successful African hunt!

BECALMED TWENTY-FOUR DAYS

III

By Pack Train Through the Cassiar

By Pack Train Through the Cassiar

HIS is the story of a hunt after big game of Alaska and British Columbia; the mountain sheep, (*Ovis stonei*), being the particular trophy sought.

The story, like most sportsmen's tales, is one to be told from the notebook, with the camera to help bear out its truths. As such we give it herewith:

The writer left New York the evening of August 12th, *via* Canadian Pacific, bound for Victoria, B. C., arriving in the latter city on the evening of the 13th.

Aug. 12th

Going to the Empress Hotel, I was met by Mr. Clifford Little, with whom I had been in correspondence in regard to a shooting-trip to the Cassiar, and who was to accompany me as companion and guide.

Aug. 13th

The extent of my acquaintance with Little had consisted wholly of brief correspondence in connection with this proposed trip; hence it was not without some trepidation that I met the gentleman who was to share with me the pleasures and hardships of the lone Northern country for many ensuing weeks. The best, or the worst, side of a man's character is almost sure to crop out when "hoofing it" along the trail—sometimes wet, sometimes hungry, sometimes disappointed; so that taking a trip of this kind with practically a stranger is a great deal of a gamble. However, after a half-hour's chat with Little, I felt my choice to have been a wise one, and I am happy to say that subsequent acquaintance more than proved my estimate true. In the many years I have hunted

for either large game or small I have never been out with more congenial companion or agreeable "pal."

Aug. 19th To-day has been occupied in completing the final details of the trip.

We had planned going north on the *Princess Beatrice*, sailing from Victoria to Wrangle, with a twelve-hour lay-over at Vancouver.

LITTLE

Upon the advice of the Canadian Pacific agent we have decided to send our guns, etc., on the *Beatrice* and take the *Princess Victoria*, making connection with the former boat at Vancouver; this since the *Princess Victoria* is a much speedier boat, and the hotel accommodations in Victoria far surpass those of the other city.

If excitement be one of the essentials of a big game "shooting," we have certainly made a good start. The *Princess Victoria* is due at noon, and is scheduled to remain a half hour, giving a five-minute whistle before starting. She came in to-day about an hour late.

Little and I sat on the veranda of the Empress, awaiting her arrival. When the boat docked, we saw Kennedy, my vâlet, aboard with the baggage; and as the ship carried a large crowd of excursionists, decided to promenade until the whistle blew. When not more than two hundred yards from the boat we heard the warning, and, walking down, found the *Victoria* in midstream, the whistle not having been blown until the lines had been actually cast off. Our feelings are hard to describe; personally, thirty cents would have been a high value to place on my own inward observa-

KETCHIKAN

tions. There was my vâlet on board,—with all my baggage, letters of credit, and, in fact, everything I had brought from home with me. It was absolutely a catastrophe, since missing this boat meant that we could not make connections with the boat up the Stickine—our destination. What was more, that vessel makes only two trips a year.

We ran back to the hotel. There through the kindness of Manager Humble, of the Empress, who accompanied us to the C. P. R. offices, we were able to jump into a motor-car and make a train for Nanaimo, on the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railroad, by fifteen minutes' connection. From here, through the courteous assistance of Captain Troupe, manager of the Navigation Department of the C. P. R. at Victoria, we chartered the steamship *Joan*, and, sailing out at midnight, caught the *Beatrice* on her way out from Vancouver at 2 A. M. Captain Troupe, after our departure from Victoria, had done some pretty tall hustling, it being necessary for him to get into telephonic communication with the captain of the *Joan*, and the captain of the *Beatrice*, and also in telegraphic communication with the purser of the *Princess Victoria* upon her docking at Vancouver,—giving the latter Kennedy's instructions in regard to transferring our baggage to the *Beatrice*, etc. It is said that "All's well that ends well;" but if either Little or myself dies before the age of three score and ten, I believe one reason for it can be put down to a certain few hours passed this day.

The sea has been very calm; the scenery much the same as that along the Norwegian fjords;—perhaps somewhat less picturesque, however, and lacking the variety of color found along the Norwegian coast. Late in the day we passed Campbell River, the most noted place in the world for king-salmon fishing, and one of the few places where these fish are caught with rod and reel.

Aug. 22d

There are several other shooting parties on board—English, Austrian and American—the foreigners being rather in the majority. Some of them are quite noted sportsmen, among these J. G. Millais (son of the artist), an eminent authority and a writer of several books on natural history. Lieutenant Dalgish, R. N., and an Austrian, Oberlander by name, collecting for the Vienna Natural History Museum, are to be included in this list.

Weather pleasant and cool. It was rather rough last night, passing through Queen Charlotte Sound, so the dining-room was not well patronized.

Stopped at Ketchikan, Alaska, about one this afternoon. Aug. 24th Were informed that a run of hump-back salmon was taking place a little way up the river. To one who has never witnessed a salmon-run this was a remarkable sight. So numerous the fish, it seemed one could literally walk over them, and for sake of the novelty, several of us went down to the bank, touching the salmon on their backs, as they swam past. A peculiar characteristic of a run of these fish,—a striking law of Nature,—is, that of all the fish running up a river, not a single one ever returns.

After a couple of hours' stop, the steamer proceeded on her course, arriving at Wrangle at 10 P. M. Here every one went to the Wrangle Hotel; a well-kept place, meals very good, and linen as clean as could be desired. We were informed that the Hudson Bay Company boat by which all the sportsmen are to go up the Stickine River was in, awaiting the arrival of our Seattle steamer before proceeding on her way.

Most of us "fooled around" town, a number going down Aug. 25th to inspect this Hudson Bay vessel, the Steamer *Hazelton*. She is an old "tub" of very light draft; but all of us are so anxious to get up the river that no one cares what she is like, just so long as she floats! The Captain notified us to be on hand about 10 A. M. to-morrow.

This afternoon Dalgish, Little and I walked several miles from Wrangle to a salmon-cannery. This was a very interesting visit. The work is done under contract by Chinamen, and we were greatly impressed with the rapidity with which these fellows perform their several duties. The capacity of this cannery is 80,000 cans per annum, 48 cans being packed in each case.

Ten A. M. found us aboard the *Hazelton*. Owing to the low stage of the river, the Captain did not deem it advisable Aug. 26th to load down the boat over thirty-two inches; so that we were forced to leave quite a lot of lumber behind.

Most of the town of Wrangle was on the wharf to see us off, and everybody wished the Captain good luck and a successful trip. One old "sour-dough" called up to him and said:

THE HAZELTON

"Why, Captain, you don't call this low water, do you? In '98 I went up the river with a load of horses that got stuck on a bar, and before we could get off again all the stock died of thirst. That is what I would say is really low water, for you!"

As this is but the second boat up the Stickine this year, her departure is really quite an event.

Churned our way up the river. We "stuck" several times on some sand bars, known as the "Hudson Bay Flats," about half way up, where the crew and some of the passengers spent their time chopping wood for fuel. The fact that it takes the *Hazelton* three and one-half or four days to travel the one hundred and fifty miles from Wrangle to Telegraph Creek, and but twelve hours to make the return trip, enables one to realize, if but slightly, the currents and rapids with which this boat has to contend.

Aug. 27th

Time and again she came to a dead stop, stuck fast on a sand-bar or held back by the current, while the paddle-wheel churned the water into an angry foam. One to two thousand feet of cable would then be dragged along shore and fastened to some tree, when, by means of a powerful windlass, stationed on her bow, the ship would pull herself over the rapids and on through the swift water. It takes a captain of iron strength and nerve to pilot a boat under such conditions, and rarely a season goes by, either on the Skeena or Stickine, that one or more boats are not lost.

Late this afternoon we passed through the Grand Cañon of the Stickine. The scenery is really glorious here—far more magnificent and awe-inspiring than anything seen to date.

After experiencing a great deal of difficulty making the rapids between Glenora (the Canadian Custom Station), and Telegraph Creek (the passage of twelve miles consuming six hours) we arrived at the Creek, 2 P. M.

Aug. 29th

Telegraph Creek is composed of the Hudson Bay post, the trading-post of John Hyland, a saloon, commissioner's office, and some warehouses. Its population comprises twenty whites, and a remnant of the Tholtan Indians—about one hundred and twenty souls in all.

Here, through the firm of Hyland & Belfry, we completed

our outfit. These are most satisfactory people to deal with, being thoroughly "square" and trying their level best to please.

Our outfit is composed, first of all, of our provisions, and of five pack- and a saddle-horse. Pack-horses cost \$2 per day. We have also procured two Indians, Bob Reed and John Colbert. The average rate for Indians is anywhere from \$3.50 to \$4 per day. If one desires to take a boy along, for extra camp work, he can be secured at \$2 per diem.

The Tholtan Indian is entirely different, in general characteristics, from the Red-skin one meets in the States. He is very cleanly, not only in personal appearance, but in his camp cooking as well. The Indians never failed to wash their hands thoroughly before preparing a meal; whereas in hunting with a couple of Ojibways, in Ontario, I never chanced on a case of even attempted or "near" wash.

"Bob Reed" and "John Colbert" seem rather peculiar names for Indians; but the fact remains that many of this tribe, meeting a white man whose patronyms they fancy, drop their own names at once and take his instead. In my own case, the name was too hard to swallow, so they gave me an Indian one.

