

The snow was yet hard and the dogs travelled rapidly. I ran beside my sled as one in a dream. An illusion of unreality controlled me, and I became an imaginary being following a fancied dog-team over unknown, unreal fields of ice and snow. It was a land made



Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Stone.

ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILD.

[The women carry their children this way in a deep hood on long journeys. This lady is wearing a suit of "imported" furs.]

by magic, a day which made me glad for what I had been able to do, content with scanty food and no shelter, and fearless as to the future. All day long I ran with the sled. I did not tire, for my running seemed me-

chanical. I knew nothing of exertion or the passing of time, and but little of my surroundings. I remember having seen the moon at the noon hour directly north of me, about five degrees above the horizon, and I wondered at it greatly; but soon I had forgotten it all, and was again running and dreaming beside my sled. Only a few minutes after, as it seemed, I heard the barking of the dogs, and, looking at my watch, was astonished to see that I had been constantly running for just twelve hours, and at a speed of about three and one-fourth miles an hour. It was a strange sort of a day for an Arctic explorer to spend, this of running in a dream over miles of ice and snow; and I cannot explain it, unless it was because the day was Christmas day and I was alone on the north coast.

My dogs turned to climb the sloping river-bank, and I knew we must be approaching Oak Pik Igloo, where some Eskimo were living. Even while I helped the dogs to climb the bank with the sled, we came upon a narrow strip of willows, and passed through them upon the small lake. Pushing through more willows on the farther bank, we came suddenly upon the low, dome-shape igloo, covered with snow. As may be judged from my description of our Christmas eve supper, we had a very limited amount of food. And these Eskimo are very fond of white man's food. It seemed that deception was the only way by which we could obtain lodging and keep food enough to last through our journey. So I told them without any compunction that we were starving, and prepared for a night as a guest of the igloo.

The Indians had already unloaded the bedding, and had started to carry it inside. I followed them, getting down on my hands and knees and crawling through the low passageway. The atmosphere that met me from within was heavy and sickening; but, of course, one cannot be too fastidious in an igloo. While we were shaking hands with our new friends, a few dogs were thrown outside to make more room for us. The Eskimo is really a very courteous host.

A 10 X 11 FOOT HOME FOR TWO FAMILIES,
GUESTS, AND DOGS

The interior of the hut was almost square, with a floor space of, I should say, about