



SHEEP COUNTRY.

The Rocky Mountains near where the Arctic Circle crosses them.

tried not to show it, and stood leaning on my rifle, motioning them to stop where they were. When they had calmed down a little I learned that the woman, who was still screaming, belonged to one of the three Indian families camped near me, and that she had been thrown into hysterics by the report of my rifle. The Indians lectured me on the white man's carelessness, and declared the woman would die. I thought not, but to do what I could to pacify her, I sent her the only bottle of liniment I had with me. "One-eyed Charlie," the husband of the woman, "made medicine" over his wife by beating a tom-tom, singing a weird chant, and drinking the liniment. He then came back and deposited the tom-tom and whole medicine outfit in my camp.

By this time my men had returned with the skins, and a few days later "One-eyed Charlie," marching ahead of his wife, moved her and his entire camp outfit farther into the mountains.

Later I succeeded in procuring other specimens of the caribou. After they had been brought to camp the Indians demanded a royalty of twenty dollars a head for the animals I had killed, which, of course, I refused to pay.

These beautiful animals, known as *Rangifer montanus*, are almost as large as the elk; they are proud, stately, with magnificent antlers, and their coats are dark, rich, and glossy, shading to silver on the neck. They are fearless, agile, and sure-footed, even on the most perilous summits and in the face of raging storms.