

"Or to build a memorial to this camp," added Percy.

"Probably Bear Paw thought we needed a little extra exercise to sharpen our appetites for supper," said Cynicus.

"Appetites!" exclaimed Bear Paw, laughing. "Need exercise? They appear to need a great deal of something and everything in sight at meal time; but we will all be glad those rocks are where they are before morning."

The noise of the Middle Fork falls, which were close to the camp, drowned the roar of the approaching chinook.

It came in its usual erratic manner: first a puff or two; then a moment of calm, as if taking breath for a supreme effort; then with all its fury it swept along, increasing in force, relentlessly and mercilessly throughout the night.

"Neither man nor beast could stand before such a wind," said Brant, after we had taken our breakfast securely sheltered in our tents. "How long is it likely to last?"

"It may be over in two or three hours, or it may last two or three days," answered Olney.

"Are they always as violent as this?"

"No," said Bear Paw, "the chinook comes in different moods. Sometimes gentle warm breaths; at others a moderate speed, up to the velocity that tears away things that are not securely fastened down."

The wind died out about 11 a.m. as suddenly as it