

sequence was, that before they had reached the middle of the river, they were right on top of the animal. So close in fact were they, that they could have jumped upon its back if they had so wished.

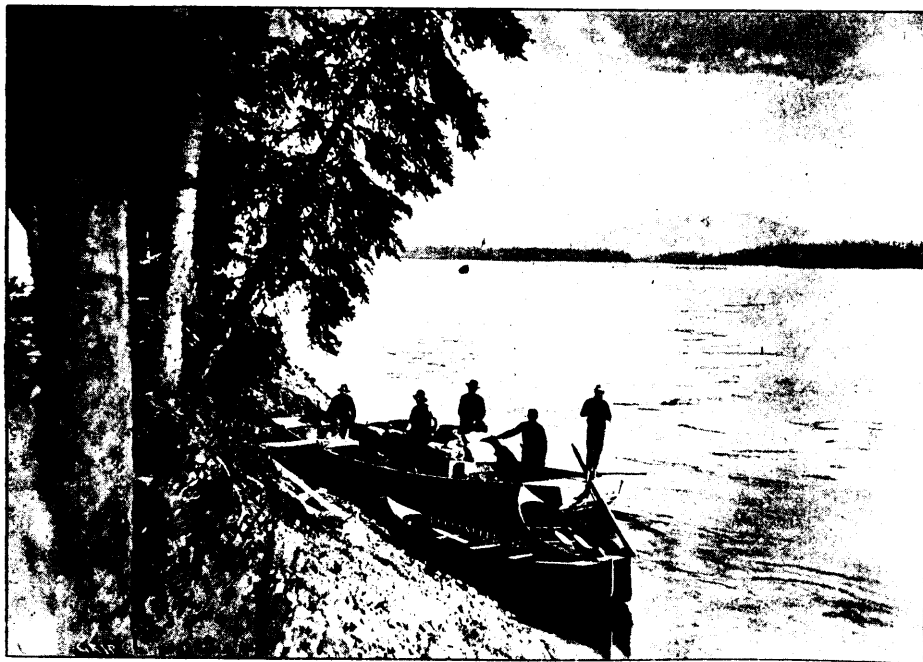
Now was the time for the *coup-de-grace*, and, when I saw Parker hastily drop the paddle, and nervously fumble about for his rifle, I knew the curtain was up for a highly entertaining performance. A puff of smoke went up, and—bang! went the Winchester, announcing that the battle had begun. Without waiting to see the effect of Parker's shot, Sparks excitedly whipped out his revolver and began a regular fusilade at short range. The fun was now fast and furious. Bang! went the Winchester—Pop! Pop! went the pistol shots—and on serenely swam the moose, making straight for a bar in the river.

"By George! Charlie, they are going to lose him," I said, laughing till the tears ran down my face. "Here is our winter camp, and lots of fresh

meat right at the door; you had better go down and try a shot."

In the meantime the young Nimrods had emptied both rifle and revolver to no effect; the moose had gained the bar and was flying across it at railway speed. Gladman, whom nothing ever unduly excited, set off leisurely. Arrived at the point where the moose had taken the water, he proceeded methodically to set up and adjust the base. By this time the moose had gained the bank and was lost to view, still pursued by Parker and Sparks, who, having no more ammunition, were yelping like a couple of dogs.

While taking the angles I was startled to see the moose suddenly break covert from the bluff right above Gladman's head and come tearing down the bank towards him. The moment was an exciting one. Startled as I was to see the animal reappear in this way, I was thunder-struck to see that Gladman was entirely unconscious of danger, and thinking, no doubt, that the moose had made good



THE EXPEDITION ON THE YUKON.