Long Pond really consists of four separate ponds lying in a chain east and west. They are separated by narrow, rapid bits of river, or thoroughfares, varying from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile in length. No. 1, the most easterly pond—on which we camped—is the largest, a mile and a half long by three quarters of a mile wide, while No. 4, the most westerly, is the smallest, barely a quarter of a mile across. At the foot of this pond is an old, broken-down log dam, out from under the ruins of which gushes the outlet of the lake which, after a mad foaming rush of seven miles round the base of Barren Mountain, flows into Lake Onaway, and thence to the sea by way of Sebec Lake and the Penobscot.

The total length of the lake is four and a quarter miles; it contains three islands, none of them very large; its shores are densely wooded, and for the most part quite steep. Innumerable little brooks flow into the lake, so that wherever your canoe touches shore you may hear the babbling of water, and in all probability on looking closely, catch the sparkling of its ripples as, tumbling over the bank, the brook loses itself in the lake. Only two of these brooks are of any size,—Chairback Brook near our camp, and Trout Brook, the outlet of the pond of the same name which lies a few miles west of Long Pond. Both of these are full of trout, running as high as three pounds in weight, and eager to be taken.

There were three camps on the lake. Mr. Dean's at the head of Pond No. 1, where our friends were stopping, one belonging to Bert Davis, of Monson, on Pond No. 3, and used only in winter, and the third, on No. 4, formerly owned by one Ed Hall, of Monson, but now public property.

Hall had a camp on Lake Onaway, and while the road was being surveyed near that lake one of the surveyors, a young man of twenty-two, hired him as guide for a fishing excursion of a day or two. Hall, knowing that the man had just been paid off, suspected that his employer might have money with him. He therefore led him to a lonely cove on the lake where he said the fishing was good, and as the young man stepped from the canoe to the shore, shot him through the head. He then took his victim's watch and about a hundred dollars in money, drew the body upon shore, covered it with the canoe, fired a shot at his victim's dog—a little spaniel—killing it as he supposed, and then fled the country. The surveyor's friends suspected nothing till a week later, when one day the spaniel came limping into camp with a broken leg. Then a search was made, the body found, and warrants sworn out; but it was too late. The murderer had fled.

What with getting the rest of our baggage across the carry, and down from Dean's to our own camp-ground, putting our tents in permanent shape, and getting things in order generally, the time passed very quickly, and a week had gone almost before we knew it. Once in camp, we soon settled down to a routine style of life. Up with the sun in the morning, a dip in the cold waters of the lake, breakfast, then dish-washing, after which we either set our compasses and trailed our way to some little pond up in the mountains famed for its trout, made an excursion to some point of interest near by, as the Gulf, or Gulf Hagar Stream, or climbed one of the mountains near at hand, always returning to camp in time for supper at six o'clock. In the evening we either paddled down to Dean's and sat round his great fire playing cards or telling stories and smoking, or our friends visited us and indulged in the same pastimes. Many of our excursions were made in company, and we often spent the evenings laying plans for the next day. Finally, at about ten o'clock, the Professor would knock the ashes out of his pipe, shake himself, yawn, and say, "Well, boys, if you sit up all night you'll be in poor condition for to-morrow's tramp." Then would be heard the grating of a canoe on the