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A KOOKPUGMIOOT ESKIMO.

On this Christmas eve, however, we were fortunate enough to find an overhanging rock and a few odd sticks of driftwood; and we had house and hearth and Arctic comfort. Over a slow fire on the top of the snow we made our tea, which, with a strip of bacon and two hard biscuits, completed each man's supper. It was far from enough, and the poor dogs had to be satisfied with a small portion of whale-blubber, but we were all used to stinting ourselves of food, and were thankful for what we had. Supper over, the Indians rolled themselves up in a knot, dog fashion, and, winding themselves up in skins, were soon asleep in the burrow we had made in the snow. The dogs were already stretched at full length, asleep, all except Zilla. Poor Zilla, my foregoer, a sturdy, never-tiring fellow, was at last worn out. It is not sentiment but sincere truth when I say that I grieved for him as for a friend.

The night was perfectly fair. A clear moon shone down on the white fields about me, and the stars were bright with an Arctic winter's brilliancy, while just before me glimmered and sank the embers of our fire on the snowtop. To the north was the great ocean; to the east and south the low, flat plain; to the

west the northern ridge of the Rocky Mountains; and all lay a pallid white. The wonder of it all held me awake until long after the fire was dead. For the moment I was perfectly satisfied with the danger and hard usage of the days just past, lost in that great land of white that stretched everywhere about me; and then, finally realizing that such days were before as well as behind, and that I must make myself ready for them, I bundled myself up for the night beside my dogs and Indians in our burrow.

Christmas morning found me up at one o'clock, and two hours later, having eaten a breakfast which differed from our evening meal only by the addition of a few beans, we were ready to start. One of the Indians ran ahead to show the way, the other took the first sled, and I, the second. The dogs ran off briskly, and seemed glad to leave our night camp, for, looking back, we could all see the form of poor little Zilla lying beside



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ESKIMO WOMEN AND CHILD.

[These are of the Kookpugmoot tribe. There is little real difference between the various tribes of Eskimo save in the matter of locality. The women of the picture have rather better and neater furs than the average Eskimo women.]

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