



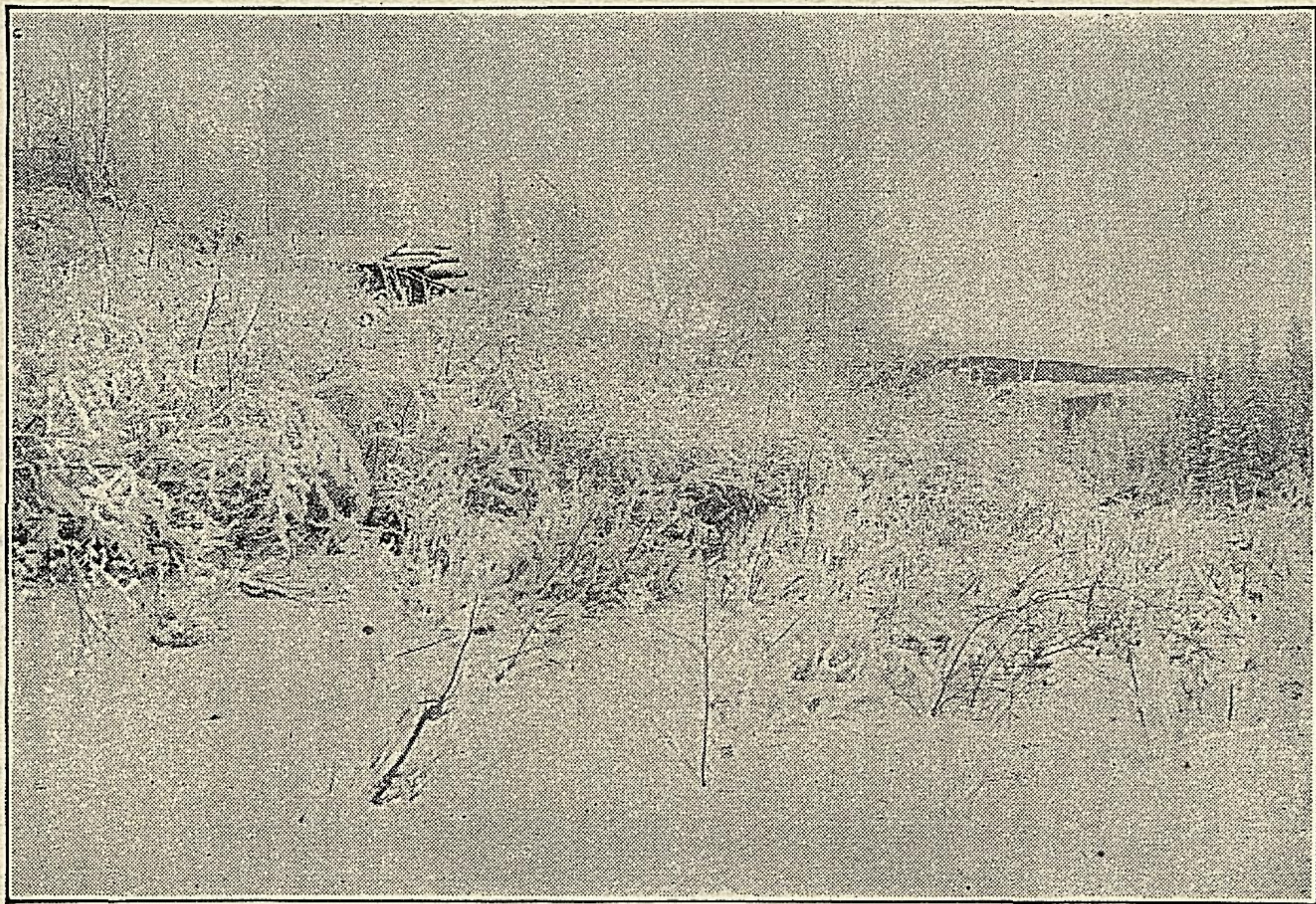
SEPTEMBER IN THE CASSIAR MOUNTAINS.

afterward found—dead. This alarmed the third bull, which then turned again and skirted the hill to the left. I fired a long-range, running shot. The bull wheeled about with his right side toward me; I fired again, and the animal fell on all fours, slid forward through the snow, and lay with his feet under the body and his head resting on the ground. As he fell I photographed him. These proved to be the first specimens ever procured of this species of mountain caribou.

The next morning I sent my white boy and Indian to bring the game back to camp.

When night came a heavy fog hung over the mountains, there was no moon, and the men had not yet returned with the skins. I prepared supper and waited for them two or three hours. Finally, thinking they might be lost, I fired three shots as a signal; instantly there arose the

most awful screams followed by excited voices, and then by a succession of wild, uncanny shriek. I stood motionless in the faint light of my camp-fire awaiting developments. Suddenly, out of the darkness, two Indians came running up to me, waving their knives and crying, "You kill Kloutchman! You kill Kloutchman!" Although badly frightened, I



A WINTER SCENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF BLACK RIVER.