



UPPER PENINSULA RUNWAYS.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

TWO friends sat in a certain snug little smoking den one evening last October, busily engaged in that most delightful of occupations—planning a shooting trip. Upon a table before them was spread a pocket map, and presently the owner of the room said: “You see, here is Montreal; now, I’ll show you just where we are going, and outline one of the best bits of country now available for mixed shooting. Follow the Canadian Pacific Railway track from Montreal, go to this point—Sudbury—and thence follow this branch line to Sault Ste. Marie, where we shall be at the gateway of what is undoubtedly a ‘crack’ game country. The Sault is, as it were, the apex of an acute angled triangle. I will draw a pencil mark from the south shore of Lake Superior, passing just west of Lake Gogebic and extending south about fifteen miles beyond Rhinelander. This, roughly speaking, forms the base of the triangle. The south shore of Superior forms the northern boundary to it, and we will draw a line from this point south of Rhinelander straight to the north shore of Lake Michigan and to Sault Ste. Marie, and our imaginary triangle is completed.

Now, within that space lies a country hardly to be equaled for shooting and fishing, and we’ll start in that direction to-morrow morning.

“Charlie and his outfit will be at the Sault, the guide will be ready at Manistique; we’ll go in there, and if we don’t find deer, bear, grouse and duck enough to satisfy you I’ll eat that stuffed buck’s head above you. Gaze upon his royal head, my son, and remember that he came from the Upper Manistique and there are plenty of his relatives to follow. If you want a change after a week near Manistique lakes there are plenty of points west and nor’west easily accessible. From Sault Ste. Marie we will complete the rail journey via the ‘Soo’ line; and now let’s turn in and have our last city sleep for twenty nights.”

The speaker’s praise of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the adjacent territory of Wisconsin was by no means extravagant, for this great tongue of land, bounded on the north by the broad reach of the famous “inland sea,” Superior, and on the south by the restless flood of Lake Michigan, has ever been and will be for years to come the chosen home of the black bear and Virginia deer, of the shy

beaver, the otter, mink and many other furred animals, while in the hundreds of square miles of stately forest and tangled "second growth" ruffed grouse are perhaps more numerous than in any other portion of the American continent. Nor are these all that await the sportsman. The whole country is netted with hurrying streams and spangled with unnumbered lakes, like lovely silver beads strung on a background of changeful green. These form favorite resting places for waterfowl during the spring and fall migrations.

Such a network of waters naturally tempts the knights of the supple wand during the proper season, but of the fishing 'twill be unnecessary to speak at length; for what honest angler has not heard of the trout and beautiful grayling, of the mighty muscallonge and sturdy black bass and the pike, pickerel, etc., of the Upper Peninsula streams and lakes and of the waters of Wisconsin? The bare mention of such rimless as Indian Lake, Manistique, Munising, Bass Lake, Two-Hearted, Au Train, Gogebic is enough.

From his Ohio home Charlie traveled northward to the Sault, where the three met two days after. Besides his share of the general "plunder" each man had gun and rifle properly cased for travel. Fred and Charlie put their faith in a couple of Parker hammerless ten gauges and Marlin rifles, while the "Wanderer" had his oft-tried Winchester and a little sixteen-gauge hammerless.

The two following days were occupied in getting their outfit up the Manistique and fixing camp beside a lovely lake, and nightfall of the second day found them as comfortable as could well be. The reader may as well be spared the usual aggravating description of meals, beds, etc. This party did as most parties do—they ate like wolves and slept like hunters!

The guide had two dogs; one a sort of mongrel harrier and the other a sturdy little rough spaniel, a fair worker on grouse and a faultless retriever for ducks. The "Wanderer" was earliest astir on the third morning, and as he stood upon the narrow band of beach before him spread a mist-draped level of silent, motionless water, bounded on every side by unbroken forest, a wall of gamboge, brown and dull crimson, with here and there great patches of almost black-green, where pines and firs were clustered. It needed only

the magical touch of the sun to brighten all those masses of color into a perfect blaze of glorious tints, and the sun was coming. In a few moments a flame of light streamed along the crest of a distant hilt and curving rays shot like golden arrows athwart the mist and seemed to strike and stick fast in the tangle of painted foliage. Gradually the dull crimsons flamed like the ruby glow of good wine, the yellows turned to burnished gold, the browns to polished bronzes, the sombre green of the pines brightened, and the lazy curtains of snowy mist swayed and lifted here and there, as though the slumbering lake was growing restless and kicking off the sheets ere rousing for the day.

