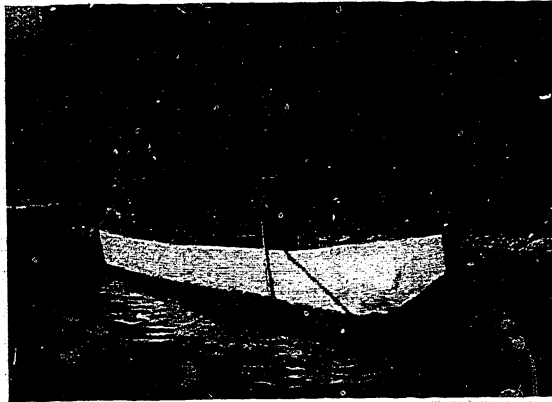


COMING DOWN THE RAPIDS OF STUART'S RIVER.

about the camp fire, with their prayers, translated, of course, into their own tongue. These incantations lasted fully half an hour, more for aught I know, as I was always asleep by that time.

With all the benefits that are supposed to come with civilization, a half civilized nature is always to me a pitiable object. He stands like the wayfarer with his journey only partly finished, thinking of what he has left behind and wondering, or supposed by you to be wondering,

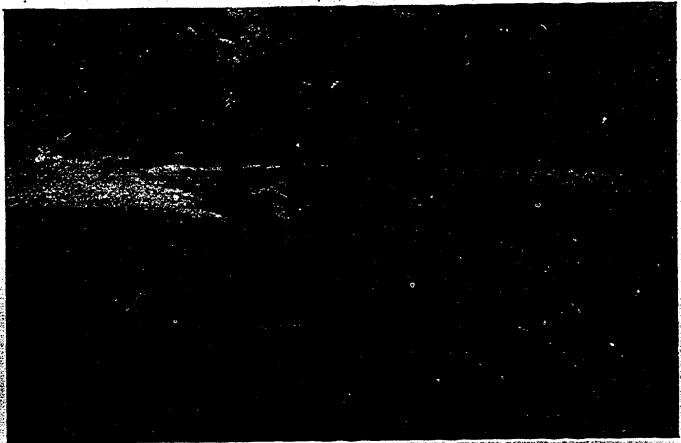


INDIAN BOYS SPEARING SALMON.

what there is at the end. A generation of semi-transformed barbarians these men are, confused with relics of former days and surrounded with new and strange contrivances which mix with the old little better than oil and water. They are unhappy victims of circumstance, knowing not which way to turn.

Autumn had set in before I said good-by to the fort, the people and the gorgeous sunsets across the lake. As we shot down the Stuart River and into the great Nechaco, the thickly wooded shores with a wealth of autumn coloring

passed in ever changing beauty. Young cottonwoods wore a brilliant chrome yellow; the underbrush protruded in patches of deep carmine and purple. In strong contrast with these fiery colors stood



APPROACHING STORM, TEINCARD LAKE.