These two fellows take great pride in their strength and endurance. We heard from absolutely reliable witnesses that in a weight-lifting contest, Colbert had lifted eight hundred pounds on and off the scales, and that he had carried ten sacks of flour, weighing fifty pounds each, up a very steep hill from the wharf to John Hyland's store.

They have a very keen sense of humor, also.

Again, no work is too hard for them so long as it be concerned directly with getting game; but, like all of the Indian tribes, they have a generous bump of laziness, and this exerts itself otherwise. They are prone to sullenness, at times; but it is best to pay no heed to this, since they then get over their "dumps" very quickly.

Owing to the deplorable intermarriages of Indians and whites, the Tholtans have an exaggerated idea of their own importance and position, and prove absolute failures as servants. They consider themselves the white man's equal, and if a successful hunt is desired, it is most advisable to share one's rations with them, and "jolly" them along constantly.

CHURNED OUR WAY UP-RIVER

ON THE STICKINE

Much trouble has been experienced by hunters,—Europeans in particular—who have tried other tactics; the Indians in two instances actually deserting their parties at the heart of the woods.

All in all, on the other hand, I would have no hesitancy in saying that these are the very best Indians with whom we have ever been associated, and that no reason exists for not according them anything but the very best treatment.

One of the interesting incidents of our first night at Telegraph Creek was a game of "Black Jack," played with cards much as Vingt-et-un is. The participants were three Japa-

nese, two Chinamen, one British naval lieutenant, Mr. Little and I. The five Orientals proved mighty keen card-players.

Had a good sleep last night, bunking over Hyland's store. After getting our outfit across the river, we left at noon, making camp about fourteen miles out. The first five miles were up a very stiff grade, but the trail is excellent, and we made good time.

Light showers toward evening, after camp had been pitched.

Started about 10 A. M. This was rather late, but had found it necessary to overhaul the pack-saddles in order to protect the horses' backs against soreness.

Proceeded eighteen miles on the old Ashcroft Trail and camped on Buckley Lake. The black-flies are thick and annoying.

Aug. 30th

Aug. 31st

Heavy showers hit us just before pitching camp.

Sept. 1st

After conference with the Indians, last night, we decided to leave the Ashcroft Trail and head south-east, endeavoring to cross the range a little north of the head-waters of the Iskoot; thus traversing a section of country where, if we are fortunate in striking good weather, we shall have a fine chance of securing bear. While this route will be a great deal rougher, and entails crossing three complete mountain ranges, we shall reach our objective—the Kappan River—at

about the same time as if following the Ashcroft Trail, and it will not be such monotonous traveling.

Made only eleven miles to-day, descending over two thousand feet in that distance, and following a swift glacier stream, known to the Indians as "Sheep Creek." It has been raining almost continuously, and while the country is not very rough, we made only fair time.

Had quite a feast of berries along the route, finding at different times, according to level attained, gooseberries, raspberries, currants and huckleberries.

Made an early start, moving up the Sheep Creek cañon

to timber-line, a rise of one thousand feet. Progress was slow, we passing over extremely rough country, and this amid a constant downpour of rain. During the course of the day we saw eleven goat on the side of the cañon; but, weather and the inaccessibility of their location making good stalking impossible, we did not attempt going after them.

Our camp was pitched in a heavy rain; hence, it is a very wet one. Killed a porcupine en route, and have just enjoyed him for supper as stew.

THE AUTHOR AT TELE-
GRAPH CREEK

Sept. 3d

TWO BILLIES

BOB REED AND JOHN COLBERT
THROWING A 'DIAMOND-
HITCH'

To-day has been a Red-Letter day!

Sept. 4th

The morning started with a terrific hail-storm, followed by intermittent snow-flurries and showers. Our horses' backs were too wet to permit packing, so we decided to await more settled weather for crossing the next mountain range. Instead of lying around camp, however, resolved to try the peaks behind us for sheep. After what was to me a rather heart-breaking climb, in a blinding snowstorm, we reached the summit, and for over an hour were forced to shelter behind a rock. Here we ate our pilot-biscuit and cheese, hoping, the while, that the weather would clear, in order that we might use our binoculars in searching the hills.

Finally this happened, and very soon we sighted two goats, some distance below us. Stalked, to get within shooting range. I shot, hitting one hard back of the shoulder, so that it could not run. Made rather a bad shot at the other, hitting too far back.

The first goat showing more signs of life than I liked, I then ran in pursuit of it, asking Little to finish off the second, which he did, knocking it over in one shot. The goat rolled about two hundred yards down hill, apparently stone dead.

Meanwhile I gave the first animal another shot, and it, too, fell dead, in a creek.

Fully fifteen minutes after both goats had been "killed," and while busily engaged in skinning the first, I was surprised to hear our Indian shout, and, glancing around, to see the other goat scampering up a ridge, full speed. Both Little and I grabbed our guns, and, sitting down hurriedly, began deliberately throwing load after load into the "Billy." He gave us very good broadside shots, but, strange as may seem, we

CROSSING HEADWATERS OF THE ISKOOT

put six more shots into him before he rolled down the hill, this time stone dead.

These details are given in order to show that, while, when stalked from above, it is rather easy to get within shooting distance of a goat, the extraordinary stamina of the animal makes him most desirable as trophy.

Both goats were big fellows, their horns measuring ten and a quarter and ten and seven-eighths inches in length, and six and a half and seven inches at base, respectively.

Returning from our goat-hunt yesterday, we managed to

THE LAKE OF NAME UNKNOWN

knock over a ground-hog apiece, and, goat flesh not being any too acceptable, these were welcome additions to our larder. *Sept. 5th* Personally, I found their meat only fair, not even quite as good as porcupine, although the liver is really delicious.

Four A. M. our tent collapsed, and on getting up found about four inches of snow on the canvas. We rigged it up, discovering in the process that snow has continued to fall all night. The storm has kept up practically all day without cessation. Being very high up in the timber, now, dry wood is exceedingly scarce, and green wood is quite slender; hence

WE PACKED THROUGH THE BROKEN TIMBER

we are rather uncomfortable. Played piquet to pass the time, but I am very much afraid if some better weather, enabling us to cross the range, does not come soon, we are liable to lose our good dispositions.

Stormbound again! Heavy rains continue, and the clouds hang so low we cannot even see the peaks over our heads. Can only hope for the best and make ourselves comfortable as possible. Each day lost here lessens our chance for bear on the other side,—rather hard luck, indeed, this! *Sept. 6th*

This afternoon the rain ceased and the Indians went out in search of a ground hog for supper. They returned about

six with a nice fat fellow, which we hung on a spit, roasting it before the open fire.

Just now—bed-time—the skies look most encouraging for a fine day on the morrow.

Sept. 7th Packed and were on our way to cross Fog Mountain about 7.40, our objective point being timber-line on the other side. En route, passed the head-waters of the Iskoot.

The weather was cloudy when we left, and on reaching a high altitude, a succession of what might aptly be termed April snow-showers, overtook us. The sun would be shining one moment; a miniature blizzard would completely envelop us the next. It was very cold on the mountain tops, and we packed over mile upon mile of perpetual snow, which held up under our weight, though making rather hard traveling for the horses. When, from time to time, the sun did appear, the panorama which unfolded was magnificent beyond what hunter's pen should attempt to describe.

Of game we saw a black fox, and, later, five black wolves. In endeavor to bring them within shooting distance Colbert called to the latter. In fact quite a "howling fest" occurred between the Indian and one wolf, who appeared to be spokesman of the party. A deep corrie separating us, both parties appeared to invite the other to come across and visit. Neither accepted the invitation, and after perhaps ten minutes of singing; the other Indian, Little, and I burst out laughing so heartily that the entire party broke up.

Once we reached a lower altitude, the snow changed to hail, and again to good weather as we struck camp. All in all, it was a very enjoyable day.

We have crossed from our present position to our next camping-place in about eight hours' steady travel, which is really rather good time.

Sept. 8th Left camp about ten, and packed down to a lake, (name unknown), which we must cross in order to reach the sheep ranges. Moved slowly on reaching the lower levels, where quite an abundance of blue berries was found, and spent some time eating these. Also saw some fresh bear signs, and, if we have favorable weather to-morrow, shall spend the day looking for bear. If, on the other hand, the weather disappoints, we shall push on.

SHEEP COUNTRY

Made camp about two and set to work, hewing four large trees for a boat, wherewith to transport our baggage 'cross the lake. In order properly to make the raft, each log must be twenty-four feet in length, and as two of the trees chosen were quite a distance from the water, this meant rather tough work. It was pretty late evening before we finished hauling them down to the water and getting them tied up as should be. While skidding one of the largest logs, it rolled over my foot, a very narrow escape from serious injury resulting. My moccasins and the soft grass alone prevented very bad results.

Shot wild duck and grouse along the trail for dinner.

THE RECORD OVIS STONEI

Swam the horses across the lake shortly after making camp, so that, should we find it necessary to move on, tomorrow,—this trouble will be saved.

No rain to-day; but as we are again at low altitude, those eternal pests, the black-flies, are once more with us.

