CAMP FIRES IN THE YUKON

HARRY A. AUER

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ALONG LAKE KLUANE APPROACHING SLIMS MOUNTAINS.

CAMP FIRES IN THE YUKON

BY
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"THE NORTH COUNTRY"

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In grateful remembrance
of the beloved comrade of many trails,
MY FATHER,
who in my early youth took me by the hand
and led me along the untrodden ways of the wilderness,
this volume is dedicated.

FOREWORD

The intendment of this volume is not to present a work on wilderness travel nor is it offered as a treatise on woodcraft, though it necessarily contains somewhat of both. Its sole purpose is to accurrately record the writer's experiences and observations as a hunter of big game in The Yukon just as they happened day by day and set down in my diary at the time the events narrated transpired.

When the writer has assumed to go beyond the range of his own experiences and relate those of his hunting companions, the diary records those experiences just as related to him by his companions about the camp fire at the end of the day's chase.

For the benefit of those who may desire to follow the writer's trail into this remarkable hunting field, it seemed wise to incorporate an account of the route taken by this expedition together with a brief description of points of interest along the way. The modes of travel with their difficulties, the items of equipment, expeditionary and personal, the character of the commissary, and the methods of hunting are set forth as indispensable to a true account of the summer's work and a possible help to any who may travel the same trail.

The objects of the expedition were twofold: to observe and study the habits of the various game on their native ranges, and to obtain specimens of the game for the collections of the individual members of my party.

Of no less importance than obtaining specimens was the study of the habits of the Ovis *dalli,* being the pure white mountain sheep, and the less observed and more rare animals, the woodland caribou, rangifer osborni, found in large numbers in the undisturbed mountain ranges, which we visited. The sheep mentioned in this diary are all the Ovis *dalli,* as we observed not a single specimen of Fannin's sheep, nor of Stone's sheep. The caribou mentioned are all the rangifer osborni, as we observed no other specimens of the caribou family.

For the sake of clarity and in order to enable the reader to follow the movements of the expedition into the interior, and more particularly as it has been the writer's effort and purpose to record only facts as they transpired without straying into the fields of fiction, the writer has deemed the purpose to be best served by a strict adherence to the facts and observations set down at the time of their occurrence in his diary.

These are the things I have seen,
And these are the thoughts I feel,
As I lie in the warmth of the firelight's gleam,
Till sleep steals away my will.

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CHAPTER I

"Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling — let us go."

The northwest angle of the Western Hemisphere stretches into the Pacific Ocean toward Asia, forming the United States Territory of Alaska, well termed a "nation's treasure house." Separated from Alaska on the east by only the imaginary boundary of the one hundred and forty-first meridian of longitude, lies an inland domain politically a province of the Dominion of Canada, with a sea coast of only 200 miles on the ice-bound Arctic Sea; and this domain is also a "nation's treasure house," a land of romance and somewhat of mystery — the Yukon.

Within this Yukon Territory there flows a remarkable and mighty stream, the Yukon River,

which not only furnished the name to this domain, but with its tributary streams constitutes practicably the only artery of commerce, development, and civilization within the territorial boundaries. Rising within fifteen miles of the Pacific Ocean at Dyea Inlet on the southern boundary of the country, the Yukon rips and tears its irresistible way north by west about one thousand miles, where it crosses the Arctic Circle and turning westward flows more than twelve hundred miles through the middle of Alaska until it loses itself in the icy waters of the Pacific. Peculiar among rivers is the extent of its navigability, for steamboat navigation begins at Lake Bennet, not quite forty miles north of Dyea Pass, where rise the streams that feed the waters of the lake. From the head of navigation, and I refer to steamboat navigation, to the outlet of the river in Bering Sea the distance is approximately twenty-five hundred miles, over which large-size steamers operate all summer, excepting three and one-half miles at the canyon and rapids, where the steamboats could run down-stream, but by reason of the current it would be impossible to get them up-stream. And this navigability over so much of its course seems to be characteristic not only of the main artery of the Yukon, but holds as to its tributary streams, as the Tahkini, the Teslin, the Pelly, Stewart, Tanana, Koyukuk, Porcupine, and the White rivers are navigable for very considerable distances by the large

flat-bottomed steamboats of the Mississippi River type.

Naturally and inevitably the course of settlement and development, following the lines of least resistance, is found along this stream and its subarteries. Indeed, without a single exception, unless it be a few clustering mining camps, there is no settlement of the dignity of a village within this northland, but is found upon the river. Few indeed are the cities; when we have mentioned White Horse, Caribou, Selkirk, Teslin, Ogilvie, Fortymile, and Dawson, we have mentioned them all and by courtesy have included several that are questionable as being even of village dignity. They are all on the Yukon or its tributaries and there are none elsewhere. The Yukon courses for most of its length through a mighty sea of mountains, rising like a petrified ocean on either side of the river with green and brown and grey slopes merging into crests of eternal snows. It is truly a mighty wilderness, a land of immense silence and mystery, and of incomparable beauty. It is pre-eminently a land of the hunter, whether the hunt be the lure of the gold hidden within the mountains, or the fur-bearing animals in the forests, or the faunal life that calls to the sportsman seeker for big game. It is the land of the Klondike; it is the specially favored home of the valuable black and silver fox; it is the greatest hunting field for big game on the North American Continent. Here

alone, on a single hunting expedition, can the sportsman obtain moose, caribou, mountain sheep, goats, and grizzly bear, and the hunting fields are ample and the game plentiful.

The sportsman who would visit the game ranges of this country must go prepared, and preparation involves a very considerable element of time as communication with the interior is very slow, particularly in winter season. It was in the fall of 1913 that the writer planned his expedition to the Yukon for the season of 1914. After considerable investigation it was decided to go from Seattle to Skagway, Alaska, by boat, thence by rail across the White Pass, a distance of one hundred miles inland to White Horse, thence by pack train westward by north, following the valleys, to Lake Kluane, and then westward across the mountains to the eastern slopes of the coast range, where St. Elias and Mt. Natazhat raise their glistening snow crests to the sky. The problem of guides is always an important one for any kind of a hunt, and this is particularly true of the country we proposed to visit, as it is necessary that the guides know the game ranges and, in view of the few men living in the interior and away from the regular lines of travel, suitable guides are difficult to obtain.

Indeed, the guides are not guides at all, but are men who are living in the remote parts of the country engaged in the business of trapping fur-bearing

animals for sale. In the summer season there is no trapping, so these seekers of fur for a couple of months during the summer, and for the consideration of ten dollars per day, become guides for sportsmen desiring to visit the particular game fields with which the guides may be familiar. Oliver Wolcott, Griscom Bettle, Alfred Hoyt, Heyward Cutting, and the writer composed the expedition to visit the game ranges mentioned, and after considerable effort and an even greater delay due to irregular and slow mail communications with the interior, promising guides were engaged for the expedition.

Next to having the proper guides, the element of suitable equipment is important in a successful expedition into the interior. The outfit is the usual pack-horse equipment, since all provisions, personal outfit, and camp impedimenta must be loaded on the pack animals, and consists of pack saddles, alforjas (being canvas receptacles with leather loops to fit over the horns of the pack saddles and big enough to carry about one hundred pounds on each side of the horse), hitch ropes, canvas pack-covers, pack-horse bells, hobbles, horseshoeing outfit. For riding horses one must have saddles, bridles, gun boot or scabbard to carry rifle, and war bag or saddle bag to carry such small items as one may frequently require while on the trail.

One's personal equipment permits of but little latitude, since one is limited as to the amount of

personal outfit by the fact that horses are few and their carrying capacity absolutely limited. Such items, however, as go into the personal outfit are important and are indispensable. Footwear is the first element, and should be the best and strongest hunting boots obtainable, preferably two pairs of hunting boots, not more than twelve inches high, and calked well for rock work in climbing mountains. Four pair of heavy woolen lumberman's sox are indispensable, which with two pair of heavy woolen undershirts and the same number of drawers of like weight make the next-to-the-skin outfit. Woolen riding trousers are strongly recommended by the writer, certainly khaki or corduroy trousers are almost prohibited. Any kind of heavy flannel or wool hunting shirt will suffice, but the regular lumberman's cruiser shirt, with its many pockets and its almost complete imperviousness to ordinary rain, makes it desirable above any hunting shirt with which the writer is familiar. Any felt hat is good. The regular army hat is particularly good. Gauntlets should be of such size as to be worn over wool gloves when it is very cold. A head net as defense against insects is necessary part of the time. To this trousseau one should add a parkie, with fur around the face and wrists, as it weighs but one pound, but will keep you warm and keep out the wind and chill that one meets on the pinnacles of the mountains,

and a good sweater and rainproof slicker to be used when riding completes the clothing list.

Binoculars are absolutely necessary, preferably eight or ten power in order to locate game and determine the size of the heads before commencing a stalk up thousands of feet and involving a half a day's climb. A camera is a luxury and involves carrying extra weight, but it is the one luxury which should not be eliminated. In the matter of firearms, experts are not entirely agreed as to caliber, though the consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of a high-power rifle. Personally the writer strongly commends the 7 mm. or 8 mm. Mannlicher, or Mauser rifle, on account of its great carrying power and energy and light weight, as he believes less wounded game escapes than when one uses smaller calibers. The 8 mm. Mannlicher used by the writer and the 8mm. Mauser used by his companions were ideal in every respect and no wounded game escaped.

The selection of proper bedding for the Yukon is an item as to which one should not make the wrong choice. Blankets positively are not to be considered, as they involve too much weight for proper warmth. Sleeping robes are almost entirely used, and in the choice of robes one may have a large variety from which to choose: the lynx skin robe, those of reindeer skin, wolf, gopher, and fox

are all used somewhat, but for lightness, durability, and warmth, to say nothing of cleanliness, the best robe is that made of eiderdown. Of these there are a number that are good and there is one that is particularly satisfactory. It is a robe ninety inches square, the side next to the body being composed of very thick, soft kersey wool, the outside being of a closely woven waterproof canvas, and between these is one and one-half inches of eiderdown filling, blown into cambric partitions under heavy air pressure, and making a very soft bed and one which is warm in the most severe weather even in the open. This robe can be used as a blanket in which one rolls oneself, or by having rings and clasps placed on the edges and bottom it can be used as a sleeping bag of sufficient dimensions so that one can roll about in it with entire comfort. It weighs about twelve pounds and packs down to a small roll. A good skinning knife, carborundum stone, hypodermic syringe, thermometer, aneroid barometer, steel measuring tape, medicines, bandages, and a few toilet articles, with ammunition for gun and films for camera, complete one's personal equipment and is really about all the traffic will bear.

Naturally in the Yukon one's shelter is a tent, and in view of the fact that tentmakers have flourished since the days of Omar, the tent item would appear easy of solution. The writer used a wall tent made of a silk material, green in color, by rea-

son of the excess amount of daylight in the northland in summer. This tent was thoroughly waterproof, weighed the minimum, and absolutely mosquito-proof, having a mosquito-proof front and mosquito-proof windows, two in each wall, and one in the back of the tent. The winged pests of the North could not crawl under the tent because of a waterproof sod cloth sewed into the sides, front, and back, while the windows and mosquito-proof front barred all other openings and yet permitted a maximum of ventilation.

CHAPTER II

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur, where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the binding sunset blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?"

To the hunter of big game the long journey by train or boat to the jumping-off place on the edge of the game ranges is ordinarily an unmitigated bore, endurable only by reason of the thought of the ultimate goal. It is, however, otherwise on a journey to the Yukon: time passes rapidly, every moment is one of interest, and the scenic beauties of the journey outrun one's most vivid imagination.

On the 29th of July, laden with guns, ammunition, camera, sleeping robes, and countless other items of equipment, we set sail from Seattle by a large and comfortable ocean-going steamer bound for the Golden North by way of the Inland Passage, a run of about one thousand miles through the most wonderful inland ocean in the world, where only at three points and then only for a few hours is the traveler subjected to even the possibilities of discomfort from sailing a tempestuous sea.

Six hours out from Seattle the ship enters the three-hundred-mile Strait of Georgia, a passage between Vancouver Island and the Canadian mainland with hundreds of islands between — a strait so narrow that it seems one might almost toss a stone ashore from either side of the ship. On either side rise Titan peaks rank upon rank, their lower slopes covered with dense forestration of enormous trees of the evergreen family, while above the timberline the rocky front climbs up to the glacial fields and snow-caps cutting the sky line. The way is so tortuous that one looking ahead never sees more than two miles of the course, and always off the bow looms the gigantic peaks that challenge description and make our supply of adjectives seem futile.

When we are certain that the navigator intends to ram the mountain, the course is changed, and, surrounded by the majesty of mountains, we again see our course for another couple of miles.

The air is crisp but not chilly, as the Japan current has considerably modified the coastal climatic conditions; the sunlight is intense and there is no monotony to the wonderful panorama. Waterfalls dropping hundreds of feet down the mountain sides, as flashing strokes of living white against the green rock, and snow slides that cut gigantic swaths through the forest slopes, add to the traveler's increasing interest in a moving picture, the major note

of which is majesty and power beyond words to express.

It was while sitting on the deck, oppressed by the sense of the smallness of things artificial and the majesty of the mountains through which our watery trail was taking us, that I first heard the story of the birth of the Golden Klondike from a man who had mucked and delved for the gold in this country of wonders long before the Klondike was discovered; who knew the discoverers as comrades and fellow toilers and sufferers in a land which has use only for the strong in body and the stout of heart. The story was so simply told that I must relate it as it came to me, even though it is perchance outside the big game field. It is, however, a real hunting story, one that I have verified, and as such I submit it to the reader's verdict as to whether or not it should be included.

"As far back as 1894 there had been a few prospectors from Ogilvie trading post, who had been doing some work in the vicinity of Klondike River and Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, but the pay dirt was scarce and the prospect of anything good seemed to grow less as each party returned for grub to Ogilvie to report failure. Bob Henderson, a sailor from Nova Scotia, had come north to try his fortune in the search for gold, and for several years, in spite of poor luck, stuck to the Klondike country in a belief that he would finally make a real strike.

In the spring of 1896 Bob cleaned up a little over six hundred dollars, which was not so bad for a sailor who had never been in a frozen country before, and after his clean up he prospected around until he found gold on Quartz Creek, which he called 'Gold Bottom.' Here he found two-cent prospect (meaning two cents of gold to the pan) and returned to Ogilvie for provisions, which ran out in a couple of months. In July, 1896, he was going down one of the tributaries of the Klondike for more provisions, when he met George Washington Carmac, and in accordance with the unwritten miner's code told Carmac of his strike on Gold Bottom and invited him to come up and stake some ground. Carmac at this time was fishing for salmon with his Indian friends, among them being Skookum or 'strong' Jim, and Tagish or 'no good' Charlie. About three weeks later Carmac, Skookum Jim, and Tagish Charlie, with gold pan, spade, and other outfit, started out to look up Bob Henderson and his find. Going up Bonanza Creek, while panning for fun during a rest, they discovered ten-cent pan, but they agreed to say nothing about it until they tested the ground farther, but would come back and work it in case they found nothing better.

"After very hard travel in the valley they crossed over the divide between Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, and almost out of grub and no tobacco reached Henderson's camp. Henderson for some

reason, either because he did not like the Indians or because of shortage of his own supplies, refused to sell them anything, and since they had not found any prospect that looked anywhere near as good as their ten-cent pan on Bonanza, they decided to go back.

"Before they had gone far their grub was entirely gone, they were weak and hungry, and the going was hard and slow, and they were almost at the end of their strength. To keep body and soul together they decided to hunt moose for one day, so they separated, and Skookum Jim finally killed a moose, after which he called to his brother Charlie and to Carmac to come to him. While waiting for them he cut a piece of raw moose meat to eat and went down to the creek to drink, lying flat on his stomach, gulping the water. It sure does pay to drink in the Yukon country, for as Jim finished drinking, while still hanging over the basin of the creek, he saw in the sands more pure gold than he had ever seen before, and Klondike, the greatest gold producing camp in history, was at that moment born. Jim said nothing to Carmac and Charlie when they came up, as starving men do not talk until they have fed. The moose was quickly cooked and the three had a big feed. Then Jim showed them his find.

"Two days they stayed, panning and testing the dirt and getting pay beyond even their own belief;

then they decided to stake and record, but they got into a row as to who should stake discovery claim. Jim rightfully claimed it as he discovered it; Carmac claimed it on the ground that Jim was an Indian and would not be allowed to record the claim. This, of course, was wrong, but they settled the trouble by Carmac staking Discovery claim, while Skookum Jim staked Number One claim above Discovery and Tagish Charlie staked Number Two claim below Discovery on August 17, 1896. Poor Henderson, after his two years' work and proclaiming his find to every one, only got a very ordinary claim in the new field. Within two years' time Skookum Jim's claim, worked by hand methods of shoveling and sluicing, had paid about a million and a half dollars, while Carmac's claim and Charlie's were quite as good pay. Their ground has all been worked out a long time ago as far as ordinary methods are concerned, but the Guggenheims bought the properties with many others near Dawson and are still working them by dredges at considerable profit."

The story as told by my fellow traveler was immensely interesting, and as I sat silent under its spell and wondered if any of the numerous prospectors bound north on our boat might be destined for such a marvelous find, the narrator turned to me and with the earnest air of a man giving very sage advice said, "I have told you a true hunting story, and the moral is, when you are hunting and

come to a stream to drink, drink deep, but do not leave the pool until you have looked at the sands beneath the water."

At the northern end of Vancouver Island the steamer crosses Queen Charlotte Sound, a distance of about sixty miles on the open sea, until the narrow, protected passage between the islands and mainland is again reached. Along the course are numerous salmon canneries, while the fishing boats with their cargoes continually ply up and down the narrow, salt river between the mountains. Opposite Prince of Wales Island lies the Alaskan town of Ketchikan, a city built upon a hill, as the mountains rise from the very water's edge. A rushing stream tears its way between two mountains and passes through the town. And it is an interesting sight to go up to the bridge near the falls and watch the silver horde of salmon working up-stream and climbing the falls. Several hours beyond Ketchikan the town of Wrangel is reached; the chief interest in this place for the traveler centers about the totem poles, which are grotesque, heraldic monuments of painted and carved wood from ten to forty feet high, representing the tribal and family identity of the individual Indian who has erected the particular monument. Upon the decease of a man at the head of a family a totem was erected to his memory in front of the abode of his successor. The totem pole seems to be confined to the natives

of the coast in Southwestern Alaska, as the Northern tribes and the Eskimos have no such symbolic monuments. A short distance from Wrangel the Stikine River, coming down from the Cassiar Mountains, furnishes a route whereby the big game hunter may find ingress to the splendid hunting far back in the Cassiar Range.

