

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES FROM THE PARK.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my last letter we have been having slight snows until there is now at the Falls, Lower Basin and Norris about 2ft. on an average. At the Mammoth Hot Springs there is about 1ft. On the Cooke City road and Swan Lake country there is about 15in.

Teams are still employed in the Park, getting material on the ground for the new hotel at the Grand Cañon and for improvements at the Lower Geyser Basin.

The trains on the Park Branch, which have been running two and three times a week, from this time on will run but once a week.

The mail service has been increased to six trips a week in place of three from Livingston and three to Cooke City in place of two trips. It is carried on stages.

Considerable quantities of freight have been coming in for the soldiers' station here. Hay is shipped in from Fort Ellis, M. T. The soldiers will soon have everything at the camp required to make them comfortable and keep them and their horses until spring. They moved into their new quarters some two weeks ago. In addition to the buildings mentioned in my last, a small hospital has been commenced, work on which was stopped for the want of funds.

Last week the scout found a hunter's camp on Hellroaring Creek. The soldiers arrested the hunter, William Whitworth, for hunting in the Park. This is the second time Whitworth has been arrested, once under Major Conger, when he was fined under the Wyoming law. For the last offense nothing was done, as there was no evidence against him. There is but one party of soldiers out from the main camp; they are stationed at Soda Butte, the others having all been called in.

On Sunday night, Nov. 7, about 11 P. M., there was a local disturbance of the earth's crust in the Park at Norris Geyser Basin, the shock of which broke dishes, cracked plastering and shook up the inmates of the hotel at that place. It was plainly felt at the Grand Cañon and Firehall. Some claim to have felt the shock at the Mammoth Hot Springs; others who were awake at the time did not. Parties at Norris describe the shock as blows being struck—similar to the shocks felt when the Giantess Geyser begins to erupt, only much more violent. Two men sleeping in their loaded freight wagons at Cañon Creek, eight miles from the Basin, say their wagons were shook from side to side the full play of the wheels, as though on a rough road.

It will be quite an additional attraction to the Park if we can have a small earthquake now and then to add to the wonders here. It is to be regretted that some of the U. S. Geological Survey were not here to have observed the disturbance and reported it intelligently, as almost every one exaggerates all accounts of such things. There is no doubt that from some cause there was a disturbance, but not as violent as has been reported.

A party of tourist hunters came in last week from Buffalo Fork of Snake River via Lewis's and Shoshone Lakes to Yellowstone Lake, thence down the Yellowstone to Yaneses. They report the snow as fully three feet deep on the divide. You will hear from them, as one of them is a writer for the FOREST AND STREAM. He says he has had a very good season in the mountains around the Park. A party saw several bands of elk close in to the Main Hot Springs—one of thirty-two—within two miles air line of hotel. Elk have been seen within a mile of the Hot Springs.

The scout, Barronett, found the dressed carcass of a blacktail deer, which he reported to Capt. Harris. Soldiers were sent out after the parties who killed it. They found no hunters, but brought the deer in. If Congress will only pass proper laws for the government of the Park, all hunting could be stopped.

Cooke City, as a mining camp, is rather dull now. I hear of contracts being let for charcoal and freighting in of coke. This means there will be more activity in the mines. The friends of the Cooke City and Cinnabar Railroad are very quiet. They are waiting for Congress to assemble before commencing to push their schemes. They will try to make a "still-hunt" through Congress with their bill. As this affects the Park, they must be watched very closely. X.

BEARHEAD AND THE BEAR.