To-day started in foggy and drizzly; hence, decided not to entertain hopes of securing bear in this region any longer, the sheep country still being far away, and sheep the game for which the trip is really arranged.

Sept. 9th

Made but seven miles in six hours. Colbert and I poled the raft a few miles down the lake, with packs, saddles and all baggage aboard, while Bob and Little took the horses to an objective point, where all were to meet; they traversing a

swamp which a horse, carrying pack, could not travel. Both were very tough jobs, indeed, and each teased the other that he looked for the best of it, though no doubt it was even break.

Packed and proceeded through the broken timber slowly, crossing a morass, where four out of five of the horses were bogged, one or more times apiece, and where, in order to make crossing at all possible, it finally became necessary to remove their packs and carry these across on our own backs; we leading the horses over later on. The language of the Indians—and possibly of the rest, at times,—was hardly fit sort to print.

Having never, prior to this trip, seen pack-horses go through unbroken trail, in rough timber, I was most surprised at the wonderful accuracy with which the animals gauged the size of their burdens in picking their way among trees and windfalls. This was actually marvelous!

The packs which contained a part of our blankets had gotten thoroughly wet when, as would happen, the horses fell, while a pouring rain likewise drenched us to the skin; so that it is rather an uncomfortable camp which we have pitched to-night. We are nearing the sheep grounds, however,—a very consoling fact, and one buoying up our dampened spirits.

This afternoon I “thanked my stars,” or, rather, Mr. Little’s good judgment, that my wife had not accompanied me on this trip, for it has proven itself to be, both climatically and topographically, no trip for a woman to make.

Sept. 10th Morning dawned cloudy; but luckily, rain held off until our pack-saddles were on, when a steady drizzle set in. Made camp at noon, covering a distance of about eight miles, and resting now at the foot of the sheep mountain, where we shall have to await fair weather, the mountain tops being covered with clouds and mist, so that spying after game is impossible.

Saw one moose during the day, but could not tell its sex, the animal going into heavy brush before the glasses could be put upon it. Many fresh moose tracks were seen.

There is no doubt but the bad weather encountered to date is accountable for our seeing so little game from the trail, for we have come through very good country, and under favorable conditions, should certainly have seen both bear and moose. On the other hand, in rainy and cloudy weather

game does not move about much, hiding in the dense thickets instead.

The day breaking windy, but fairly clear; Little, Colbert, and I went up-mountain after sheep. After a terrific climb came across fresh tracks of a band of rams, which we proceeded to follow till unfavorable wind compelled us to change our direction.

Sept. 11th

Left the tracks and went over the top of the peak, approaching the sheep from another side. Later saw them feeding down toward timber-line. The position was unfavorable for a stalk, but we determined to do the best we could. Taking advantage, therefore, of any shelter in our path, and crawling in the open spaces, we managed to get within fair shooting distance of them. The wind, which was very puffy, must have swerved, or else we had been seen while stalking; for the rams were already moving off when Colbert poked his head over the ridge, and by the time I came up, he was unable to shoot to advantage. I too leveled my gun several times,—but was so fagged by the stiff climbing and the running, that a film gathered before my eyes, the muzzle wavered, and I could not draw a bead.

WE PREFERRED WADING TO WAITING

Rather, therefore, than "pump lead" at random, I decided not to shoot at all, and sank back behind the ridge, so as not to alarm the band unnecessarily. Everybody was much discouraged; Colbert, I believe, thinking I should have shot anyhow. I have, however, always hesitated at shooting unless reasonably sure of some result, and subsequent events in this case proved me correct.

After a short rest we decided to climb, up over the snow line, and attempt again crossing the tracks of the band.

The Indian dropping suddenly while on this climb, we followed his example, when with our glasses we again discovered the sheep about one thousand feet below us at the foot of the precipice, and at the side of the opposite mountain. Evidently they had not been very much frightened,—having caught glimpses of us only when we stalked down mountain toward them; and so, failing to catch our wind, they had merely grown restless.

Their new position was a most favorable one, and after a very easy descent, I managed to bag three,—the limit of my license,—before the herd made off.

Two of these animals were killed instantly,—one with a shot through the head, the other with a bullet back of the shoulder. The third being badly wounded, I gave Colbert my Männlicher, to save time in his finishing off, while Little and I removed the heads of the two taken first.

One of these proved a most excellent specimen, forty-four inches full on the curve; twenty-five and a half inches spread; and fourteen inches in circumference at the base of the horns.

The wind was extremely raw and it was very cold on the mountain-top, so we wasted no more time than necessary, after the kill. I was fortunate in having a chamois-waist under my "Burberry" hunting-shirt, this protecting me to a great extent from the cold, so that I did not suffer nearly so much as Little and the Indian did. I strongly recommend an outfit of this sort for hunting in high altitudes, since both shirts can be opened when one is in motion; while when the hunter is standing still, a great deal of protection, from wind and cold both, is afforded by buttoning the two tightly.

Returning to camp, we must have come within fifty yards of a grizzly, for we heard him crashing through the bushes;

LITTLE SKINNING THE SHEEP-HEAD

but the wind being unfavorable, he scented us, while the thick brush prevented our getting sight of him.

The horses having wandered several miles to graze, waded the stream, rather than await their return, and—tired, hungry, but triumphant,—arrived at camp.

We dined sumptuously this evening on a whole side of a sheep, roasted before the fire. The meat was excellent.

I was wonder-struck at the amount of food one of our Indians stowed away, but on mentioning this to Little, he told me that, in his camp at Cooke's Inlet, Alaska, he, personally, had seen two Indians eat, at a sitting, an entire ewe, with the exception of a hind leg, which they consumed the next morning. In justice to the same Indians, however, it might be well to add that they had been hunting two days previous without a bite of food.

Despite the hard day, Little and I were unable to sleep last night; so we rolled over in our bags, smoked, and played piquet by candle-light until we had rested enough finally to slumber.

Decided to spend the day in camp, resting up and preparing the heads and skins of the sheep secured yesterday. This was a rather fortunate decision, rain and fog setting in early this morning, and keeping up most of the day. However, no one has minded the weather; all are jubilant at our having obtained the large sheep-head, which we have measured accurately and find to be the record *Ovis stonei* killed in the Cassiar to date!

Sept. 12th Very frosty last night. Broke camp early, all of us happy at seeing the sun-break through the clouds.

Packed toward Ashcroft Trail, heading for the caribou ground beyond the Kappan River. We shall make a couple of stops in the sheep country en route: one of these to give Little an opportunity to get a couple of heads to take to England, as Christmas gifts for his family, and the other to make a cache where we strike the Ashcroft Trail.

Made camp at two, having covered about eight miles; but the going was very bad, and in a great many places we had to cut trail and make corduroy roads through bogs and swamps. Despite our efforts, several horses fell with their packs.

Spying the mountain for game we saw one small ram and a band of ewes about a thousand feet above camp. It was a most interesting sight, the powerful binoculars bringing them quite close to our vision, and we sat several hours watching the band, until finally, they moved off, over the ridge.

Colbert and Little, too, went up mountain after sheep, finding three rams a long way off. It was too late to start after these, so they returned to camp with intention of following up the sheep to-morrow. They also reported seeing fresh grizzly signs, and of noting quite a few berries as well.

Sept. 14th A light frozen fog, which could hardly be termed snow, greeted us about five, as we rose. Little and Colbert determined to risk the weather and went up the mountain.

Having secured my limit of sheep and feeling very well satisfied, I crawled under the blankets again. About 8 o'clock we heard four shots, so I sent Bob up the mountain to help bring in any meat which might have been taken, while I remained behind, washing dishes, cutting firewood, and, (it

having cleared in the meantime) laying out the skins, as well as performing all other chores necessary to camp.

Our hunters returned late in the afternoon with two sheep, both very good heads—thirty-four and thirty-six inches, respectively.

They report having been fog-bound almost four hours. When the fog lifted somewhat, they saw three rams at a short distance from them. Little bagged one at once and wounded another in the head. John then followed the latter over the mountain, and, after having looked into seven cor-

CAMP WORK NEAR THE ASHCROFT TRAIL

ries, discovered the sheep in the eighth. The animal was at the foot of a very steep precipice, but he managed somehow to climb down, put it out of its misery, and bring back the head, reaching camp very soon after Little.

This evening snow and rain have again set in.

Morning dawned foggy, but the sun soon forced its way through the clouds, and we broke camp, continuing our march toward the Ashcroft Trail. Progress was slow, there being a great deal of trail-cutting to do; but, on the whole, there was rather easy going.

Sept. 15th

Incidentally, the nature poet who writes of the "aroma of

the woods" at early morn ought to "mush" behind five pack-horses, eating bunch grass, and he would change the tenor of his ditty!

En route saw a band of twelve rams on a mountain 'cross the valley from camp, some of them bearing very fine heads; but while we are not up to our limit in sheep,—Little still having one to kill on his license,—we decided that we have enough to satisfy our needs, and did not disturb them.

Made camp at the head of a large lake, finding good feed for the horses.

Hope to make a long march to-morrow.

Sept. 16th Cloudy. Consumed about eight hours in a march of fifteen miles, with but one fifteen-minute stop for lunch. Slow progress due to the great amount of trail-cutting required.

