

smooth-bore. I had often heard that these Hudson Bay Indians, of whom Donald was one, could fire these guns and reload them while running; and seriously in need of game as we were, the thought came to me with much interest that I should now have the opportunity of seeing this done.

Try as I might, I could not keep up with Donald over the sharp stones, and he fired several shots at the fleeing animals, when I could not even see them over the turn of the hill. After each shot he would continue to run, holding the gun in his left hand and pouring in the powder with his right, from an old-fashioned powder-horn. He carried the lead balls in his mouth, and dropped them on top of the powder, without patching or wadding of any kind; the only ramming down was effected by giving the gun a jar with the right hand, and then on went the caps.

I finally came up with him just after I had seen him fire both barrels, pointing the gun down-hill. Whether or not the balls rolled out of the barrels before he fired I don't know, but I do know that he failed to make a hit. I had not had sight of the animals for some time, until Donald, running along the crest of the ridge, pointed them out to me. They were now fully three hundred yards below us on the face of the slide, going down at a course diagonal to ours. It was a most difficult shot, but this was my last and only chance. The country between them and myself forbade any attempt at following, and they were rapidly increasing the

distance between us. These thoughts passed quickly through my mind. I raised my rifle and fired. A shout of delight went up as I saw one of the animals fall. Upon examination I found that the bullet had struck the animal in the right thigh, whence it passed through the entire length of the animal's body, coming out at the left shoulder. Owing to the steep slide, we skinned the sheep with difficulty, and with greater difficulty still climbed back to the top with it. Rain began to fall. Camp was a long way off, but fuel and a frying-pan were there, so we hurried on.

We had now been forty-two hours without food; once in camp, therefore, the hour was late before the frying-pan was finally allowed to cool.

When we were ready to return to the Mackenzie we made the skins into packs and carried them to the Carcajou River. There I discovered that the recent rains in the mountains had swollen the river until it was now a half-mile wide. To cross it on a raft was out of the question. The drill fly of my tent was waterproof. I told the Indians to bring some poles—"All the same, going to make skin boat." We bent these into shape and tied them with strings. Then I spread out the drill, gathered it over the frame, tied the ends, and our boat was ready. We put it in the water, placed our traps inside, and with sticks for paddles crossed the stream. I thought every minute the light drill would burst, but it did not, and in two hours from the time I sent for the poles, we were ready to resume our return trip overland to the Mackenzie.

