



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEWING

WASH MY HANDS of him at the start. I cannot father his tales, nor will I be responsible for them. I make these preliminary reservations, obscure, as a guard upon my own integrity. I possess a certain definite position in a small way, also a wife; and for the good name of the community which honors my existence with its approval, and for the sake of her posterity and mine, I cannot take the chance I once did, nor foster probabilities with the careless being honest to myself, and to whatever prospective olive branches my wife may be pleased to tender me, I can now afford to be generous. I shall not criticize the tales told me by Thomas Stevens, and, further, I shall withhold my judgment. If it is asked why, I can only add that judgment I have none. Long have I pondered, weighed and balanced, but never have my conclusions been twice the same—forthwith because Thomas Stevens is a greater man than I. If he have told truth, well and good; if untruth, still well and good. For who can prove? or who disprove? I eliminate myself from the proposition, while those of little faith may do as I have done—go find the said Thomas Stevens and discuss to his face the various matters which, if fortune serve, I shall relate. As to where he may be found? The directions are simple: anywhere between 53 north latitude and the Pole, on the one hand; and, on the other, the likeliest hunting grounds which lie between the east coast of Siberia and furthestmost Labrador. That he is there, somewhere, within that clearly defined territory, I pledge the word of an honorable man whose expectations entail straight speaking and right living.

Thomas Stevens may have toyed prodigiously with truth, but when we first met (it were well to mark this point), he wandered into my camp when I thought myself a thousand miles beyond the outermost post of civilization. At the sight of his human face, the first in weary months, I could have sprung forward and folded him in my arms (and I am not by any means a demonstrative man); but to him his visit seemed the most casual thing under the sun. He just strolled into the light of my camp, passed the time of day after the custom of men on beaten trails, threw my snowshoes the one way and a couple of dogs the other, and so made room for himself by the fire. Said he'd just dropped in to borrow a pinch of soda and to see if I had any decent tobacco. He plucked forth an ancient pipe, loaded it with painstaking care, and, without as much as by your leave, whacked half the tobacco of my pouch into his. Yes, the stuff was fairly good. He sighed with the contentment of the just, and fairly absorbed the smoke from the crimping yellow flakes, and it did my smoker's heart good to behold him.

Hunter? Trapper? Prospector? He shrugged his shoulders No; just sort of knocking round a bit. Had come up

from the Great Slave some time since, and was thinking of trapping over into the Yukon country. The Factor of Koolih had spoken about the discoveries on the Klondike, and he was of a mind to run over for a peep. I noticed that he spoke of the Klondike in the archaic vernacular, calling it the Reindeer River—a conceited custom which the Old Timers employ against the *che-cha-quas* and all tenderfeet in general. But he did it so naively and as such a matter of course, that there was no sting, and I forgave him. He also had it in view, he said, before he crossed the divide into the Yukon, to make a little run up Fort o' Good Hope way.

Row Fort o' Good Hope is a far journey to the north, over and beyond the Grete, in a place where the feet of few men have trod; and when a nondescript ragamuffin comes in out of the night, from nowhere in particular, to sit by one's fire and discourse on such terms of "trapping" and "a little run," it is fair time to rouse up and shake off the dream. Wherefore I looked about me; saw the fly, and, underneath, the pine boughs spread for the sleeping fur; saw the grub sacks, the canners, the frosty breaths of the dogs creaking on the edge of the light; and, above, a great streamer of the aurors bridging the zenith from southeast to northwest. I shivered. There is a magic in the Northern night which steals in on one like fevers from malarial marshes. You are clutched and dowed before you are aware. Then I looked to the snowholes, lying prone and crossed where he had flung them. Also I had an eye to my tobacco pouch. Half, at least, of its godly store had rammed. That settled it. Fancy had not tricked me after all.

Crazed with suffering, I thought, looking steadfastly at the sun. One of those wild stampedes, staved far from his bearings and wandering like a lost soul through great wastes and unknown deserts. Oh, well, let his moods slip on, until, maybe, he gathers his tangled wits together. Who knows!—the mere sound of a fellow creature's voice may bring all straight again.

So I led him on in talk, and soon I marvelled, for he talked of game and the ways thereof. He had killed the Siberian wolf of westernmost Alaska, and the chamois in the secret Rockies. He avowed he knew the haunts where the tall buffalo still roamed; that he had hung on the flanks of the caribou when they ran by the hundred thousand, and slept in the Great Barrons on the mountain's winter trail.