Made a good camp about 5.30 this afternoon. Everybody is pretty well tired out, and Little and I shall not trouble to blow up our air mattresses, being quite sure of resting on the bare ground.

Sept. 17th Made an early start,—the morning being fine, the air balmy, and the sun shining.

Made Ashcroft Trail in about two and a half hours' march. This trail was the scene of innumerable tragedies during the Klondike rush of '98, and even to-day discarded camp-outfits, pack-saddles, skeletons of horses, etc., may be seen—mute witnesses, all, to the privations and hardships endured by thousands of "tenderfeet,"—men who ventured into the wilderness at that time without faintest knowledge of what was necessary in camp outfit, and the like. Our own Indians told us, how time and again, they encountered people suffering severely from lack of meat or of other food, when an abundance of porcupine might be found along the very trail; the newcomers not knowing that "porky," (as the animal is called,) is a tid-bit to be greatly desired.

Made our cache,* preparing for it by stripping a tree of its bark and then building a platform among its branches.

After lunching, covered about ten miles, making only a fair sort of camp about 5.30 this evening.

We anticipate reaching the Kappan River to-morrow, and

* Note.—*Cache*, a bundle composed of articles of camp-outfit or food, stowed away for safe-keeping.

WE MADE OUR CACHE

crossing, when we will be one hundred miles, in direct line from Telegraph Creek, although considerably further from the creek by the route we have come.

Started at about half past nine, and by 5.30 this evening are camped on the opposite side of the river. Swam the horses over, and transported our goods by means of a raft which we happened to find and which was built by two brothers, named McCornick, and their party, who had crossed the Kappan ahead of us. By use of this our heavy day's work was lightened considerably.

Sept. 18th

Heavy frosts last night. All the tent ropes, as well as

Sept. 19th

WE CROSSED THE SNOW LINE OVER A
MOUNTAIN RANGE

our socks, which had been hung up to dry, were frozen and had to be thawed out before the fire.

A fine, clear day, this! Made a good start at 9 A. M., reaching our present camp at 3.30, without making a stop. Could see by tracks that the two McCornicks are still bound in the same direction which we are taking, but do not know whether they are heading for the caribou country we have in view, or not. The region is so large it will make no difference, one way or another. What is more, they are making a short hunt only, and will be out much sooner than we.

By the aid of glasses saw a cow-moose from camp.

Spent the afternoon mending clothes, airing heads and skins, and attending to other camp duties.

Had a long march, from ten to five, over miles of swampy, semi-frozen tundra and through thick alder bushes; a fine, driving, snow hitting us in the face the while. Left the trail at 11.30 A. M., the McCornicks having borne away to hunting-grounds in another direction, at the point then reached.

Killed two porcupine and three duck during the day's march, and enjoyed the latter in a stew this evening. Everybody is tired and anxious to be at the caribou grounds, which, at our present rate of travel, should be reached about day after to-morrow.

Distance covered to-day,—about fifteen miles.

Sept. 21st We felt warm when we woke in our tent this morning, and were not at all surprised to find the ground covered with snow. A few inches of this upon a tent makes a remarkable difference in the temperature inside.

Broke camp at 9.30, marching until 5.30, with one hour's stop between for lunch. Had rather stiff climbing crossing the snow line, in coming over a mountain range, but the day as a whole was not nearly so hard as that before.

The view from the mountain top—the white peaks stretching off, apparently, interminable—was wonderfully beautiful, particularly since atmospheric conditions were just right for seeing a great distance. We were able to recognize one peak off, at least seventy-five miles, toward the Stickine.

Shot two ptarmigan *en route*.

We are practically in the caribou country now, and by aid of glasses, late this evening, saw a herd of the animals on a neighboring mountain. Will march several hours further in, to-morrow, before making permanent camp.

Sept. 22d Stretched out in the snuggest camp we have made to date,—warm and cozy, and with our Indians chanting the "Caribou Song" of the Tholtan tribe about,—it seems hard to realize that only this morning we were marching, half-frozen, cross the mountain-tops, facing blinding snowstorms. The camp is appreciated all the more through contrast with the very poor one made last night.

We saw a large herd of caribou *en route*, but there was too much snow to use our binoculars to advantage in determining the size of the heads. Nevertheless we made an excellent stalk to within forty yards, crawling over the snow

TROPHIES OF THE CARIBOU COUNTRY

a long time flat on our stomachs. There were five bulls in all,—but no really shootable heads, the best being only fair.

It was a pretty sight, this, and we lay watching the herd until numb with cold, when we made a move which set them off, at their awkward, shambling gait,—a pace which does not appear very fast, but which chews up distance, nevertheless.

At 4.30, coming down to timber line, we stumbled on the winter trapping-camp of the Colbert family, this the one of which mention is made in the first part of the day's history,—and it we converted to our own uses. Still have mutton on hand, and, having some age to it now, this has developed a

A CAMP IN THE CARIBOU COUNTRY

most delicious flavor,—better far than that of any South-down I have tasted East. We are now practically assured of fresh meat for the rest of the trip!

Left camp at 7.30 and climbed up mountain. Saw a herd of caribou in the distance and marked several good heads; one we thought particularly fine.

Sept. 23d

We made a long and careful stalk toward the spot where we believed to have located the best heads, the wind the while being anything but favorable. A fog too came in, and in this we saw what appeared a large head, and only seventy-five or a hundred yards distant.

All decided it to be a good enough trophy to take, and I shot, killing the animal.

Almost simultaneously with the crack of the gun, the fog lifted,—and we were very much chagrined to find that bull killed to be really a rather poor one,—the mist having deceived us as to its size;—whereas the bulls originally seen, and now scampering off with the rest of the herd, out of shooting range, were,—three of them in particular,—very fine. Had a long chase in endeavor to head them off, even climbing over a mountain and traveling places so steep that snow steps had at times to be cut, in order to get foot hold and hand hold; but Nature, together with the fog and wind, seemed to have entered into conspiracy, to make all our efforts fruitless. All in all, it was a most unsatisfactory day, but not devoid of some enjoyable features, withal.

Sept. 24th Out from 7.30 to 6.15; a long day and a hard one, over mountains and through heavy snow; yet we were so richly rewarded that, upon reaching camp with our trophies this evening, all hardships had been forgotten and only the successes of the day remained uppermost in our minds.

We had risen early,—stiff and sore in every joint. Received little sympathy from the Indians, who thought our discomfiture a huge joke!

About five miles from camp we saw a herd of caribou, and this we proceeded to stalk. Went up a corrie, burning grass ahead of us, in order to do away with the taint in the wind. I am told by the Indians that caribou and sheep are the only animals who do not fear the odor of smoke, and who, therefore, can be approached—down wind, by grass being burned ahead of the stalkers. From personal observation, I now believe this to be true. Strange to say, there were so many caribou around that the only protection to be found was this single corrie, and even here the wind blew directly toward some bulls which we had observed and of which we wished a closer view.

Upon closer observation these heads proved disappointing. The caribou round about were by this time becoming uneasy, and began to move off, over the mountain.

Later we marked another herd with good heads, and, allowing it to disappear over the crest of the mountain, fol-

'ROUND THE CAMP

lowed speedily as possible. After several hours of hard going we came up to them, and, finding several promising heads in the bunch, I shot two—one at two hundred paces, and the other at two hundred and forty. Little also killed a very fine head as they broke and passed, on the right of us.

Little spying a herd about two miles distant, and having but one more caribou on my license, I resolved to see if I could not get another good bull, thus completing my limit the same day. The ground being very favorable for a stalk, was able to approach within good shooting distance of the very best bull in the herd, and brought him to bag with a shot in the neck. He is by far the best specimen secured to date.

It is safe to say that, without exaggeration, we have seen between three and five hundred caribou during the day's hunt. While lying concealed this afternoon spying for a good male in the first herd, we saw about twelve cows cross a frozen lake, about two acres in size, followed by a bull. The cows passed safely; but the bull, when about half way over, fell through. He struggled along for at least fifteen minutes, breaking the ice, and, at times, apparently giving up; then fighting again with renewed strength, until he managed to reach shore at last. It was a most interesting sight, this!

To-day has been one of rest for our pedal extremities, if not for the manual. All hands were set to work skinning, and cleaning the head skins. Some time was also spent playing piquet. Taken as a whole, it was a pleasant day, giving strength for the work to come.

Sept. 25th

Late this afternoon one of the Indians went out with a horse to bring in some caribou meat.

As Little is going out to-morrow to secure a good caribou head for himself, I shall put in the remaining time in quest of moose—my “hoodoo” game to date.

As I finish writing, clouds, which have been threatening since noon, have come together and a fine snow-fall has set in.

The storm has continued all night, the ground is covered with about six inches of snow, and more is still falling. Naturally we have been snowbound, it being impossible to see any farther than a few yards. Our time has been spent about

Sept. 26th

the fire, "yarning" and playing "Black Jack" with the Indians, a bean representing a penny chip in the game.

Sept. 27th The snow ceased falling shortly after dark last night, but began, heavier than ever, at daybreak again, and by 5 P. M. almost a foot of it lies on the ground. The wind too is blowing fiercely.

We have stayed around camp; which has become rather uncomfortable, both tent and fly beginning to leak. Have made the best of it, however, and hope for better weather soon.

Sept. 28th We left camp at eight.

