

30 COMRADES OF THE TRAILS

and buckwheat "flap-jacks" and drank their tea. Here it is: but not quite in Sober Sam's own words.

Pierre Lacrosse was a French *breed* who appeared suddenly, one autumn, on the headwaters of Little Beaver, from no-one-knows-where. He was all alone. McDodd was not lumbering on the lower river then, and that is where Pierre commenced his trapping. Sober Sam, going down the river one day, in January, on his snow-shoes, stopped at Pierre's camp. The half-breed did not seem at all pleased with the visit and failed to invite Sam to take so much as a mug of tea. Pierre seemed unstrung, and could not sit still for a minute. He kept looking around all the time and cocking his head sideways as if listening for something. All these things soon got on Sam's nerves; so he speedily hit the trail again and put five miles between himself and Pierre's shack before halting to boil his kettle. He had a long journey before him, for he was bound for Wolf's Landing, to buy provisions. A wolverine had torn into his stores and upset his calculations. That night, and the next, he slept in the snow, in a deep trench with a fire at his feet. Well, Sam got his flour and pork and returned to