

# THE TRAPPER

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## THE GREAT MOUNTAIN GOLD MINE

It was a day in late September, the trees had just put on their Autumn colors, and the air had the hozy look of Indian summer, all this my brother and I noticed but not with much thought, we had stopped to get our bearings on a low peak of one of the numerous ranges of Hazleton, this one in particular was called Great Mountain not so much because of its size as because of its rough-

ness and impenetrable character,

Many had been lost on this mountain and we though we did not call our selves lost were a little puzzled in regard to direction, we lived at a distance of about five miles from the foot of this mountain and had hunted some along the sides at different times but this was the first time we had ever penetrated to any great depth its solitudes, to day we had resolved to



go farther back among  
the peaks which form-  
ed this short isolated  
range and now as  
the after moon was  
slowly passing away  
we found ourselves  
on the top of a low  
peak with  
apparently  
an unbrok-  
en forest  
stretching  
in all di-  
rections  
from us  
covering  
peaks and valleys a  
like. Nine good miles  
probably lay between  
us and home four  
of which was through  
an unknown forest  
with the possibility  
of getting again  
and only three hours

more to do it in be-  
fore sunset, we took  
our direction and  
set, due west by  
the sun, our route  
took us down through  
a deep valley, the  
slopes of which were  
thickly  
wooded  
with spruce,  
birch and  
maple, and  
grown  
up with  
underbrush  
of Moose

bush it was a  
tangled and wild look-  
ing place, we hurried  
on down the gulch  
following a small  
stream







