woods, through whose tops but little sunlight ever penetrates. They stand in close array in heights varying from one hundred to three hundred feet, and with diameters ranging from five to twenty feet. These trees yield a most remarkable wood of a reddish color, and often beautifully variegated. Huge burls protruding from the sides of some of the trees, like monstrous warts, supply the curly redwood which makes very beautiful cabinets and center-tables, as it takes a polish as smooth as glass, and exhibits most remarkable eccentricities of grain. The body of the trees near the butt splits almost as straight as if it were cut with a saw, and is used for making shingles.

For several hours our party traveled in this dark and damp belt, at length emerging into an open country where the sun was shining forth in all its splendor, although in the forest one would never have known there was a sun. Early in the afternoon of the second day we reached our camping-ground, where we unpacked our mules and unsaddled our horses, both of which were turned loose in the luxuriant grass, having first, however, hobbled the bell-mare, to prevent their wandering. The rest of the day was spent in unpacking the provisions and arranging everything for a protracted stay. Shortly after dark we curled up in our blankets, with our saddles as pillows, and were soon dreaming of the deer we expected to kill on the morrow. By five o'clock next morning we were all astir, and after taking a cup of hot coffee, set out in various directions, keeping within a distance of a few miles. The crack of a rifle was heard every now and then, but when all had returned to camp it was found that only two of the Nimrods could show blood on their butcher-knives. After breakfast two of the mules were caught up and saddled, and in the course of an hour two fine bucks were brought in and strung up. We immediately stripped them of their hides, and suspended them from the branches of a large black oak which stood in the midst of our camp, and which furnished us with a most refreshing shade in the middle of the day. We spent the remainder of the morning in swimming in a sheltered portion of a clear, warm stream that ran close by our camp.

The next few days were given up to the utmost indolence, it seeming as if each one was trying to outdo the others in the amount of sleeping he could accomplish. We soon became tired of doing nothing, however, and concluded we would like to see the neighboring country. Upon one occasion we caught up our mules and started in search of a camping-place on the banks of a stream called by the suggestive name of Bug Creek, concerning which we had a few vague ideas. The first half of our journey there was comparatively easy, but before long we lost our way among the numerous sheep-trails. Knowing, however, the general direction, we pressed on, often having to circumvent deep gorges, sometimes riding, but more frequently on foot, pulling our mules along behind us as we slowly made our way through the thick oak brush. After progressing in this manner for about three hours, we found the object of our search. It was a most beautiful nook sheltered by wide-spreading alders, while the creek, with its clear, sparkling water, made it look all the more charming. On close inspection of the brook the appropriateness of its name became evident, as there were to be seen numerous black specimens about the size of large spiders darting in all directions through the water.

One of the party went to inspect a seemingly deserted cabin that was near by, while the rest of us looked around to see what could be found. We were, however, soon joined by him with the news that there was a small black bear asleep in the cabin; he couldn't make out head nor tail to it, he said, but was sure it was a bear. Only one of the party had brought a gun along, so he was put in the lead, the rest of us following close at his heels. A council of war was held, and it was decided that one of the party was to poke his bearship with a long stick, and when the later showed signs of life, the man with the gun was to dispatch him. Lots being drawn as to who was to do the poking, the shortest straw fell to the writer; so with throbbing heart he procured a long stick, and slowly