OUTSIDE the snow drifted and piled against the door; the wind howled and shrieked around the eaves, and old Boreas covered the window panes with a furry coat of frost. But little cared I for that. I only piled up the logs the higher, and smoked and read and enjoyed myself as well as any one can, cooped in a house. However, if you will go at it right, cabin life during the cold months can be made very pleasant. In the first place I had a boat to build, for "Yo" and I had vowed to make another trip to the Walled-in Lakes, and the old scow we had left there was wholly unfit in rough water. It was with great difficulty that I collected the materials to build my craft. The siding came from Minnesota, the copper nails from St. Louis, and the ribs I made of old wagon bows—bows which for years had sheltered with their sheet the bales of robes and furs and merchandise in transit over hundreds of miles of prairie; but alas! those days are gone forever, and now the old wagons stand uselessly around, and the rust is deep upon their timbers. It was no task, rather a labor of love, to build the boat; and as I fashioned a strip of siding, or clinched a nail, I thought of the pleasant days to come when "Yo" and I should explore the unknown shores of the upper lake. Thus I passed the days, working a little, but for the most part sitting by the broad fire-place, smoking, reading, dozing, and getting fat and lazy. One day the clear familiar honk! honk! of the wild geese awakened me from my winter's lethargy and I was glad. Spring was at hand, the boat finished, and one that any man might be proud to own. She is 14ft. long, a double-ender, built like those of Adirondack fame, and in honor of my friend it bears on bow and stern in large white letters the inscription, Yo.

Who that loves the lakes and woods and the great mountains but longs to be among them as summer comes? So it is with me, at least; and having no business cares, lord of my own sweet will, I determined to take the boat to the lakes and stay until the flies should drive me out. One bright morning I carefully lashed the Yo on top the

wagon, stowed the tent, stove and camp duffle under it, and accompanied by Bearhead, an Indian, and our retriever, set out on the journey. Now, as we passed a prairie lake by the side of the road, what should we see but a "bob-cat" peering out at us from a bunch of rye grass. Bearhead immediately jumped out, picked up some rocks, and accompanied by the retriever, cautiously approached the animal. When within ten or fifteen feet of the bunch of grass the animal sprang out and ran as fast as he could. But like all others of the cat family, these "bob-cats" have but little endurance, and after a quarter of a mile run, perhaps less, the dog brought him to bay and Bearhead ended his life by crushing his skull with a rock. Coming up alongside I quickly removed the entrails, threw the carcass in the wagon, and we resumed our journey. Perhaps you want to know what we did with the carcass. Well, we ate the hams fried for supper, and the next evening had the ribs, plain boiled. I have never tasted the domestic cat, but I have eaten fat panther, lynx and bob-cat, and very good meat it is. One winter, way back in "York State," I killed a very fat panther, and cutting out the largest steaks, sent some to my mother and some to a friend, marked very plainly, "Venison." Sometime after, when I had returned home, I asked them how they liked the deer meat. "Splendid," they said, "delicious, best we ever had." "Ah," said I, "it wasn't venison; it was panther steak." Tableau.

Near sundown we arrived at Indian John's place on Cutbank, where we stopped for the night. I saw that John hadn't been idle during the winter, for since our last visit he had built over two miles of fence, which now inclosed a fine field of grain and vegetables. Of a business nature, and aided by Mr. Kipp, the post trader, John now has a fine ranch and a number of horses and cattle. But there is not another Indian in the tribe so fortunate as he. After supper John took us out to see his pet beavers. He had two, about six weeks old. We took them down to the creek and gave them a swim, but they did not seem to care for the water and came back to us immediately, whimpering and shivering, and seemed glad to get back to their nests. The beaver will soon have followed the buffalo. In this part of the country, probably the wildest portion of Montana, they are being thinned out rapidly. Every fall the Kootnai and Stony Indians, who belong in the Province of Alberta, come over here and trap along the streams belonging to the Piegiangs. If they merely trapped, it would not be so bad; but they cut the dams, pull down the houses and knock every beaver on the head. Not one escapes. How little we know of the habits of this wonderful animal. We see the great trees he has felled, his dams and houses; but we do not know how the work was done. It seems as if some of our great naturalists should be interested enough to make a thorough study of the beaver, his method of building, etc., and he who will do so should be at work at once, for in a short time the creature will have passed away forever.

