

when we were just here itself, and didn't Benny kill the cariboo right alongside of us the next mornin'?"

"Hang it all, Cassidy," I said, "that won't do. Didn't you tell me yourself, after you got back that morning, that you had sat on a log all night, with nothing but a few chips to warm your fingers, and that you didn't so much as light a match for fear of scaring the cariboo?"

"Sure now," said Tim, without so much as winking his eye, "I niver said such a thing at all. What would I be saying such a thing as that for? Do ye think I'd tell ye a lie now?"

It appeared to me that he never did anything else, but as there was nothing to be gained by telling him so, I went off with Benny to have a look at the surrounding country, and pick up the fresh tracks that we had come upon. So far from its being the "devil's own country," as Tim had described it on his return from his trip with Benny, it was quite the reverse, and was a most pleasing contrast to the awful spot where that intelligent trapper had pitched our first camp. The bush was comparatively open, with scattering trees and low brushwood, and if there had only been about two to three feet more snow, there would have been good snow-shoeing. A very short walk brought us on the fresh tracks, and after looking at them carefully Benny said that the cariboo were moving very slowly, and that we had a fair chance to follow them. It was too late to go after them that evening, but there was a strong southerly breeze, and as it was certain that they could not have got our wind, I returned to the camp full of hope for the morrow.

On my return to camp I at once told Tim to put up a