

it common interests, that so draw us to these men in these desolate regions? I do not know ; but we are never tired of talking, and it seems as if we had known one another for years, instead of having met for the first time a few days ago.

“Wednesday, June 23d. It is now three years since we left home. As we sat at the dinner-table this even-



A CHAT AFTER DINNER

ing, Hayward, the cook, came rushing in and said there was a bear outside. We went out, Jackson with his camera and I with my rifle. We saw the head of the bear above the edge of the shore ; it was sniffing the air