

the winter, with a view to procure even a little fresh meat. I had Jack and three ponies with me. The snow lay deep on the ground, which made travelling very slow, yet I was able to cut off a portion of the journey by crossing a lake, which was frozen to such a thickness as to bear my cayuses. Darkness coming on we had to camp en route, so we made for some pine trees, where smoke was issuing from an Indian wigwam, off saddled and turned loose the ponies. Entering the tepee I found a squaw frying the entrails of a mountain sheep, and pouring off the grease into an empty tin. Another, much younger and beautiful to look at, with long jet black hair hanging loosely down her back, was scaling a white fish. Two youngsters, half clad and smeared from head to foot with the scales of the fish, hid themselves behind the women. The men of the lodge were out and had been off for three days visiting their traps. They returned that night, loaded with fur-bearing animals, and one of them told me they had not eaten, excepting a porcupine they killed, for fourteen hours, and here in their camp was nothing but a few fish and some black tea, yet they had still before them five months of a nearly Arctic winter. We got some flour and bacon in from my packs, and before they turned in for the night, we all had a good meal. They had laid two skins near the fire and wished me to camp in the lodge. I did, and was soon asleep, but not for long, as some one woke me, by adding more logs to the fire. Then we all seemed to rise as if by instinct, tea was made and drank, we had a smoke, and lay down again. Then the dogs wormed in one after the other and we all fell asleep. Leaving a little flour and bacon, and taking away a beautiful marten skin, I left the lodge and its hospitable occupants, and moved to the sheep mountain, where we encamped until we had secured enough meat to load the horses. We took the same trail on our way back and met with an experience on the lake that I shall find it hard ever to forget. We were about half way across, when a blizzard came up from the northeast, a blizzard such as I had never encountered before. The atmosphere was filled with drifting snow, making it impossible to see a yard ahead of us; the

wind struck the lake with such force as to blow the snow from under us, and the lake became a sheet of black glare ice, the horses could no longer travel, and were lying down, bleeding freely from their mouths, which were cut and lacerated from the many falls on the ice. The increasing cold was unbearable, we unloaded the horses and piled the loads in the air, then we dragged the horses by the tails and slid them into position, making a wall high enough to create some shelter. The saddle blankets we put over the horses, our own bedding we wrapped round ourselves, and lay down on the ice, back to back, with the horses. Night came on and with it a drowsy feeling, and a dreadful longing for sleep, our hands and feet were freezing, and I could see clearly if we remained here, one long sleep would be the last end. The gusts of cold wind, sleet and snow drifted furiously over the lake, as Jack and myself, leaving the horses to their fate, made for the shore. Jack took the lead, carrying with him a portion of the frozen meat. We reached the timber, but not before both of us were slightly frozen, and it wasn't until our fire, which we had kindled with great difficulty, began to throw out heat that we knew how badly we were to suffer. The wind abated about midnight, but the snow kept falling steadily all night, and at daylight we found the horses had gone ashore on the opposite side of the lake. Bringing them back, we loaded them with the meat and on the evening of the same day arrived at the cabin.

It was now nine months since I had left civilization, and although I sometimes felt lonely, and at times, for a moment, doubted if the near neighborhood of my own race was not absolutely essential, I gained much satisfaction in the feeling that I was alone: the only white man in the valley, that the mountains and the game on them, the rivers and the lakes and the fish in them, were mine; that the snow shoe trails I had "broken" all through the mountains bore no footprints but my own, my Indian and the wild animals that the medicine on our shoes lured to destruction. What man, under like circumstances, could help gaining a perfect knowledge of the country, and the animal-life in it? One day I left camp alone to follow one of my old