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I know you are sick of deer hunting stories, but I must tell you this one, it is very, very strange. One day while walking through the woods--I came up on the snowshoes as usual--I had a good long walk through the woods--I used to love to do it--I came across two deer. The snow in the woods was just about up to their knees. "Well," I said, "now I have all day to do this--I wonder can you walk a deer down? Who has the most stamina to keep it up, the deer or the man on the snowshoes?" So I start to follow them. I followed them and followed them and followed them. I came to one place where there was another deer standing up--he was dead and frozen. Apparently his foot had been caught in something, some dead branches or something down under the snow, and he stood there and perished. Even his head was down on the snow, but he was still frozen stiff as could be. So I kept going by him, I kept following those two deer. Sometimes I would come out on a hill--there were my two deer way far ahead of me.. I would start coming, they would start galloping, going, going, going. I went from the morning to afternoon till coming on the evening. I was just going to give it up, when I came out on the top of a hill and looked down on a field. Here were the two deer laying down. They were laying down, exhausted. They were breathing heavy, heavy, heavy. I walked down where they were. They lay there. They were looking at me, frightened, scared. After a while, they got up and put their two noses together. And they stood up on their hind feet and the one put his paws on the one's shoulder and the other put his paws on the other one's shoulder. And they stood up there, they put their faces together, and they laid down and paid no more attention to me. Just as much as to say, "Well, boy, here it is"--and that was some kind of a form they had to go through before they said that is the end. So I climbed up in a great big high tree to see could I get my bearings before dark to find my way back home maybe a shorter way than what I had come. And I took off for home. And that is the end of that story. It was very peculiar. When I was living in South Bar, I planted a garden every year, a nice garden for myself--corn, some years. There was a big, heavy grove of tall spruce growing just out alongside, outside of the fence where the garden was planted. And there were a couple of crows, a pair of crows nesting there all the time. They had never bothered my garden or anything that I had--cherries, fruit of all kinds--they had never bothered a thing. This year they hatched out a couple of young crows, there were two or three. I went out one morning after planting the corn. I kept an eye on it. For two or three weeks after, the corn was sprouted up through the ground, maybe two or three inches. The young crows were pulling it out. I looked up at the two fellows perched on the tree and I said, "Listen, boys--those kids are not going to play around with my garden, or they're going to pay for it. Now you'd better call them home, or that's the end of it. I'm not planting corn for them to eat." After having a feed of lobsters, I had quite a few shells and the old bodies. I put them out where the corn was, in between the rows. I put some dead grass over it, and I covered up a big fox trap inside of that, under the grass. I went in the house. Five minutes after, the crows were screeching, cawing, crowing, flying up and down,



diving to the ground, going in circles, turning upside down in the air--raising hell..One of the little fellows had his foot in the trap. "Well," I said, "I told you fellows about this--you're going

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