

know that we could subsist on ducks while, temporarily, other game appeared exhausted, and, for about two weeks, they formed our only diet. We ate a great many geese and swans, besides eggs of various weights and measures, from the snow-bunting to the *cokejoke*, by which name the arctic swan is known. Its egg is about the size of a pint cup, and one would afford a solid meal to at least two persons. During the first few weeks of our occupancy of Camp Daly, we frequently sought the neighboring ponds and lakes to bring fresh game to our larder, and found the ducklings and goslings most delightful food. Our incursions did not seem to affect the quantity displayed, and not until the day came when all the waters were frozen did we recognize the fact that our geese had wandered. An amusing incident occurred shortly after our arrival at this camp, and after the natives had nearly all departed to their hunting-grounds. Lieutenant Schwatka desired to establish north and south points by a culmination of the planet Jupiter, and had stationed Henry at the farther point with a pan of oil and moss to show as a light, while he himself made the observations, and, in order to distinguish his signals from all the ordinary sounds of camp-life, chose a duck call, which happened to remain in his shot-gun case, by which to indicate the direction. One "quack" meant to the left, two, to the right, and three, to remain as you were. Presently came the signal "quack," and Henry stepped to the right, a little too far. "Quack, quack," sounded the lieutenant's call, and Henry started to the left with his pan of oil, but at the same time the sound smote the ears of the ducks on North Hudson Bay and adjacent waters, and quickly came the responsive cry: "Quack, quack," "Quack, quack," until the whole department of ducks responded to the call, and Henry, in his confusion running from point to point, at last asked relief, while in the meantime the planet culminated, and the desired opportunity was lost.

One of the greatest discomforts of arctic travel is the enforced uncleanness. It is often asked, How could you associate, and maintain such intimate relations with those dirty savages, living in the same tent or snow-hut with them? To this the answer very naturally assumes the form of another question: How could they live with us? For certainly we were about as dirty as they could be. In winter, water is too scarce and too precious an article to waste in washing.

Generally all the water you have is ice or snow melted over an oil-lamp—a very tedious process. Another obstacle is the fact that you must wipe your hands and face pretty soon after washing, or they will soon be frozen; and when a towel has once been used, its future usefulness is seriously impaired. It then becomes frozen as stiff as a board, and about as available as that for wiping one's hands and face. When in permanent quarters, it is, of course, different, and a certain degree of cleanliness can be observed. Then when a towel is used it can be hung near the lamp, and will eventually get dry; but in the meantime it catches the particles of soot from the lamp, and after using it the second time it is hard to tell whether your face has been washed or not. The natives never wash, and, as they are a healthy race, suffering only from pulmonary diseases and disorders of the stomach, occasioned by overloading with rancid meat, it becomes an open question whether cleanliness is necessary to health. They have no cloth, and consequently no towels, and it is amusing to see the devices to which they are forced to provide substitutes. The men eat while sitting or standing in a circle, and pass a large piece of meat, either cooked or raw and bloody, from one to another, each in turn seizing a morsel in his teeth and cutting it off with a large knife, to the imminent peril of his nose. At the end of the meal, their hands and faces look as if they had been eating out of a trough. They don't mind the dirt, but they hate to waste the blood or gravy, so they scrape their hands, fingers, and cheeks very carefully with their knives, and then lick the knives clean with their tongues. If either the men or the women get their hands covered with oil by handling blubber, they first lick off the oil and then wipe their hands upon a napkin improvised from the skin of a bird. When a duck, goose, dovekie, or any other large bird has been killed, they skin it, gnaw the fat from the skin, and then dry it in the sun. Then these skins are put carefully away, to do service as napkins and towels.

While the spring snows are on the ground the natives suffer greatly with snow-blindness, and even after the snow has disappeared, their eyes are often terribly inflamed. There is a constant desire to rub them while in this condition, but their hands are always so dirty that to do so increases rather than diminishes their suffering. I once saw a most charming substitute, when Koo-pah came