Little and Bob went up the mountain after sheep, while Colbert and I started spying around the timber-line for moose. About 9.30 we saw one of the latter on the flats toward the Stickine River, about two miles distant.

Almost immediately,—and before I could put glasses fairly upon it, the moose disappeared in the brush. John believing the head a good one, we decided to investigate further. As winds were blowing adversely, a long detour was necessary before hitting the tracks, which were very large.

To make long story short, we tracked that moose until half past three this afternoon, going as fast as we possibly could and making but a single stop. As to this, I had gone through some rather thin ice, and my shoes froze solidly to my feet. One foot having become quite numb, we spent about fifteen minutes rubbing it with snow; after this we rung out the sock and then kept on the trail. Came suddenly upon the moose, standing in some thick evergreen, only its throat visible, at half past three. I managed to put a Männlicher bullet at the junction of throat and chest, only to be woefully disappointed to find the head an inferior one; having been fooled by the tracks and by the single glimpse of the animal which John had had before it vanished into the timber. Am quite sure that, had I known the size of the trophy, I should have "chucked it up" long before 3.30 P. M.

We divided the load,—John carrying the head, and I some fat and meat,—and reached camp at 6.30 this evening.

It seems strange that our toughest day should also have been the hardest for Little and his companion. They did not

HOME-WARD BOUND

show up until seven this evening. They reported finding caribou very scarce to-day, having had to travel a tremendous distance before seeing any at all. Little was most fortunate, however, in having secured a magnificent caribou, one of the finest ever brought out of the Cassiar. In returning, they found the snow so deep in some of the corries and gulches, that they were forced to help one another out of the drifts.

Little's caribou measures $57\frac{1}{2}$ inches around the curve, 48 inches upright, 34 inches spread, and boasted $39\frac{1}{2}$ points; a truly magnificent specimen!

DRYING HEAD SKINS

As the homeward bound "trek" begins to-morrow, we remained in camp to-day to fix up scalps secured, shoe the horses, go over our pack-saddles, and attend the other details relative to an early start. To me the rest has been most welcome, a swollen foot and ankle—the result of the day's hunt,—having given me much pain in the night. In fact, I was forced to get up and have liniment rubbed on the limb in order to ease the torture.

Sept. 29th

As we are about ten days' march from Telegraph Creek and expect to spend two or three days looking for moose en route, we anticipate arriving there between the 12th and 14th; i. e., the time originally set.

A light shower bade us God-speed as we broke camp about nine this morning, and by 4.30 we had completed a most satisfactory day's march, making a distance which required two days to cover on the trip "in." Going, as a whole, was not as bad as expected; the most disagreeable feature being the heavy drift-snow on the mountain tops, which lay knee-deep in places. About four inches of snow was found on our camping-

grounds, but a quantity of pine-boughs soon made things warm and cozy, and saved us the trouble of blowing up the air mattresses, a task the elimination of which is a pleasure indeed.

All have looked forward to this day's journey with considerable dread, and our worst fears were realized. Six and a half hours' travel—four of them spent in wallowing through a cedar swamp; two through thick willow brush, and only the last half hour to camp by anywheres near good trail, (which, Allah be praised, continues to Telegraph Creek;) together with wet snow over practically the entire route, mark the details of the day's tramp.

A HEAVY PACK

To go into particulars of this day's travel would force one to language he should much prefer to omit. I might add, though, in justification of the above, that during the day's march our pack-horses were bogged and mired not less than nine times.

John and I left camp at 7.30 in search of moose. One of these had been seen about two miles from the camp, but being only a two-year-old, we paid no attention to him. Shortly

Oct. 2d

after seeing the animal, thick snow and gathering clouds made further hunt impossible. After spending several hours under a cedar tree, in vain hope of the weather's clearing, we returned to camp.

About two this afternoon the clouds broke, and a fresh start was made; but on this no moose were seen.

Rose before six, in expectation of an early start, but plans were knocked over by horses, who had taken it into their heads to graze a long way from camp. Rounded them to and got off about 9.30. A drenching rain marred what would, otherwise, have been a very enjoyable and easy day's march. Succeeded though in making our objective point; i. e., the other side of the Kappan River.

Oct. 3d

We found a note from the McCornicks in a baking-powder can, attached to a stick in the trail, stating that they must just have missed us on their return to Telegraph Creek, the 22d, our camp-fire being found still smoking. They did not go into detail regarding their bag.

A really fine day greeted on turning out, this morning, and we were packed and off by nine.

Oct. 4th

Did not make a very long march, aiming to cross the Kappan Summit only, and this was done by half past one. Our route lay through dense woods for the most part. Saw very fresh grizzly tracks, about half an hour from the Kappan.

BACK CROSS THE KAPPAN

It is rather hard luck that we should have failed to catch sight even of any of these beasts, since we have come across any number of fresh tracks and signs, right along the trail.

Oct. 5th Broke camp at 9.30 and made to the site of our cache, where, on adding our goat and sheep horns, as well as our additional provisions to the store, packs had to be remade. Had lunch before starting out.

Soft snow began falling about noon and continued almost two hours, making the going most disagreeable.

This afternoon marched about two hours only, camp being made in a piece of country supposed to be good for moose-hunting.

Oct. 6th John and I left camp early and spent the day after moose, returning about 5 P. M., empty-handed. Saw but one bull,—and this at perhaps two hundred yards. On his lifting his head, we found him no better than the last moose shot, so contented ourselves with watching his movements. We are disappointed in having seen small heads alone, it being quite as easy to kill a moose of large head as of small. What is more, speaking paradoxically, “one has nothing of the latter, after once he has it.”

Little spent the morning in camp, drying skins, as well as hauling in wood with Cory, the saddle-horse.

Oct. 7th A wet snow fell last night, followed by thaw, and then, this morning by rain. This kept us closely confined to camp and knocked any possibility of moose to-day. As to-morrow is our last day's hunt, before “trekking” into Telegraph Creek, chances are slim for improvement on the moose secured, and, since I hate to waste anything which I have killed, I suppose I shall have to hang him,—with a letter of apology to his neck!

Oct. 8th Rose at daybreak, in anticipation of a good long day after moose, but a slight drizzle and a heavy pall of fog enveloped both valley and mountain tops, making a hunt impossible, utterly. Waited hour after hour for the storm to break, until 11 o'clock coming and the atmosphere failing to clear, we decided to send out for the horses. After a hasty lunch we broke camp,—moving toward Telegraph Creek by noon.

Now that we have decided to give up further idea of hunting, all hands are keen on reaching civilization again.

Made a brisk march of five hours, pitching a fairly snug camp.

Now that the hunting is over, we appear to be "in" for a spell of good weather. On rising this morning a glorious day greeted. *Oct. 9th*

Start was made at 8.45, and we marched steadily until four, without even stopping for lunch.

Accomplished a good distance, and are now but two days from the Creek.

Bessie, our bell mare, has gone very lame and shows signs

BESSIE, THE BELL MARE

of giving out. We have, therefore, transferred her pack to my own saddle-horse, who is used very little, and are bringing Bessie along without pack.

Rose before daybreak, breakfasted, and started packing by moonlight. The men having about finished with this, Little and I started ahead at dawn to pick up grouse and duck on the sloughs some distance ahead 'long-side the trail. *Oct. 10th*

It was a glorious morning, and as the sun burst forth and began to pour its rays on the snow-capped mountains stretching off toward the Stickine, and upon the pine forests round Buckley Lake, nearer by, a panorama was presented which, once seen, is never to be forgotten! One such day as this, and

all the discomfiture of rain and fog and snow is forgiven, if not forgotten!

Camped some twelve or fifteen miles from Telegraph Creek. Little knocking down five grouse and two mallards, we had a "big feed" to-night.

Oct. 11th Little and I started from camp about eight, coming in ahead of the packtrain. Used what is known as the "Old Indian Trail," it being somewhat shorter than the route followed by the train.

This being our last day, we packed the bell mare again, and as we were in a hurry to reach "town," employed the "One-man pony-express" method, so called.

By this, Little left camp on my saddle-horse, riding hard as possible. After covering perhaps a mile he jumped off, tied the horse, and then proceeded on foot, at jog-trot and fast walk. And reaching the horse, then, I mounted the animal and galloped on, a full mile or so past Little; where I dismounted and left the horse to await him, while I in turn went afoot. This procedure was followed until the landing 'cross the river from Telegraph Creek was reached. By means of it two men can make very good time with but a single horse.

Jumped four moose within three miles of Telegraph Creek, and, had we been prepared, could no doubt have secured one or more. One of them at least, was a bull; though we could not tell the size head carried.

Arriving opposite the Creek, hailed some Indians, 'cross the river, to come over and get us.

Several sportsmen, we are told, have already left for down river. Millais, whom we expected to meet here, we also learn, was taken ill when only out a couple of weeks, he developing a very bad attack of pleurisy, as result of the weather. After recuperating at the Creek for a couple of days, he has taken a canoe down the river.

Little's caribou and my sheep have both been very much admired, and on measuring by the Government commissioner here, the latter was entered as the record-head from the Cas-siar!