And I shifted my judgment accordingly (the first revision, but by no account the last), and deemed him a monumental effort of truth. Why it was I knew not, but the spirit moved me to repeat a tale told to me by a man who had dwelt in the land too long to know better. It was of the great bear which hugs the steep slopes of St. Elias, never descending to the levels of the gentler inclines. Now God so constituted this creature for its hillside habitat that the legs of one side are all of a foot longer than those of the other. This is mighty convenient, as will be readily admitted. So I hunted this rare beast my own name, told it in the first person, present tense, painted the requisite locale, gave it the necessary paraphrasings and touches of verisimilitude, and looked to see the man stumped by the recital.

Not he. Had he doubted, I could have forgiven him. Had

he objected, denying the dangers of such a hunt by virtue of the animal's inability to turn about and go the other way—had he done this, I say, I could have taken him by the hand for the true sportsman that he was. Not he. He sniffed, looked on me, and sniffed again; then gave my tobacco due praise, thrust one foot into my lap, and bade me examine the gear. It was a muck of the Inuit pattern, sewed together with sinew threads, and devoid of beads or fur-bowls. But it was the skin itself that was remarkable. In that it was all of half an inch thick it reminded me of walrus-hide; but there the resemblance ceased, for no walrus ever bore so marvellous a growth of hair. On the side and ankles this hair was well-nigh worn away, what of friction with underbrush and snow, but around the top and down the more sheltered back it was coarse, dirty-black, and very thick. I parted it with difficulty and looked beneath for the fine fur which is common with northern animals, but found it in this case to be absent. This, however, was compensated for by the length. Indeed, the tufts which had survived wear and tear measured all of seven or eight inches.

"Noxious!" I exclaimed, for I could not forbear the protest of my unbelief. "The mammoth, my dear sir, long ago vanished from the earth. We know it once existed by the fossil remains which we have unearthed, and by a frozen carcass which the Siberian sun saw fit to melt from out the boom of a glacier; but we also know that no living specimen exists. Our explorers—"

It at this word he broke in impatiently. "Your explorers? Pshaw! A weakly breed. Let us hear no more of them. But tell me, O man, what you may know of the mammoth and his ways."

Beyond contradiction, this was leading to a yarn; so I bailed my hook by ransacking my memory for whatever data I possessed on the subject in hand. To begin with, I emphasized that the animal was prehistoric, and marshalled all my facts in support of this. I mentioned the Siberian sand bars which abounded with ancient mammoth bones; spoke of the large quantities of fossil ivory purchased from the Innuits by the Alaska Commercial Company; and acknowledged having myself mined six and eight-foot tusks from the peat gravel of the Klondike creeks. "All fossils," I concluded, "found in the midst of debris deposited through countless years."

"I remember when I was a kid," Thomas Stevens sniffed (he had a most confounded way of sniffing), "that I saw a petrified watermelon. Hence, though mistaken people sometimes delude themselves into thinking that they are really raising or eating them, there is no such thing as an extinct watermelon!"

"But the question of food," I objected, ignoring his point, which was puerile and without bearing. "The soil must bring forth vegetable life in lavish abundance to support such

monstrous eruptions. Nowhere in the North is the soil so prolific. Ergo, the mammoth cannot exist."

"I pardon your ignorance concerning many matters of this Northland, for you are a young man and have travelled little; but, at the same time, I am inclined to agree with you on one thing. The mammoth no longer exists. How do I know? I killed the last one with my own right arm."

Thus spoke Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter. I threw a stick of firewood at the dog and bade them quit their unholy howling, and waited. Undoubtedly this liar of singular felicity would open his mouth and recite me for my sins. But he did not. "It was this way," he at last began, after the appropriate silence had intervened. "I was in camp one day—"

"Where?" I interrupted.

He waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the northeast, where stretched a fern incognita into which vastness few men have strayed and fervor entered. "I was in camp one day with Klooch. Klooch was as handsome a little fellow as I ever killed beyond the traces or showed nose into a camp kettle. Her father was a full-blooded Malenute from Russian Pantlik on Bering Sea, and I bred her, and with understanding, out of a clear-legged bitch of the Hudson Bay stock. I tell you, O man, she was a corker combination. And now, on this day I have in mind, she was brought to pup through a pure wild wolf of the woods—gray, and long of limb, with big ears and no end of staying power. Say! Was there ever the like? It was a new breed of dog I had started, and I could look forward to big things."

