

ing in winter on horseback, lost his way, and passed the night in a deep snow in the woods. Having no means to light a fire, he made a circular path about which he tramped to keep himself from freezing. The next day he came out at Green Lake, himself and horse nearly exhausted.

Late in the fall of 1837 Leonard Covell and Harvey K. Rose started into the woods one day, in what is now the town of Walker, to pre-empt some lands. Two others were to accompany them, but were not on hand when they crossed the river. There was a light snow on the ground, and they went ahead, expecting the others to overtake them. After walking some time, they came upon the tracks of two men going westward, and, thinking their companions were in the woods, turned and followed them. By and by they came upon four tracks, and then it dawned upon them that they had traveled in a circle and doubled upon their own tracks. They had lost their way, but this discovery set them right. They cleared a small spot of ground and put a pole and brush pre-emption shanty on the section line to serve for two claims. Upon returning, one of them entered his land, but the other found that somebody was about two hours ahead of him in the land office.

One night in 1833 Louis Campau's family was startled by a great commotion among the fowls. They made more noise than usual. He had near his log house, at the foot of Huron street, a hen house, made also of logs, in which he kept three or four dozen hens. Hearing the cackling, his men went out and closed the heavy door to the coop, after which the noise ceased. On going out in the morning, they found plenty of feathers in the coop, but no hens. In their place a very active wolf showed his teeth, and snarled. They shot him, took off his pelt, and dragged his carcass up the Monroe street Indian trail, into the marsh, where for several days its location could easily be detected both by the sense of smell or by watching the buzzards.

Joel Guild, in 1835, built a small house a short distance northeast of the present city limits, on what he called his "marsh farm." Hearing a terrific squealing among his swine one night, he went out to investigate, and found a lusty shoat struggling between the paws of a much lustier bear, who was just about carrying his victim over the log wall of the pig sty.