Quite a number of prospectors came in during the day, they and we bunking together over Hyland's trading-post. The men are a most interesting type. After being out in the

THE INDIAN CANOE WE AWAITED

"bush" all summer, every one, on arrival here, spends some little time buying drinks, and being bought, and in "yarning" over the summer's experiences.

The optimism of these prospectors is most absorbing. They rarely if ever bring anything out, but they are always in hope of coming "on the big strike;" and they are now "going out" to work the winter over and raise a "grub stake" for necessary funds for prospecting next season,—“going out” meaning, in their vernacular, to go to the States or Canada. This life takes a strong hold on them, apparently, and one man, reputed worth a round hundred thousand or over, in addition to owning valuable copper stock, sends his family East every summer, while he again goes prospecting up the North, as he did before he made his "strike." They are a "bully" lot, one and all.

We are passing time, awaiting our canoes, in playing the phonograph at the store. For company there is a sportsman, Count Hoyes,—an Austrian,—who has been in this country since August 2d, who has had a boat built and contemplates leaving to-morrow to hunt goat and bear on the way down river.

AN INDIAN GRAVE

Eight more miners and prospectors, as well as one Lieutenant Dalgish came in to-day, with a pack train from the North. They have brought a scow up with them and will also leave some time to-morrow. This company report the weather at Dees Lake very bad, having come through two feet of snow; though such is really exceptional for this time of year.

Spent most of the day around Hyland's store, awaiting our
Oct. 13th canoes, and loafing around town. Much to our disappointment there are no letters, Telegraph Creek not having received any mail since the coming of the *Hazelton*, with us aboard.

Feeling the need of a little exercise, and our canoes not
Oct. 14th having come as yet, Little, Belfry, and I walked up the mountain a few miles to Saw Mill Lake, for duck. Little and I did the shooting, and, considering that we are using both strange guns and black powder, we made quite a fair bag. The birds were most welcome, since there has been no fresh meat in all the town in two weeks, with the exception of the hind quarter of caribou brought in by ourselves and distributed to the Hylands and their friends.

It is remarkable how pleasantly time will pass loafing round a trading-post, an occupation which would prove very much of a bore if indulged in in the cities.

This evening the Indian agent came to the saloon and told of a "Hulah game" in progress in the Indian village. "Hulah" is a native gambling game, in which a certain number of people sit at either side the arena, each player holding a stick in his right hand or left, while a blanket covers his hands and knees. One man on either side then proceeds to guess in which hand the others' stick is held. Players will wager everything they possess on a game of this kind; tribe sometimes staking blankets, ponies and clothing against tribe upon the result. During the game the Indians chant a weird native song.

Our boat, which is a small war canoe, built by the Haida
Oct. 15th Indians, and manned by four "Sticks,"* with ex-Half-back George Snake, a Carlisle graduate, for Captain, arrived this afternoon; and we are to leave for Wrangle at eight to-morrow morning.

With exception of the Captain none of our crew would take prizes for beauty. In fact, they form a type of Indian quite different from those met up here, before.

A farewell dance is to be given in our honor at Hyland's warehouse to-night, and we must "dress" for the occasion; said dressing consisting, on my part, of the substitution of a

* Sticks—An Indian tribe residing in American territory,

brown handkerchief for a red one, and of the brushing of my hair.

The ball last night was a great success, everybody dancing in moccasins. It would really be a splendid plan to follow this custom at more civilized functions, since with it a poor dancer can step with impunity on his partner's feet, and no injury result from such awkwardness. On the other hand, some of the "Klooches" are really most graceful and dance very well. The ball was over at midnight.

Oct. 16th

Turning in shortly after, we got a good night's rest, so that we were up early, packed, and off, down river, by 9.30.

FOUR STICKS

We stopped to clear at Glenora, the canoe being treated as a large ship would be in the making out of papers.

Had a most enjoyable trip down, making camp about fifty miles below Telegraph Creek.

The manner in which the Indians handled the canoe, in certain strips of water, was marvelous. When making time, or when striving to gain some eddy where power is required, they employ a very trying stroke, rising from their seats with each such pull, so as to bring the full force of their weight on the same.

Saw a black bear well up on the mountain-side and climbed up in pursuit, but were unable to get a shot. Also saw goat.

Oct. 17th

Off at 7.30 and made seventy-five miles, most of the way in the face of a blinding snowstorm, followed by rain and hail. How Shake steered at all, surpasses my comprehension. Fortunately, however, we reached better water by dusk, and, all being cold and wet, we decided to keep on after dark, endeavoring to reach an abandoned post of the Canadian Mounted Police, on the Alaskan boundary, where we could at least have a dry camp. Made this post at 9.30, the Indians so thoroughly played out that they took but a cup of tea before turning in.

Having no change of clothes, and being in moccasins, I

A VERY TRYING STROKE

was forced to sit up for a while; drying some of my raiment for the morrow. Also cooked myself a steak, having had no lunch when the others stopped at noon, since I preferred to spend the time at a fire, in the tent of a wood-chopper.

Oct. 18th

The morning began with rain,—but it cleared by 11 o'clock, affording an enjoyable end to our trip down river.

Landed at Wrangle about 2.30 this afternoon. Had the canoe cleared, all the heads put in bond for Victoria, and took lodging at the Wrangle Hotel, where we enjoyed the luxury of our first good hot bath in weeks.

A party of sixteen boundary-surveyors, engaged in mark-

ing the Alaskan boundary, is here also, awaiting the boat which is to take us down.

Still awaiting the arrival of the *Princess May*, for Victoria.

October
19th, 20th

The *May* came in at 3.30 today. Owing to the rush from the Klondike, the ship is very crowded; carrying two hundred and seventy first-class passengers, when, in reality, there are accommodations for but a hundred and seventy-five.

Oct. 21st

At three this afternoon, Bailey and Stearns, two Englishmen who have been up in the Cassiar, made town in their canoe, in season to go down on the boat, likewise. Count Hoyes, the Austrian before mentioned, came down at four. The weather up the Stickine has evidently been too much for him, and he is very ill, having spent four of the days of the Stickine descent lying flat in his boat's bottom. We left before I could learn how sick he actually was, though I rather imagine him to have been overcome by cold and wet alone.

Steamed out at 7.30, on the night of the 21st; and after being fog-bound several hours in Wrangle Harbor, proceeded on our way.

Oct. 25th

Arrived at Victoria 3.30 this morning,—the end of a most enjoyable and successful trip.

IV

After Alaskan Bear

After Alaskan Bear

URING the winter of 1908, through the medium of Mr. Clifford Little,—already referred to in these pages, correspondence was entered into by the writer with F. Mathewson, proprietor of a general store at Wrangle, Alaska, with a view of chartering a livable motor-boat and visiting the neighboring islands in search of bear.

Two varieties of this animal can be secured in this manner—the one the Alaskan brown bear (a species of the grizzly), and the other the familiar black-bear.

Where, five years ago, a plan such as this would not have been practical; correspondence served at this time to show that by chartering the launch *Lotus*, of Juneau—a boat of 45 ft.—it was perfectly possible.

Our party—consisting of Clifford Little, of Victoria; Mrs. Fleischmann; my vâlet, Jules Vincent, and I—sailed from Seattle, April 30th, aboard the Steamer *Cottage City*, Captain Jensen. This boat is an old hooker, and saw her best days years ago.

Cleanliness was not lacking, however, and, the table being more than fair, we enjoyed a pleasant trip. Quite a number of agreeable people, including Governor Hoggett of Alaska, helped make the voyage enjoyable.

A peculiar custom, noticed by the traveler when, for the first time, he makes use of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's boats, is the number and time of meals. There are four of these sittings a day: morning and noon, 5.30 dinner, and supper at 9 P. M.

We reached Wrangle May 3d.

The *Lotus* came in the same day, and proved a great disappointment. She was dirty and cramped, not even a partition separating cabin from engine-room. In fact the vessel was a clear case of misrepresentation, the owner having written Mathewson that he would provide, among other things, separate bunks, let alone partition off a cabin, and the like. We sent her back, and wired to Ketchikan for the *Taku*—Captain Carl Lancaster, instead.

The *Taku** arrived on the 6th, and, after the *Lotus*, proved a most agreeable surprise. Her dimensions were

forty-five feet over all and ten feet beam. She carried a twenty-horse-power motor, and was divided into engine-room and galley, combination dining-room with Pullman berths, as well as having a small pilot house. In addition, the boat had a little compartment with bath-tub, while acetylene light served as luminant.

Our crew consisted of Captain and Engineer. Mr. Mathewson having engaged an Indian named Barney, who knew the islands we were to visit, at Wrangle, and we being somewhat crowded already, we decided to dispense with a cook, my *vâlet* assuming such duties.

*Note.—There are at this time two good boats available, the *Taku* and the *Pacific*, the former at \$15 per day and \$2.50 per diem running time; the latter at \$25 per day. The *Pacific* is the larger boat. Boats are being brought out every year, and doubtless there are still larger and better boats to choose from to-day, especially in the Seattle market.

ELIZA HARBOR

Provisions gathered together, we sailed from Wrangle May 7th, making Peterburg, on Mitkopf Island, that evening. Peterburg is a typical Alaskan town, the inhabitants' principal means of support being a large cannery and sawmill. The town has no cable connections, although the U. S. War Department was at that time establishing a wireless station.

