delightful contrast to the slow and laborious 
march of the morning.

Our trip up the river was full of interest to 
a novice. The stream, not more than twenty-
five yards wide, was dyed a dark, rich amber, 
by the roots of the laurel and the cones of the 
pine. It was inclosed, on either hand, by 
mountains of noble form, covered with a thick 
growth of hemlock and fir, of massive oak, 
and chestnut, and wild cherry trees. The 
sombre shadows of the dense forest, the per-
fect stillness, and the utter solitude around, 
gave one a feeling of awe as our oars dipped 
into the darkened waters and our slender 
bark shot along this dim aisle of the wilder-
ness.

At length we reached the camp. Here we 
found two small log cabins located on the 
bank above the river, and two of Eastham's 
men in charge.

Eastham, our host, who is familiarly called 
"Bob" by everybody, is one of those original 
characters that Cooper delighted to delineate. 
He does not have that peculiar simplicity 
which characterized Leather-Stocking, but 
he has a native shrewdness, intelligence, and 
capacity which give him pre-eminence among 
his fellow-mountaineers. He has besides a 
history, for he was one of Mosby's famous 
band in "the late unpleasantness," and an 
active participant in many stirring encounters, 
the narration of which has still a power to 
charm the listener.

After supper we looked about us, examin-
ing the dogs and guns with much interest. 
All the dogs were not at camp, but there were 
four large deerhounds and six or eight small 
beagles present and fit for duty. They were 
fine specimens indeed. In a straightaway 
race the deerhounds are best, but in the laurel 
thickets, where size is a disadvantage, the 
beagles are preferred. Of guns, there were 
two breech-loading shotguns, including my 
own, one muzzle-loader, and one Colt's rifle.

That night, as we all sat around the fire 
talking, I mentioned the project I had formed 
of taking my camera with me in the morni 
and of trying to take a picture of a deer, 
well as to kill it. I was received with upro 
rious laughter by every one save Eastha 
"When the 'buck fever' takes you," said the 
"there will not be a deer shot nor a pict 
taken, either." But old man Eastham seem 
to think it a good idea, and explained to 
that we should be stationed along the river 
places where the deer were known to cro:
The dogs would then be taken out, and t 
deer driven toward the crossings. "Now 
said he, "you take my gun, which will kill 
deer if you only pull the trigger, and I w 
take your 'poke-stalk,'" giving a sort of co 
temptuous glance at my smaller but neat 
gun, "and when you reach your stand set 
your machine, get everything ready, ar 
when the deer comes along in the water, ye 
It will get up out of the water and you ca 
pull on it. Only keep cool, and you will l 
all right."

Phillips and I were awakened at four th 
ext morning. We found that Eastham an 
his other man had been gone with the dog 
for some time. Hurrying through our break 
fast we took the boat and rowed to our sta 
tions. Phillips was placed at the first station 
myself at the second, and Nathaniel, one c 
the men, at another.

My stand was in a large, elbow-shape 
curve of the river, where I could see up an 
down for several hundred yards. I arranged 
my camera, although it was so misty I couk 
scarcely see the opposite shore. Now came a 
long wait, which was the most tedious anc 
monotonous part of the hunt. But although 
it seemed an age, it was probably not more 
than half an hour before I heard the dogs in 
full cry behind me. Instantly I began to 
shake from head to foot with nervous excite-
ment, and soon realized that I had a very bad 
case of "buck fever" to contend with. Fortu-
nately, while trying to summon up my 
nerve, the deer turned back, and as the cry of 
the dogs receded I gradually recovered my