From a shadowy point, seemingly miles distant, but in reality barely one hundred yards away, came a faint plashing of water, followed by a sudden ringing blast that could come only from the nostrils of a suspicious buck.

Slowly and carefully the "Wanderer" sunk to all fours, then crawled noiselessly into camp, and as he went he heard, as if in answer to the buck's fierce challenge, a confused quacking and chattering from the surface of the lake. Touching each sleeper he woke them silently. "Deer and duck! Get your guns ready and wait till you hear me shoot. Hang on to those dogs!" The little spaniel's nostrils were already "whistling" as Fred smothered him under a blanket. Then the "Wanderer" stole out, carefully working a shell into the barrel of the Winchester as he went. For minutes they waited, hearing nothing but the thumping of their own hearts or an occasional muffled protest from the outraged spaniel. Then the sharp, spiteful "pi-ah-ah" of the Winchester sounded, and the report ripped its way through the mist and broke in scattering waves of sound among the hilts and ravines on the farther shore, while an avalanche of men and dogs and blankets and yelps dashed from the camp.

For an instant the spaniel pranced about in wild leaps, with his long ears half erect and his stump tail looking like a haze behind him. Then he sped away, tonguing a shrill "Yiff—yaff—yaff!" of wild excitement. After him went the harrier, gliding like a ghost, and as he passed behind the point one glorious, long-drawn, wavering challenge swelled, like a blast from a bugle, high above the jerky discord of the spaniel, proving that the hound had struck a burning trail. From the lake came sudden bursting thunders of



“WHAT A SHOW FOR THE FIRST DAY.”—P. 84.

crowding wings, pattering of feet, beating of sharp pinions and a confused medley of quacks and startled cries as raft after raft of duck rose heavily amid the mists. The air was filled with the hiss of flight, and presently dark columns of duck showed above the mist, wheeling and darting in every direction, while scattered fowl in twos and threes crossed and recrossed in frantic haste.

"Look out! To the left!"

Solid masses of fowl were swinging directly toward the camp, and as they passed overhead the heavy booming of the big "Parkers" scattered them in wild confusion, while half a dozen sounding "spats" on the water told the tale.

"Gimme some shells!"

All hands made a rush for the ammunition box, and for the next ten minutes a rapid fusillade was kept up until the last duck had vanished in search of safer quarters. Then sudden silence fell, broken at last by the voice of the guide:

"Wa-al, dog-rast my everlastin' skin, ef I ain't bin all this while tryin' to jam a No. 10 shell into a popgun! Wat in hemlock kind uv a gun d'ye call this thing anyhow?" Fred and Charlie sat down to laugh in comfort.

A crashing of twigs announced the return of the spaniel, and he was set to work to find such duck as had fallen on shore, while Fred took one of the canoes and gathered up the floaters. Thirteen in all were found, tied in bunches and hung to a tree—the "first game for the party," as Charlie remarked. The hound's voice had ceased altogether, and they were just wondering if the earth had swallowed up the "Wanderer" when he stepped forth from the cover some distance away, with the harrier at his heels. He came slowly along the narrow beach, his face wearing a troubled expression and his every movement seeming listless—clearly a much disappointed man. His eyes brightened as they noted the duck, and he said: "Well, you fellows had a pretty lively time anyway."

"Yes, luck runs in streaks, old chap—awfully sorry you missed. Was he running?"

"No, he was walking; but he ran fast enough after I shot. A buck and two does were standing in the water, right below the point yonder. I pulled on the buck all right as I thought, but he just humped himself, and measured off half a mile to show what he could do."

"Well, say, old man, we don't want to hurt your feelings, but you ought to have reached him somehow at that distance."

