

or four miles through the woods when the trees were laden with sleet, until my clothing was saturated with snow-cold water, and I was absolutely—sick as I was—unable to proceed any farther. We selected some dry trees, made a big fire, and all dried our clothes, or what now did duty for them, by standing as close to the blaze as we could without blistering our skin. For dinner we had each a small piece of bread and a patch of "leather."

In the evening the snow was fairly well fallen off the trees, and we made a few miles more. The next morning was unfavorable, being cold, with a nasty raw wind, and there was a little snow under foot, which soon melted and made disagreeable walking.

Two hours in a south-westerly direction brought us to an old trail deeply trodden into the earth, and running in the direction in which we wished to go, and we followed it. It must have taken years and years of travel to wear this down as it was. At first sight I thought it was a buffalo trail, it so much resembled those I had seen made by that animal on the prairie, and, as I saw an old buffalo skull and horns lying beside it, I am not sure but that buffaloes may have had something to do with its creation. This trail ran parallel with a large creek, bordered by many extensive acres of good prairie land, covered with rich grasses and herbage. In this were many prairie chickens, but out of them all I got only one—one which was sitting on top of a tree upwards of a hundred yards away, and probably thought it was safe. We kept this trail for two and a half days, when it crossed the creek or river to the west side, and took to the woods again. The creek soon turned sharply to the east, and the valley was now very deep and contracted, and its bottom and sides became a jungle of large trees and underbrush. The trail soon resumed its old habit of vanishing, but we had no time to look for it, so we kept on in the right direction; in time

we would stumble across it, or another like it, in the most astonishing manner.

The evening of the tenth day, after a hygienic supper, we weighed our remaining provisions, and found we had six pounds of bread, *sans* tea, *sans* sugar, *sans* "leather," *sans* everything, and as our latitude was $56^{\circ} 46' 45''$, we were still by estimate thirty-five or forty miles north of our destination, but what the actual distance was none of us knew.

That night we were encamped in a fine forest of spruce and banksian pine. Now, one peculiarity of many of the northern spruces is, that great quantities of moss develop on the limbs. This, on many of the older and larger trees, gives them a very venerable appearance, as it hangs in long, hairy-like branches from every limb. This moss is exceedingly inflammable and burns with a bright light and fierce heat.

Many trees, literally hidden in this moss, were around us, and it occurred to me that I would fire some of them and see if we could not signal any Indians who might be near, to come to us. I did, but beyond enjoying the grandeur of the tall column of flame shooting skyward many yards above the tops of the trees, and making the forest around us take on a weird aspect in the unnatural illumination, we benefited not.

I made the cook divide our stock of bread into four equal portions by weight, and assigned each portion to a day. All in addition we got by hunting, consisted of seven partridges, two squirrels and two muskrats.

A laughable incident occurred while the squirrels were being prepared for cooking. Gladman was carefully skinning one, fearing to lose a particle of meat. The Professor picked up the other by the end of the tail, and laughingly remarked, "Well; she aint a very hearty meal, no how." Just as he said this, the tail gave way and the body fell into a kettle of boiling water, and before it could be got out,