



TAKING ON AN ESKIMO PILOT.

winter travel would be impossible. Yoked to a wooden komatik the dogs drag this rude sled through the drifted and pathless woods for hundreds of miles, forming the sole possible communication between the scattered settlements along the bleak and lonely coast. These dogs are great wolfish-looking creatures with hungry eyes and menacing yelp, yelp, more like the cry of the wolf rather than the honest bark of a dog.

The dog-team has no reins, but is

guided by the voice and the admonitions of a whip of some thirty feet long of braided seal-skin thongs. A skilled driver can reach any part of any dog on his team. Some Eskimos can cut the button off your coat or take the pipe out of a man's mouth with this long lash. The dogs are proud of their leadership and jealous of its invasion. They are mortally afraid of the whip lash, but are afraid of nothing else. Many are the stories of hair-breadth 'scapes from their