

NAKINA TELEGRAPH STATION

with. We lived in tents while we were doing the work, and as there was no great hurry we took a month to finish the place. The shack was thirty by sixteen feet, with two rooms. We cut about two thousand feet of lumber for it altogether and became quite expert whip-sawyers. One day I woke up early and, looking under my tent, saw two moose crossing the river just below the camp. Grabbing my rifle I rushed down and shot one of them within twenty feet of our saw pit. The others were soon down there and had it skinned and a fine assortment of steaks frying over the fire. We certainly enjoyed that moose, as we had been living on porculogs and chicken for some time. One very wet day three of us thought it was too wet to work, and as we wanted meat we went back to the hills about six miles to get some goat. We saw a bunch of about seventy-five, and soon got four nice yearlings. The young goat is capital eating, being better than ordinary mutton.

When the house was finished, I was given orders to remain there instead of at Twenty-five-mile cabin. I was glad of it, because the Iskoot was a nice place and a better game country. The next excitement was the arrival of the pack train from Telegraph Creek with the year's supplies. The pack train consists of about twenty head of cayuses in charge of three Indians. The train belongs to J. F. Callbreath, of



A NAKINA GRIZZLY

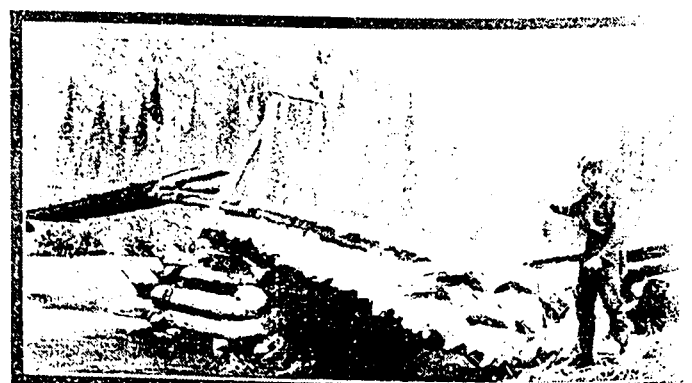
the creek, who does the Government packing, and hires horses and men to hunt parties in the fall. We were always glad to see the train come in, as it brought mail and books and anything heavy that we had ordered during the year. Generally, too, there was a bottle or two of "hooch."

As my mate was elderly and not very energetic I used to do most of the meat hunting. When half the train went on to the next station with the grub I went to the hills for goat, intending to get them to pack the meat home for me. On my way up the mountain I met a grizzly. We made a few faces at each other and then I plugged him in the neck. He rolled down the hill, where I skinned him and cut him up ready for the return of the Indians. He was quite fat, but the hide was no use. Grizzly meat when fat and not fed on fish is very good indeed.

Soon after the packers had left us, a bunch of provincial police came wandering along with eight or ten mule loads of grub and all sorts of deadly weapons, in search of one Simon Gun-a-noot, who was wanted near Hazelton for killing a white man. They went as far as Echo Lake with the mules, then packed the stuff on their backs to a camp somewhere in the woods not far from the line. They used to go around through the woods, one man carrying a pail of sour dough and another a kettle of beans.



INDIAN PACKERS, ISKOOT



LINE CROSSING BRIDGE, NAKINA RIVER