

wood to cook with. The singing of birds had ceased. The mountains touched the river on certain points, otherwise they were to be seen over this boggy level miles inland. The Indians here used boats made of the sealskin. His shack was built of the logs he picked up along the shore. The weather was colder, and I suffered a great deal.

We saw the Beaver steamer pass us one day. It rained so hard that we hauled in a slough and stopped two days. We got down by Andreafski and had to put into the mouth of a slough, where there was an Indian village. This I tried to avoid, for the Indians were regular pests,—they wanted everything that they saw, and they saw everything you had,—so I ran pretty well up the slough, but they came after us in their canoes and hung on to our boat, laughing at everything. They handied everything we had and looked into everything. I did not like this familiarity very much. I had my shaving outfit in a large tobacco can, with a blue label, and as they had asked for tobacco and we said we had none, they did not believe us, for they recognized this can as a tobacco can. They were determined to look into it, but I forbade them, and had to take it from them. This they did not like and grew sulky, and tried to annoy us in different ways.

A white man came in there alone in his boat, and it always seemed to me that he had stolen it and run away from some place. He had nothing to eat but some salmon, yet he would not acknowledge it. He took our scraps of bacon and I gave him some pancakes. He claimed to have come from Dawson. One morning he rowed out and did not return, so we came to the conclusion that the weather was better outside, and we cast off and rowed out, and, although the wind blew pretty hard, we found better weather after getting around a headland. We went on for some days, until we found that we did not have so much current. We were nearing the mouth