Made an early start, reaching Eliza Harbor, Admiralty Island, shortly before four. Seeing an Indian encampment, we sent Barney ashore to have a "pow-wow," and were quite thrilled when, on returning, he reported the Indians to have

May 8th

BEAR FLAT ON CHOPIN BAY

seen six bear in a small inlet known as Chopin Bay, only the day previous. This being about thirty minutes' sail from Eliza, we fixed our course toward it.

Seeing a great flock of plover on a rock, we shot into them, bagging twenty odd; but already our anticipation for bear overtopped interest in other things. A few words, therefore, in regard to the mode of hunting these animals upon the islands.

When, about the beginning of May, bear come out of their holes, after hibernating all winter, the question of something to eat is naturally the all-important one with them. Nature has so provided that the only foods available at this time are skunk-cabbage and grass. These seem not only to

satisfy the pangs of hunger succeeding the long winter's fast, but also to act as a purgative, and to put Bruin in fine fettle for beginning his salmon joys. Nor has he far to go for them, for the greens spring up everywhere on the islands where first the snow may melt, as well as upon shelving beaches and slides, and the miniature avalanches which the latter really are.

By the end of June or early July this search for food becomes a simpler matter, since all the streams teem with salmon. The island bear being a fish-eater to the exclusion of almost everything else, morning and evening brings him to the riffles and shallows over which the fish are running, and there, with little effort, he catches and eats his fill.

Bear are, of course, easy to get at such times.

Warm weather and salmon joined together heat Bruin's blood to such an extent, however, that the feast has its penalties, and the animals, in their distress, rub well themselves against trees or any other available objects at hand. As result they grow mangy and hairless, and are possessed of a terrific odor; so that the skins are of little value whatsoever.

Needless to say, therefore, it behooves the sportsman desiring good specimens to bag his bear soon as possible after their leaving their holes.

In the fall, Nature again asserts herself by creating in the bear an appetite for berries, which serves to fortify him against the long winter sojourn in the lair.

Our plan of procedure was to leave the boat between three and four every morning, returning between nine or ten; and, leaving again at about 3 P. M., getting back close onto nine in the evening.

We would spend hours at a stretch simply watching a mud flat. Other times we went inland, to watch a promising slide, or, again, we paddled around, at high tide, or half-tide; the method of hunting depending largely on the direction the wind might blow.

To quote from our log for a specimen day:

May 9th "Hunted upper end of Chopin Bay, but failed to catch sight of any bear. The slides we saw coming here have a great deal of snow on them, and the season appears several weeks late. Will, therefore, confine our hunting to the flats and

CASCADE, GUT BAY

beaches principally. Saw any number of deer on the beach. They were very poor and appeared to have wintered badly.

"Returned to Eliza Bay and spent several succeeding days industriously hunting that locality. Our only encouragement was a comparatively fresh track seen on the beach. On the 12th we secured a variation of diet, Lancaster and Sandy, the engineer, going ashore and shooting some 'hooters' or blue grouse, with a 22-rifle."

*May
10th-12th*

A great quantity of geese are "in" at the end of the bay, and we secured some fresh eggs, finding these very fair eating.

*May
13th-16th*

Sailed to Pybus Bay, and spent the 14th and 15th there. Saw fresh "signs" on the evening of the 14th, and by and by we sighted a big she-bear and a cub on a snow-field, high up on a mountain perhaps three miles distant and impossible to scale. The bear had evidently just come out their holes, and in trying to cross the mountain-crest had chosen the worst place for the attempt. After climbing and wallowing in the deep snow, sometimes lying down to rest before trying still once again, they finally gave up and returned to the haunt where first we had seen them.

Early next morning Little, Barney and I were off up the valley, taking a route seeming to promise success at finding the bear, who were still visible at their old site. A four-mile tramp, through snow anywhere from two to four feet deep, 'cross streams and over slippery logs, to the foot of three snow-fields, and across these in turn, was involved in this.

The rising sun softened the snow, and as we ascended toward the steeper inclines, a small body of it loosened and began to slide, bringing us to a pause and to consider! Lucky for us that it did, since, very soon after, each of three fields was sliding in places, all finally breaking forth in a dull rumble which increased to a roar as the masses came down; carrying rocks, trees, before them, and piling the snow thirty, forty feet deep, at the mountain's foot!

This brought us to resolve that bear upon snow-fields would be safe from pursuit on our part, thereafter.

Long sitting and standing in wet snow had made our feet so cold that I was afraid,—and, in fact, at times almost hoped,—that they might fall off. A half-mile walk restored the circulation later on, and the pain then eased consider-

ably. We were called upon to remark though, again and again, how, when wading glacier streams, our feet felt comfortable and warm as compared to their chill while tramping through wet snow.

Fried flounders for supper, the result of a line down the side, proved a pleasant surprise.

May
16th, 17th

Sailed to Baronof Island, to see if slides there had less snow. Looked into Gut Bay, Hoggett Bay and Red Bluff Bay; excellent hunting-grounds any ordinary season all when there would be less snow and more feed, therefore, on the slides.

Met a small fishing-sloop in Red Bluff Bay, but the crew report having seen no bear to date.

May
17th, 18th

Sailed back to Eliza Bay and spent the next two days hunting in Eliza Harbor and at a small anchorage, where some tempting slides, quite free from snow, attracted.

On the morning of the 18th we took a long trip inland to look over a basin where Barney had been successful the previous year. Very bad going; particularly since rubber boots were necessary.

This evening Mrs. Fleischmann and Lancaster caught a fine mess of crabs near the boat; most delightful eating, these.

May 19th
Returned to Pybus Bay at daybreak. While Little, Barney and I went shooting, the others beached the boat and painted her hull and sides.

Had no luck on the morning hunt; but this afternoon we came upon a three-year old male, feeding on a grassy swale. Bruin being in a most disadvantageous position for stalking, we removed coats, hats, and boots, and crawled through the bushes to get within range—i. e., one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty yards.

I shot, and the bear dropped like a log, the shot being aimed back of the elbow. As the animal did not stir, we, of course, supposed him dead. Sent Barney for our boots, while we kept the prey covered,—the rest of us not going out at once to him, since the grassy spot, dotted with sharp rocks, where he lay, was separated from us by a mountain stream, making boots almost a necessity.

The bear being dead, it would be foolish to rush at him in any discomfort. Barney returning and the bear still show-

ing no signs of life, we proceeded to don the boots. While in the very midst of these doings, our "dead" bear suddenly came to life, and, starting off through the water and into the thick woods on the jump, his back alone showed for a target.

A couple of our shots hitting him "aft," we followed the broad blood-trail up the hill. Thanks to his wounds, the bear could not travel rapidly, so we caught up to him and finished our work, less than a quarter of a mile from where he first had been sighted.

LITTLE, LANCASTER, AND

Little, Barney, and I were off at 4.30 to-day. By 5.30 we sighted a fine brown bear, on a flat about two miles distant. Pursuing immediately in the boat, we landed down the bay and proceeded to stalk, believing the bear to be feeding on the salt grass covering the flat where first he had been seen. While so advancing on the bear, he, on his part, came toward us unconsciously. His head and chest appeared suddenly above a log on a rise of ground about seventy-five yards away. Each party saw the other within the same instant, and, the bear being but a few yards from the thick under-

May 20th

brush, I risked a snap-shot, hitting in the breast and breaking the shoulder-bone. As he whirled, Little shot—but missed!

Again the bear was off, and although he left a very bloody spoor, we could not come up with him.

A couple of dogs making simple matter of bringing bear to bag, we returned to the boat, intending to make for Eliza Bay for an Indian and dogs, to follow the wounded quarry. The boat, however, was still aground, forcing us to wait until 1 o'clock, when finally the tide floated us off. Spent the in-

terim digging a canal in the sand, the sooner to admit the tide; gaining about a half hour through this.

The Indians were hunting on a flat at the end of Eliza Harbor, and more time was lost awaiting their return to camp and then procuring the dogs. Returned to Pybus about 6.30; but, while blood spoor and tracks showed the bear to have fallen repeatedly, we never saw him again.

This incident taught us a valued lesson—a pair of good bear-dogs, kept in camp, would save many a wounded bear!

Our Indian friend from Eliza Harbor desiring to return shortly, Little, Barney,

and I left at 3.30 upon an all-day hunt. The launch was to meet us that afternoon in a cove further up the Pybus.

Hunted all morning, rowing some eight miles up-stream and making a noon-hour stop on a small island. Having taken only a light lunch along, a mess of clams, which Little and I dug out with sticks and then steamed over some sea weed, formed a welcome addition.

Late in the afternoon started for the cove settled on as rendezvous. Not seeing the launch, decided that the engine

THE INDIAN'S CANOE

GRIZZLIES KILLED BY MRS. FLEISCHMANN

must have suffered a breakdown. Were just about to begin hustling some more clams and a possible duck for supper, and making preparations for spending the night,—even to building a lean-to,—when the launch hove in sight.

Were delighted to hear that the others had sighted four bear, and that, of these, Mrs. Fleischmann had killed two! This was really a remarkable piece of luck, particularly in occurring in just the way that it did:—

Coming to the cove, it seems, and finding no trace of us, the others had started to look into near-by bays, fearing lest they had mistaken the meeting-place.

