

well fed for the first time in months; we gave them the quarters only, and cracked the long bones for the marrow which, raw or roasted, is one of the greatest of Dog Rib luxuries. Look down in pity upon "the savage and his marrow bones" if you will, but you might perhaps relish that same marrow if you had "hugled" for those bones yourself as I had done, or you might after running fifty miles pass your plate a second time for bouillon made of blood carried to camp in a caribou's stomach. Even the tendons were eaten and the feet also, after roasting them until the hoof could be knocked off.

Although I lived some time with the Dog Ribs and spent over a year in their territory, I never knew of their eating the contents of the caribou's stomach as do the Eskimos. The unborn calf, the udder of a milk-giving cow, the tongue, the marrow and back fat are the parts held in highest esteem.

Tenony fulfilled his promise of returning after "five sleeps," but marched fifty miles against a heavy gale of wind upon the sixth day to do it.

The caribou came but little nearer during the winter of 1893-84. I made three other trips in search of them and travelled five hundred miles in all, driving my own dogs after the first hunt with Tenony. Out of a large number secured, I selected eight choice specimens, and during the winter obtained the skin of an albino, for the museum of the State University of Iowa. Albinism is of rare occurrence among the Barren Ground Caribou. One of the oldest Dog Ribs assured me that he had never seen a "white deer."

Authorities differ as to the time when the antlers are cast.

The new horn begins to grow late in April and the velvet is not all cleared off until November. The old males shed their antlers in December. While in the Barren Ground in March and April, I saw large numbers of both sexes with antlers, and on the 5th of April I killed a buck, four or five years of age, still bearing them. At that season we saw thousands of caribou in the vicinity of Bathurst Inlet, which had evidently wintered there and not approached the woods as in former years.

It is said that only the females reach the sea coast where they drop their young in June. Yet I have seen both male and female caribou wading in the shoal water of the Arctic Ocean south of Herschel Island in July.