"As I have said, she was brought nearly to pup, and safely delivered, for I was awaiting on my knees my blind little beggar—sturdy, blind little beggar—when from behind came a baby of trumpets and crash of brass. There was a rush, like the wind-squall which kicks the leaves of the rain, and I was midway to my feet when knocked flat on my face. At the same instant I heard Klooch snarl, very much as a man does when you've planted your fist in his belly. You can stake your neck I lay quiet, but I was awaiting on my knees my blind little beggar—away above me. Then the blue sky flashed into view and I got to my feet. A hairy mountain of flesh was just disappearing in the underbrush on the edge of the open. I caught a rear-end glimpse, with a stiff tail, so big in girth as my body, standing out straight behind. The next second only a tremendous hole remained in the thickets, though I could still hear the sounds of a tornado dying quickly away, underbrush ripping and snoring and trees snapping and crashing."

"I cast about for my rifle. It had been lying on the ground with the muzzle against a log; but now the stock was smashed, the barrel out of line and the working gear in a thousand bits. Then I looked for the slug, and—what do you suppose?" I shook my head.

"My soul born in a thousand hells if there was anything left of her! Klooch, the seven-sturdy, blind little beggar—gone, all gone. Where she had stretched was a shaly, bloody depression in the soft dirt, all of a yard in diameter, and around the edge a few scattered hairs."

I measured three feet on the snow, threw about it a circle, and glanced at Nimrod. "The beast was thirty long and twenty high," he answered, "and its tusks scaled over six times three feet. I couldn't believe, myself, at the time, for all that it had just happened. But if my senses had played me, there was the broken gun and the hole in the brush. And there was—or, rather, there was not—Klooch and the pup. O man, it makes me hot all over now when I think of it. Klooch! Another Eve! The mother of a new race! And a rampaging, ranting, old bull mammoth, like a second flood, wiping them, root and branch, off the face of the earth! Do you wonder that the blood-soaked dirt cried out to high God? Or that I grabbed the hand-axe and took the trail?"

"The hand-axe?" I exclaimed, startled out of myself by the picture. "The hand-axe, and a big bull mammoth, thirty feet long, twenty feet—"

Nimrod joined me in my merriment, chuckling gleefully. "Wouldn't it kill you?" he cried. "Wasn't it a leaver's dream? Many's the time I've laughed about it since, but at the time it was no laughing matter, I was that danged mad, what of the gun and Klooch. Think of it, O man! A brand-new, unclassified, uncopyrighted breed, and wiped out before ever it opened its eyes or took out the intention papers! Well,

so be it. Life's full of disappointments, and rightly so. Meat is best after a famine, and a best after a hard trail."

"As I was saying, I took out after the beast with the hand-axe, and lunged to the heels down the valley; but when he circled back toward the head I was led winded at the lower end. Speaking of grub, I might as well stop long enough to explain a couple of points. Up thereabouts, in the midst of the valley, is an amazingly curious formation. There are no end of little valleys, each like the other such as peas in a pod, and all neatly tucked away with straight rocky walls rising on all sides, and ending at the lower end the valley; but when he circled toward the drainage or glaciers must have broken out. The only way in is through those mouths, and they are all small, and some smaller than others. As to grub—you're almost dead with nothing of small game to man."

"But to get back. Down at the lower end of the valley I got winded and gave over. I began to speculate, for when my wild mind me my dander got hotter and hotter, and I knew I'd never know peace of mind till I dined on roasted mammoth-meat. And I knew, also, that that mood for *shokoon mook-pakap*—or *ooce* Chitook, I mean there was a big fight coming. Now the mouth of my valley was very narrow, and I was in a narrow place. I saw one of those big pivot rocks, or balancing rocks as some call them, weighing all of a couple of hundred tons. Just the thing, I hit back for camp, keeping an eye open so the bull couldn't slip past, and got my ammunition. I was in worse a situation with the rifle smashed; so I opened the shells, planted the powder under the rock, and touched it off with slow fuse. Wam! wam! wam! with force and grasses and such things in patches higher than your head. Rain three days out of four during the summer months; and food in them for a thousand mammoths, to say nothing of small game to man."

"But how did you have him?" I queried. "Who ever heard of a man killing a mammoth with a hand-axe? And, for that matter, with anything else?"

"O man, have I not told you I was mad?" Nimrod replied with a slight manifestation of sensitiveness. "Mad clean through, what of Klooch and the gun? Also, was I not a hunter? And was this not new and most unusual game? A hand-axe? Pish! I did not need it. Listen, and you shall hear of a hunt, such as might have happened in the youth of the world when heaven rounded up the kill with land-axe of stone. Such would have served me as well. Now is it not a fact that man can outwalk the dog or horse? That he can wear them out with the intelligence of his endurance?"

I nodded.

"Well?"

The light broke in on me, and I bade him continue. "My valley was perhaps five miles across. The mouth was closed. There was no way to get out. A timid beast that bull mammoth, and I had him at my mercy. I got on his heels again, holed like a furd, pelted him with cobble, and raced him around the valley three times until he knocked off for supper. Don't you see? A race-course! A man and a mammoth! A hippodrome, with sun, moon, and stars to referee!"

