

for some seconds. George was just about to fire when I cried, "Don't fire, or you'll frighten the bear." So the wolf got away, and as Mr. Bruin was better acquainted with those parts than we were he also got off scot free.

Rough Bark Creek was soon reached. This was the part for which we had set out. We were prevented from crossing by the great depth of mud, so there was no alternative but to retrace our steps. Near this creek we saw about a hundred acres of sun-flowers in full bloom.

About fifteen miles from our hut, night overtook us, and we were obliged to camp, it being dangerous to go on. All our provisions were gone, excepting two hard biscuits and it was too dark to look for water, so we were without fire, water or food. The mosquitoes had it all their own way that night, both with ourselves and the horses.

We reached the hut about six o'clock next morning, both hungry and thirsty. After a good meal, my brother, and I started to inspect the north side of the river, taking the ponies and one day's provisions, as our journey would not be so long. Whilst resting in the middle of the day we set fire to the prairie grass some distance off to the windward so that the smoke might be blown towards us and thus protect us from the mosquitoes, this answered very well till we had half finished lunch, when the wind suddenly getting