The next morning we were on the road till sunrise, and arrived at Milk River about 10 o'clock. Here we turned out the horses to rest and graze and refreshed ourselves with a bath and a "bite to eat." About 2 o'clock we hitched up again and drove along up the North Fork of the South Fork. A much better route than the one "Yo" and I took last fall and a shorter one by at least fifteen miles. We had not traveled over an hour before a thunder shower came, and we had lively time to get the tent up when the rain came down hard and fast. We boiled the bobcat ribs, ate our supper, and the rain still coming down we soon rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

We rose at daylight and were soon traveling, and by 9 o'clock reached the top of the hill. The day was very warm, not a breath of wind was stirring and the flies were very bad; so we hurried down to the foot of the lake, built a number of smudges for the horses, and spent the rest of the day making a stable for them. We built it of quaking asp poles, and filled in the chinks with grass and moss, which excluded the light. The sun was down by the time we had finished the little building and we were so tired that we took a cold bite and turned in.

The next morning we placed the Yo in the water and started out for a fish. The boat did not leak a drop and proved to be very fast and easily rowed. As we pulled away from the shore with long, quick strokes, the bow fairly hissed through the water, and Bearhead was surprised. "Oh-ho-hi!" said he, "You don't pull hard, yet we are going as fast as a horse runs." Reaching deep water I threw the troll overboard and let out about fifty yards of line. I soon had a strike, and unceremoniously hauled the fish up alongside and gaffed him into the boat. It was a lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), and weighed about 8lbs. Once again Bearhead was astonished; he had never seen such a large fish. I then handed him the trolling line and he caught several much larger. The sun was now well up and the flies attacked us furiously. Black flies there were and plenty of them; then there were several other kinds which I do not know by name, but their bite was stinging and poisonous. We were about to return to camp when the wind rose, relieving us of our tormentors, so we continued fishing. Having no rod, it was but little pleasure for me to fish, and I let Bearhead handle the line. Every time a fish struck he would grin from ear to ear, and if he lost one he would look so sad I couldn't help laughing. Cutting open several of the fish, I found that their stomachs were full of flies. I think that one could have good sport with the fly-rod here at this season of the year, although I never heard of these lake trout taking the fly. However, if one should fail to get these fish with the fly, there are other species of trout which afford great sport. We caught during the day at least 200lbs. of fish. They were not wasted, for we salted and dried them.

The flies were so bad that we could not stay away from the smudge long. I concluded to take the boat to the foot of the upper lake and cache it, where it would be handy when "Yo" and I should make our trip in the fall. With this end in view we started out early the next morning. During the night the weather had changed, the wind was now in the north and quite cold, and the sky overcast with dark clouds, which threatened snow. We had reached the head of the lower lake, when Bearhead suddenly exclaimed: "See the bear!" I saw on the edge of a little prairie right near the pines a big sun-burned grizzly industriously digging. His hair was exactly the color of a buffalo bull's at this season.

We hastily rowed ashore, and taking the gun I started off, followed by Bearhead, who had no gun, leading the

retriever. Favored by a coulee and a small clump of quaking asps, I was just getting in fair range of the animal when he walked leisurely into the thick pines, which grew in clumps 4 or 5ft. high and very dense. I waited some time, hoping the bear would come out again, but as he did not I concluded that he had gone off up the mountain; so I walked leisurely up to where we had last seen him and waited a while. I did not dare go into the thick pines and was about to give up the hunt when he came out on the edge of another clump of pines some 30yds. to the right. I fired and he fell, roared and got up and stood on his hindfeet, looking around. I again shot him and he went through the same performance and then started for the pines, but I managed to hit him again before he had got out of sight. Bearhead now let go the retriever, which ran into the edge of the pines and stood there barking, so we knew that he could see the bear, or at least smell him very plainly. Near by was a large dead pine tree. After some talk we decided to climb this, thinking that from the top of it we might get a good shot at the animal. Now the tree was only about 40ft. from where the dog was barking, and we approached it very cautiously. We reached the base, and handing the rifle to Bearhead, I turned to climb, when the bear rushed out, open-mouthed. Instead of making for the dog, as any sensible bear would have done, he came directly for us. Bearhead raised the rifle to his hip, he had not time to do more, and fired, and the shaggy old beast fell almost at our feet, the ball having passed through his brain. I have hunted a good many years, and in my experience that was the luckiest and most timely shot I have ever seen. I must confess that when it was all over, and I saw how nearly one or the other of us had come to being mauled and perhaps killed, my nerves were a little shaky. It was some satisfaction to get the knife into the old fellow and rip off his hide. He was very poor. In his stomach we found ant eggs, roots, strawberries and a gopher. Having now enough exercise and glory for one day, we packed the hide down to the boat and returned home. Bearhead was happy, he had on his broadest grin, his eyes sparkled and he sung his little war song all the way to camp, and even after we had turned in for the night.

