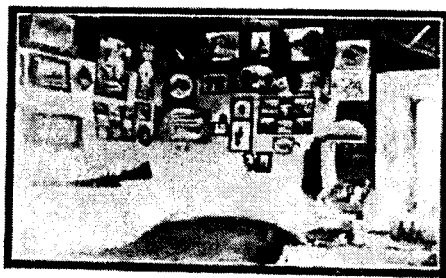




WRANGELL, ALASKA



A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR, ISKOOT STATION

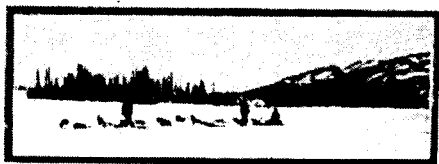
all supposed to be looking for Simon. It ended by three of the best men leaving and walking back to Telegraph Creek. Then the headman got a couple of trappers and went as slowly as possible to Hazelton. They had cost the government thousands of dollars and accomplished nothing, but to show the Indians how utterly useless they were as man-hunters.

When we had our house nicely furnished the refuge cabin, twelve miles north, was burned down by lightning, so my mate and I had to go out and build a new one. We were nearly two weeks finishing it, as the weather was bad, with nearly a foot of snow, and we were continually "shooting trouble." One day one of my dogs got a very bad dose of quills, and as we had no small pliers we could not get them out, so we left them there to work their own way out, as they nearly always do in time. When we reached home again the winter was well started. Snow fell nearly every day until there was four or five feet. Several times the wire was broken by the weight of snow on it. I have seen a roll of snow over two feet in diameter on the wire for miles at a stretch.

One day, when it was cold and fine, I thought I would go and look for a moose. About two miles from the cabin was a big willow swamp with hills at the back. I spotted a moose on the side of the hill and went around to get above him. When I got there, however, the moose had gone.

I ran as hard as I could through the willows on big snow-shoes to the edge of the hill where I could watch the bottom. I soon saw three moose tearing through the willows with their long, jumping trot. I turned my Lee-Enfield on them, and by the time the magazine was empty I had all three down in line almost head to tail. I was very pleased with myself, as there was now a winter's meat quite close to camp. When they were skinned and cut I buried them in the snow. Meat will stay unfrozen in the coldest weather for days that way. The next day I cut a trail to them, and the following day my mate hauled it all up to the cabin with the dogs.

We had no sooner got it all safely hauled into the quarters than a man from Telegraph Creek came up with a message for me to leave immediately for Nakina station, about three hundred miles north. I was mad clear through, as it was November and I had all my year's supplies in camp. It was rather a shabby trick of the powers that be to move one that way without any notice. However, I packed up my ictahs and put my two dogs in the sleigh to start on the trail for Telegraph Creek. It was seventy-five miles to the creek and it took me three days to make it, as the trail over the Raspberry Creek summit (5,400 feet) was very bad. I waited at the creek till the first winter mail went through to Atlin so as to have company on the trail. We had to break trail all the way, but in spite of this we made pretty good time, as we had



INDIANS ON THE ISKOOT



ROYAL MAIL, NAKINA, ON THE ROAD TO ATLIN