pebbles, a chorus of "good-nights," paddles would flash in the moonlight, and the visitors would soon disappear in the darkness, the dip of their paddles sounding clearly over the water long after they themselves had passed out of sight.

One day as we were cutting fire-wood after dinner, we heard the grate of a canoe on the shore, and hurrying down to see who was there, were surprised to see a young Swede, Nels Künnerby by name, whom we had met at the Iron Works, where he was employed as assayer. He had obtained a week's vacation, and had come up to Dean's to spend it. Nels was a character, and his broken English was very amusing.

We sung out, "Hullo, Nels!" to which he responded, "How are you?" running the first two words together and putting all the emphasis on the last one.

"There was no one up to Tean's, so I come to here," he said. "I did bring up Dulcie, tat tog of Tean's. You know him?"

Saying this Nels seated himself on a log, and filling his pipe began a conversation that lasted nearly two hours, when all of a sudden, he sprang to his feet and cried out, "O tat tam tog; I leave her lock up in te kitchen ant s'e will eat up everyting by now," and shoving off the canoe Nels vanished round the point as if an evil spirit were after him.

That evening after supper we paddled down to Dean's, and a very jolly time we had, How that old camp comes back to me! In one corner of the room a huge stone fire-place with a rude mantel over it; opposite to it a set of shelves laden with fishing-tackle, pipes, tobacco, etc. Close beside the fire-place are two bunks, over which are slung the guns, large and small, each in its rack. Nels sits at a rude table, one hand twisted in his long, yellow hair, struggling with a game of solitaire and a little stubby pipe, which he cannot make draw. A big armchair is tilted back against the wall, and in it placidly reposes the Professor, whiffing at his pipe now and then, and apparently trying to stare the fire out of countenance, while Mr. Dean, leaning against the door-post, is idly snapping bits of wood at his dog, lying asleep before the fire.

One morning, a few days later, we tramped over to the Gulf, distant about six miles from camp, armed with fly-rod and camera. The two miles between Long Pond and Pleasant River were quickly put behind us, and after fording the river, a monotonous tramp of four miles up the Gulf road brought us to a point where a blazed trail branched off at right angles to the road. Down this we turned, and after a short walk came upon the river at the head of the Gulf. I will not follow our tramp home along the bank of the river, but will briefly describe the Gulf.

It is, as I have said, a narrow chasm in the mountains about three and a half miles long. The cliffs are of slate rock, and rise on either side of the river to a height varying from sixty to a hundred and fifty feet. The river is very narrow,—in some places not more than eight feet wide; while at one point where the cliffs are highest, their tops approach to within twelve feet of each other. Mr. Dean informed me that at this point the ice bridged the chasm in winter, and that he had often crossed on it while snow-shoeing after deer. In several other places tree trunks lie across the gulf, and on them may be seen the marks of claws showing where bears and wildcats have crossed. At the head of the gulf is Billings Falls, a heavy pitch, perhaps twenty feet wide, the cliffs rising high on either hand, and forming the upper jaws of the gulf. A short distance below this is Duck Pitch, another heavy fall. Then come in quick succession pitches, pools, and rapids, till the middle jaws are reached. Here the river is so narrow that when the loggers were driving through the gulf they were obliged to blast out the rock on either side in order to get the logs through without a jam. Below the middle jaws the cliffs diminish in height, and are clothed from top to bottom in green. The river is wider,