“Close by the Great Aspen I saw where it had entered or come out of the water under a shelf of ice left adhering to a maple. There it apparently played and slid on the level ice, making a broad trail as if a shovel had been shoved along, just eight inches wide, without a foot-track in it for four feet or more. And again the trail was only two inches wide and between the foot-tracks, which were side by side and twenty-two inches apart. It had left much dung on th eice, soft, yellow, bowel-like, like a gum that has been chewed in consistency.”