

reached a place where the river widened out, and swept in towards the left bank, which was void of timber, and thirty feet or so above the river. On the right was a pebble beach, and beyond that a cluster of trees. So quiet and apparently forsaken was the place that we did not suspect danger. But there was danger enough, for the canoe, that was gliding rapidly along, suddenly ran its bow high on the concealed poles of a fish trap, and the lowered stern began to fill with water. As quick as thought I sprang into the water and supported the sinking end, while my brother hauled the canoe on shore. Attracted by the sound of voices, we looked up, to see a party of six mounted Indians, who, to our surprise, were headed by the honest looking half-breed that so earnestly declared the river to be clear. They were clad mostly in their own skin, their only clothing being a pair of native trousers each. One, however, wore a shirt of doeskin, beautifully ornamented with colored woods and beads. In their long hair, reaching to their shoulders, were a few bright feathers, and the gaudy painting on the upper part of their bodies gave them a hideous appearance. As we stood for a few minutes watching their movements, we conferred as to what had better be done. It took a while for us to explain that we were a party of explorers, making a peaceable survey and examination of the country, and were not in any way connected with the troops that were still encamped about the settlements. To prove our sincerity and friendship, we took from the canoe a pound of tea and a cake of tobacco for each of the warriors, and invited them to come over and receive them. Yet they were suspicious of the white men, and consulted for some time before the young chief came riding down the hillside, and fording the river, crossed to where we stood. On receiving our present the chief was still dissatisfied, and asked for more. He said that his party being larger than ours he should have more than half our supply. This arrangement seemed a little one-sided, to be sure, but to satisfy the chief we cut off another half cake of tobacco for each of his men, at which he was greatly pleased, and grasped my hand with both of his, shaking it heartily. His trouble now was how to carry his burden back to the village. Looking about for something in which to wrap his presents, and seeing nothing, the native startled us by pulling off his beautifully embroidered shirt and taking from beneath it an under garment, replaced the outer one to his person, and carefully wrapped his treasures in the other. This incident can best be appreciated by those who know the flavor of an Indian's clothing. He was not long in recrossing the river and mounting the hill to where his companions were. After examining the presents they brandished their rifles in the air, galloped away over the hill and were seen no more.

The river which up to this place had been flowing in a general direction eastward, now turns to the north for about twenty miles. The dip of the new valley becomes swifter and the water deeper. Throughout the entire course the valley of the Battle varies in width from a half to two miles, and this flat is for the most part overgrown with poplar, spruce and willow. In this wide valley the river meanders backward and forward in tortuous windings, so that often we found ourselves only a few rods from where we had been an hour or more before. Whenever the turns in its course are sharp, the current side of the bank is worn away, and trees and bushes, having their foundations swept from under them, are precipitated into the river. In this condition, with the roots still clinging to the shore, a jam is formed, under which the water rushes.

When nearing such a place as this on the evening of July 22nd, we saw, when too late, our danger, and notwithstanding our utmost exertions with the paddles, were swept down with the current and dashed against the bushes. The writer, who occupied the front position in the canoe, seized the fore-line and sprang to a broken limb. I threw the other end to my brother, who was struggling in the water, and pulled him ashore.

Below the rapids, where the river widened and became shallow enough for fording, we waded in. Two bags of blankets, the paddles, a small sack of oatmeal, and some other things came floating down and were passed ashore; the rest, including arms and ammunition, instruments, and notes of the expedition, and even our coats, the pockets of which were filled with cartridges, had sunk in the rapids and were lying somewhere on the bottom of the river. It was already becoming dark, and to see into the water that day in search of sunken treasures was impossible, so a consultation was held as to what should be done. Any heavy baggage, such as guns and ammunition, had gone directly to the bottom and might be recovered, but the provisions were hopelessly lost. And even should the cartridges be found, who could say if the powder would be dry. It was useless to think of continuing the journey on what we had or could recover. It was resolved, therefore, that one of us should cross the valley and reach the prairie, where perchance a camp of Indians, or some wandering hunters might be seen, from whom we could get relief. My brother selected this errand for himself, and as there was scarcely time to cross the wooded valley and reach the plain before nightfall, he started off at once. As is usually the case in that northern latitude, the night was cold, and it is little wonder that I had fears for the safety of my comrade, who had so bravely set out on foot, wet, cold, and hungry though he was, and without a weapon for protection. On going to the canoe, which was still swinging in the rapids, to my surprise and great delight I found the little camp-kettle caught beneath the stern seat. With this and the sack of meal I thought to have some supper, and make things as comfortable as circumstances would allow. But a new difficulty arose, for the matches in my pocket-case were wet. Burying them in my warm hair, I paced up and down the beach till they were dry, and then with my hunting-knife cut into the side of an old dead tree till I came to dry wood, and on this scratched the matches into flame. Supper of oatmeal, eaten from the little kettle with the aid of flattened sticks, tasted very fine. To add to my discomfort a pack of prairie wolves made their way through the woods towards me, and at times came so near that I could see the light of my fire gleaming on their eyeballs, but when they felt the heat they would not venture nearer. I was too exhausted to think of staying awake to watch the fire, so piling on enough logs to make a good blaze till morning, I wrapped myself in wet blankets, and having entrusted all to Providence, threw myself down on the river bank and was soon fast asleep.

The morning dawned bright and promising and with the first streak of light the forlorn traveller, who had been dreaming of his cheerful home, proceeded to spread his blankets in the sun, and prepare another repast from the remaining meal. I had not been busy long when I caught a sound from up the valley. I listened intently again, but the only sound that broke the awful stillness of the valley was the noise of the running water and the cry of a lonely eagle in search of prey. Yet I listened as only those can whose lives depend on catching a sound. Again the call was repeated, and this time I recognized