arrows, squirrels ran among the branches, and the tracks of deer and wildcats began to be visible in the muddy parts of the road. Now we followed close along the bank of the river, here sparkling and foaming over the rocks in its bed; then we turned into the woods and threaded our way among the trees, where the river could no longer be heard, but all was quiet save for the calling of bluejays, numbers of which continually flew before us. We gave ourselves up to enjoying our novel surroundings and to slaying black flies.

After a time we reached a clearing on the river-bank close under the brow of Chairback Mountain, where lives an old man named Young, a curious specimen of human nature, about whom many queer tales were told us at the Works. Here the horses were watered, after which we went on, and in course of time reached the Forks. At this point the road divides, that leading to Long Pond turning off to the right and crossing the river by a ford, the main road going straight on past the Gulf, a strange chasm in the mountains, three miles long, deep and narrow, through which Pleasant River runs.

A wire bridge here crosses the river, for the use of loggers when the river is swollen in the spring. Two posts are planted on each bank and connected by wire ropes. A platform four feet square is hung from these ropes, and travels along them on small wheels. A rope passing over blocks on either bank is made fast to the car, and one pulls himself across by means of it. We, being somewhat hurried, tried to take three over in the car at once, all unmindful of "strength of materials,"—but alas for us! When in the middle of the stream the posts yielded to the strain, the bridge collapsed, and we took a bath. Fortunately the bridge crossed above the tail of a rapid, and the water, though swift, was not deep. We had the pleasure of wading ashore and repairing the bridge, which took us some time.

Once across the river, the road leads straight up the mountain-side over one of the spurs of Chairback.

We are now seven miles from the Iron Works. The horses have hard work, for the road is in horrible condition, and we all have to get out and push. Slow progress is made for a mile and a half, when we come upon an old wood-sled drawn up by the road.

"All out," says Mr. Dean.

We get out and load all our traps on the sled, tying everything on firmly. One horse is harnessed to the sled, and we start on again.

The trail now lies up the bed of a mountain brook, over logs, stumps, corduroy bridges, through mud-holes and pools of water, till the youngest of the party, whose first attempt at trailing this is, wishes to know if we are not lost. However, nothing can last forever, and this trail comes to an end after awhile in a thicket of pine trees, and Mr. Dean calmly remarks, "Head of sled navigation. We'll hoof it now a mile."

Having sent back the driver with the horse, each of us loaded himself with thirty or forty pounds of kit, and we started off in single file to follow a spotted trail over the crest of the mountain to the shore of the lake, which was to be our home for the next month.

The trail was at first soft and muddy, leading across a small hollow between two ridges; but soon we began to ascend the last spurs of the mountain, and after an hour's tramp through the thick woods we caught a glimpse of blue water through the trees, and in a few minutes passed between the two log cabins belonging to Mr. Dean, hurried down the path to the shore, and stopped on the borders of the beautiful lake, stretching away far to the west, where loomed up a lofty mountain, standing out black against the evening sky, while over it hung the sun, round and red like a globe of fire. Only a short way down the lake on the left a long rocky point jutted out, beyond it another, and still another, just off which lay a small island, round which, as we could see with a glass, several loons were