

good dogs and light loads. Both of us would snowshoe ahead and the dogs would follow behind.

When we reached Nahlin station, which is sixty miles from Nakina station, my dog—which had the dose of quills in the fall—was taken very ill. We had to take him out of the team and he did not get into camp till late that night, and his head was so swollen the poor beggar couldn't eat.

When we reached the Nakina summit we met my new partner, who had come up to break trail for us. You can be sure we were very glad to see him, as we had had twenty miles of heavy snow-shoeing and there were still ten miles ahead of us. We reached Nakina station, which is on the river of that name, two thousand seven hundred feet below the summit, about seven in the evening. That is the time a man really and truly appreciates a shot of hot rum.

The climate at Nakina was quite different from that at Iskoot. There is never more than five feet of snow, but it is twice as cold. The timber is quite small, therefore there is very little trouble on the wire. The temperature for December and January that year averaged twenty-four degrees below zero. The coldest day was sixty-three below. As there was plenty of wood already cut there was not much to do. There were only three breaks during the year, if I remember rightly. We spent much of our time reading and photographing, both of us being keen camera fiends. One day I thought I wanted a new pair of snowshoes, so I went off to the woods to look for sticks. I found some good ones and made the frames in a day or so. When they were dry I filled them, having learned to "fill" from a klooch while working for the Hudson's Bay Company farther north.

I had shot a couple of sheep (*Ovis Stenoi*) on the mountains and left them there till my partner and I could go up with the dogs to haul them home. When we went we left the dogs at the timber line and started straight up the mountain. When the ascent became too steep for snowshoes we left them and continued on foot. When we were about three-fourths of the way up the whole hillside started to slide downward with a terrific roar. We were upset and buried almost immediately and rolled down



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the mountain at a tremendous pace. Luckily there was a ledge on the face of the slope, and when the slide struck it an eddy was formed which threw us both up on top. The snow was still sliding and carried us down about one hundred yards further. We were both pretty well bruised and twisted, but no bones were broken. When we had dug the snow out of our eyes and ears we found our snowshoes were buried, and I had lost my mitts, cap and rifle. My partner had lost his mitts and his axe. There was about fifty feet of snow piled in the gulch where the slide stopped, and if we had not been tossed out in the eddy we would never have gotten out at all. The following day we went out again and carried the sheep safely down to the timber, where we put them on the sleighs, and thus into camp. The spring is the best time in that country. Then there are beautiful warm days and no flies. If one must travel there is generally a crust till ten a.m. Thus it is necessary to travel from two till nine and from