The "Wanderer's" face twitched slightly, and his eyes lost their troubled expression as the guide seized the hound by an ear and began to examine his muzzle.

"Boys, he's doublin' on you. This here dog's doin' too much chop lickin', an' thar's deer blood on his leg! Tobe, you lead the way right to that thar deer. I was wonderin' how you cum to quit a hot trail!"

Then the "Wanderer" brought his left hand from his coat pocket and laughed aloud as he held up a small bunch of long white hair, which the guide greeted with: "I'll bet he had that tucked in so tight that yer never took it from him till he was bled. Come on, boys, an' we'll snake him in! Take us to him, Tobe."

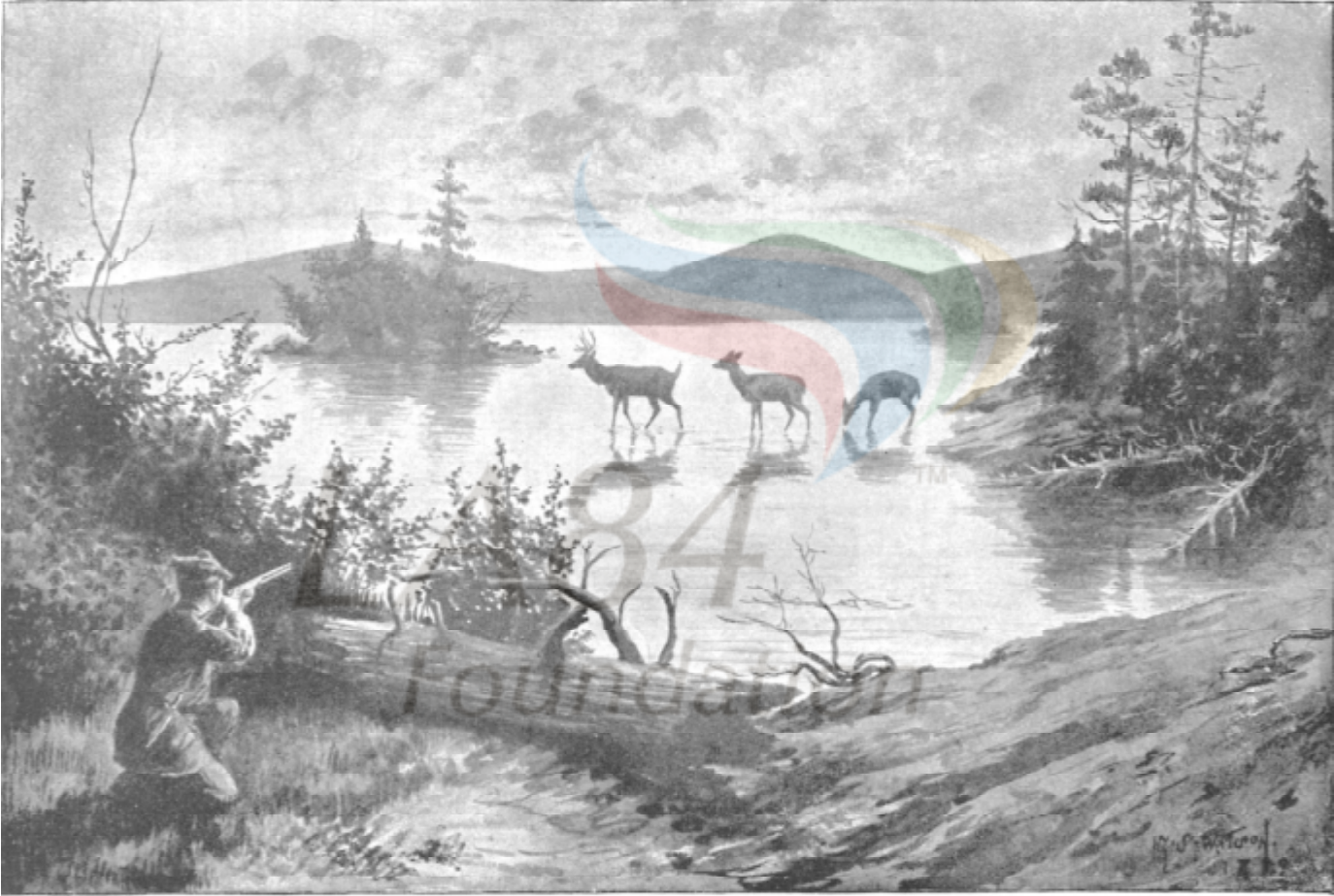
About half a mile away they found the buck, and toted him into camp and hung him up. He was a beauty—not so very large, but possessing a grand head—and everyone agreed with Charlie's ecstatic exclamation: "*What* a show for the first day, and no one's been a mile from camp!"

That afternoon Jim came in from a short scouting expedition and reported lots of fresh sign all about, and added: "I run into a hull drove of patridge back yonder, an' if you fellers want to bust 'em, come ahead."

All hands followed Jim, and the spaniel was soon busy routing up the grouse, and Jim speedily found out "Wat in hemlock kind uv a gun" the little sixteen gauge was, for it knocked down more grouse than the two "tens" combined and scored the prettiest "double" of the day.

Next day they opened the ball with a few shots at duck, and then put in a long tramp after grouse, with excellent results. A day by day description of their doings would be wearisome, for even such sport as deer or grouse shooting has a certain amount of sameness about it, but certain incidents which befell them ere camp was finally broken are worthy of description.

All hands were enjoying a comfortable smoke one afternoon, lounging about and listening for the harrier—for that unworthy canine had either managed to get lost or had sneaked away to do a trifle of hunting on his own account. After a long, lazy pause Charlie suddenly exclaimed: "I hear him now!" and from the further side of the lake came faint and far the musical tonguing of a hound



FIRST BLOOD.

trailing. Said the guide: "Let's scatter along shore; he might run him to water here—'tho' he's liker to slope off nor'east."

At last a great splashing in the water directly opposite camp caught all eyes, and they could clearly make out the long narrow muzzle and curved antlers of a buck at the apex of a rapidly-growing wake. A few moments later he was a dead deer—Charlie being the lucky man. Two days later Fred scored the prettiest shot of the outing. The guide had taken the two deer and a bunch of duck and grouse down the river in the largest canoe to a point whence a settler's team was to carry them out to the station, the intention being to ship the lot as presents to friends. While he was away the triumvirate amused themselves still hunting along a small stream, one of the feeders of their lake.

Fred was leading the way along the bank of this stream when he suddenly stopped to fasten the thong of his boot, placing his foot upon a stone as a convenient rest. Just as he was going to lay

his rifle on the moss he paused an instant and, without changing from his awkward position, leveled the weapon and quickly fired. The others glanced upstream just in time to see the finest deer of all rear wildly up and fall backward, shot clean through the heart, at a distance of at least 180 yards.

After the return of the guide it was decided by a vote of three to one (the "Wanderer" hated the very name of hounding deer to water) that the harrier should earn his keep by running a deer into the lake if possible.

At daybreak the "Wanderer" left them "alone with their butchery," as he expressed it, and took his way up the stream where Fred had killed his deer. Every little sandy beach and bar bore signs old and new of deer, and now and again he noticed bear tracks, but none of these latter was very fresh. By 9 o'clock he had worked his way to a point some three miles from camp, and here, as he was resting for a moment upon a fallen tree,



FACE TO FACE WITH THE OLD LADY.—P. 88.



THE PRETTIEST DOUBLE OF THE DAY.—P. 84.

he first heard the tongue of the hounds. He had barely time to slip behind the nearest tree ere a half-grown fawn cleared the log in one flying bound almost over the spot where he had rested. A great doe followed in a magnificent leap and the pair, with white flags bravely hoisted, cantered away totally unaware that there was a Winchester pointed in their direction.

Hut their time was not just yet., for even as his eye sunk to the sights another graceful form curved above the log and the monarch of the wild had come. The deer must have caught sight of his skulking enemy as he rose to the leap, for he landed half crouching and remained as though frozen in that position, while from his nostrils came the shrill "whew" of astonishment. For an instant man and brute stared at each other, then the rifle belched forth its murderous messenger and the deer pitched heavily forward on his head, shot fairly through the neck. In a moment the hound came rushing in, filling the air with wild music, and clamber-

ing eagerly over the log he leaped upon the fallen game.

But, while the knife was doing needful duty, the staunch toiler, weary as he was, slipped away, and soon his sonorous voice grew fainter and fainter in the direction taken by the doe and fawn,

The "Wanderer" hung up his game as best he could in a small tree; then, after a pull at his pipe, he scouted further along the bank. Upon his return in the afternoon his first glance toward camp revealed, what he fully expected to see, the doe and fawn of the morning's chase hanging where the other deer had been. The dog had "watered" both, and Fred and Charlie had paddled on them and killed one each.

But there was an air of mystery about the camp that puzzled him. Something had happened, he suspected, which the others were keeping from him, and without betraying himself he kept his eyes very wide open. When he told about killing the buck the guide remarked:

"Yure in dead luck, you are!"

Then Fred looked at Charlie, and the latter looked at the ground on which he lay, and a spasm of laughter seemed to convulse both of them. The "Wanderer" was convinced now that something *bad* happened and he stole a searching glance at every tree within sight, but could see nothing unusual.

About midnight the "Wanderer" awoke from a terrible dream and tried to leap to his feet, but some great hairy brute held him fast. A sickening, oily smell of raw flesh filled his nostrils, and reach where he would he only seemed to touch cold, clammy, dead meat. Finally, dripping with perspiration and half suffocated, he shook off the monster and realized that he had been snugly covered up with *two fresh black bear skins!*

The murder was out, and the roars of laughter from the others explained that the whole thing was a put-up job. They had waited until he was soundly asleep, then spread the skins over him and gone outside by the fire to bide the result. The skins were hauled out and spread flat, and proved to be the original wrappers of an old "she" and cub in fine fur.

Fred, Charlie and the guide, it seemed, had started in quest of grouse after killing the doe and fawn, and early in the afternoon had discovered an old she bear and two lusty cubs. They decided that it would be safer to run back to camp and get the rifles, while the guide kept an eye upon the movements of the bear. On their return Charlie met the "old lady" almost face to face. She reared upon her hams and eyed him wickedly, and as Charlie put it:

"She had cubs and looked as though she'd make a run at me any minute, so I just gave it to her point blank. She tumbled around a lot and half got up again, so the pair of us opened fire and finished her and one cub. Jim chased the other for about half a mile, but couldn't catch up with it; so we only got two, but we should have nailed the whole outfit."

However, a brace of bear was not bad work and everybody felt triumphant.

During the remainder of the outing distant glimpses of two more bear were caught and many tracks seen, but no chance came for any more shots. Four more deer were added to the score, and fair bags of grouse were made whenever sought.

The party made several long trips from camp in different directions, and discovered that, while their headquarters were well chosen, there were other points at no great distance from the Upper Manistique where game was even more plentiful.

Finally one sharp, bracing day the three friends stood once again on the huge international bridge spanning the St. Mary's River and looked down on the foamy tumult of waters cascading madly downward from Gitche Gumee. The holiday was done, but its good effects would wear until next year. Twenty days before three neatly-dressed, shaven and perhaps slightly careworn city chaps had gone into the Upper Peninsula woods. Now three big, brown, bearded men had come out, looking the picture of rugged health and strength. Charlie was to leave them now, but he was pledged for October, 1891. Quoth the "Wanderer:"

"So you are prepared to acknowledge that I chose a respectable kind of a shooting ground?"

"We'll bet two bear skins that you did."

"Well, next October we'll go a little farther West before we're through. Jim knows all the country like a book, and I'll write to Jerry Whelan, of Munising, and to E. C. Cox, of Au Train Station, for full particulars, and then we can compare notes and decide. In any case we can get a guide wherever we choose, and, boys, I tell you there are better places."

"Bet you two bear skins they're not!"

"Well, we'll try either Manistique, Munising, Au Train or some other of the good places next fall and I'll kill a bear myself."

"Bet you two bear skins——"

"Oh, stow that! the joke's stale. Good-bye." And so Charlie departed.

