

shadows stealing over the land warned him that night was shutting down, and camping time was near.

Ahead lay a clump of thick fir trees, which promised shelter and an abundance of wood. Toward this he moved, the dog following some distance behind. Reaching the place, it did not take him long to clear away the snow from a suitable spot, using one of his narrow snow-shoes as a shovel. This done, he built a fire from the dead trees standing close by, and prepared a generous supply of fuel to last during the cold night. With much skill, acquired through long practice, he soon fashioned a cosy little nest on one side of the fire, from the richly-scented fir boughs. To make the shelter more complete, he erected in the background a brush barricade in the form of a semi-circle, a few feet high. In front of of this he spread a wolf-skin robe.

"A palace fit for a king," he remarked, half aloud, as he glanced around upon his handiwork. "Now for supper."

A little bacon, a few beans, a taste of sourdough bread, with some black tea for a relish, formed the humble repast.

In the meantime the dog had crept close, attracted by the warm, bright fire, and stood looking wistfully upon the bacon lying before him.

"Hungry, old boy, eh?" asked Keith. "You look