

sumed, and no more could be got. Starvation and cold assailed them on every side, and soon the children and old people began to die in scores and hundreds. But still the snow came down and the misery of those that were left increased. Dead bodies lay around everywhere, dead and dying lying together. (Here the old man's voice was hushed to a plaintive wail, and the faces of his audience were an eloquent index of the tragic interest of this story of their ancestors' misfortunes.) Everything that could possibly afford sustenance was eagerly sought out and eaten. The hair was scraped from their store of skins, and the latter, soaked in the snow to make them soft, were then torn into pieces and devoured. But soon even this source of supply failed them, and their only hope now lay in the approaching salmon season. But when this long-looked-for relief came it was found that the salmon were so thin that there was nothing on them but the skin and bones. It was impossible to cure salmon of this description; moreover, they did not come in their usual numbers, and soon this miserable supply failed them also. By the help of this poor diet the more hardy of them managed to keep body and soul together for some time longer, but all who were sickly and weak gradually died off, so that in a little time there remained but a few only of the whole tribe alive. All this time the snow had continued to fall, though it was long past the beginning of summer; and now even the salmon skins and bones were consumed, and all had died of starvation but two, a man and his daughter who lived apart by themselves. These two it seems had managed better than the rest. They were the fortunate possessors of a dog, which they killed after the salmon had failed them, and this they ate, bit by bit, as long as it lasted. They also burrowed down through the snow to the moss beneath, which they gathered, and, after wiping the slime of the salmon on it for flavouring, they then made soup from it. This, together with the dog, had enabled them to outlive all the rest of the tribe. But still the snow came down, and now they also had exhausted their resources and nothing remained to them but to lie down and die as the others had done. As they sat lamenting their lot, the man happened to look soundwards, and then he saw a large fish-hawk swoop down upon the water and rise again with a large salmon in its claws. Hastily getting out his canoe he launched it, and with his bow and arrows ready at hand, he paddled out to sea and presently got within range of the eagle and shot an arrow at it. The arrow went home and the bird fell with the fish still in its claws. He quickly secured both and returned to his daughter with them. By means of this fish and bird they were enabled to sustain themselves for some time longer, and by the time this food was consumed a great change began to take place. The snow at last stopped falling and the sun appeared, and a great and rapid thaw set in. In a short space of time the great white covering of snow sank down, and the long-hidden trees, and streams, and