braying sound like that of a sheep, which generally makes the deer stop from curiosity, and finally he shoots. A deer is never shot at in flight.

Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum, with several of his tribe, was camped for a few days at the north end of the lake. He promised us another visit sometime later and until that time begged for a loan of $2.00. In spite of our reduced assets we consented not so much in the hope of repayment, which seemed doubtful, but in the expectation that the favor would tend to create a friendly feeling on his part toward us. However, it was proven later that an obligation assumed by Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum was not of the uncertain kind, as he some months later returned to this region and repaid the loan. I also had occasion later on to thank our friendship as the means of being extricated from a rather threatening situation.

AN INDIAN HUNT

Our old friend Ke-Wah-Goosh-Kum entered our cabin quite unexpectedly one day. Several months had gone by since his last visit, and although he had promised the return of the gun in a few days, he now, better late than never, brought it back in good condition and, consequently, did not violate the confidence which the white man had placed in him. In a few unintelligible words he tried to explain his long absence, but whether he had spent the time in hunting or in war with other tribes, we could not understand. From the manner in which he pointed at the rifle, as well as at his tomahawk, the inference could be taken either way.

The Indian chief, with his tribe, had again made camp at the north end of the lake where they remained longer than usual. We became closer friends, and a hunt was proposed—a favor rarely granted the white man by an Indian. The Great Spirit, they say, has taught the white man to make a living without hunting and, consequently, he does not need it, while the Indian must hunt or starve. They conclude, therefore, that the white man has no right to hunt.

It was apparent that quite a number of deer were here about, and we anticipated a great deal of game under the guidance of such an experienced hunter. The ground was well covered with snow, and it was impossible to penetrate the dense forest with any degree of rapidity without snowshoes. The chief got us some, and in my first attempt to use them, I learned why the Indians from early childhood were accustomed to walk with the toes straight forward. Personally, I was rather awkward, and my heels frequently got tangled up, precipitating me into a snowdrift.

After more than an hour's walk, we were told to separate, each taking a certain direction, as the hunt was about to begin. A small tarn at some distance away was agreed upon as a meeting place, where some other Indians would come who had been sent out before to form a sort of hunting-chain in an attempt to drive the deer in a certain direction. This was a disappointment, as I had hoped to be the personal companion of the
chief to observe and admire his skill not only in finding the game but also in getting it. But to this he would under no circumstances give his consent. Directing our course, he instructed us to closely look for tracks and follow them. This is not so difficult, as in deep snow a deer has greater difficulty in running than a man on snowshoes. The Indians are used to this kind of hunting and invariably rush right up to the animals and cut the tendons of a hind leg.

The reason we were not allowed to go with the chief was either that he did not wish to initiate us into the secrets or the manner of an Indian hunt, or that he considered us 'green horns' and not worthy of the mysteries. We could not even tell which way he took, as he disappeared like a shadow.

I discovered some tracks but no deer. I observed with satisfaction, however, that they pointed to the direction where my companions ought to be, and this later proved true, and consequently, my presence had been of some use. I arrived first at the designated meeting place and built a fire to rest and warm myself, and being quite a long way from home, I would have much preferred to return than to spend the night in the woods or in an Indian wigwam. Not so my comrades. They were more inclined to bivouac for the night around the camp fire and continue the hunt again in the morning.

Carl had succeeded in killing a buck in Indian fashion, but had received a good many bruises in the encounter, and Bergwall, my other companion, felled one deer and mortally wounded another, which was later trailed and killed. We were never told how many deer the Indians had gotten, but very likely quite a few, as they seemed well satisfied. However romantic it would have been to spend the night in the woods, we finally agreed to return home. It was dark when we had finished our meal. From our hunting bags, which amused the Indians, we brought forth some provisions, which the Indians did not refuse. Even the flask had not been forgotten, and this was the first and only time I offered an Indian a drink of whiskey. However, we divided the supply equally among us, and this did not give each one more than he could stand, or need, in the cold winter night.

The stars were shining, the air was clear, and we would have found our way without difficulty, but the Indians knew a better and shorter trail, and thus we started with them in the lead and carried our heavy game on poles, resting on the shoulders from man to man. We marched in single file and in absolute silence, which is the Indian custom, but this became finally too monotonous, so Bergwall with his clear, melodious voice started one of Wadman's hunting songs, which, although beautiful and inspiring, must have sounded weird and incongruous in the stillness of the night in the wilderness.