Entering a certain little bay, a she bear with three large cubs was sighted on the beach. There being only one gun aboard, Mrs. Fleischmann took this, and, with Lancaster rowing, they made an excellent stalk to within one hundred and seventy-five yards, when she fired, knocking the old bear down with the very first shot.

Remembering my experience of the other day, and fearing lest the prey escape, she fired again and hit also. She then directed her attention to the single remaining cub, the other two having disappeared by this time.

Though much elated, now that they had killed their game, our friends did not know what to do with their quarry, and so commenced their search for us, returning to the original cove at last. Here they picked us up; all returning then to skin the carcasses.

Little stayed aboard to prepare the skins this morning. Barney and I went out for bear about 4 A. M., expecting to return about nine. Sighted a bear in the distance, but it failing to stop to feed, we got no shot.

May 22d

Having left the boat in a hurry, to begin with, this morning, and remaining away considerably longer than expected, we failed to provide against the fifteen-foot fall of the tide, as result of which negligence the rest of the morning was spent skidding the row-boat over a half mile of shingle and rocks, before finally we could launch it.

Going out in the evening, we failed to sight any game.

Though "Alaska," "cold," and "rain," are usually considered synonymous, particularly in the season of our visit, the weather, from the time of our leaving Peterburg on, afforded only bright sunshine. Nights were a bit frosty, but mid-day

was sufficiently warm to permit our basking coatless in the sun. Old-timers of the vicinity claim this to be an unprecedented spell of fine weather. Be that as it may, it added greatly to our enjoyment of the trip.

May 23d Little, Barney, and I left at daybreak for bear. Saw one, but he left the beach before we could come into range. No luck this afternoon, either.

May 24th, 25th Hunted industriously both these days. The strain of rising daily at 3 A. M. and then hunting until dark, coupled with the tension of constant watching the greater part of day, with the "relief" of but four to five hours' sleep at night, is commencing to tell on us; so we decided to give up brown bear for the time, and, moving to a smaller island, to try and secure a few specimens of the black.

May 26th The launch weighed anchor at day-break of the 26th, and, with Little, Barney, and I aboard snoozing soundly, it proceeded to Kupreanof Island, which Barney recommended as particularly good hunting-ground.

Arriving about 4 P. M., we inquired for news at a prospector's hut on the beach, and were told that the owner of a fox island, a mile or so off, had set six bear-traps at the place. A bear-trap weighing anywhere from forty to fifty pounds, and being fitted with jaws sufficiently powerful to break a man's leg, we were rather anxious to learn the exact location of these, in order, of course, to avoid them. Called, therefore, at the island to learn the sites and signs of the traps. The owner being away fishing, there was nothing for it but await his return. Meeting the fox-man late that evening, he gave us the position of the traps and told us just how they were marked.

This "fox-man," it may be remarked, leases the island from the Government. On first coming he had turned loose several pair of blue fox. Last year he trapped ninety-four of their progeny, netting \$35 per skin. The average yield, since stocking the place, he reports to have been from ninety to a hundred foxes a year.

May 27th Hardest and unluckiest day of the trip; so that when, by evening, Little, Barney and I had returned to the *Taku*, we were thoroughly tired and as thoroughly discouraged!

Left early. The going was through swampy tundra at first; then up-hill, through heavy snow, and over slippery

logs, with no sign of trail to guide. Barney's six miles to the promised slide seemed endless. Rubber boots gave no ease to walking, though absolutely necessary on this hunt; withal that we carried moccasins for use in event of having to climb the slides, or to scale a near-by glacier, should game be sighted on either.

When perhaps half way, suddenly came upon four large wolves. Being in a thickly timbered ravine, these were off before I could unsling my gun and pull trigger.

Five minutes after reaching the slide, saw a black bear, about a thousand feet up mountain. Commenced climbing at once. Reaching the upper ridge, on which we expected to locate the bear, the going grew so steep we were forced

THE FOX-MAN'S ISLAND

to sling our guns and pull ourselves up by roots and twigs, and by digging hand- and toe-holds in the ice. Just as I reached the top and, quite unexpectedly, sighted the animal, the root serving as brace to my foot broke, and the bear, who had changed his position to a very much nearer one than we had anticipated, heard the noise and started off.

Pulling myself up, quickly, I shot, and he went sprawling, apparently.

Barney, exuberant, cried: "You got him!", but, as matter of fact, the bear was off, with no sign of blood spoor remaining. What occurred very probably was that, as he sprawled, he slipped on the snow, and was dropped into the thick alder clump below; or, quite as likely, again,—he was hit but slightly, the shock knocking him down, but without doing serious damage. Had my bullet gone well home, the

bear would certainly have left some blood spoor, no doubt, while, when firing, I believed that my sights were upon him, my heart was jumping so violently, as result of the rapid and terrific climb, that in calmer moment now, I should hesitate opinion either way.

Little, again, had been but a few feet behind when first we came on the quarry, but he found himself in such position that he could not make the crest in time to do any firing whatsoever.

Returning to the bottom of the slide about one, saw another bear, a little higher up mountain, and in better place for climbing and stalking.

Coming out to where he should have been, I found the animal moving away from me slowly, across a ravine. Had only the rear view at which to shoot, but figured that if I did not break his spine with the first shot, he would wheel, and so give me one or two good broadsides. With such I could surely "drop" him with a bullet behind the shoulder.

The former presumption happened, as planned,—only the bear did not drop. Instead, he wheeled and afforded a splendid target.

Imagine, then, my chagrin, when, pumping my Männlicher,—my favorite, ever-trusty gun,—a shell, jammed in the breech forced me to stand by, powerless, while Bruin slowly made off. Little fired several times, but as he had to shoot through the alders, the bear did not afford a very good mark. Later we found some slight blood spoor, which we followed into thick alders and over the ridge, till forced to give up the pursuit.

Returning to the boat, all were utterly fagged.

May 28th Off, after a good night's rest, about 4.30, to try the slide up the valley. Having broken the trail the day before, and yesterday's jaunt having helped somewhat to condition us, the trip did not seem nearly so hard.

Arrived at the foot of the slide as fresh, practically, as when leaving the boat. A little drizzle, starting the last few minutes of our journey, now changed to a heavy downpour.

Resting, in this, we saw a bear leave the wet alders on the slide and pass into the woods.

Waited three or four hours for the weather to clear, but it grew worse instead. Returned, therefore, to the boat.

ONE OF THE BLACK BEAR

Peterburg lying but a short distance off and our present anchorage being a poor one, we decided to run to the settlement and provision up, till the weather cleared.

Rained all day, so remained at anchor at Peterburg, passing the greater part the time in the general store, listening to the phonograph, and watching three men cure spring salmon for the German market. Some splendid fish, ranging ten to seventy-five pounds in weight, were brought in.

*May
29th, 30th*

The last day of May breaking fairly clear, we made for Portage Bay, recommended, very properly, as excellent black-bear country.

May 31st

Entering the bay, while the crew were at dinner, I noted from my place at the wheel something suspiciously black on the beach, and close scrutiny proved this a bear.

Bruin was an easy stalk, and I bagged him in plain view of the launch, with one shot, shooting at not over one hundred and twenty-five yards distance.

Failed to sight any more bear this day, but on hunting the flats next morning (June 1st), spied one of the animals eating grass. Little and I made a good stalk, I shooting first and hitting him hard. The bear being close to the edge of the woods, we did not care to take chances at losing him, and so, as he wheeled about, both pulled triggers, the shots of each taking effect, apparently. Though he went off strong, we soon found Bruin stone dead within twenty-five yards of where first he had been shot.

June 1st

For a black bear, this animal must have been possessed of exceptional vitality, since, on cutting open the carcass, we found two of our bullets to have pierced the heart, and a third piercing the lung.

Satisfied now at the result of our hunt, we desiring not the accumulation of a big bag, but a few specimens of black and Alaskan brown bear alone, we were ready to turn ship homeward now.

Our luck had changed for the better, decidedly.

Raising anchor daybreak of June 2d, Little and I were still asleep, when awakened by the Captain's calls of "Bear on the beach,"—at the very entrance of the bay!

June 2d

Rushing into a few garments, we effected a landing through rough and choppy seas, and in an incredibly short space of time another bear skin was aboard;—Little and I

each hitting the animal twice, and the bear not having moved over ten feet, once my first shot struck his breast.

Found the sea very rough outside; and wind and sea both being dead ahead, our boat was rather wet.

Passing Peterburg, we entered Wrangle Narrows. Thence the rest of the way lay through smoother waters to Wrangle, which point was reached this evening.

*June
3d, 4th*

At Wrangle a few days were put to good advantage, preparing our skins for better shipment. Most of these hides, while perfectly safe, (we having heavily salted them and carefully removed all grease and fat), were still very wet for packing. Hanging to sun and wind two days now rendered them thoroughly dry, so put them in splendid condition for packing.

Left Wrangle June 4th, by Steamer *City of Seattle*.

An uneventful voyage bringing us to Seattle,—two days spent in viewing the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition here served as a pleasant finale to this “cruise after bear in a motor-launch.”

DRYING BEAR SKINS

TROPHY ROOM BOOKS

BOX 3041
AGOURA, CA 91301
818 889-2469