

rather further back than was intended. On feeling the shot he gave a tremendous bound, and galloped off. I followed at a run, keeping out of sight as much as possible. When he stopped, which he did after a few hundred yards, I gave him another barrel. This took effect but low, and he again galloped off, and as he disappeared over a slight rise I gave him a final shot. An awful apprehension now seized me that he would escape, together with a sort of sinking sensation at the thought that I had missed the biggest cariboo I had ever seen, the great grandfather of all the deer in the neighbourhood—and oh, those horns!—breathlessly I ascended the summit of the hill, anxiously I cast my eyes ahead, expecting to see the deer careering over the plain, but to my surprise he was nowhere in sight. Turning to the Indian, I exclaimed, “Where is he?” “There, he dying,” answered Sebattis, pointing to a rock fifty yards to our right, where the noble animal lay breathing his last gasp. Oh, what a relief, what a moment of delight never to be forgotten! At last I had accomplished that for which I had toiled for weeks, thought of by day and dreamt of by night.