The next day the weather was still cold, and we again started for the upper lake. We did not see any more bears, but saw the track of one, fresh, just as we entered the inlet. The water here was so swift that I made Bearhead walk, and it took me at least an hour to pull the mile between the lakes. As we pulled out into the deep water, I was more than ever impressed with the beauty of this lake; and was not a little gratified as I thought that the Yo was the first boat that had ever rested on its bosom. As I gazed at the great glacier-clad mountains toward its head, I longed for the time to come when "Yo" and I should camp among them and explore the great cañons and timbered valleys where no man had as yet set foot. Not far from the outlet we found a suitable place to leave the boat, and having cached it so securely that one could not see it unless he stumbled on it, we took the trail for camp and reached there just at dusk. The next day was very warm, but by noon we had got so far away from the mountains that the flies were not troublesome, and at dusk we arrived at Indian John's place on Cutbank.

APEEKUNNY.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SHORE BIRD NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that my note in your issue of Nov. 4 has called out other communications on this subject, namely those of "X. Y. Z." in the issue of Nov. 18, and Mr. Cahoon in the paper of Nov. 25.

Mr. Cahoon evidently knows what he is talking about, and I am very glad to get hold of his list of local names, which will, however, be much more valuable if he will have the kindness to specify exactly in what locality he has actually known these names to be used. It is quite important for the sort of study of these names that I am inclined to undertake that we should know if possible just how far the use of each name extends. The matter is not so trivial as it may appear at first sight to many readers, for many of these names contain much that is interesting in the way of folk-lore and popular philology. And now for a few words in regard to Mr. Cahoon's criticisms. If he will permit me to say so, I may not be as much mistaken as he believes, while he may be perfectly right himself in the use of the names. Most of my shore bird nomenclature for Cape Cod was learned in the town of Orleans in the seasons of 1869-'72, and chiefly from the older generation of gunners. The names even at that very locality may easily have changed since then, and I should be very glad to learn positively whether they have or not. In those days the golden plover was quite as often called "toadhead" as "green plover," and though the old gunners talked of "winter yellowlegs," they said "little yellowlegs" or "yellowlegs" for the other species. I was perhaps too sweeping in including Chatham in what I had to say about "thoroughbred gunners," though I had the impression at the time of writing that the same names were used there as at Orleans. I am glad, however, to be corrected. The name "winter oxeye" for a bird described as coming in immense flocks late in autumn, and evidently the young red-backed sandpiper, was heard from a very old man at South Orleans in 1869.

I should like to ask Mr. Cahoon how generally he has found the name "bumble-bee peep" used for the least sandpiper (*Tringa minutilla*) by native gunners on Cape Cod. The name sounds as if it were meant to be jocular, and is almost the only instance I have ever heard of gunners making any distinction between this species and the semi-palmated sandpiper (*Ereunetes pusillus*). I hope we shall hear more from Mr. Cahoon, "X. Y. Z." and others of your readers. JOHN MURDOCH.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, Nov. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your columns of late showing much interest in the above, lead me to say that if your correspondents, if they are old subscribers, will look up the FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 9 and 23, 1876, they will find a nearly complete list of local names at Plymouth, Mass., which I made a specialty of obtaining during a gunning season spent at that place.

F. C. BROWN.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass.