

I never shall forget my feeling of mingled relief and disappointment. I rather wanted to complete the interesting little tragedy promised, but, on the whole, my relief was great. An Indian dog had scented some moose meat hanging in the tree above me, and had manoeuvred to reach it undiscovered. Its step was most deceptive, and if I had not seen the animal I should always have believed that I had been visited by an Indian.

The Indians continued to harass me daily, and became more and more troublesome. To give them anything would, I knew, be like giving a tiger a taste of blood. Their pleas grew insistent, but I stubbornly refused them. The reader may wonder how I conversed with them. I knew a number of their words, beside something of Chinook, of which they also knew a little. Most helpful of all was my skill in the sign language, so necessary to travellers in this region, and only to be acquired by contact with the natives. One big fellow became so intolerably insulting one afternoon that I had to drive him out of camp with a club. This quarrel, which I had felt sure would bring trouble upon me, really put an end to my worries, for the Indians, like the cowards they really were, concluded that they could secure provisions elsewhere with less danger; and the very next day they began moving away to their hunting grounds. I was very glad to see them go. Besides their greedy longing for the contents of my cache, there was another reason why their presence endangered me. In one of their camps was a man nearly dead with consumption, and if he died while I was there, I knew that they would be sure to attribute his death to the white man. Undoubtedly either my life or my *ictas* (possessions) would have been required to make good the loss. I had seen the man and knew that he was near his end, and I should not have known how to avert the superstitious wrath of his friends. When all the Indians had departed except the consumptive and his family, I visited these with rice and fruit. A white man, I told them, always has a good heart, but he always does what he

chooses with his own *ictas*. Finding that they had plenty of moose meat, I bought some for Zilla.

When, after the torment I had gone through, the Indian cut-throats finally went away and left me in peace, I felt immensely happy and relieved. My courage seemed renewed, and I did not doubt that as I had proved my ability to withstand such a band, so I could also model and construct a boat single-handed, although I had never watched the building of one, and was scantily provided with suitable materials. I went down the river for several miles, and discovered that for about three miles the water was likely to be dangerous; but that one mile farther on there was an ideal spot for a camp, with all kinds of timber in abundance, and one magnificent grove of straight, slender young spruce, just what I was likely to need.

I set about moving at once, loading three hundred and fifty pounds on the sled at a time, which Zilla could easily draw over the four miles of smooth ice which lay between my camp and the spruce grove. By the time I had unloaded a cargo and hauled it up the bank, I was tired enough to get on the sled myself, and let Zilla carry me back after another load.

Thus, in three days, I moved my entire outfit, pitched my tent, and put everything in order.

My new camp was among the big timber on the river bank, and about twenty feet above the level of the ice. There was an abrupt bend in the river just above, and another about half a mile below. A belt of thick timber stretched behind me; and across the river, the country rose steeply from the water's edge. Thus I was completely shut in on all sides.

During my troubles with the Indians I had found time to plan my boat. I had heard that a man alone could cut boards from trees by placing a log in position, standing on the top of it with a hold on the upper end of the saw, and tying a bag of flour to the lower end. This feat seemed too difficult for me, so I hung my