

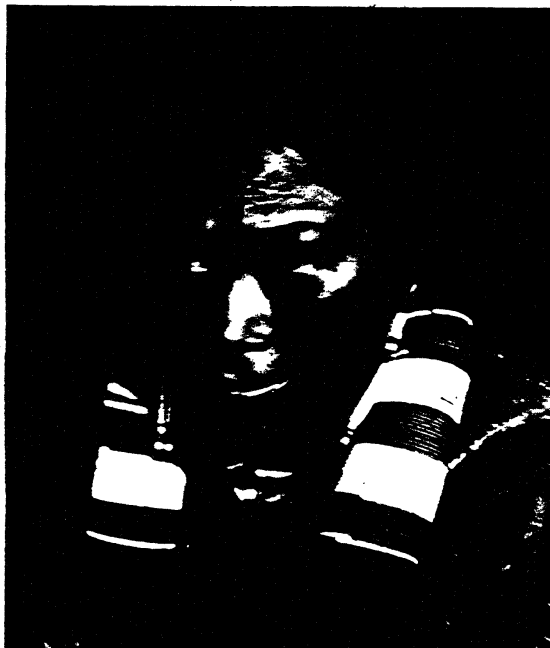
## A DAY'S WORK OF AN ARCTIC HUNTER



AN INDIAN HUT NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

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[While slightly different from the Eskimo Igloos, this gives an excellent idea of the space available for the large party with whom Mr. Stone spent the night.]



AN ESKIMO WOMAN.

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[Showing the method of dressing the hair.]

the hut as nearly air-tight as possible, — I slept well during the remainder of the night, and we started in good spirits in the morning; in good spirits, but without breakfast, for, although the Eskimo offered us more frozen fish, we decided to breakfast en route. That night's entertainment did not whet our appetites.

We bade farewell to our hosts, who had shown courtesies, if not comforts, to us, and were away for the fields of soft snow and hard travelling before us. So passed my Christmas, and when, a week later, I sat beside the fire in my little cabin home at Fort McPherson, while the wind pounded against the cabin walls, I remembered that white Christmas Eve, the unreal dreaming day by the sled, the strange meal and night at the igloo tavern, but, most of all and sadly, my old companion Zilla, who lies buried in the snow of our camp by the overhanging rock. It was the sort of day that so impresses itself on a man's memory as to become fixed forever.