

ment. Then came its little furs, and into them it went, until, at last, it looked like a perfect bundle of fur.

A SUSPICIOUS BEDFELLOW

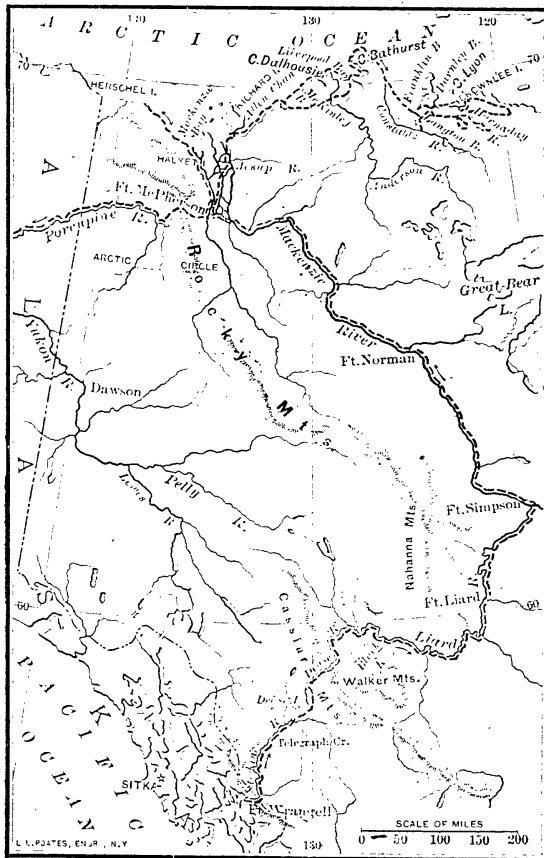
These newcomers, also, were ready for the meal of boiled fish; and, that once completed, they all turned to the frozen fish once more. When they had finally finished their eating, I talked and traded with them, giving tea and tobacco for some trinkets they had made. The evening had passed rapidly, and it was midnight when the party retired. I was allotted a larger space than any one else, in one corner, and a big, villanous-looking fellow, one of the newcomers, whose appearance I did not like in the least, volunteered to arrange my sleeping-gear for me. He succeeded far better than I could have done. Yet I could not help distrusting him, for he had a wild pair of eyes and watched me constantly. In one of the oil lamps they left



Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Stone.

AN ESKIMO HEAD.

[A characteristic head of one of the Eskimos in his prime. The bone ornaments in the lip of this man are particularly interesting. These large "tootucks," as they are called, are considered worth 100 white fox skins per pair. They are stuck through gaping holes made in the lip for the purpose.]



MAP OF NORTHWESTERN BRITISH AMERICA.

[Showing Mr. Stone's route and his geographical discoveries.]

burning a small wick that cast a faint glimmer of yellow light about the dingy hole. I fell asleep quickly, but it could not have been long after when I woke with a start. Luckily I only opened my eyes slightly, for I saw my villanous-looking friend sitting up, bending over me, and looking directly into my face. I was satisfied to lie still and watch him, but not without a thrill of fear. He sat motionless for a while, then leaned back, lighted his pipe, and took two or three long whiffs, Eskimo fashion. All at once, to my surprise, he turned over and fell asleep. Evidently his curiosity was satisfied, and he had decided that the white-faced stranger from the south was not such a remarkable man after all. For myself, I was well pleased with his lack of appreciation.

Notwithstanding my restlessness and the lack of air, — for at night they seal up the igloo entrance, its only ventilation, and make