

but I have never seen so bad a country as that which Cassidy had selected for our head-quarters. All my hard work was thrown away, however, as we never saw a fresh track; so Benny suggested that he should go off alone for a couple of days and make a long circuit, with a view to finding out where the cariboo had gone. Tim insisted on going with him, and although I felt sure he would spoil the sport if there was any, I was thankful to get rid of him if only for a day; but one day with Benny was quite enough for Tim, and next morning he turned up alone and gave me a most harrowing description of his sufferings the previous night. They had come on fresh tracks and followed all day from dawn to dusk. "Bedad, it was terrible work," said Tim; "and ye see when it came on night, divil a bit would we light a fire or put a match to our pipe for fear of scaring the cariboo. I tell ye it was cowld, and we sat on a log all night and just got together a few bit chips to warm our fingers." Hardship or not, however, it was quite clear that Tim had had enough of it, as he had left Benny to follow the cariboo and returned to the comforts of the camp himself. Benny did not turn up till the following evening, and I confess I was much pleased when he told me that he had got two fine cariboo, one of them a large bull with good horns.

"At any rate," I said, "I will have something to show for my trip, though I can't say that I shot them myself."

"And who is it, thin," broke in Tim, "that's going to tell on ye that ye didn't shoot them, and ye'll niver be such a fool as to tell on yourself, surely. I suppose, now," he went on, "I suppose ye think that the gintlemen that goes out like this shoots the cariboo themselves, but divil a bit