sympathetic accord with the stars o'erhead. Possessing all the beauty and wildness of the great wilderness, the camper on Clear Pond is only a few hours removed from Long Lake Village, where post-office and stage connect him with the outside world.

One should not choose for permanent camp the lake where he expects to do his hunting, for the timid deer, soon learning of his presence, will leave for other parts, where the unnatural sounds and odors of the hunter's camp will not disturb his nocturnal repast by the edges of the water.

At Clear Pond, therefore, under the wide-spreading branches of an enormous pine, and closely surrounded by beech, spruce, hemlock, and balsam, we, or rather our guides, built our camp. A rude frame covered with the bark of the spruce and open to the east constitutes the "lean-to"—the bed-room, parlor, sitting-room, and, not unfrequently, dining-room of the hunter. Here hang his clothes; here rest his rifle, rod, and tackle; here is his bed on the sweet pine balsam, which, picked fresh each week, covers the floor. Here our camper smokes his pipe, reads last week's New York papers, and plans his next hunt. Here nightly, before the ever-open front, burns the great camp-fire of mighty logs, from which myriads of scintillating sparks shoot upward to dance with the dark shadows.

Leaning on his elbow, with the great fire at his feet, the dark lake at his side, and the silent forest over all, the hunter smokes his pipe in silence; he is awe-struck by the immensity and wonderful beauty of all save self. He is lifted up and sanctified. The busy world, with its bustling and jostling, appears to him in a new and smaller light. The remembrance of his every-day life yonder in the great city, jars upon his nerves and seems foreign to his nature. As the deep snores of the guides and the crumbling of the "back log" indicate the lateness of the hour, our tired hunter, with a sigh, knocks the ashes from his pipe, and rolling himself up in his blanket, closes his eyes to dream of home and friends that are afar, of studies and examinations. But the sweet odor of the balsam permeates every sense, and gently turns his mind from such distracting themes, and in their place suggests pictures of the grace and beauty that surround him,—the murmur of the lapping waters of the lake, the solitary cries of night, the soughing of the voiceless wind in the forest-trees that are nodding overhead.

There are many different ways of deer-hunting, more or less scientific. It is only the old and experienced hunter that ever attempts the "still hunt," and then only in the winter.

The highest skill of the sportsman is here brought into play. The unsuspecting deer is followed by its trail in the snow until a favorable opportunity is afforded for a shot. The eye, ear, and nose of these timid animals are ever on the alert, and the breaking of a twig, or the moving of a branch, is frequently sufficient to startle the object of your search, and lend to its retreating form the fleetness of the wind. It is, however, the keen sense of smell that the hunter fears most, since there is nothing that frightens these fleet-footed creatures more than the smell of man.

"Crust hunting," which is nothing more than butchery, is no longer resorted to in the Adirondacks. It consists in following the animals on snow-shoes, generally when the crust will support the weight of man, but the sharp foot of the deer breaks through, thus retarding its progress to such an extent that it is easily overtaken and dispatched.

"Jack shooting," which is prohibited by law, I believe, takes place in the early autumn, before the deer have yet been frightened by the