

able to impart his science to me, but I gather that it has to do with the hardness of the snow in the prints, and a calculation of the amount of sun and frost which have acted upon them since they were made. Joe can date a track of yesterday to an hour, to-day's to a few minutes.

Great excitement: gun cases are taken off and caps put on. 'Bery fresh track,' whispers Joe; 'caliboo bery near.' But on we go without overtaking them, till across another Barren we see them gallop off. 'No goot,' is Joe's commentary; 'too hard crust; scare caliboo;' which is intended to convey that the surface of the snow is too crisp, and our snowshoes give premature alarm by their rattle upon it. So we turn to search for other tracks, and finding some more in thick cover, give chase all the afternoon, twisting and turning in every direction. The owners of these Joe's manipulation again proclaims to be close ahead, but we cannot get within sight; and as darkness is coming on, and we are far from camp, there is nothing for it but to give them up and turn back again.

And now I see put to clearer proof that wonderful Indian instinct of finding the way. We have been meandering for hours through such dense bush that from two to ten yards all round has been our utmost extent of vision. There is no sun to guide us; very little light, and that filtered on us through the thick branches. It is open to us, as I suggest, to retrace our own tracks and get back to camp by the circuitous course of the day's march; but Joe simply says, 'I guess this ways,' and off we strike in a totally different direction; and by dint of occasional examinations of the tops of the trees, he takes us a two hours' march in a straight line to our camp, which he hits off as exactly as if he had had it in his eye as a landmark to aim at the whole distance; even as I well remember in my youthful days steering my college eight-oar at Magdalene tower, up the first reach of the Oxford race-course.

Joe thinks he has made this manoeuvre perfectly clear to me by explaining that the trees are fullest on their south side; and this,

though I can't see it myself, I can understand being visible to Indian eyes, which are microscopic or telescopic as occasion demands. But, given the south, how he knows the direction of the camp after the labyrinthine march of the day, is one of those things which pass my understanding.

I am desponding to-night, and think cariboo-hunting a delusion; and Joe makes it his business to talk me into a sounder state of mind. Joe's facts are not amusing, but his disjointed thoughts and broken English are very, especially as one finds oneself talking to him in return in the same idiomatic and figurative style of oratory, as if one were 'chaffing' a child. He tells me presently that our failure to-day is owing to our not having 'dreamt any caliboo.' 'Goot luck dream caliboo: any dream, goot luck. I out last winter—other Indians—hunt moose. One night one Indian he dream he see 'um squaw. Kill cow-moose next day. Bery goot dream that—bery goot luck. Dream 'um squaw, then always cow-moose.' 'Ah, cow-squaw, cow-moose,' I reply drowsily,—a remark which Joe appreciates hugely, and which really seems to throw a new light on his superstition.

'You dreamt any?' he asks next morning, as the hissing of the frying-pan wakes me to breakfast. I hadn't. 'Wall, I dream three caliboo. I guess see some to-day.'

As we go to the Barrens we cross a covey of Canadian partridges, which perch in the trees and wait to be shot, as is the wont of that singularly dull bird. I ask advice of Joe as to the propriety of firing so near the cariboo-ground; but he says, 'Oh, I guess caliboo not mind shoot, only man. I s'pose shoot heads off.' As our guns are loaded only with ball, this last advice is good; so we advance to a cowardly proximity, fire simultaneously, and decapitate two unsuspecting specimens. Joe hereupon makes his only joke of the week. As we lay them in our track ready to be picked up on our return, he says gravely, 'There two caliboo.' But this is a digression, and we hurry on to the Barrens.

Scarcely are we in the open coun-  
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