tary night in the woods, in a pelting rain, did not hold sufficient inducements for continuing my course, so I turned to retrace.

How I lost my head sufficiently to miss my path, I have never been able to solve; but six hours' hard work amid low underbrush and a saturating drizzle convinced me that such was the case, and that it was time to look around for a spot to camp.

In this condition I discovered an ascending column of smoke, issuing from a high ledge, not many yards ahead of me. Pushing through the brush in the direction of the smoke, it was not many minutes before I stood in front of a cave-like structure, the opening of which was partially barred with hemlock boughs.

The first thing that greeted my eye on entering was a large fire in the back of the cave, that cast a ruddy light over wall and ceiling; before it, reclining on a mat, was stretched a man, who arose on his elbow and looked toward me, aroused by the noise I made in entering. I pleaded the sacredness of hospitality, related my plight, and even endeavored to soothe the savage breast by quoting James Fitz James' plea for shelter, food and fire, although I but humbly asked for the first.

In reply to all this he vouchsafed not a word, but, after a vigorous stretch, arose, walked to the mouth of the cave, and took a look outside; after which he returned, and pointed to a seat of one-half bench and stool.

My host was a man of about five feet ten inches, the owner of a well-built frame, a full beard, dirty face, and clothed in a leather patched cardigan jacket, buckskin trousers,—the worse for wear,—and a pair of home-made moccasins. These, with the addition of a short black pipe, complete the photograph.

From sticks thrust into the walls of the cave hung trophies of his gun, in the shape of birds and venison, fit for an epicure's palate,—if the doctrine that a slight taint is an added luxury, is true. A pile of not-over-cleanly skins occupied one corner, on which, in lieu of a shelf, rested a lot of ancient-looking tinware. My host produced a tin pail from some receptacle hidden from my sight, and placed it on the glowing coals, which soon brought the contents to a boil, and filled the room with the most agreeable odor of stewed meat and vegetables. My afternoon's scramble had produced an aching void, that I had expected to carry to bed,—and in fact, after becoming acquainted with the non-hydropathic views of my landlord, desired to; but the persuasive effects of the ascending steam were such, that when a tin dish of the compound was passed me, I was soon busily engaged in its mysteries, spearing bits of meat and potatoes with my knife and transferring them to my mouth. The cook did not stop for such trifles as a knife and fork, but, on the principle that fingers were made before either, began, as soon as practicable, to grapple the contents with both hands, ending by tipping his plate to an angle of 45°,—an operation which soon cleansed it.

He then produced a pipe that might have been a brother to his own, a paper of tobacco, and a long black bottle. Handing me the smoking-materials, we both commenced to load.

I had determined to have an interview, if possible; and knowing that the weed was said to have a remarkable power over the human heart, not to speak of the bottle, I was ready to endure, if necessary, suffer, to attain my object. The tobacco I could manage, but when it came to the bottle,—a forty-rod Jersey-lightning affair,—my resolution flickered. I managed, however, to elude his vigilance by lifting the bottle high in air and gluing my lips to its orifice, at the same time making a fictitious swallowing sound, and conveying to my features an expression of ecstatic bliss. As he had the bottle all to himself, and it passed rapidly, it began after a time to assert itself, and after some introductory conversation, I found myself listening to the story of Henry Eskine Templeton, alias "Bill Grey's" life.

Born in Chester, England, the youngest son of Sir Phillip Eskine Templeton, K. C. B., he was sent, at an early age, to Rugby, and from there to Oxford, where he graduated. He lost his mother the day after this event, and