"I took me two months to do it, but I did it. And that's no beaver dream. Round and round I ran him, mo travelling on the inner circle, using jerked meat and salmon berries on the run, and snatching winks of sleep between. Of course, he'd get desperate at times and turn. Then I'd head for soft ground where the creek spread out, and lay anathema upon him and his anatomy, and dare him to come on. But he was too wise to log in a mud puddle. Once he pinned me in against the walls, and I crawled back into a deep crevice and waited. Whenever he felt me with his trunk I'd belt him with the hand-axe till he pulled out, shrieking fit to split my ear-drums, but that was that. He knew he had me and didn't, have me, and it cost more him wild. But he was no man's friend. He knew he was safe as long as I stayed in the crevice, and he made up his mind to keep me there. And he was dead right, only he hadn't figured on the commissary. There was

neither grub nor water around that spot, so on the face of it he couldn't keep an eye on me. He'd stand before the opening for hours, keeping an eye on me and flapping mosquitoes away with his big blanket ears. Then the trick'd come on him, and he'd ramp round and roar till the earth shook, calling me every name he could lay tongue to. This was to frighten me away with his big blanket ears. I was sufficiently impressed, he'd back away softly and try to make a sneak for the creek. Sometimes I'd let him get almost there—only a couple of hundred yards away it was—when out I'd pop and back he'd come, lumbering along like the old hand-axe he was. After I'd done this a few times, and he'd figured it out, he changed his tactics. Grasped the time element, you see. Without a word of warning, away he'd go, tearing for the water like mad, seeming to get there and back before I ran away. Finally, after cursing me most horrible, he raised the siege and deliberately stalked off to the water hole."

"That was the only time he penned me—three days of it—but after that the hippodrome never stopped. Round, and round, and round, like a six days' go-as-it-please, for he never pleased. My clothes went in rags and tatters until I never stopped to mend, till at last I ran naked as a son of earth, with nothing but the old hand-axe in one hand and a cobbler in the other. In fact, I never stopped, save for peeps of sleep in the crannies and ledges of the cliffs. As for the bull, he got perceptibly thinner and thinner—must have lost several tons at least—and as nervous as a schoolarm on the wrong side of matrimony. When I'd come up with him and yell, or ban him with his rifle, he'd jump like a skittish horse and celt and tremble all over. Then he'd pull out on the run, tail and trunk waving stiff, head over one shoulder and wicked eyes blinking, and the way he'd swear at me was something dreadful. A most immoral beast he was a murderer and a blasphemer."

"But toward the end he quit all this, and fell to whimpering and crying like a baby. His spirit broke and he became a quivering jelly-mountain of misery. He'd get attacks of palpitation of the heart, and stagger around like a drunken man, and fall down and bark his shins. And then he'd cry, but always on the run. O man, the gods themselves would have wept with him, and you yourself or any other man. It was pitiful, and there was so much of it, but I only hardened my heart and hit up the pace. At last I wore him clean out, and he lay down, broken-winded, broken-hearted, hungry and thirsty. When I found he wouldn't budge, I hamstring him, and spent the better part of the day wringing into him with the hand-axe, he was sniffling and sobbing till he'd worked in far enough to slum off a night. Thirty feet long he was, and twenty high, and a man could sling a hammock between his tusks and sleep comfortably. Barring the fact that I had run most of the juices out of him, he was fair eating, and his four feet, alone, roasted whole, would have lassed a man a twelvemonth. I spout the winter there myself."

"And where is this valley?" I asked.

He waved his hand in the direction of the northeast, and said, "Your tobacco is very good. I carry a fair share of it in my pouch, but I shall carry the recollection of it until I die. In token of my appreciation, and in return for the moccasins on your own feet, I will present to you these moccasins. They commemorate Klooch and the seven blind little beggars. They are also souvenirs of an unparalleled event in history, namely, the destruction of the oldest breed of animal on earth, and the young ones. And their chief virtue lies in that they will never wear out."

Having effected the exchange, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, gripped my hand good-night, and wandered off through the snow. Concerning this tale, for which I have already disclaimed responsibility, I would recommend those of little faith to make a visit to the Smithsonian Institute. If they bring the requisite credentials and do not come in vacation time, they will undoubtedly gain an audience with Professor Doolriden. The *mussica* are in his possession, and he will verify, not the manner in which they were obtained, but the material of which they are composed. When he states that they are made from the skin of the mammoth, the scientific world accepts his verdict. What more would you have?