After leaving Wrangel and passing through Frederick Sound into Stephen's Passage, we began to encounter floating icebergs, being masses of ice of the deepest cerulean blue color that had fallen and cracked off the ice wall of Taku Glacier and were floating about in the narrow passage, a menace to navigation but very interesting to the traveler. Approaching Taku Inlet a marvelous scene is presented; Taku Glacier, a gigantic wall of blue ice, seared with crevasses and tossed into minarets and spires, rises far back at the very tops of the mountains and descends as a mighty river of solid ice hundreds of feet thick down to the sea, pushing and cutting its relentless way between the mountains. About two hours' run north of Taku Inlet we come to Juneau, the capital of Alaska; and to Treadwell, across the narrows, where are located the famous Treadwell mines. Ahead lies the last stretch of our journey by steamship, as eight hours' sailing through the mountain-girt, natural passage called Lynn Canal brings us to the once famous gateway of the Golden North, Skagway.

To-day this city slumbers peacefully in a gulch whose front is gently washed by the blue waters of the Pacific, while from either side rise the titanic rocky walls of snow-clad mountains that veil their shoulders in the mists and lift their hoary crests into the sunshine above the clouds. The streets are quite deserted, the glaring emptiness of many shop windows is eloquent of business activities that lie in the past, and even the forward look of the inhabitants is a hope for a return of the activities of the days that are gone. Even to-day there is much talk that is reminiscent of those fond yesterdays of 1897, 1898, and 1899, when this little town was packed to overflowing with thousands of men who had come north by boat to pass through this gateway to the Golden Klondike, discovered by Skookum Jim.

There the seasoned woodsman and the veriest tenderfoot, the experienced and the self-reliant Western miner and the pitifully unqualified city bookkeeper, the fit and the unfit, in multitudes, with the common spur of golden expectations, jostled each other and made merry for a day or so before starting up the cruel White Pass trail over the mountains that hem in the town.

Of all the hordes of real pioneers, adventurers, and gold-crazed people who streamed through this port of entry into the Northern wilderness, the name of "Soapy Smith" seems to live longest in the memories of Skagway, probably due to the fact that

Soapy was not only a very live person while he breathed the air of this planet, but in Skagway he became an institution, and being an institution his memory is still green, even as the grass that grows over his upturned toes.

In the glory days of Skagway the boat discharging its varied and motley human cargo that goes to make up the gaiety of nations, landed on the dock a hitherto mild and harmless Western gambler named Soapy Smith, who in the favorable climate of Skagway developed talents of organization, until within a short time he found himself at the head of a gang of outlaws. Soapy became obsessed with the delusion that his mission in life was to relieve all incoming gold seekers of their often too meager grubstakes and all the outgoing miners of the responsibilities of wealth which they had accumulated in the form of gold dust and nuggets, and for a time he plied this form of relief work vigorously and successfully and usually by the painless method, as few of his victims were subjected to any personal violence.

He was a man of resource, and his methods were as varied as Joseph's famous coat. It is related that a missionary en route to the North to labor among the ungodly stopped in Skagway, and one evening addressed the crowd and sought contributions for missionary work. Soapy, hovering on the outskirts of the curious but none too responsive

multitude, sought to stimulate interest by going up to the missionary and taking his stand beside him, pleading for financial aid to foreign missions. He is reported to have admitted on that occasion that he did not know what a church was like on the inside, but if they were anything like what they appeared to be on the outside he was in favor of them on general principles; that they were good to look at, and that he had never heard of a real town that did not have a church, and that he was backing his own belief in the parson's cause by contributing one thousand dollars. Whereupon he gave the grateful missionary one thousand dollars, and hurried to the outer margin of the crowd to escape being overwhelmed with tears of gratitude. Then, with such an example before them, the crowd broke loose and almost inundated the missionary with contributions, until with bulging pockets he made his way to his lodging house. Before he had gone far, however, Soapy slipped out from between two buildings, poked a gun into the parson's stomach, and invited him into the dark behind the buildings, where he relieved him of the sum total of the mission contribution and then sent him on his way.

But Soapy's days were drawing to a close; in fact, he became too much of an institution and began to get on the nerves of the people of Skagway, to such an extent that they decided it was time for him to move to a warmer or healthier climate. They held

an organization meeting on one of the docks to consider ways and means to accomplish their purpose. Soapy, hearing of the meeting, decided to attend in person, and wending his way down the dock was stopped by a guard, with the result that the guard went to heaven and Soapy also made an exit via the bullet route.

But he still lives in memory, and among the interesting sights of the town is a picture of Soapy, painted on a silk banner, in a curio store, representing him sitting in an arm-chair in the morgue, looking rather stiff and peaceful, becomingly arrayed in a stiff white shirt and standing collar, with white cuffs showing below the sleeves of his coat of solemn black.

CHAPTER III

"The trails of the world be countless and most of the trails be tried,
You tread on the heels of many, till you come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight and the other is dreary and wan,
Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the Lone Trail lures you on."

On the morning of August 4th we began our journey over the mountains through the famous White Pass, which is a thrilling experience even as you travel in a modern railway observation car; for the train starts at sea level and, following the tempestuous Skagway River, it clings to the blasted ledge along the mountains, climbing ever higher toward the clouds. Far below in the purple gulf between the mountains lies the old White Pass trail, where during the stampede of 1897 men dragged their bleeding feet up the icy and rocky stairway, carrying their provisions and outfit on their own weary backs, in order to reach the top of the mountain barrier, while a few of the more fortunate employed pack horses and dogs to carry their equipment.

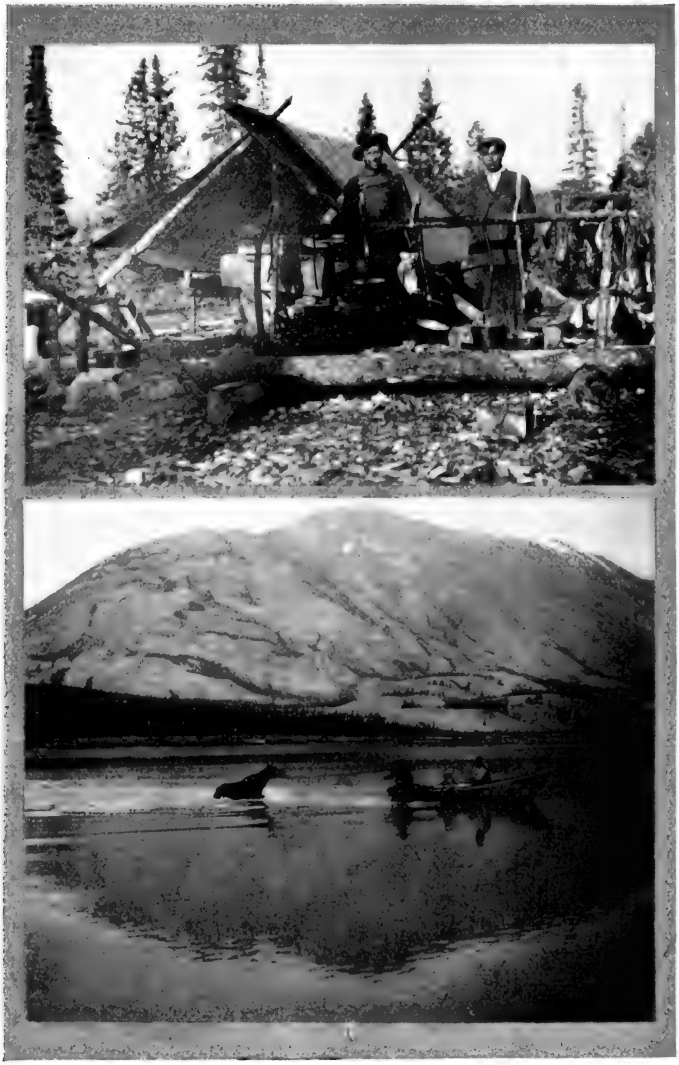
The distance from Skagway to the summit is only eighteen miles, and you make it in comfort by rail in about three hours; but in the times when the trail was packed with gold-seekers in a solid stream it took days to force their way to the top, and not all who started were destined to arrive, as many died or froze to death before they reached the top far above timber-line. Here lies Summit Lake, no bigger than a park pond, and here rises the mighty Yukon. In the days that are gone the pioneers in summer went down to timber and cut trees to build boats, if they had not carried boats with them over the White Pass trail, and following the waterways through lake and canyon fought their way north. In winter they built sledges to which they hitched dogs, horses, or themselves, according to their wealth. From the railway it is not an uncommon sight to-day to look upon the wrecks of canoes and boats and broken sledges that mark the northward course of the empire.

For twenty-seven miles the railroad follows along the shore of the blue, sunlit waters of Lake Bennet, from whose surface rise mountains of old rose color, with the snow peaks in the background. In the late afternoon we came to Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids, where the pioneers of the gold rush played with death as their unwieldy rafts and ill-constructed boats were whirled into the leaping cauldron in the mad race to the North. Many

who played paid in full with their lives the price of poor equipment and inexperience. Beyond the roar of the rapids the train comes to the little town of White Horse, which for us was jumping-off place, from which our last letters and telegrams were to be sent home and from which we faced the lone trail.

At the station we were met by Tom Dixon, one of our guides, with whose handwriting we had become familiar during the long months of sporadic correspondence, and after much discussion of plans and purposes with the efficient-looking woodsman we adjourned to a very modern grocery and outfitters' store to have our grub list put up and packed for the morrow. On an interior expedition your grub list practically reduces itself to the army menu, consideration being given only to highly nutritive values. The staples are rice, sugar, flour, tea, bacon, and beans in large quantities, with a plentitude of dried fruits, being apricots, apples, and peaches, which, with raisins, dried onions, dried potatoes, etc., furnish the proper amount of acid necessary to avoid scurvy. In addition to coffee and cocoa or chocolate there are many small items that go to make up the load, but it is only the basic elements that really count. Only a limited amount of lard is taken, as the fat on the sheep, caribou, and bear furnishes an abundance of lard for baking and cooking.

While we were giving directions for packing the provisions, our cook, George Bruce Fisher, who was



1. FISHER, THE COOK, AND ALBERT, INDIAN GUIDE.
2. TAKING HORSES ACROSS SLIMS RIVER.

to accompany the expedition, came into the store and was introduced all around. Fisher, we afterwards learned, was a most amiable man who had lived in the wilderness for years, a man of immense general efficiency around a camp, and a culinary artist of real ability, and withal a smile that was both perennial and contagious, even under circumstances that were trying. Bruce was particularly happy on this evening as this was his annual visit to town after a year's isolation in the wilderness, but we had to insist that he visé the grub list.

All went well until he came to the item: "Ten cakes common soap." Bruce looked at the item a moment and scratched his head and, turning to us with a look of wonderment, said: "Ten cakes of soup." We then explained it was "soap" not "soup," whereupon Bruce commenced to grin and finally exploded: "Awh, hell, cut it out; we don't need it. Why, McGee, who was panning up on the creek, had four cakes of soap that he had for three years and when he went outside he tried to give 'em away, but nobody would take 'em; they was all right, too, 'cause three of 'em never had the wrappers off and the other one didn't even have the letters on it wore off." This was rich, but did not sound well from a cook, but our doubts were needless as Bruce was the most cleanly cook it has been my joy to know.

The morning of August 6 found us attired in

hunting clothes, ready for the trail; the provision order had been packed in boxes and canvas bags and looked like a real load. Dixon bought a half a ton of horse feed, being oats at the current White Horse quotation of $210 per ton; it seems that at White Horse all prices for everything conceivable are on a war basis of inflation, with all advantage on the side of the seller and the purchaser having no alternative except unconditional surrender. The prices for provisions are beyond belief, and ordinary baled hay for horses costs $210 a ton, or just ten cents a pound — the result being that horses seldom eat hay.

Dixon had brought to White Horse a stout wagon, drawn by four horses, and a buckboard which would seat four of us, and the plan was to travel by wagon and buckboard along the river vallies westward to Lake Kluane, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and then abandon the wagon for pack-train transport across the mountains. Accordingly we began to load the wagon and when we had finished the transport groaned under a weight of 7,500 pounds of provisions and outfit. We started the wagon with George Wright as driver and expedition horse wrangler, and Bruce the cook and two of our party riding on the load; we started it with a prayer, because we suspected our prayers would be necessary to get the load to the top. The sand was deep and soft, the wheels sank into the

road, but George Wright was a wonderful driver, and by frequently resting the horses on the way up and by a continuous stream of persuasive conversation addressed to them while they leaned on the traces, the crest was successfully negotiated.

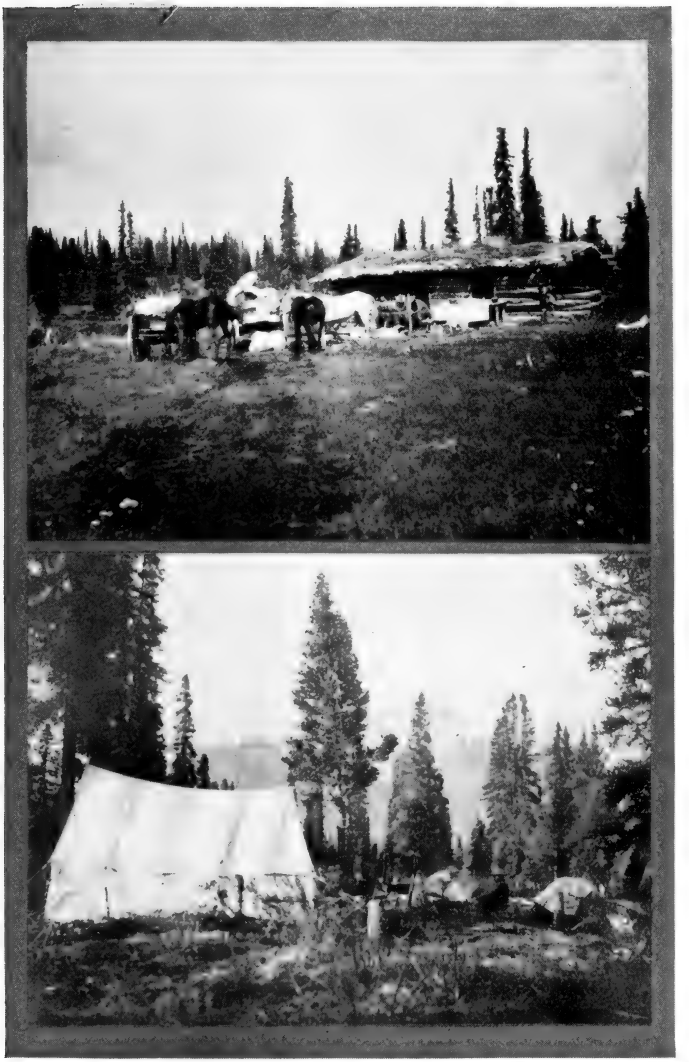
Three hours later the buckboard, with the rest of our party, took the trail of the transport wagon and overtook it at the bottom of another smaller hill about eight miles from town. The going all the afternoon was very slow by reason of the hills, which though not high were heavy, as the footing was soft. Much of the way we walked along the trail, winding through the woods of spruce and pine, while the wagon creaked and groaned its slow onward course around the hillsides. The sunlight lingers long in this north country even in August, and it seemed we had been facing its declining western glare for many hours until at 11.20 P.M. we went into camp beside the trail.

The daily schedule is not at all a matter of a certain number of miles or a certain number of hours on the road, but is determined solely by the consideration of how much travel the horses can endure, and that varies with the character of the country and the trail. The horses were given a good feed of oats and then hobbled and turned loose to feed upon lush grass growing beside a little pond, while the rest of us put up tents and the fire was started and supper cooked, after which we sat about

the camp fire until the coals died down and the night chill drove us to the warmth of our sleeping robes.

To get up with the sun in this Northland is to stay up nearly all night, which no one ever thinks of doing. I have no data on the rising hour of the sun, but my diary shows that on the morning of August 7 we were awakened by the call of Bruce: "Muck-a-muck, muck-a-muck," which is Siwash talk, meaning "something to eat." We rolled out of our eiderdown, to find the sun shining brightly even if coldly upon a frosty landscape. Force of habit is strong, so we plunged our heads into the pond, manipulated the tooth brush, used a comb on our hair, and dove into the oatmeal, ham and eggs, and bread spread out on the ground exposed to our assaults. The horses were caught, given a feed of oats and harnessed, and we made an early start.

The going is rather fair, as we are traveling on the winter stageroad from White Horse to Dawson, which is utilized to transport freight and passengers on sledges after the freeze-up ends steamer navigation on the Yukon. The country is not interesting as the route is largely through small timber, winding around the sides of small hills to slow up our progress. We walked frequently this day, and about eleven in the morning reached Tahkini River, a rapidly flowing stream with an automatic ferry which the Canadian Government considerately maintains for those who use the road.



1. "MUCK-A-MUCK" AT DESERTED CABIN.
2. HOME CAMP ON ST. CLAIR RIVER.

A stout steel cable, fifteen feet above the river surface, is stretched from shore to shore, and ropes attached to windlasses on both ends of the sixty-foot ferry barge lead to two steel pulleys which run freely upon the cables, as trolley wheels on a wire. When the barge is loaded you wind up the front windlass a bit in order that the side of the barge may be a little out of parallel with the steel cable and the course a diagonal across the current but heading slightly up-stream; the current does the rest, for, as it strikes the side of the barge, it propels the craft forward until it slides into the mud on the other bank, where you ease the wagon down the gang-plank and continue among the hills.

At high noon we stopped at a small pond and turned the weary horses out to roll and to feed and generally rest up for a couple of hours, during which we cooked dinner and had our "muck-a-muck." The small black flies were out by the millions with an activity that was akin to that of the busy bee, and head nets became decidedly in vogue.

In the afternoon we left behind us the Dawson trail and branched off to the westward on a less frequently traveled wagon track. The pace, however, was faster, as we ceased plodding up hill and down dale and consistently followed the valley of the Takini River. In the late afternoon we crossed over Little River, which is a rapid, rushing affair of not much width and which seems to be the boun-

dary of the mosquito country, as we immediately encountered a heavy advance guard and met reinforcements with every mile we progressed.

Along the wagon tracks we saw many gophers, which are quite like the Western prairie dogs and are quite edible, but we were unable to secure any of them for supper as they would invariably totter into their burrows when shot, unless they were instantly killed. The gopher really leads a life of unusual hazard in this country as they are much sought after by the Indians, who use their skins for blankets and their flesh for food, and when they are not being hunted by the natives they are hunted by the grizzly bears, that tear up the ground in digging the gopher from the burrow. Our luck was better with the birds, as Wolcott and Hoyt with their .22 rifles succeeded in adding prairie chicken and partridge to our provender.

About five o'clock it began to get cold, and in an hour the mosquitoes had gone to whatever place the persistent pests go to get warm. The horses were going slowly and stopping frequently, so we decided to camp by the roadside about 7.30, and hobbled the horses and turned them loose for the night. After supper we sat about the fire and watched a wonderful moon rise across the snow-clad mountain peaks cutting the sky.

August 8 dawned bright and cold with a half an inch of ice on the water buckets and the air as crisp

as fresh lettuce. The horses, which we had hobbled and turned out to feed the night before, were nowhere to be seen, and there was not even a suspicion of a tinkle in the frosty air from the bells tied about their necks, so we started to track them, and found they had only rambled about four miles on the back track. These horses are really wonders when it comes to traveling at the wrong time; in spite of having their front feet hobbled close together, when the wild impulse strikes they start out jumping, kangaroo fashion, covering distance at a rapid pace. In spite of our late start we made good time on the road with not many hills, and about 6 P.M. descended the long sand-hill and came to Champagne Landing at the bend of the Dezadeash River.

This place is rather interesting, as a man named "Shorty" Chambers, inspired by a belief in the development of mining in this part of the country, has built a large cabin for himself with many bunks for prospective travelers, besides a fine large log barn for his own horses and the horses of others. And while he waits for the country to grow he hauls provisions and general supplies of all kinds from White Horse, which he places in a store building, also of logs, and these supplies he trades and sells to the Indians for furs. The Indians have built many winter cabins of logs along the river front, and "Shorty" does a very large fur business at an excellent profit with his native customers. His place looks like a very up-to-

date ranch, with its windmill to pump water into the cabin; it is immaculately clean and his native wife is an excellent cook.

While the rest of us put up the tents and made camp for the night, Wolcott and Bettle went down to the river and killed fish for supper. Just across the river are some high mountains that look as if they ought to be fine sheep ranges, but Dixon says they have been killed off long ago by the Indians, who have also killed off the caribou in this part of the country, and that in order to get hunting we have to travel far beyond the Indians' range of activities.

We have now been on the road three days, and sixty-five miles to the westward looms the snow curtains of the St. Elias range, and when we reach the foot of those first mountains we are not halfway to our hunting grounds which are north and west in the maze of mountains. One is almost inclined to sing an ancient song: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way," but since the horses are standing up well and every one is cheerful, it looks as if we were sometime destined to reach the promised land.

Six o'clock was our starting hour this morning of August 9, the horses evidently being too tired to run away during the night. There were a few bad sand-hills early in the day, but after a couple of hours we found ourselves in the broad valley, six miles wide, through which winds the ribbon of the

Dezadeash River. It has been a beautifully bright, clear day, but the wind from the west is cold and penetrating, and both sweaters and gloves are welcome additions to our outfit. The valley is exceedingly level, with a floor of sand and small pebbles; it is evidently the bottom of an immense, ancient, glacial lake, as the mountains on each side about four hundred feet up show distinct beaches extending for miles as the ancient water level. At noon the black flies were out in force, but after we got under way again we had but little annoyance from them. In the afternoon our course again led us into the hills where the footing was soft, and only by hard work did we keep from being bogged up in the mud.

At one point, in order to avoid a deep gulch washed out by the rains, we made a slight detour and ran into a nasty marshy condition. The light buckboard pulled through with but little difficulty, but the heavily loaded transport wagon went into the muck and slime on one side up to the hubs and simply died. Wright addressed the horses in every known language, and in spite of his urging and his best line of talk, with the aid of four of us putting our shoulders to the wheels, the wagon did not budge. We then cut trees into short lengths and drove them into the mud under the wheels in order to make an artificial bottom to the seemingly bottomless slime, but without avail. Finally we obtained some trees about twenty feet long and seven

inches in diameter and by piling logs beside the hub and using the long tree for a lever, we pried the back wheel out of the mud and blocked it. We gave the front wheel the same treatment, and then started the horses and in this way gained about two feet advance. After repeating this procedure we reached solid ground and cruised ahead, having lost only about an hour and a half.

After leaving the mudhole we made excellent time, mostly down-grade, and late in the afternoon came to the Aishihik River, which comes from a large lake of the same name on the north and with tremendous force rips and roars through a narrow canyon across which is a very fair log bridge. There are a number of Indian log cabins at this point, but the Indians are all away at the lake fishing for their winter supply of dog and man food, being white fish and salmon, which are dried and smoked for preservation. Some one suggested a bath, but so momentous a suggestion could not be easily decided, so we held a council of war, and finally decided the process could be more comfortably undertaken now than later when we should be in higher altitudes. The outriders of the St. Elias range are only thirty miles away as the crow flies, and seem much nearer as the declining sunlight falls across their wonderful snow crests.

August 10. We did not trouble to put up the tents last night as it was very clear and cold, and

1. OUTRIDERS OF ST. ELIAS RANGE.
2. ACROSS BEAR CREEK SUMMIT.

this morning found us up for breakfast at four o'clock. Old Snorty and Ginger, two of the horses, in spite of being hobbled, rambled away, and Dixon went after them. They certainly must have decided to take a journey, for Dixon followed their trail for a number of miles before he heard their bells down in the river bottom; in fact, they had strayed eight miles from camp in spite of hobbles, and it was nearly nine o'clock when we got them back and ready to start.

After climbing a very high and difficult sand-hill we went down into the broad bottom land, and notwithstanding our late start we lunched at Marshall Creek, fifteen miles from our starting point of the morning. The afternoon found us making fast time along the bottom lands which have become much wider, being about twenty miles across and covered with fine grass feed. The black flies were thick, but even the transport horses trotted along the level course so the flies did not annoy greatly. At several points our trail cuts through willow timbers running down into the bottoms.

Here we note the remains of an Indian " fence," utilized in making a " drive " for caribou. The method was certainly simple and, to the writer, a novel one for slaughtering game that once infested this region. The Indians decided on a course to build the fence and then went through the timber along the predetermined line, chopping the trees

at a height of three feet and five feet, but only cutting sufficiently deep to enable them to push the trees over in the direction of the line, with the trunk still held at the three-foot and five-foot cutting, thus making two fairly good rails or barriers, the other end of the tree being held nearly level by reason of the spreading top branches. Other trees along the line would be felled in the same manner, one slightly overlapping the other, and so on for many miles, until an effective, continuous barrier or fence was erected, ofttimes fifteen miles long.

Another " fence " was similarly constructed at some considerable distance, sometimes two miles, from the first fence, running in the same general direction, but always converging with the other " fence " at an apex, which was usually at a draw or pocket in the mountains with high bluffs. At the proper time the entire tribe would gather, and the hunters with bows and arrows would post themselves in force at the apex of the two " fences " in the pocket or blind canyon in the mountains. The remainder of the tribe, men, women, and children, in great numbers would go out where the caribou were ranging, and form an immense circle open only on the side that led between the two " fences." Then with much noise and even igniting trees, they would close in slowly on the caribou herds, which inevitably took the apparently easiest course between the " fences " and were driven to slaughter by the

hunters in the blind canyon. These " fences " were in such condition as to indicate that they had been made at no very remote period, but they are no longer used in this locality as the caribou have been exterminated on this particular range.

In the late afternoon we left the bottom land at a point where the Dezadeash turns south, through a gap in the towering St. Elias range, and joins the Alsek River, which tears its way to the Pacific. Our road began to climb upward through the timber, following nearly a course parallel to the noisy Bear Creek coming down from the north. We camped at the foot of Bear Creek Mountain about seven o'clock and put up tents, as rain threatened. After supper a serious-minded rain put in its appearance, but across the valley a heavy snow was falling on the St. Elias range. As the rain persisted, making things uncomfortable, we turned into our tents for an early start up the summit the following day.

August 11. We were up and ready to start at 6 A.M., with the road in bad condition after the rain which lasted all night, and it is a cold gloomy day with the leaden clouds hanging low on the mountains. Rivulets of water were running down the wagon tracks as we climbed upward to Bear Creek Pass with the wind blowing strong in our faces and the transport splashing in the mud behind us. A fresh grizzly track crossing the muddy wagon road looked promising, but we did not feel we had time

to follow into the heavy timber. A red fox, surprised by the buckboard, looked at the occupants no farther away than forty yards, while a silver gray fox was seen a bit later, trotting along three hundred feet away; we did not attempt to molest them as the fur was not prime.

After a long hard pull we reached the summit at an altitude of 2880 feet and began to slide down the boggy road at a pace that quite made up for our tedious ascent, so that by noon we had reached the foot of the mountain, and lunched at Jarvis River. Some of us caught grayling for our supper, and after the horses had fed and rested a couple of hours we forded the Jarvis River and continued our westward course.

The buckboard was to be driven rapidly in an effort to reach Kluane Lake that night, while it was planned to drive the transport as far as possible and camp for the night. A short distance after starting we began to wind our slow way up Boutelier Mountain, giving the horses frequent rests, during which we tried with .22 rifles for ducks on the little ponds but without success.

On our way up it began to rain, and the farther we ascended the harder it rained and the worse the roads became, until about six o'clock, with a final lurch and groan, the transport sank in the clay up to the axles within three hundred feet of the summit of Boutelier Pass. George Wright tried cussing and

all of us tried cussing, separately and in unison, but it did not seem to help. Then we got down to real work, collected logs, and tried to block and pry the wagon out of the tenacious mire, but all to no purpose.

For two hours we worked with icy fingers in the midst of the driving rain, men and horses striving to release the wagon, while the icy peaks close by on our left with their heavy mantle of new-fallen snow added their chill to our discomfort. We finally decided that, since we could not pull up to the summit, we would hitch the horses to the back of the transport and with gravity in our favor pull down-hill; but this did not work well, for while we pulled out of the particular spot where we were mired, we only succeeded in getting the wagon diagonally across the road still stuck in the mud and tilting down-hill at an angle that threatened to capsize at any attempt at movement.

There was nothing left but to unload the transport, so in the gathering gloom we unpacked half the load and transported flour, feed, sugar, and many boxes upon our backs to the summit of the pass. Then with our horses we were able to bring up the wagon to the top, 2750 feet high, where everything was loaded, and we traveled as far as an abandoned log stable with leaky roof, which had been used during the gold stampede.

Fisher made the fire, while George looked after

the horses, and Hoyt, with the writer, fixed up a place for our sleeping robes in the stable; Wolcott was busy cleaning fish. Pitch dark we sat in the rain and ate supper, which was not particularly good, as Wolcott had forgotten grayling have scales, so we had them just as " God and Nature made them, without any improvements," and then went to sleep in the filthy stable with the rain leaking through, but still cheerful with the thought that the morrow would bring us to Lake Kluane, where we would abandon the slow-going wagon transport in favor of pack train.

CHAPTER IV

"I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.
Long I have waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first."

August 12. Making an early start from our camp on Boutelier, we traveled rapidly down the slope and at 9 A.M. came to the sunlit shores of beautiful Lake Kluane, an emerald-tinted body of water, forty-five miles long, with a setting of majestic snow peaks. This is the end of the wagon trail, and from this point we follow a dwindling horse trail which reaches a vanishing point, after which we make our own trail to the inner fastnesses of the mountains.

At Lake Kluane our forces were augmented by Jim Baker, one of our guides, a quiet genial man of about forty-five years, whose sole vocation in life has been to hunt and trap. Coming from Tennessee at an early age, his younger manhood was spent in the West hunting game to supply meat to the lumber and mining camps. During the gold stampede to the Yukon he came north with the mining hordes, consistently resisted the mining fever, and continued

to hunt game to supply the miners with fresh meat. Of late years he has been engaged in trapping fur-bearing animals and his reputation is that of a man who knows game.

Lake Kluane is forty-five miles long, and as part of our horses are at the lower end of the lake and the greater part are at the northern end, we decided to take most of our provisions and outfit to the upper end of the lake by two twenty-foot boats, while some of us rounded up the horses at the lower end of the lake. Accordingly late in the afternoon Jim Baker and George Wright, with Hoyt and Wolcott, started for the lower end of the lake and succeeded in rounding up the horses preparatory to getting them across the Slims River, a glacial stream half a mile wide, with strong current and full of quicksands.

There is a skiff on either side of the river and one horse was tied behind the skiff, and as the oarsmen row across the rest of the horses are driven into the water behind the towed horse; and as they usually follow a lead horse, the crossing was successfully made without much difficulty, except one horse was swept down-stream about one hundred yards and floundered around before he could reach solid footing on the bank; after reaching which the party proceeded to Jim Baker's cabin for the night, to make an early start up the lake the following day.

Dixon the guide, with Bettle and the writer,

started out with one of the boats, leaving Bruce the cook, with Cutting, to come along with the second boat. After proceeding about ten miles we struck a heavy squall and our boat being heavily loaded with only three inches of gunwale above water line, we ran before the wind for the western shore, which we reached about 6.30. After unloading our supplies on the beach and erecting tent, one of us located a band of sheep on the mountain, four miles from camp, and feeding at an altitude of about five thousand feet.

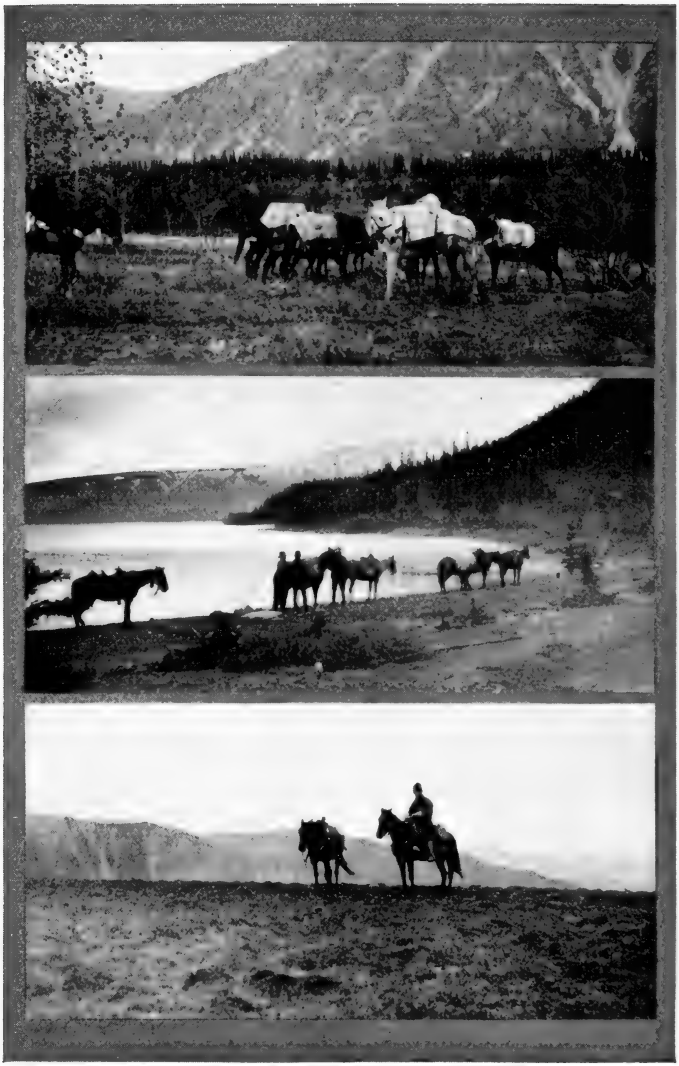
We studied the mountain through our glasses for a few minutes and decided that while we would have to stalk them almost straight up, yet with good luck and the protection of a small draw we would have a chance of getting within shooting distance.

Dixon and the writer started up a canyon with a wild stream roaring through the rocks, and after proceeding a couple of miles it became evident we must climb the walls and get up on the mountain slope. The walls were as nearly perpendicular as any bit of natural architecture the writer had ever assayed, but they were mostly of rock with little soil to make uncertain footing, so by using hands and feet we clung to the rocky face, sometimes going up, sometimes making our way carefully across the face to a more favorable point of ascent, and finally reached the top about six hundred feet up the mountain. After waiting a moment to get a new supply

of breath, we hurried through the timber with a very poor footing of moss, through which we would sink every step into the watery muck beneath.

Above timber line we stopped to take a look at the sheep, which turned out to be ewes, and as they had somewhat shifted their position we traveled up a small gulch in plain sight of the band. Part of the time we bent double in order to take advantage of the screen of low willows, and in the clear places we crawled along until we would reach another willow patch. In this slow manner we came to the base where the mountain rises abruptly into the clouds, and from which point we were hidden from the sheep, which as last seen were about fifteen hundred feet above us. Now began the stalk up the tundra-covered slope where our feet sank into the soft, matted roots. Dixon, though about fifty years old, traveled very fast, with the writer straining every aching muscle to follow his rapid pace. The tundra was soon left behind and we began to mount up the rock slope.

The writer was breathing like a steam-engine and had absolutely reached the limits of his efforts when we arrived at the level where the sheep had last been seen, and could go no farther without stopping to rest, as heart was racing painfully and leg muscles cramped under the strain of the ascent; yet there was no time to rest as it was 9.20 P.M., the sheep had stopped feeding and were going to the



1. VALLEY OF THE DONJECK RIVER.
2. THE SHORE OF LAKE KLUANE.
3. WRITER UPON TUNDRA BARRENS.

top for the night, and the mists were creeping lower down the mountain. As only a few minutes of light for shooting remained, we decided Dixon should try to rush up to within shooting distance.

The writer sat down to watch the guide who, with the agility of a goat, made marvelous speed up the rock slopes, while the writer wondered if his own legs and wind would ever permit of a like feat. About one thousand feet above the guide paused for a shot, the flame belched from the gun, but there was no sound, the shot had missed its mark; a second flash from the muzzle and out of the misty haze came rolling a white ball, bounding from rock to rock, sliding and tumbling, until far below the dead sheep stopped almost at timber line. After partially dressing the sheep to reduce the superfluous weight we started to drag it down to camp, and after stumbling about in the darkness in the thick timber finally reached our fire on the beach at 11.30 P.M.

I confided to Dixon that I had named that particular mountain after myself to commemorate the occasion of my first sheep hunt in the Yukon, on which occasion I had struggled hard but had " died." Dixon is rather consoling, however, as he tells me that since my wind and legs are not accustomed to lifting one hundred and seventy pounds up a mountain, I did surprisingly well to " die " so far up the mountain, and if the light had permitted a

brief breathing space, I would have easily made the kill, but as to this we shall see later.

August 13. Dixon the guide and myself, an experienced hunter, were last night guilty of something that would almost shame a tenderfoot. After having a midnight supper, we placed both of our rifles under the tarpaulin covering our provision pile on the beach, and then took the sheep up to our tent one hundred yards distant in the timber, and leaving the sheep just outside we rolled into our robes. In the middle of the night we were awakened by heavy foot-falls of a grizzly just outside the tent, trying to carry off our sheep; we reached for our rifles, only to remember they were down on the beach, so instead of shooting the bear, Dixon yelled at him and frightened him away from the sheep.

After breakfast we loaded the boat and started up the lake, but the wind failed us and we had to row, which was very slow and tedious work. At noon we went ashore and cooked many pounds of most delicious sheep chops. As a strong head wind had sprung up we decided to wait until Baker and Wright with the rest of the party should come along with the horses, and about three o'clock they came up to us. We immediately hitched a three-hundred-foot tow-line to two of the horses, and thus proceeded until 11.30 at night we saw the welcome light in Morley Bones' cabin at the end of Kluane.

Bones had been engaged by Dixon to join our

expedition as one of the guides, so we looked him over with some considerable interest, as we met in the dim candle-light. When I first met him, I was tremendously impressed with his wonderful crop of hair, which was at least ten inches long and gave him the appearance of a human chrysanthemum. As he came in the cabin I naïvely inquired, "Who are you?" to which he replied: "Bones, merely Bones." Among the first white men to penetrate into this remote spot in the interior, he has clung to his wilderness home, sometimes engaging in panning gold, sometimes hunting and trapping, but always roaming about the unexplored corners of the country. He is an earnest, hard worker, not given to bombast, an excellent guide and a conservative, and a man whose reputation for square dealing is enviable.

Here also we were joined by another guide, Jack Hayden, one of those spontaneously likeable men, who look you in the eye and tell you nothing but the truth of things. Hayden has always been an outdoor man; he has driven stage through the mountains of Colorado, been a cow-puncher in Texas, mushed and mucked and delved on the Klondike. He was with Mr. Sheldon in the Mt. McKinley district when Sheldon was studying and making observations on the habits and ranges of mountain sheep. A number of years ago Hayden, nearly down and out and, as he expresses it, "with twenty

dollars in my ragged trousers, a gun, a smile, and a one-eyed dog," came to Kluane River, where he begun to hunt and trap. The trapping was profitable, and now he has a comfortable cabin that shelters his native wife and several children to whom he is devoted and of whom he speaks with a fine spirit of tender and genuine affection.

The last member of our party is an Indian named Albert, whom Dixon is taking along as a handy man, to be used as guide, or horse wrangler, or helper to the cook as occasion demands. It is difficult to remember that Albert is an Indian as his short stature, his slant eyes, and facial contour are almost identical with the Japanese. He is the son of a chieftain, and a full blood, and unquestionably of Asiatic descent.

August 14. This has been a busy day: the horses have been rounded up and shod, the pack saddles, riding saddles, blankets, cinch ropes, and hobbles alotted to each, and preparations of all sorts made for the start to-morrow morning. It has taken much time to unpack our boxes and bags of provisions and distribute them in canvas panniers for side packs, so that each pannier shall balance the other in weight and bulk, but at last it is finished. Fisher is busy baking many loaves of bread and making sandwiches, which each man will take for his noonday meal to-morrow, as we shall be crossing the mountains and there will be no time to stop and no fuel with which to cook, if we should stop. While

the cooking and baking progresses the rest of us are disposed upon boxes, and upon Bones' bunk, or on some bear skins on the floor, variously engaged in smoking, greasing our boots, writing our diary, or talking about various wild animals we have known. Bones tells a remarkable story of a black wolf that has been following him about for a number of months, and which howls upon his trail at night, and which he has seen within one hundred yards of his camp several times. Fisher thinks the wolf is lonely and is simply hanging around " for company sake "; the rest of us, having had no experience with sociable timber wolves, have no theories to advance and decide we will get some sleep.

August 15. It was nine-thirty by the time we had all the horses packed with their loads, and to the merry tinkling of many bells Bones led the way up the narrow trail leading westward, while pack animals and hunters and guides on saddle horses strung out in single file behind. The trail led through the timber for nine miles until we came to the broad bottom land covered with fine grass, through which flows the Duke River, a noisy, glacial stream, which, though rapid, was not too high this early in the day to make crossing difficult. The bank of the Duke rises almost straight up two hundred feet to a bench, and it was almost unbelievable that pack horses loaded with two hundred and fifty pounds each could make the top on such a steep incline.

We rested the horses for a few minutes and then began our ascent of the Burwash Mountains, winding around the sides of the mountains through the ever-dwindling spruce timber which we left behind at noon, and came out upon the tundra-covered mountains, where we stopped to give the horses a rest while we ate sandwiches and kept a close watch on the pack animals to keep them from lying down and rolling with their burdens.

A whole volume might be written upon the subject of the tundras of the Yukon, and since they play an important part in retarding exploration and travel in this surprising land, we must take note of them. This mountain covering of tundra is innocent enough to look at; it appears to be simply a covering of small, brownish-green bushes about twelve inches high, growing so closely together as to form a continuous carpet, but when the traveler comes to step on the carpet he finds the entire mass of vegetation is simply floating upon a bed of watery mire into which he sinks above his ankles. How the moisture comes to be there the writer does not know and has no theory, and its presence is too persistent a fact to encourage much theorizing, as the tundra with its muck and mire is found on the very tops of the Burwash Mountains as well as on the steep slopes, where according to all rules it ought to be drained off, but is not.

But little wonder the Indian tribes do not go to the game ranges across this range of hills, as they say the tundra was made by the spirits of the animals that live in the St. Elias range to keep the hunters away and make the game secure: and we agree with the Indian. Every step we took and every step our horses took, both man and beast sank into the miry mass, making it difficult enough for man but most difficult for the heavily laden pack animals, which frequently were in an almost hopeless state bogged down above the knees. On the way across we found several carcases of horses belonging to some prospectors, which, unable to survive the persistent grip of the mire, had fallen exhausted and perished on the mountain.

Its continuity seems to be without end, for no sooner have we toiled slowly to the top of one ridge, expecting it to be the last, than another somewhat higher confronts us, to ascend which we travel down the one we have climbed with such effort and then mount the higher ridge ahead. After traveling this way for hours a feeling of resentment creeps over one, until a few more hours fixes the conviction that the land is " accurst." On either side lie the mighty snow peaks, searing the sky, cold, aloof and impersonal finalities, while between in unending ridges rolls the colorless tundra; I presume it is really a beautiful picture if one could look upon it without

experiencing it, but at the moment of writing the perspective is too close to permit appreciation of any element of beauty.

Late in the afternoon of what has been a really staggering day we passed over the highest ridge of Burwash Pass and approached an oasis of real and solid ground, almost surrounded by morass, in which a pack horse, named "Snorty," completely bogged and fell down; but by working on him, fore and aft, we finally landed him on *terra firma,* where we went into camp for the night. A thick patch of willows furnished excellent cover for large flocks of Arctic ptarmigan, but Wolcott and Hoyt with .22 calibre rifles killed thirty-six of the birds in a very brief time for supper. There is no grass for horse feed anywhere near us, but these Yukon horses have become accustomed to eating willows, upon which they feed like a moose, so we have hobbled and turned them loose in the willow patch, and then rolled our weary bodies in the sleeping robes, thankful for the distance we had covered during the day and hopeful of completing the crossing on the morrow.

August 16. At four o'clock we were up and prepared our simple toilet, which consisted of merely giving ourselves a good shake and adding a sweater to our already clothed backs, for it was freezing cold, even though a bright and cloudless day. After packing the horses we again started across the tundra, following the westward course of Wade

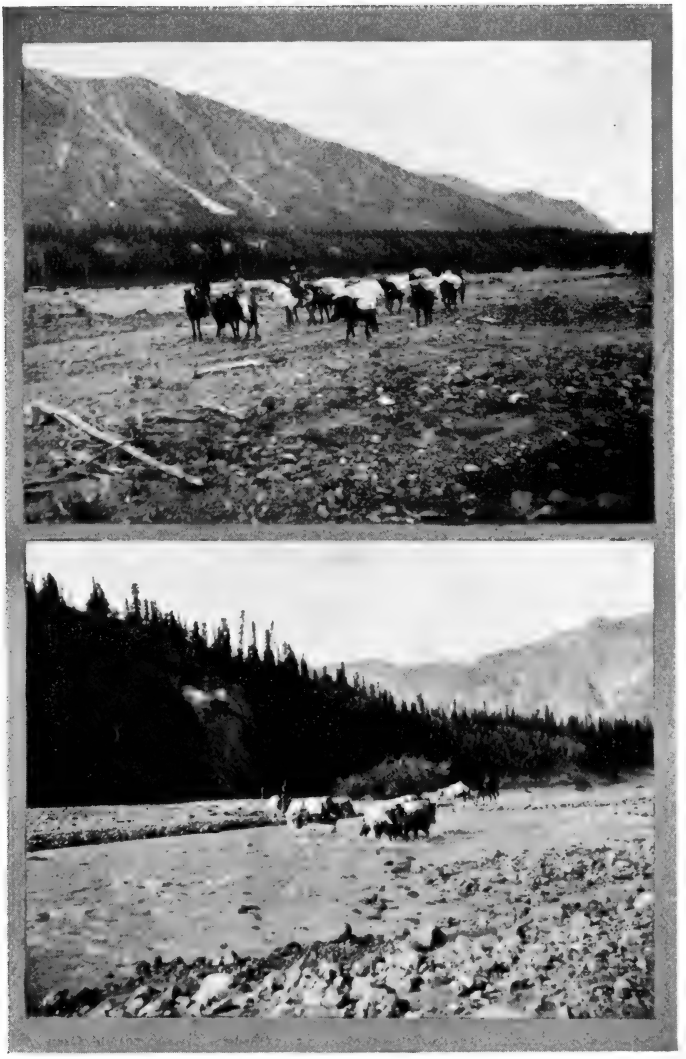
Creek, flowing out of a small lake of the same name near by our camp. We picked up many ptarmigan as we went forward, and about eleven o'clock reached timber line and in an hour descended to the valley of the Donjeck River, where horses were unpacked and turned out for two hours to feed upon the pea vine called " Donjeck " by the Indians, and which grows abundantly in the four-mile-wide bottom land.

The horses prefer this pea vine to grass, and Bones winters his horses in this valley with no other feed. Though hemmed by mountains of eternal snow, rising from the river level, these horses simply paw down through the white blanket and thrive on " Donjeck " during the long Arctic winter.

In the afternoon we made a fresh start for fording the Donjeck River, a glacial stream which we found to be high by reason of the melting of the ice above. In the morning these glacial streams are low, but as the sun's rays linger upon the ice fields they naturally melt and the rivers rise rapidly until about six o'clock in the afternoon, when they begin to subside until the next day. This river is exceedingly swift and divided into many channels, all of which have dangerous quicksands. After crossing several branches, Dixon led the way into another, but his horse struck quicksand and turned back, after which we found a safe crossing. The pack horses were brought to a crossing we had already tested,

and one horse was led across with his tail tied to the halter of a second horse and so on, until we had them all following a leader safely across the fords.

We now turned our course northward, following the river along the gravel bottom land, until we came to Wolverine Creek, rushing down from the westward between the mountains. Here we went into camp to rest the horses a few days, while we try some hunting back in the first range of mountains.



1. ALONG THE WOLVERINE RIVER BOTTOMS.
2. FORDING THE DONJECK RIVER.

CHAPTER V

" There where the mighty mountains bare their fangs unto the moon,
There where the sullen sun-dogs glare in the snow-bright bitter moon,
And the glacier-glutted streams sweep down at the clarion call of June."

August 17. Clear and cold morning. We decided that Hoyt and Wolcott will take Jim Baker and go down the Donjeck looking for grizzlies, Cutting and Bettle will go up on the mountains for sheep, while Hayden and the writer will try for caribou on the barrens. At breakfast Bones inquired if we heard the wolf howling on the bar last night, and tells us it is the same wolf that has been following him around for a number of months. Jim Baker looked at Bones for a moment, gazing steadily at his " hayrack head of hair," and without a suspicion of a smile gravely drawled, " Wal, if I had a varmit trailin' me around like that all summer it strikes me I would get my hair cut so the wolf would learn I was a human bein' and not mistake me for some other varmit." Every one exploded except Bones and Baker, the latter continuing to gaze at Bones a

moment and then indulging in a smile and a low chuckle.

Saddling our horses we started out for the hunting grounds, going up the canyon of Wolverine Creek about eight miles and then striking to the left through a pass in the mountains. Arrived at the top Dixon, with Cutting and Bettle, continued ahead while the writer and Hayden branched to the right across the caribou barrens, which are rolling tundra-covered mountains about two thousand five hundred feet high and above timber line. We traveled about twenty miles, stopping on the summit of each butte to survey the country around us through our powerful binoculars, and though the country was barren of timber for many miles we saw not a single caribou, though their tracks were frequent.

The wind blew cold from the glacial fields to the westward; we saw many fresh diggings, where grizzlies had been searching for gophers, but our hunt discovered no game of any kind. At six o'clock we came down the mountain and reached camp about ten o'clock, where we found the other hunters who had come in earlier.

Cutting and Bettle, after leaving us in the morning, had located forty-five sheep near the top of a mountain and after looking over the country with glasses picked out a course by which they might climb above the band to within shooting distance. After a long stalk they had approached within a

mile of their quarry, when the wind shifted as wind has the disagreeable habit of doing; the sheep got the scent of the hunters, and they were obliged to return to camp for the day.

Hoyt and Wolcott with Baker went down the Donjeck about twelve miles looking for bears, but while they saw numerous diggings where the grizzlies had been hunting gophers and mice, nothing in the bear line came in sight. They located six caribou, however, on a bench, but on using the glasses it was observed that the heads were small, so they did not try for them. We have berated Jim and his hunters rather unmercifully because the camp is out of fresh meat and yet they deliberately turned back from a meat supply, but Dixon told them his hunters and the writer would bring in meat supply even if we didn't get any heads worth while, so it is a bit far fetched to blame Baker for not getting meat. The ham, however, had an unusually salty taste that night.

August 18. We decided to move our camp farther into the mountains on the head-waters of Wolverine Creek, and to hunt across the caribou barrens while the pack train follows the easier course along the bottom of the creek. Arrived at the point where we went through the pass on yesterday's fruitless hunt, Hoyt and the writer located six rams on a mountain four miles up the creek so we decided to go after the rams, while Wolcott, Bettle, and

Cutting, with Baker and Dixon, went up the pass and across the caribou barrens.

After Hoyt and the writer had gone up the creek about four miles, we tied our horses and started through the timber for the base of the mountain where we had located the rams. After considerable work we came out on a knoll to take a look at their heads before beginning our stalk, but not a ram was to be seen; we looked over every foot of the mountain for an hour, and then concluded the game had climbed to the top and gone over the range where it was useless to follow. There was nothing to do but return to our horses in the creek bottom where the pack train overtook us, and we proceeded up through the canyon and camped at the last timber on Wolverine Creek.

Our other hunters had very much better luck, for after climbing to the barrens they located a caribou four miles away and began a stalk with a favoring wind. The caribou was lying down on the slope of a high butte, so the hunters climbed above the animal and then sat down to recover their breath and steady down a bit before shooting. Wolcott opened fire and missed with two shots at one hundred and fifty yards. The caribou started to run around the slope, and Cutting took him behind the shoulder and killed with a single shot. We afterwards discovered Wolcott's sight was one sixteenth of an inch off center, though at the time Wol-

cott was feeling very low by reason of his poor shooting.

While Cutting's caribou was being decapitated, Bettle with Baker located a bull about a mile away, but in a difficult situation for a shot. They stalked him for two hours and finally climbed above him, from which vantage point Bettle put him out with two shots in the neck. Late in the evening the two successful hunters walked into camp, their horses loaded with a supply of caribou meat besides the two heads. Cutting's trophy is rather small with only thirty-two points. Bettle's head has thirty-six points, fifty-seven and one-half inches length of guard horns, and thirty-eight and one-half inches spread — a nice medium head.

August 19. The horse feed is very scarce about this camp and the willows are few and far between, so the horses have rambled off during the night. We decided not to wait for the horses to be rounded up, but to hunt afoot. Baker and Wolcott went up the creek to the forks and took the left branch, traveling in the canyon up to the glacier.

They saw no sheep whatever until they were nearly up to the ice fields; in fact, at this time of the year it is almost useless to go after sheep unless you are prepared to go up to the glaciers, as in summer time and early fall they feed very high up on the mountains on a round leaf grass growing near the glacial fields. Coming up to the ice fields they saw

on the mountain on either side of the canyon over five hundred sheep, which the glasses showed to be ewes and lambs, but they finally located a small bunch of rams upon the pinnacles. After stalking nearer and looking them over carefully with the glasses, they decided not to shoot as the heads were too small, and the true sportsman dislikes to kill unless for food or to obtain what appears to be a fine head; so they merely sat down and watched the beautiful animals feeding on the mountains and resting among the crags until it was time to start for camp, where they arrived at nine o'clock, having traveled twenty-five miles over rocky creek bottoms most of the distance.

Hoyt and the writer, with Dixon, the guide, started up the canyon and six miles up at the forks crossed the Wolverine on the rocks at low water and climbed out of the canyon to a bench several hundred feet above. When you hunt the Osborni caribou you do not wander aimlessly around looking for game, but you start out deliberately and select the highest barren mountain top from which vantage point you can see all the game within possible stalking distance. You may locate a number of herds on the way up, but you do not permit yourself to be diverted from the toilsome pleasure of climbing that highest peak.

This would seem like a great waste of time and energy to climb to such a height and after you have

arrived immediately start to descend in order to stalk the game, but undoubtedly it is the correct method, for the reason that when you have reached the high peak you can look at every herd of caribou within ten miles and you look over each herd through the glasses and determine which has the best-looking heads. Then you take note of the topography of the country between yourself and the quarry and determine the method of your stalk, whether you will try to get above, behind, or to one side of them, all depending upon direction of wind and natural cover.

We decided upon a peak several miles distant, rising about four thousand feet; it looked like a large mountain and quite an undertaking to ascend merely to have a look at the country, but we went up the tundra-covered slope and finally reached the top; my 5 x 7 camera seemed to weigh a ton. On the way up we saw a cow and a calf caribou below us and from the crest we located a herd of seventy on the sky line about twelve miles away. The glasses showed a number of small bulls in the band and two good-sized bulls, but we decided the wind was wrong and the distance too great for a stalk, so turned our attention to another herd about three miles away, feeding on the slough grass near the foot of the glacier. The glass showed these all to be cows, so we looked over several other herds that had nothing promising.

At last we spotted six bulls about five miles away, high up on a mountain, feeding just below the snow line. From our vantage point the heads looked interesting, so we decided to try for them. Two good-size mountains lay between us and the game, which had to be crossed over before we could begin our stalk, so we came down our lookout mountain and at the bottom found a few dried willows to make a fire to boil our water for tea. Lunch finished, we started up our second mountain and on the top lay down to rest and look at the game. As we were looking at them, they suddenly started as if they had been frightened, and traveling at rapid pace the whole band rushed around the brow of the mountain and came down the slope to drink, after which they began to browse on some near-by willows.

We hurried down the mountain, climbed up a canyon, and ascended until we were somewhat above them, but we could not see by reason of the willows. Again we descended for a stalk on their level with the wind in our favor, and stalked as close as one hundred and fifty yards. The heads we decided were not quite big enough so we decided not to shoot at them, but crept through the willows within a hundred yards. It was not particularly disappointing not to shoot these animals, though we had worked hard for a head this day, but it was satisfying merely to sit and watch these noble wild things with their grayish black coats and white collars and manes and

wonderfully graceful horns, as they quietly browsed on willows, with their own snowy peaks keeping silent watch above.

We continued to watch the animals longer than the waning light and our distance from camp really allowed, and then we decided to do some experimenting by shooting to the right and the left to see if they would easily frighten. In all we shot six times, each shot would cause the animals to look up a moment and then continue their feeding; they could not see us and the wind was in our favor, but it was evident mere noise such as the roar of a Mauser did not greatly stimulate their interest. When we stood forth, however, from our cover, the band looked at us for a moment then dashed full speed up the mountain, and we regretfully started for camp.

Coming down the mountain, Hoyt and the writer compared notes on the day's work and we discovered ourselves to be decidedly cheerful for hunters who have climbed hard all day and are coming back to camp without taking a shot at any game.

The novice will not understand the real joy which the sportsman experiences in merely watching and studying wild life in its wild and beautiful environment, but the true sportsman loves the beautiful wild life and really takes no delight in mere killing, for the true sportsman kills but little game and then only for food or to secure a particularly fine trophy; even

then he kills with a feeling of regret. To-night about the camp fire we both feel particularly happy to have studied these noble animals at close range, for we love these graceful and harmless creatures of the wild and it is good to think that they are resting up near the snow line instead of stretched out cold and stiff on the tundra.

On reaching the canyon we had to cross the Wolverine, which had been a dry crossing on rocks in the morning, but now the glacial melting had raised the stream to a considerable depth, so we plunged into the ice water above the knees and made our way in the gloom to our camp, having traveled over thirty miles, climbed over ten thousand feet, soaked to the hide with icy glacial water, very tired, ravenously hungry, an empty game bag — but still content.

August 20. A heavy downpour greeted us this morning as we responded to the early "muck-a-muck" call, and the rain has continued all day. Wolverine Creek is on a rampage; the heavy bowlders rolling in the stream make a noise even above the roar of the tawny waters. Hunting is out of the question, as we cannot cross the creek, so we are all sticking close to the tent, trying to keep dry and comparing notes on hunting methods. Dixon says Bettle and Wolcott tried to teach him a new method of wading glacial streams; that he has tried their way, which consists of removing boots

and sox and crossing in bare feet, but that he would rather have wet boots than have his feet torn and cut on sharp bowlders in the bottom of the stream. The writer claims that there is much reason why a man who carries a five-pound camera when mountain climbing should be entitled to six pounds of caribou meat for supper; the others are a bit doubtful of the correctness of the conclusion, but we demonstrated that by carrying the camera up ten thousand feet yesterday we performed the equivalent of lifting a ton twenty-five feet, and it is agreed that hereafter the writer may have a whole caribou for his evening meal.

In the afternoon Wright went out to look for the horses and found two have entirely "jumped the range" and are probably twenty-five miles back on the Donjeck bottom, feeding on pea vine. Accordingly Wright has taken a three days' grub supply and started on the back trail for a horse hunt.

We have held a council and decided to move camp to-morrow to a point farther into the range. We will split the hunting party, Cutting going one way with Hayden, Bettle and Wolcott with Dixon taking a different course, Hoyt and the writer with Baker following a middle course, while Fisher with Bones and the Indian will bring along the pack train. We are all to meet at night at a camping place which only Dixon knows, but which is described as being

" above timber on Bull Creek at the first horse feed."

August 21. After Wolcott and Bettle had started with Dixon on foot, Cutting, Hoyt, and the writer, with Hayden and Baker on horses, went up the canyon about ten miles where we tried to ford the Wolverine, still at flood, with rolling bowlders making dangerous crossing. After several attempts we made a successful ford and stopped at the last willow patch to make tea at noon. Cutting and Hayden branched off to the mountains on our right while we continued up the canyon, which became narrower and more rocky as we advanced, with frequent pieces of glacial ice five feet thick and about twenty yards long grounded in the gorge. Ahead of us a number of miles we located a single ram on the very top of a high peak that rises above the pass we intended crossing. With the glasses we made him out to be a very large ram, but his back was towards us and, while his horns were immense at the base, we could not look over the points to determine their condition, but made up our minds to attempt a stalk from the pass.

Arrived at the summit, we left the horses tethered to the tundra and began our stalk, which did not seem promising, as the ram was evidently a lonely old sage and had selected his vantage point so he could see us every way we might attempt the ascent, unless we tried to get at him from the rear,

and as the wind was blowing directly from us toward him it looked like a futile effort; but we chose the stalk from the rear and began a very difficult and steep climb. Very gingerly we crept along among the loose rock, avoiding the slightest sound and, topping pinnacle, stood up to look for the ram. There stood the ancient sheep twenty feet away, apparently paralyzed with surprise; I nodded to my companion to shoot, if he so desired, and one shot from Hoyt's Mauser finished this particular hunt.

Both horns were broken off in front at a point where the horn is six inches in circumference, and the broken ends were "broomed" and frayed, showing considerable use since the horns were broken; but in spite of the imperfections, or rather by reason of them, this is one of the most interesting heads I have ever seen. The horns around the base measured sixteen inches, the annular rings on the horn which remains show ten years of age, and the part broken off would show at least two more annular rings; while very highly crystallized, the texture was further indicative of extreme age. The face was quite as interesting to the student of sheep, as the scalp was scarred from a point just below the horn all the way down the face and almost to the tip of the nose; only about half of his face was covered with hair, the rest being hairless and irregular scars where the scalp had been torn in the long past and had then healed.

Looking at this aged ram with his broken horns and battered, battle-marked face, it took but little imagining to picture him battling with his rivals among the crags that rip the sky, gamely taking heavy punishment and giving back even heavier blows, slowly but surely forcing his adversary over the precipice, tumbling to a quick death on the rocks below. Undoubtedly the battered face and the broken horns were the honor marks of battle royal, though the broken horns doubtless antedated the scars on the face, which were probably due to the fact that the loss of part of the horns prevented the old warrior from protecting his face.

These rams are by no means as peaceful as they might appear, for at certain seasons of the year they engage in battle just as the moose and the caribou, and when two fight the others stand aside and impartially judge the contest. They do not slash and paw, but stand off ten or twelve feet, facing each other, then with lowered heads dash directly at each other, coming together with a crack that sounds like a shot from a large caliber rifle. Then they try to push each other off the mountain, and, not succeeding, they both back away and dash headlong at each other, until one is either dead or decides discretion to be the better part of valor, and leaves the range.

The writer has talked with well-informed people who have the idea that broomed and broken sheep- and goat-horns are due to the fact, as they have

1. CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS FOR THE ANCIENT RAM.
2. CARIBOU COUNTRY HIGH UP NEAR THE GLACIER.

heard, that sheep and goats leap or jump great distances and land, not on their feet, but on their horns. Permit the writer to say to any such reader that no more untrue or ridiculous story than this concerning the habits of game has been told, since the ancient days when the German chieftains told the credulous Cæsar of hunting the unicorn by hiding behind a tree and inducing the horned beast to rush at the tree that protected them and, driving his horn deep into the trunk, thus render himself helpless.

After studying this patriarch of the sheep family for some time, we rolled him down the mountain and dressed him, taking the meat and packing it on our horses. From the summit of the pass we saw the beginning of a creek which we decided must be Bull Creek, as it was the only one visible in the maze of mountains. Accordingly our course lay along the stream, and three miles down a willow patch with some small grass growing on a bench seemed to answer Dixon's vague description of our camping ground. We had hardly unsaddled our animals, when Albert the Indian appeared and told us he had left the pack train several hours before to tell us the animals were having a hard time on the mountains and probably would not get across that night.

Our tents and sleeping robes, with frying pan and grub, were back with the pack train somewhere on the mountains, but our inventory of immediate assets disclosed a small tea pail, some tea, and our

supply of fresh sheep meat; so we collected dried willows, made our fire, and roasted sheep meat on sticks. Albert began to tell us the troubles of the pack train to which he had been attached earlier in the day. It seems a fording was tried at several places, but the Wolverine was too high; finally a swift but reasonably safe ford was found and the horses all driven across except old Snorty, who perversely insisted on crossing about ten feet higher up. What happened is best told in Albert's laconic description: "One time I see him, then no see him, two time I see him, then no more see him, old Snorty." We examined Albert at some length before the real story came out; when Snorty, with one hundred pounds of flour in each pannier for side packs and a large top pack, went into the creek, he was struck by the torrent which rolled him under, and he came up forty feet down-stream, minus one hundred pounds of flour and the top pack, with the second one hundred pounds of flour still fastened to him; almost immediately he went under again and finally came up, barren of any pack, and climbed the bank none the worse for his experience. Albert found one pack of one hundred pounds of flour some distance down-stream and salvaged it, but the rest of the stuff could not be found.

We sat around in the firelight and speculated not a little as to the contents of that top pack, whether it contained ammunition, camera, films, or sleeping

robe. About ten o'clock the sound of the bells on the pack train came to us, and shortly Bones and Fisher with the animals came to our modest willow fire. Bones relieved our anxiety by telling us the lost top pack contained Jack Hayden's sleeping robe.

At 11.30 P.M. Bettle, Wolcott, and Dixon stumbled out of the darkness to our fire, very hungry and looking somewhat "gone." Leaving our Wolverine camp they had gone up the canyon, taking the left branch to the glacier, fording the creek a number of times, and becoming very wet and chilled in the process. They dried out at noon and Wolcott located a caribou bull with nice head, which he killed at two hundred and fifty yards. When the head had been skinned out, the three went up Martindale Glacier and stalked a band of fourteen rams, one of which Bettle shot and supposed he had killed as the same lay quiet. However, the ram was only creased across the neck by the bullet and soon revived. Wolcott called to Bettle that the ram was getting on his feet, and Bettle acted promptly, even if strangely, for he seemed to forget he had a rifle to use on game and only to remember that at a not distant date he had played on the Harvard Varsity in a Yale game. Like a flash he made a flying tackle at the ram, took the animal off his feet, and with arms around him in a never-say-die grip both hunter and hunted rolled into a creek, where the ram pawed and fought while the hunter held on, and

gradually forced the ram's nose under water until he was drowned. Dixon and Wolcott looked on with amazed interest at the contest, uncertain whether to place their bets on the man or beast, as the chances seemed about even. They agree, however, that the best man won, and volunteer to referee any future fight between any member of the party and a moose, caribou, or grizzly.

Cutting and Hayden have not come in, so we conclude they have "missed the party" and are "siwashing it" out on the mountains without supper or blankets.

August 22. Cutting and Hayden came into camp about 7 A.M., somewhat hungry as they had no grub for supper. After leaving us down in the Wolverine Canyon they had climbed the mountains and gone after a herd of twenty caribou, but the game was on the move and the hunters failed to get anywhere near. Late in the afternoon they began to look about for the rendezvous and traveled a long distance over mountains covered with marshy tundra before reaching Bull Creek. As darkness was coming on and the footing was difficult in the creek bottom, they stopped for the night at the last timber about two miles below us and using the horse blankets for bedding rolled up for the night under the trees.

Wolcott and Cutting confessed to an "all in" feeling and remained in camp to-day. Bettle went

with Dixon to look for sheep up near the glacier where Bettle fought the ram and drowned him. They have climbed hard all day and located many ewes and lambs, but not a single ram. At this time of year it is very rare to find any rams with a band of ewe sheep; occasionally an old solitary ram is found in splendid isolation with no companions, but almost invariably the rams are found in small bands of five to fifteen in number, and in such bands the members will usually be found to be the same age. Almost never are young rams three or four years old found in company with seven- or eight-year-old rams, but each keeps in its own set.

While scanning the snowy sky line two miles opposite our camp in hope of locating some rams, we descried a bull caribou lying down on the slope within a hundred feet of the very top of the mountain, and a half mile to the left, standing in the snow on a knife-blade pinnacle, were two caribou. It is difficult to tell why these Osborni caribou are so often found on the very pinnacles of the peaks, as it is quite cool enough lower down on the tundra mountains and certainly they do not go to such extreme heights to escape the flies and winged pests, because the flies and mosquitoes have been gone for some days. The guides do not know why the caribou are frequently seen on the high peaks, but they report that it is not at all uncommon.

Hoyt and the writer with Baker started out to

climb the mountain where the caribou was resting and to look for sheep among the peaks beyond. During the climb, the caribou got our wind and fled across the range; an eagle perched on a rock three hundred feet above us looked down with a superior stare but without fear, as he continued a spectator of our slow climbing until we reached the jagged pinnacles of rock and started down the other side. We met a small bull caribou, which circled around us within seventy-five yards, apparently actuated by a friendly interest; for some time he kept up his circling tactics, trying evidently to get our wind, but the breeze was from him to us, and, as we did not look dangerous to him, the graceful creature continued to follow us around. After the caribou had been trailing us around for half an hour, Baker said: "Looks to me like that varmit thinks I might be his grandmother and is going to hang around until he is certain." We told Baker, "If you are a dead ringer for that caribou's grandmother, then the old lady certainly could not enter in a beauty contest." Half way down the slope the caribou had circled behind us, where he got our wind; throwing his head up in the air with nostrils quivering he stood for a moment, then like a shot dashed away down the mountain.

Having gotten rid of the distracting caribou, we turned our attention to the sheep hunting, and lo-

cated forty ewes and lambs high up on another mountain, which we climbed in order to see the other side, which turned out to be dotted with ewes and lambs and nothing else. After looking over all the peaks within stalking distance and seeing not a single ram, we decided to descend through the timber and look for moose until we should reach the St. Clair River, where we would look out for bear. In going through the timber we saw a cow moose, which we did not molest, but continued on and finally climbed a butte at the edge of the St. Clair bottoms. While eating lunch we searched the gravel bottom for bear, but our only reward was to pick up a large porcupine through the glasses.

Late in the afternoon we started back to camp, traveling along the St. Clair bottoms and then cutting across the soggy tundra to Bull Creek. The daylight does not linger nearly as long as when we began our trip and darkness found us still several miles from camp, with sore feet from stumbling about on the difficult footing of the bowlder-strewn creek, but we felt our way slowly and finally dragged ourselves to the camp fire after doing twenty-five miles since breakfast. George Wright has come in from his horse hunt, having located the two strays back on the Donjeck River. On the way up Wolverine Creek, Wright found Jack Hayden's bedding and the other pannier with one hundred

pounds of flour, that had been shaken off old Snorty when he was rolling around on the bottom of the creek; Hayden is happy to have his bedding, and the one hundred pounds of flour looks very good to us in spite of its water journey.

WE CLIMBED PINNACLES ABOVE COUNT CREEK GLACIER.

CHAPTER VI

"But the stars throng out in their glory,
And they sing of the God in man;
They sing of the Mighty Master,
Of the loom his fingers span,
Where a star or a soul is a part of the whole
And weft in the wondrous plan."

August 23. Clear, cold weather. Hoyt and the writer plan to take Baker as guide and George Wright to look after the horses and to make a five days' trip up the Klutlan Glacier, going by horseback down Bull Creek, across the St. Clair, then over the mountains to Count Creek, thence down Count Creek to the Generc River, and up the Generc to its source in Klutlan Glacier.

In addition to our saddle horses we took one pack animal loaded with our bedding, tea pail, frying pan, and axe, besides a simple grub supply of tea, sugar, raisins, flour, and grease for baking and cooking, and started down Bull Creek to the St. Clair, where we stopped for lunch. Baker had never crossed the mountains between St. Clair and Count Creek, but Jack Hayden told us not to attempt the low pass as it was a tundra morass so soft that we could never get the horses across. Hay-

den impressed upon us that the only way to get across was to choose the high ridge to the right of the pass and take the horses right up to the rock pinnacles. We looked over the monstrous course Hayden had impressed upon us, and while it seemed absolutely impossible for horses we decided to follow Hayden's directions, which we were more willing to do after a band of six rams was located on one of the pinnacles. Going through the timber we saw a cow moose which we did not disturb, but continued up the high ridge where the going was slow.

Reaching the top of the ridge we came to the real base of the range, from which the peaks shot up thousands of feet into the clouds. It seemed a foolhardy undertaking to attempt to scale those towering heights with horses, but we would lead the horses up a hundred feet at a time and give them a rest and then proceed upward. When we reached the top of a peak we would look ahead and find another higher peak, to reach which we had to descend somewhat and then climb the peak in our front. We finally got our animals to the top and then discovered it was impossible to take them further, so Baker and Wright took the horses down the mountains, while Hoyt and the writer agreed to hunt sheep and to meet the outfit down on the other side near Count Creek.

After climbing around on the rock pinnacles with knife-blade edges, where one slope was dangerously

steep while the other side was a perpendicular drop thousands of feet into a blind canyon, we discovered the rams on a parallel mountain two thousand feet away, resting in absolute security on a rocky pinnacle which we could not reach within a day's climb from our location and which we could not approach from any side without being in plain view of the game. We decided to forget these rams and to continue our course across the searing rock ridges, in hope of running across other sheep before we came to the other side of the range. The wind blew hard and the temperature was low on the pinnacles and our efforts were barren of results as we saw no other game, and came at last to the other side of the range, but before descending sat down on a rocky point to take a look at the landscape.

Below us the glasses disclosed our horses shrunk to ant proportions, dwindling down the slope to Count Creek, across which reared a mighty rock barrier crowned with snow; beyond this twenty miles the icy shoulders and crest of Mt. Natazhat loomed bluish white in the afternoon sun at a height of seventeen thousand feet. To the left the icy wall of Mt. Constantine ripped the sky above a sea of lesser peaks, while to the south Mt. Wood and Mt. Steele lorded it over the other giants that have banded together to form the St. Elias range. The utter immobility and finality of the panorama, the oppressive silence that weighs heavily upon the hu-

man mite that finds himself amidst such a setting, begets a feeling of the infinite magnitude and might of Great Nature and a corresponding sense of helplessness and infinite smallness of the beholder; for, gazing at the towering seas of snow-clad crests tossed to heaven, one feels the sense of the Maker of such a stupendous picture, painted with majesty, strung to silence, lit by the glory of perfect sunshine, with the peace of God mantling the scene as a *benedicite.*

A long time we lingered upon the heights, loath to depart and descend to our little tasks and small pleasures. On the bench above Count Creek we overtook the horses and camped at the first willow patch for the night. After hobbling the animals and collecting willows for a fire, our attention was attracted to a yearling caribou that possessed an immense amount of curiosity and persisted in circling about our camp at close range, until we remembered that we needed meat and, since a good supply was bent on coming right up to the frying pan, we did not refuse the opportunity to replenish our larder.

After supper we disdained tent and were content to roll up in our warm sleeping robes and watch the stars just above the shadowy peaks, until the Aurora, flaming across the northern sky, held all our interest. It is light enough to permit a belated writing of the diary, and against the pulsating white brightness Mt.

TOWERING SEAS OF SNOW CRESTS TOSSED TO HEAVEN.

Natazhat sharply silhouetted keeps watch and ward over the silent wastes.

August 24. Very cold and clear. It was arranged that Wright should take the horses and move down Count Creek to make camp at the first timber, while we hunt on foot through the mountains up toward the glacier. Climbing among the mountains two miles from camp we located over two hundred sheep, all of them ewes and lambs variously engaged; some of them strung out along the slopes feeding, others huddled together resting. Beyond the sheep were several herds of caribou numbering fifty in all, but with no large heads, so we did not disturb any of the game and simply continued our gentle exercise of climbing up and down the mountains until noontide found us low down on the bench just above the canyon at the foot of the glacier. Here we found a band of twenty ewes and lambs feeding on the grass at the foot of the mountain; they did not have our wind and watched us until we came within seventy-five feet, when they made off at an unfrightened pace, frequently stopping to look at us. About three hundred yards ahead was a band of six rams with good heads, feeding at our level; the fleeing ewes, however, alarmed the rams and caused them to move closer to the base of the mountains, and as there was no cover for a stalk we went down into the canyon in hope of working around the rams.

Hardly arrived in the canyon, a large caribou bull was seen a mile ahead, traveling up the moraine toward the glacier, and Hoyt with Baker went after the caribou, while the writer sat down to observe the sheep. For half an hour the sheep continued to feed at the foot of the mountain; frequently the ewe sheep would come close to where the rams were feeding, and as often as this happened the male sheep with lowered heads would ungallantly drive the ewes away. Finally the rams started for the mountains, traveling up a draw between two rocky ridges. The ewes and lambs followed almost at once, and the rams turned around and threatened the persistent female sheep, which continued to parallel the upward course of the rams at twenty paces to their right, until half way to the summit the rams deliberately charged the ewes, driving and herding them to the crags on the right of the draw, after which the lordly males came down and crossing the draw climbed to the pinnacles on the left, where they lay down on the ridge.

Baker came back to tell the writer that Hoyt had stalked the caribou up on the moraine as close as thirty yards and with six shots had succeeded in killing. After reaching Hoyt, we started to climb the mountains back of the peak where the rams were resting, and toiled upward for two hours on a steep slope of jagged rocks until we reached the pinnacles, only to observe that the rams had moved to another

peak which was absolutely isolated from the ridge and which we could not climb in the few hours of daylight remaining. Baker and the writer climbed across the face of the rock slope to firmer footing and then went carefully down the ridge, but Hoyt started down the rock slide, coasting along on the moving stream of rocks, and reached the bottom almost before Baker and the writer had started our slower but safer mode of descent.

On the way down, with the glasses we picked up a large bull caribou on the bench across the creek three miles distant, and the writer decided to try to reach the animal before darkness set in. Count Creek was too high for fording without going up-stream, so we went up to the glacier where the creek rushes out from its tunneled course through the ice, but the water was too deep and the crevasses prevented crossing on the ice. We finally succeeded in fording lower down and in the dusk climbed the canyon walls to the bench above, only to find the caribou had left his tundra couch and was rambling away from us three miles ahead. There was nothing left but to come back to the creek and take a second ice water plunge at the ford and start down the canyon for camp.

Three miles down the gorge we met this same caribou coming up, so we sat down on the rocks to wait for him and he came as close as seventy-five yards, impelled by curiosity. His guard horns were

very large, but the brow points, instead of being palmated, consisted of two very unsightly straight prongs, which saved his life, as the writer did not care for the head. The old fellow stood facing us for five minutes, trying with quivering nostrils to get our wind; as we went forward he went off on our right and disappeared, but returned again for a look at us at close range, which procedure he repeated a number of times until we lost him in the darkness. For ten miles we stumbled along through the canyon on the difficult bowlder-strewn course, until we decided we must be near the timber to which Wright had promised to move camp. We shouted singly and as a trio, but received no answering call, so continued our painful course along the gorge for several miles where we indulged in further prolonged and useless shouting. There was nothing left except to climb out of the gorge and make for the place we had left Wright in the morning, so we made our way in the dark up four hundred feet to the tundra-covered bench and then stumbled along two miles to our willow patch camp, only to find that Wright had left. Somewhere down at timber along the creek we knew Wright must be waiting with a good fire and a supply of grub which we needed badly, as our feet were cold and sore, our bodies cold, wet, and weary and our hunger was the mountain-climbing variety that is only satisfied by numerous pounds of meat. Across the tundra we

hurried, tripping over low willows, splashing through watery morass, falling into small gulches, but with no sign of a welcoming camp fire. One shot from the rifle brought an answering shot from afar, which heartened us to continue our discouraging course; half an hour, on trying another shot, we found the answering crack to be just below us, and forging onward came to the edge of the canyon and slid down the side to a roaring camp fire, a pile of caribou steaks, and a comfortable couch of spruce boughs.

This little circle of light looked better to us than any palace we had ever seen; we arrived at 11.30 P.M., absolutely faded and unable to take another mile; at 12.30 we were still eating caribou steaks and drying out our wet garments close to the blazing logs and feeling almost ready to start out again. Instead, we sat around and smoked our pipes in quiet contentment and watched Wright baking bread in a fry pan, which turned out a pastry product about an inch thick and nicely browned, but of the consistency of leather. Baker looked at it, felt of it, and chewed a piece for a moment and then remarked to Wright: "You call yourself a baker, but you evidently worked a few days in a leather shop and you are nothing but a darned tanner." Wright, however, claims to be "only a horse wrangler" and will give Baker a "chance to do some real baking tomorrow night."

August 25. Six o'clock this morning found us feeling very fresh, and on our horses headed down Count Creek, where we journeyed along the canyon six miles until we reached the Generc River which rises at Klutlan Glacier. For ten miles we traveled along the side of the glacier, looking for bears and seeing many tracks and recent diggings, but not locating any animals. This glacier is ten miles across and runs back into the range many miles; icy masses are continually breaking off its sides, crashing and cracking in their fall. It is wonderfully impressive to behold this world-shaping force at work. Across the ten-mile front of the ice mass is a push moraine of miniature mountains, which the glacier is slowly but irresistibly pushing ahead of it; on each side are moraines which the glacier has flung on either flank, while looking up the ice mass for twenty miles we see the valley cut through by the stupendous power and pressure of this glacial mass, impelled by the pressure of mile upon mile of ice fields inevitably descending from the higher fields, cutting through mountains and carrying every obstacle before it. We are back in Nature's workshop, back to an early geological age, and are permitted to be awed spectators of this world-shaping process, slowly but surely cutting out a valley and piling up mountainous moraines. In the course of time the glacial movement will cease, the ice mass will melt and run to the sea, but the moun-

tains it has pushed up will bear witness and the valley will testify to the mighty forces we have seen in action.

At the last willow patch we made our camp, which consisted in gathering some willows for fire and hobbling our unsaddled horses, as we sleep out to-night with the sky for shelter. After a light lunch, composed of tea, cold meat, and Wright's everlasting bread, we went up the mountain five miles, overlooking the glacier, and came to a bowl or pocket in the mountains, running back two miles, with a small glacier descending from the snow-capped rim of the bowl. A herd of twenty caribou with a number of bulls were feeding on the lowest level, so we looked them over with the glasses and, finding no large heads, continued our hunt for sheep. Hard climbing the rest of the afternoon failed to reveal a single sheep, so we started back to the willow patch.

Looking up the glacier, we could see a snowstorm whirling and swirling among the peaks, while the wind blew a chilly blast upon us from the icy fields of the Klutlan, two hundred yards to our right. At the willow patch we erected a canvas windbreak with our tarpaulin, to keep off the blast that drove into us across the ice fields, and then went at the pleasant task of frying caribou meat, while Baker undertook to make some real bread. Baker really worked hard to produce edible pastry, but the result was exactly as bad as Wright's product of the

night before. When it was finished Wright picked up the inch-thick loaf, looked at it curiously, tasted it, and then inquired of Baker: "Pretty good tan you've got on it, but what do you use it for? A saddle pad?" When we came to eat it we found a little lasted a long time, and voted that our guide had not been fittingly named, and hereafter he should forget his deluded parents had named him Jim Baker and should respond to the more fitting name of Jim "Tanner."

August 26. Bitter cold last night, but we were entirely comfortable, sleeping out in our eiderdown robes with no tent and with the glacier but two hundred yards from our willow patch. This morning we found everything frozen up tight, which looks like an early winter in this country, as the range is covered with new snow fallen upon the peaks. We decided to go farther up the glacier and hunt the mountains for sheep, which do not seem to be on this side of the range, though we have already looked over many miles of the range without seeing a single sheep. About ten miles farther up the glacier we saw a small band of rams and in order to get a better look at them, as well as to look over the peaks beyond, we climbed through a canyon up to the rock slope and continued up until we were above the rams, which were only four years old with heads that were too small. We did not molest these snow-white sheep, but climbed higher until we could look over

all the mountains we could hope to reach in a day's climb. For an hour we searched the range through our glasses without being able to pick up a single sheep. We then decided to go back to our camp on Bull Creek, and accordingly made our way down the mountain to our willow patch, saddled the horses, and started down the moraine beside the glacier.

At 5.30 we turned for a last look at the ten-mile-wide mass of Klutlan Glacier, extending back into the heart of the range, and then made our way across the low tundra toward Count Creek, which we were unable to reach — so we camped on the tundra for the night.

August 27. Making an early start, a couple of hours' travel brought us to the bottom of Count Creek Canyon, which we crossed over, and led our horses up the other side and began our climb across the tundra-covered mountains toward the St. Clair. On the way over the mountains we saw over one hundred caribou in different bands, but none of the bulls had interesting heads. Before descending the mountain we located three moose feeding in a pond four miles away down in the timber, our glasses disclosed the moose to be cows, so we were not diverted from our objective point on Bull Creek.

About noon we reached the bottoms of St. Clair River and headed up Bull Creek, over whose rocky course we were picking our slow way, when within

a quarter of a mile of camp we met the pack train, loaded and coming down the creek, as they were changing camp to a place on the St. Clair. We had not dined since 5 A.M., and we did what ravenously hungry out-of-door men would do under like circumstances; that is to say, we held up the animals with the kitchen outfit and grub that had been prepared for supper. Bruce Fisher the cook was very good about the "hold up"; instead of objecting, he willingly unloaded pots and kettles and dishes, built a fire in the rocks, boiled tea, fried steaks, and brought out an untouched pan of macaroni and cheese which he had baked for the evening meal. When we had cleaned up all the grub in sight, Bruce commenced to grin and said: "What's the matter with you fellows? You act like grub has been scarce in your country." We told Bruce that, "We had plenty of makings, but no cook, but instead we had a fine horse wrangler and a tanner."

Quite contented, we helped Fisher wash up the dishes and pack the kitchen animals, after which we all traveled down the creek to the St. Clair, and went up-stream five miles and camped in the timber with the snow peaks at our back. Beside our camp ran a beautiful clear creek of ice water, in which Wolcott and the writer performed the ancient and almost forgotten ceremony of taking a bath which stands as a record for speed. During the evening we sat around the fire and listened to the account of

the hunting during our absence. Bettle, Wolcott, and Cutting had been out among the crags daily and even a part of the night and had very fair shooting.

On the day we left Bull Creek for our journey to Klutlan Glacier, Wolcott with Hayden and Cutting, and Bettle with Dixon and Albert, started up to the head-waters of the St. Clair River. While going over the mountain opposite our camp they saw a small bunch of rams and a bull caribou on the sky line. Cutting tried for the caribou, which he stalked within two hundred yards, and missed; the bull became frightened and ran in the direction of the rams, which stampeded with the caribou, and dashed across the range. Continuing their course up the St. Clair, they took the left branch at the forks, and camped high up the valley beyond the last timber.

Wolcott located a bunch of rams on a snow peak back of camp and began a hard climb; the rams moved away, however, before the hunter had progressed far. Another ram with a fine head was located off on the ridge a considerable distance and Wolcott went after him. A hard climb brought him to the level of the ram and Wolcott began a difficult stalk for a shot; almost within shooting distance the wind suddenly changed, and the wary animal threw up his head as he got the scent of the hunter and in a flash had dashed away over the mountain. Bettle, in the meantime, had located a

bull caribou, roaming about feeding on white moss across the valley and high up on the mountains. The cover for stalking was very poor, but by climbing hard the hunter came within two hundred yards of the bull and killed him with two shots, after which the head was skinned out. Bettle's caribou is really very beautiful with long guard horns and good beam, besides excellent and symmetrical brow points. The head is not wonderfully large, but it is fair size and quite the best specimen we have seen thus far.

On the second day out Wolcott located a bull caribou with good head, up on the glacier at the head of the river. A long stalk from the place where they left the horses brought him within shooting range. Wolcott wounded the animal, which made off at a slow pace. After following for several miles he came up with the game, and killed, after which Jack Hayden skinned out the head. Cutting and Bettle with Albert and Dixon made a difficult climb to the peaks that rise above the glacier on the left of the St. Clair, and came to a paradise for rams. On looking over several bands they found that there were a number in each band that had imperfect heads, in that one of the horns were broken off or broomed at the points from fighting, but they selected a band that had two very large and perfect heads and began to stalk them.

Hard and slow climbing brought them within a

hundred yards of the rams, two which were seen to possess immense heads. Dixon, looking at them through the glasses, told the hunters those two heads were "perfect from the base to the tip and were close to the record for size." Both hunters became nervous and missed the easy shots, while the rams galloped over the range.

Late in the afternoon they located a band of thirty-two rams across the range and high up above a glacier, and they began a hard climb to reach them before dark. Dixon with his dog started to make a wide circuit, in order to head off the rams in case they should attempt to bolt to the right; on his way around the mountain he came upon six rams, which the dog brought to bay on a five foot ledge which the rams completely occupied. Every time the dog would try to climb the ledge the rams, massed tightly together with lowered heads, presented a solid front of sharp horns to hurl the dog backwards, and when the dog would attempt a flanking movement the rams would quickly shift their front, always meeting the attack with a perfect alignment of massed horns. So formidable a defense is even effective against the wolves that prey upon the sheep in the winter time, when the sheep are found low down on the benches and on the tundra. Once among the rocks a sheep can usually outrun a wolf, but it sometimes happens that a band of rams is brought to bay on a ledge, and when these sharp horned monarchs of the crags

present a solid front to a wolf as they stand upon a ledge the wolf does not press the attack, but slinks away.

About seven o'clock Dixon had circled the mountain and had skillfully driven the thirty-two rams above the glacier into a pocket, from which the sheep could not possibly escape as the walls were perpendicular. Cutting and Bettle had been doing some strenuous climbing in the meantime, to reach the pocket where Dixon had the rams so secure that the hunters could shoot them at a range of twenty feet. Darkness was rapidly shrouding the peaks, when Cutting and Bettle climbed to the glacier within one hundred and fifty yards of the thirty-two rams bottled up by the guide in the pocket.

Dixon tried to get the hunters to travel just another hundred yards and pick out the best head, but the hunters confessed to having reached the limit of their power to travel onward and upward and at one hundred and fifty yards in the dusk began to shoot at the huddled mass of rams, killing four of them before they desisted. It was really a pity they did not in some way manage to get closer, as their indiscriminate shooting brought them two small but perfect heads, while the other heads they had killed were broken off at the points. However, they were at such a point of exhaustion that they left their guns and camera up on the glacier rather than carry them back to camp, whither they stumbled in the

cold and dark across the mountains and arrived at two A.M. the following day.

Wolcott went out the following day for sheep, and climbed all the morning without seeing anything except multitudes of ewes and lambs dotting the mountains. In the afternoon, however, he located a bunch of rams on a pinnacle and succeeded in climbing above them; selecting the largest he shot him through the body, but the ram got on his feet and made off across the range, Wolcott and Hayden following his bloody trail over the crags. About dark they found him, dead, and taking the head began to feel their way across the mountains, using the stock of their guns to pick each step as they came down from the summit over the bowlder-strewn slopes in the darkness. At three o'clock in the morning, stiff with cold and worn to a frazzle, these two stumbled to the willow patch and rolled into their sleeping robes to rest and to thaw out.

The next day Cutting and Bettle recovered the guns they had left on the glacier, together with the Graflex camera, which last had been spoiled by being left out and was entirely out of commission. While scanning the country from one of the peaks, looking for sheep, the hunters located a grizzly bear and cub feeding on the carcass of Wolcott's caribou six miles away on the glacier at the source of the St. Clair. A number of valleys with mountains lay between them and the bears, but they started out and de-

scended into one valley, climbed the mountains, and finally came out on the ridge overlooking the creek where the bears were feeding.

Bettle looks a bit embarrassed and as Dixon, the guide, insists on telling the story of the hunt, we record the incident as Dixon gave it about the blazing friendship fire.

"We had to go down to the creek bottom where we stalked up for a thousand yards with the wind in our favor, but in plain sight of the grizzlies. Nearly on all fours we went up the creek, and every time the bears faced our way we would drop down until they began feeding again or faced in an opposite direction. In this way we gained a low ridge running parallel to the creek where the bears still continued to feed, and near the crest we ran rapidly up wind to a knoll one hundred and fifty yards from the animals; creeping to the ridge we saw the grizzlies below us, curled up asleep beside the partially devoured caribou, and after waiting a moment for the hunters to recover their breath Bettle opened fire on the large grizzly.

"The shot struck her paw and she turned a complete somersault and began to roar; the hundred pound cub sat straight up behind its mother and Cutting shot at it, but the aim was low and the bullet hit the big bear in the shoulder. Bettle's second shot creased the wounded animal in the back and she started to run, when Cutting fired again, hitting her

in the shoulder and laying her low. All the while the cub sat up bewildered and squalling, and we went down to the dead grizzly. The cub in the meantime came up behind Bettle and made a rush for him; Bettle gave one backward look, forgot all about his rifle, and like a shot he was off, tearing over the rocks, leaping over willows, at a speed that no bear could hope to equal; the cub tore after the hunter for a distance, but soon realized it was hopelessly outclassed in the speed contest, so sat up and looked at the vanishing Bettle; Cutting ended the game by shooting the cub through the chest, when Bettle gingerly made his way back to the starting point of the race."

In view of the very few rams Hoyt and the writer saw on the mountains of Count Creek and the Generc, and the presence of numerous bands on the St. Clair ranges, we decided to spend some time on the St. Clair, in hope of getting among the rams.

August 25. Hoyt and myself took Baker and the horses and started at six o'clock up the St. Clair, and at the forks took the right branch, up which we traveled for five miles. A survey of the mountains revealed no game, so we retraced our course to the forks and rode up the left branch, where we located hundreds of sheep like white dots high up on the slopes three miles away. Most of them were ewes, but there were several bands of rams feeding apart, and we decided to tether our horses in the

willows and climb for the rams. We had hardly started across the tundra than we located a herd of eighteen caribou one thousand yards dead ahead, with only a few scattered willows and several two-feet-deep gulches between us for cover. The wind, however, was in our favor and we began a very difficult stalk across the open.

By crawling along on all fours we reached the scanty cover of the willows and made our way up the shallow gulch, when we again crawled across to another patch of willows. The caribou were two hundred yards away, some feeding and some lying down; one cow looked directly at Baker, who dropped on all fours and began to eat grass in a vain effort to deceive the animal into believing the guide to be a caribou; but the animal's sight was too good, and she gave the alarm and the herd was off at a rapid pace. The writer ran through the willows in order to get a clear shot at the largest bull and broke his leg at the first shot at two hundred yards' range; the animal continued to run, and my second and third shots were complete misses, while the fourth shot ranged through the shoulder and slowed him down considerably. At two hundred and fifty yards the bull stood looking at us for a moment, and the writer recovered from his poor shooting and put the bull out with the fifth shot. When we had skinned out the animal and dressed the meat and packed it on our horses, we started

1. OSBORNI CARIBOU.
2. CARIBOU HERD CAME ALONG BELOW US.

again for our rams on the mountains, but the mountains were hidden in swirling clouds of snow, entirely obscuring the sheep and making hunting upon the slopes a hopeless game of blind man's buff. We sat down to make a fire for our tea pail, and as it began to rain in the valley, we decided to make our way back to camp.

While riding along the St. Clair bottoms in the afternoon with the cold rain and hail pelting us in the back and the snow swirling over the mountains on either side, we observed a little knoll near the bank around which six red foxes were playing, darting in and out of several holes or tunnels. We sat upon our horses and watched them playing for some time only seventy-five yards away. As we went forward slowly they sat up like red fluffy dogs and watched us until we had covered half the distance, when four of them stampeded and with outstretched tails almost sailed up the bank and over the ridge. The other two merely crept to the edge of their tunnel into the knoll and continued their intent watchfulness until we were within fifteen feet, when with incredible swiftness they flashed into their holes.

August 27. When in camp none of us dream of getting up until Fisher gives his early breakfast call of "muck-a-muck," so we simply continue to sleep until we are called. This morning at four Fisher had a mild attack of humor and came to my

tent and began to shake me until I was quite awake and inquired, "What goes on?"

Fisher merely poked his head in the tent and said, "It is snowing hard on the mountains, so you fellows can't see to hunt to-day, and I just thought to tell you that you don't have to wake up so early." I wonder if Fisher is a bit Irish.

It has snowed very hard on the mountain all day, but in the river bottoms we have only had rain and hail. Every one has been busy at various tasks, shoeing horses, skinning out heads and salting hides, repairing clothes, and putting new hobnails in boots. We plan an early retirement after supper and a very early start in the morning.

CHAPTER VII

" The Winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb."

August 30. The weather had cleared and this morning at five o'clock we saddled our horses and loaded a pack animal with bedding, frying pan, tea kettle, with a few provisions, and Hoyt and myself, with Dixon and Albert, started for a three days' hunt among the crags at the head of the St. Clair. Arrived at the forks, we took the left branch and traveled until noon up to the head-waters among the peaks where Cutting and Bettle saw so many rams. Dispatching a light lunch and hobbling our horses on a bench, where there was slough grass, we began to climb the mountains and while crossing the ridge observed two rams resting among the crags three miles away. We started up after them and when half-way up the rock slope, the two rams began to descend into the canyon; at the same time we noticed two other rams resting on a distant peak, and we drew lots to decide that Hoyt with Dixon should stalk the two sheep on the sky line, while the writer

and Albert should go after those descending into the canyon.

Getting into the canyon was slow and difficult business as we were obliged to get under cover of a number of ridges in order to keep out of sight of the sheep, and after ascending the canyon a half mile we found the sheep had crossed over and were slowly feeding up the mountain; so we put on full steam ahead in an effort to climb the side of the mountain and head off the ascending rams.

Wet with perspiration and panting with the effort of speeding up the rocky slopes, we were about half way to the first ridge when we happened to look up; there stood the two rams with perfect, wide-spreading horns nine hundred feet above us, looking at our climbing with deep disgust; but on raising the rifle for a chance shot, the rams vanished. There was no point whatever in going after them, but we had nothing else to do and desired to have a look at the range above, so we climbed up three thousand feet and sat down just below snow line. The mountains were covered with ewes and lambs feeding undisturbed, but we saw no bands of rams, and even the two we had attempted to head off had evidently crossed over the range.

Looking across the valley we saw Hoyt and Dixon, mere specks, climbing through the snow fields; at last they reached the knife-blade summit and dodged behind the pinnacles, but their quarry

went down the other snow slope and the hunters ran down wind to within one hundred and fifty yards of the rams that were plunging about in the deep snow. Hoyt picked the largest and fired five shots as the ram mounted toward the crest, two shots went wide and two were hits, but the ram continued to run until the fifth shot put him out. While they were engaged in taking off the scalp and horns, the Indian and myself started for the willow patch where we were to camp, and had hardly arrived when Hoyt and Dixon came in, bringing the head. This is the best specimen any of us have gotten: the horns from base to point are symmetrical and perfect, with a circumference measurement at base of fourteen inches, a length of thirty-six inches and twenty-seven inches spread; the annular rings show seven years of age.

We are camped at a willow patch only twenty feet above the rocky river bottom, but we are a number of miles above the last timber and there is nothing to burn except a few willow sticks, for which we organized a hunting party and collected enough with which to build a small fire for supper and a supply for breakfast. By adding chunks of sheep and caribou fat to our willows we maintained our fire long enough to fry some sheep meat and boil our tea bucket; however, we have no fuel for warmth and we are camped at an altitude of fifty-three hundred feet and it is bitter cold, so we will

use the sky for shelter since we have no tent, and roll up in our sleeping robes for warmth.

August 31. Fair and cold. Across the St. Clair bottoms, which are a half-mile wide, the mountains rise abruptly from a tundra bench, and looking at the mountain opposite our willow patch without the aid of glasses we located a band of seven rams, feeding low down on the slope. In the gap through the mountain wall we saw over two hundred of the beautiful, snow-white animals dotting the slopes, but they were all ewes and lambs, with the exception of a large band of rams six miles back, which it was impossible to reach, as we would have to stalk near the ewes, which would inevitably stampede and frighten the rams that were feeding upward on the near-by mountain. We therefore started on horse across the bottoms, fording the several branches of the St. Clair.

Arrived on the tundra bench, we tethered the stock and began our ascent of a ridge leading upward to the snow slopes, where we stopped to take another look at the rams. We found the entire band had stopped feeding and had made their way to the top pinnacles, where they were lying down enjoying the landscape. A stalk from below in plain sight of the game was impossible of success, a stalk on the flank was equally futile for the same reason, and to attempt to circle the mountain and come at them from the rear was entirely out of our consid-

eration, for the reason that they could not only see us equally well climbing the other side of the slope, but would get our wind long before we had started our real climb up the rocks.

We were in a situation that often confronts the hunter of this most difficult of all game. The keen zest of sheep hunting is due not at all to the ferocious nature of the quarry, for mountain sheep are not only utterly harmless to man, but are not even destructive of other game; the lure lies entirely in the difficulty and effort involved in obtaining these beautiful pure-white animals, their noble heads crowned with massive, curling, amber-colored horns. The difficulties are many: the sheep not only have a marvelously keen vision, but they match this faculty with an equally acute sense of smell, so that it is utterly futile to attempt to hunt them within their range of vision and quite as useless to try for them even if hidden, when the wind blows from the hunter to the sheep, as they stampede more quickly at the scent of the hunter than at his appearance.

When we add to the highly sensitive natural endowments of the mountain sheep the fact that its habitat lies at the very top of the crags, thousands upon thousands of feet up, amid peaks of eternal snow, to reach which man must not only have good legs but strong heart and lungs, immense vitality, and infinite patience, we have the two reasons why sheep hunting is not only the most difficult of all,

but, by reason of the very difficulties, is the king of sports, to which no other hunting compares. The situation in which we found ourselves was exactly a case in point, as the sheep had chosen their vantage point on a peak, to which with much labor and energy we certainly could climb, but which we could not even approach without being seen by the wary animals. We did not even dare to climb up in front of them for the purpose of alarming them, because we wished to hunt for sheep on the peaks back of this particular band, and to stampede these would have been to stampede others on the rear peaks.

There were but two alternatives left us in this situation: either to abandon our hunt, or to sit down where we were in the hope that the rams would run over to another peak where a stalk would be possible; we sat down to play a waiting game with the sheep. While these rams held us inactive, the writer amused himself by counting the sheep on the mountain slopes across the river, on the same side as our willow-patch camp and about three miles above it. There was not a ram among the band that dotted the slopes, but counting them singly, that is: "one, two, three, etc.," and not guessing, the writer had reached five hundred and thirty-one ewes and lambs when he decided to stop counting, as other bands began to come over the snow crests and swell the multitude.

After two hours' waiting the rams disappeared

over the pinnacle above, and we immediately started to climb, reaching the top at 2.00 P.M., when we sat down to eat our lunch of hard-tack and cold sheep meat. The other side of the mountain sloped down a number of thousand feet and then dropped into a canyon, across which were lower tundra-covered mountains, on which we picked out two fine rams one mile away. The writer, with Dixon, decided to go after the band of seven rams we had seen in the morning, but were now hidden by an intervening ridge, while Hoyt and the Indian went after the two rams on the tundra; and wishing each other "good luck" we started on our separate courses. The writer's stalk lay along a knife-blade ridge of the mountain where the cold wind blew a gale and where we made our way slowly across the faces of pinnacles that could not be climbed. The game was located resting on another peak, separated from our ridge by an abyss thousands of feet deep but only one hundred and seventy-five yards across; at the edge we paused and examined the rams with our glasses, which disclosed one large head with perfect horns, the other heads being smaller, and several with broomed or broken points. Just below the slight rise at the edge of the gorge separating us from the rams the writer focused his camera and placed it within reach, and then took careful aim with rifle at the chosen ram resting on the top of the peak. A single shot ranging through behind the

shoulder caused the instant demise of the ram, but, relaxing, he pitched forward and slid out of sight, thousands of feet down the gorge. The other rams alarmed by the shot stood a moment like wonderfully posed statues on the sky line and their photograph was taken as they stood thus, while a second photograph was immediately made as they dashed down the mountain in full flight.[1] Dixon went down the gorge to skin out the ram's head, but on reaching the animal found one of the horns had been broken off eight inches in the fall, making the head useless as a trophy; but taking some of the meat he climbed back to the writer, and we sat down on the ridge to watch Hoyt and the Indian, who were slowly climbing down to the bottom of the gorge.

It is not often that one has the opportunity while hunting of watching another conduct a stalk and the stalk of which we were spectators was unusually interesting. As Hoyt and the Indian reached the bottom of the canyon we focused our ten-power binoculars upon them and continued to look with growing interest and admiration as they began to climb the almost perpendicular walls on the other

[1] The writer regrets he is unable to show this picture taken under most favorable conditions and with perfect light; but this photograph with a number of others was utterly ruined later when the boat crossing the Shims River sank, with all the writer's exposed films. In view of the mishap the writer is particularly fortunate to preserve any portion of the photographic record.

side, as it seemed an impossible task. The Indian was picking the course which ran diagonally upward across the face of the rock and their going was slow, with frequent pauses for rest; often they made their way horizontally across the perilous rock faces only to change again at favorable points to the upward diagonal, until at last they came out of the canyon on the tundra.

A stalk of three hundred yards behind a low ridge brought them within seventy-five yards of the two rams, the largest of which Hoyt selected and began to shoot. There were two shots, both wide of the mark, before the ram started to run, then three more complete misses, and while Hoyt slipped in a fresh cartridge clip, the Indian ran to head the game towards the canyon, while Hoyt ran a short distance and missed five more shots. The ram started for the canyon and came down the side and started upwards towards the ridge where the writer and Dixon had reserved seats, and a moment later Hoyt appeared at the edge of the canyon and missed five more shots. The ram went forward a short distance and stood for a moment before starting up the slope; again Hoyt shot, breaking a leg, another shot went through the hind quarter, and the last and eighteenth shot crashed through behind the shoulder and killed.

We did not wait for them to dress the animal, but went down the mountain towards our horses, and

there met Hoyt and the Indian, bringing in the head, which is not so large as Hoyt's ram of yesterday, though it is a fair size; the horns are unbroken, though not quite symmetrical, as the tip of one curves outward while the other curves inward. Hoyt was much disturbed over what he calls "rotten shooting," which was the more peculiar because he is really a very good shot, but Dixon discovered that the gun-sight had been knocked out of place and Hoyt is slowly recovering his confidence.

It began to hail on the mountain top before we left, and as we came to the horses the snow was falling heavily on the slopes and it was raining in the valley as we crossed over to our willow patch. After an extensive hunt for willow sticks for firewood, we gathered enough for our evening cookfire and for breakfast to-morrow. We also strung up a five-foot-wide strip of canvas between two sticks for a shelter and have elongated our makeshift tent by adding horse blanket at one end and a rain coat at foot; the result is not promising, but is the best our advanced position affords. We dined on tea, hardtack soaked in hot grease, and many pounds of sheep meat, and had hardly concluded when the rain turned to snow; at first the flakes were small, but grew larger until they were about the size of a silver dollar, quickly covering the ground and driving down upon us with blizzard intensity, driving us to our make-shift shelter.

1. PEAK ON LEFT WHERE WE LOCATED RAM AFTER STORM.
2. WE DUG OURSELVES OUT OF OUR CRAZY SHELTER.

September 1. We spent a sleepless but rather amusing night in our crazy shelter, as the blizzard increased in power and the snow caused our piece of canvas to sag under the constantly increasing weight. At intervals of about fifteen minutes one of us would strike the sides of the canvas to relieve the weight and we kept this up all night, with the result that the accumulation of snow at the sides half buried us. In the morning we dug ourselves out of the shelter, to find the country covered with two feet of snow on the lowest levels, with still greater depths as we rose above the river bottoms. Everything was frozen tight and blanketed with the white mantle; our saddles had disappeared; our willow firewood, kettle, frying pan, and grub supply were all lost in the white drift, and we kicked around for some time kneedeep in the snow before we located and fished up our outfit.

We then discovered that our horses had even left us in the lurch, and as this was a serious predicament the Indian immediately took up their nearly obliterated trail and found them huddled in a canyon to keep out of the wind. After bringing in the animals we managed to coax our willow fire into a flame with the aid of chunks of sheep fat, and finally sat down on our saddles for a respectable breakfast. As we were eating, the storm began to moderate and, between gulps of hot tea, Dixon managed to tell us that he thought he saw a large caribou stand-

ing on a peak on our side of the creek and three miles up the valley; we saw what he had in mind, but it looked more like a rock pinnacle covered with snow and half veiled with the skirts of the storm drawing off across the mountains, so we paid no attention to the object, except to remark that "a caribou must be entirely crazy to take the air at such a height on a morning like this."

Our morning meal was finished just about the time the sky cleared, and the sun glared down upon the snowbound scene. The writer, with some curiosity about Dixon's caribou that displayed a taste for icy pinnacles, turned his glasses upon the spot and saw that the so-called caribou was a magnificent old ram, who was evidently considering the question of where he should go to dig through the drift for his morning meal. On looking up the creek bottom land the glasses disclosed a herd of twenty-four caribou about six miles off, with one big bull coming down from the mountains at the head of the glacier, moving in our direction to a less arctic and altitudinous range for the winter. The writer with the Indian decided to go after the big ram and to pass up the caribou, while Hoyt and Dixon would pack up the outfit, saddle the horses, then wait for the caribou to come along to be killed, after which they would move camp as far into the heart of the range as the last willows.

We started afoot for the ram, traveling up the

side of a low tundra-covered mountain, but making very slow progress as the snow was two feet deep and became deeper as we ascended, while the tundra beneath the snow was wet and boggy so we wallowed along nearly waist deep in the mire beneath and the wet snow covering. The temperature was nearly zero and there was a slight crust on the snow, but in spite of the cold and with only our hunting shirt and no coat or sweater we were wet with perspiration: the glare of the unclouded sun upon the unbroken whiteness would have been unendurable except for our snow glasses. As we went forward and upward we noticed the ram come down from the peak and begin to dig through the drift for his breakfast, while the caribou herd in the bottom land was coming in our direction. When we were half a mile down the range from the ram and at a level of one thousand feet below him, the old fellow stopped feeding and looked in our direction and as we loomed black against the white background, we sat down in the snow in order to convince that ram we were rocks and not animated beings. The persistent creature continued to gaze at us and there was nothing for us but to sit in the snow and shiver and swear as the intense cold struck through our garments, dripping with perspiration which made our teeth chatter and our knees shake with a real chill.

As we sat there helpless, the caribou herd came

along below us, twenty-four beautiful animals, bulls, cows, and calves, showing black against the snow, only a hundred yards away. Our watchful sheep began to occupy himself with the study of animal life in the Yukon and was particularly intent upon observing this herd of caribou, but as we were directly in the line of vision between him and the herd we continued to sit still and shiver and to observe the caribou ourselves, after first taking the picture of the herd strung out on the snow fields below us. The old bull was a fine old specimen, but he certainly had his hands full; one moment he would rush to the head of the column to keep the leader on the course he had decided must be followed; then he would rush back and herd the rest of the animals into a bunch, so they would not be strung out too far, and would threaten with lowered head the younger bulls that came too near the cows, or dash at a calf that straggled a bit. The old fellow had a large contract to run that herd, but he was wonderfully active and one hundred per cent. efficient, and it really seemed a pity to think he was going to die, for looking down the bottoms we could see Hoyt waiting for the bull.

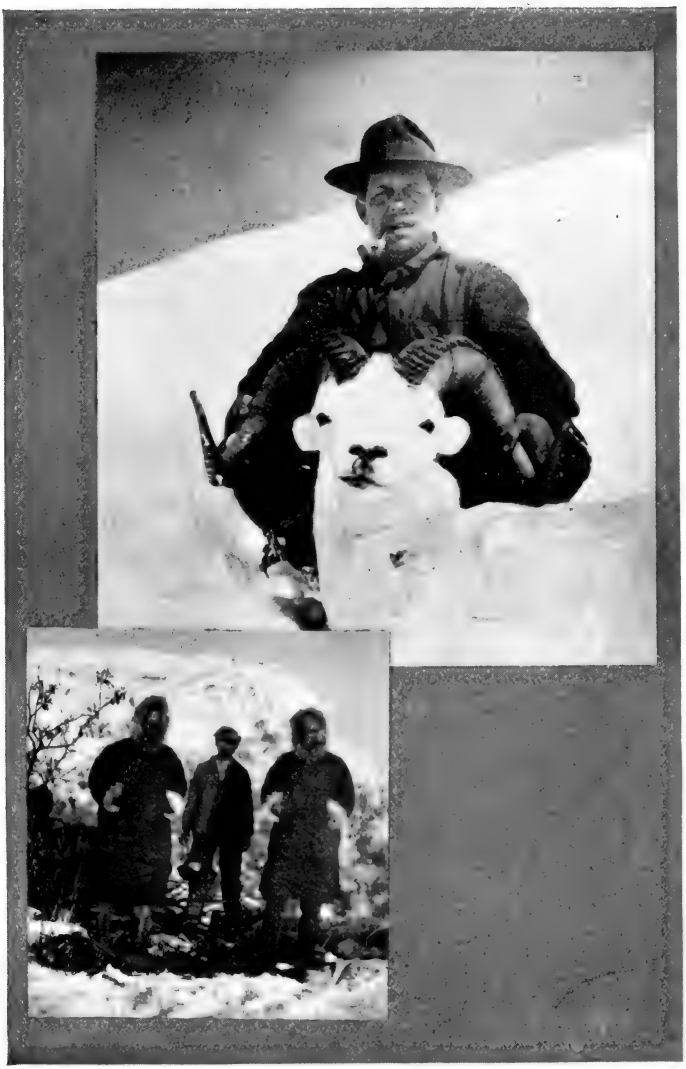
My ram continued to gaze past us at the herd, so we continued to sit tight and not move. The herd moved down opposite our camp, and we saw Hoyt's Mauser belch flame three times as he put an end to the activities of the caribou at one hundred and

fifty yards. Still the ram continued his study of migrating caribou and still we sat upon our icy perch, until the herd had passed five miles below us; that ram had with his curiosity held us prisoners for exactly two hours and we were nearly frozen. When he finally turned his gaze away, we leaped from our snowy couch and dashed down-hill under the brow for half a mile and then started up a gulch, with the purpose of climbing above the ram and coming out a hundred yards to the leeward of him.

About five hundred feet from the top of the bench where we had last seen him feeding we were wallowing waist deep through the snow, sweating and panting, when above us the old fellow looked down and then vanished. We forgot fatigue and ran straight up the mountain a hundred and fifty yards, plowing through the snow, and as we reached the brow there stood the ram, broadside two hundred and fifty yards away, looking at us. My heart was racing like a runaway engine, my breath came in gasps, and I was shaking like an aspen under the terrific strain of the climb and that final spurt; the rifle came to my shoulder, but it wavered and trembled all over the mountain at every spot except on the mark: I lowered the rifle. The Indian beside me was indulging in queer rites, shaking his head from side to side and working his mouth with a very obvious chewing movement; he whispered: "Me fool him sheep, think me caribou." Again the rifle came to

my shoulder, though I was still trembling too much for a fair aim, but the ram was about to jump so I shot twice and missed both times. The sheep ran a hundred yards farther and at the base of a sharp incline just below the summit paused for a final look; which was a fatal pause, as my breathing had become steady and the trembling spell was gone. One shot at three hundred yards was all that was necessary, as my bullet ranged through the heart and the ram was dead.

As we plowed our way over to the sheep, Albert became very loquacious and tried to flatter me with the honeyed words: "Him shoot same like Injun, kill 'em far, kill 'em quick, just one time shoot"; but I mildly suggested to Albert that, "I had made two nice misses at very much closer range just a moment earlier," to which he replied: "All same Injun fast beat him heart, no get him wind, no good shoot." Albert insisted that I take off my glasses and sit down in the snow and shiver while he takes a picture of "dam fool sheep, come feed in snow; damfool hunter, like climb mountain in snow" (the photograph is submitted in evidence as an admission of the Indian's point of view). The gentle savage intended this doubtful language as a compliment to the writer and not at all as an expression of contempt, but his vocabulary is quite circumscribed and his words have to be interpreted by an understanding of what he means rather than what he says, and



1. A RARE AND PERFECT TROPHY.
2. WILLOW PATCH CAMP. ALTITUDE 5,800 FEET.

the real meaning is arrived at by a consideration of his friendly smile.

The head was quite perfect from the base of the horn to the very tips, fourteen inches in circumference at base, thirty-four inches in length, and twenty-three inches wide, closely curled and of perfect symmetry; the age of the ram was eight years.

After skinning out the head we packed it down the mountain, sliding and slipping in the drifts, and at the bottom Hoyt left the pack train traveling up the valley and brought a horse for us to use as a ferry in crossing the several branches of the river. Making our crossing, we followed along Dixon's snow trail a number of miles up and camped at noon at the last willow patch in the heart of the range. When I say "we camped," I do not mean that we put up a tent or shelter, as we had no tent and there were no sticks to erect a shelter, but simply mean that this willow patch, at an altitude of fifty-eight hundred feet in a slight hollow, was the place where our horses might feed, and we would gather small sticks for a cook fire, while at night we would spread out our sleeping robes in the snow and use the heavens for a tent. A more beautiful, majestic, and wild panorama never faced a camera than the overwhelming wilderness of towering crystalled whiteness that surrounded us on every side.

We had lunch at this "camp" and saddling our horses started to plow our way through the snow,

following a course at the foot of the mountains until we had made five miles, where we dismounted to examine the slopes with glasses. Across a canyon were many sheep feeding on scattered and small willow bushes low down at the base of the mountains, but they were all ewe sheep, so we decided to travel farther into the range and look for rams. At the canyon we dismounted and led our horses down the steep walls to the bottom and then up the other side. The canyon bottom is the lowest point in the range and here were found scattered patches of four-feet-high willows. Countless paths, plowed down from the mountains to these willow patches, showed where the sheep in the morning, unable to paw through the deep snow on the slopes for feed, had come down to the very bottoms of the canyon to browse on willows.

It is at this season of the year, when the sheep come down to the canyons to feed, that the grizzlies hunt for sheep, as the bears lurk in the canyons and stalk the sheep as they feed upon the willows.

By scanning the back trails from the canyon to the peaks we were able to observe where the sheep had returned to the crags and passed over the summits for the night. After riding along the top of the canyon for several miles and tracing numerous trails disappearing across the range, we found one trail winding along the crags but not leading to the top; minute examination revealed a band of seven

rams, whose color nearly merged with the snow background resting on a shelf three-fourths of the way up the mountain. We looked over their horns carefully and found two very large and perfect heads, but as the hour was too late to begin a stalk, we decided to try for them in the morning and started back to camp. It was bitter cold and our boots were frozen stiff as we rode toward our base; at intervals we walked in order to keep warm, only to get into the saddle again after plowing our way on foot through the heavy snow.

About five o'clock we reached the willow patch, unsaddled the horses, placed bells around their necks, and turned them loose without hobbles, as it was necessary to leave them unhampered to paw down through the snow for such scanty feed as they might be able to discover. We put on our parkies with their fur-edged hoods, as the increasing cold gripped us, and with a fire of willow sticks and sheep fat managed to cook an evening meal; after which we sat in the snow with our boots almost against the small bed of coals and warmed and thawed out our boots. The clear, still Arctic night came down upon our pitiful camp; the jeweled lights of the heavens seemed to sparkle from the night canopy of deep blue no higher than the white, still peaks that engulfed our hollow, as we looked upon the firmament from our eiderdown sleeping robes stretched upon the frozen couch of snow.

CHAPTER VIII

"Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million
years and a day."

September 2. Had a very comfortable night in spite of the low temperature, as with our eiderdown robes rolled around us on the snow were as warm as one could wish. Everything was frozen solid this morning, from our boots to the tea pail, but a modest willow fire thawed out both of these necessary items of equipment, and after breakfast we brought the horses from a canyon, whither they had sought shelter during the night, and saddled up for a journey after the rams we had located late yesterday afternoon. My horse, Bobby, has a white nose, and this morning his muzzle was raw and sore in a number of places, due to a combination of sunburn from the glare on the snow and a chapping effect of the cold and wind, causing the muzzle to crack open; only blond-faced horses are thus affected, as the dark-muzzled animals never have these raw sores. I gave Bobby's face a coating of vaseline, which he seemed to appreciate, and we started

across the glaring snow-crust for sheep range, circling around the base of the mountains.

Five miles into the sea of peaks above our camp we saw a herd of thirty-four caribou that had been summering in the high altitudes, but were now driven out by the winter and were on the march to lower levels. There were cows, calves, and small bulls, in charge and under the strict domination of a fine old bull with a big head, which we decided not to shoot for fear of alarming the sheep that might be within hearing distance. We were quite content to watch the old patriarch manage his large family: we saw him lead the way to a small willow patch, and after his flock had browsed a few minutes he deliberately drove them away and headed them down the valley towards us, rushing first on one side, then on the other, and finally at the rear of the column, trying to keep his charges from straggling or wandering off the course.

When the caribou saw us at about two hundred yards they started to stampede in different courses, but the old bull ran to the head of the column and changed the leader's course, and utterly regardless of his own danger from us he rushed about, herding the animals in the way he had selected, and was himself the last to follow; and as the flying band vanished around a low ridge the old fellow was charging a few smaller bulls from behind, driving them forward to make a compact formation.

We rode on through the snow fields, seeing many ewes across the canyon, until we could observe the ledge on which we had located sheep the previous day. The rams had evidently been feeding below and had returned to the ledge, where they were resting in the snow, so we looked them over with the glasses and found the two with the large heads.

It was impossible to stalk them in plain sight from below, but it was an ideal situation to climb a ridge on their flank to the dizzy heights and then stalk down upon them from above; that is, it might have been ideal but for a single factor which made it impossible, for the wary band had posted a sentinel ram far out on a point about six hundred yards from the resting sheep, and this sentinel not only had us in full view, but had an unobstructed view of the ridge by which we purposed to climb above his companions.

Our plan of action, therefore, resolved itself into "anxious, wishful, watchful waiting," as we sat down in the snow with the purpose of closely imitating the immobility of rocks. As we sat there two small rams came down from the mountains behind us and at close range crossed over the valley, down the canyon, and over to another range. It took until noon for that sentinel ram to become convinced we were really rocks, or perhaps his appetite gained supremacy over his duty as guard, but after standing guard for nearly three hours he descended

toward the canyon and our line of assault was open.

Leading the horses and dodging behind low ridges we came to the bottom of the slope, and, tethering our mounts in a deep gulch between two ascending ridges, began our climb up the heights. The lower slope was hard going, as the snow was deep and we were continually falling down and floundering around in the drift; the best we could do was to ascend about two hundred feet and then rest a few minutes to recover enough wind to continue; we panted and perspired under the strain of that ascent, like Arabs crossing the burning sands of the Sahara instead of hunters daring the icy heights. The higher we climbed the more abrupt became the ascent and, as we were frequently slipping and slipping was dangerous, we went onward and upward at a snail's pace, using the butt of the gun for Alpine stock and trying the footing a step ahead before taking our weight off the rear foot.

The last stretch was one of those straight-up inventions of the devil, where one digs his fingers through the snow for a grip on the sharp rocks and then feels around with his toes for a solid rock footing a little higher than his previous footing; sometimes we could not continue up, but had to climb directly across the face of the cliff-like top to reach a more favorable point of ascent. No one ever thinks of looking back in a situation of this sort, for to look anywhere except directly ahead is utter folly;

indeed, you do not think about anything else except that next finger hold and step you are going to take, and the danger of it all never enters your mind as you concentrate on your next move and do not consider possibilities.

At last we pulled ourselves to the knife-blade ridge cutting the sky, where the wind blew cold and where the ridge we must cross was less than eight inches wide, covered with snow and dropping down thousands of feet, whose magnificent depth we did not even momentarily observe, as that eight-inch ridge led up to safe and sane footing. As we knew not whether the edge beneath the snow was loose rock, or slippery soil, we made haste very slowly, advancing and balancing along the icy sky line like puppets in some outlandish show; sometimes the snow and rocks displaced by our footing would slide into the abyss on either side, but it was not a subject for thought at the time though the subconscious mind evidently made note of it.

At last we reached a flat top and began to remember the almost forgotten sheep, as we went rapidly forward for nearly a mile, until we decided the sheep must be almost directly below. A projecting ledge obstructed our downward view, so we went down a ridge to get a clear view, only to find the sheep had moved. Even as we looked the band came into view two hundred yards away, traveling in the same direction as we were going, paralleling

THE HEART OF THE ST. ELIAS RANGE—

"Wild and wide are my borders,
Stern as death is my sway."

our course on a lower level, but with the evident intention of coming to the top.

Hoyt fired once and missed, and the band was off at a gallop, while we stampeded up the ridge and then ran a half mile along the summit in order to head off the rams as they came to the sky line. The sheep, however, in single file plunged through the snow, topped the summit far ahead of us, and Dixon, looking through the glasses, called out the second ram as a big head, which the writer by a lucky shot wounded in the shoulder at four hundred yards. A moment later Hoyt wounded the other big ram at four hundred and fifty yards, and we both wasted a number of futile shots at the rest of the band as they vanished over the crest, after which we each took the red trail left by our stricken game, as the rams made their way down the mountain. Albert and the writer watched Hoyt with Dixon go after Hoyt's wounded ram and a mile away saw Hoyt's rifle flash the finishing shot, when we turned to follow the descending trail of my ram. At several places the animal had laid down to rest and had been eating snow, but we traveled over a mile and had reached a level only a thousand feet above the base of the mountain, when we came upon the sheep standing in a little draw.

With one shot I put him out of his misery, and we proceeded at once to examine him carefully. The specimen was really a rare trophy, the horns

being very massive and absolutely symmetrical, with perfect points unbroken and unbroomed. The circumference of horns at base as we put the steel tape around was fifteen inches, the outside curl of each horn showed a length of thirty-seven inches, while the width between the horns was twenty-four inches; the annular rings revealed his age as eight years.

As it was three o'clock in the afternoon and we had spent a strenuous morning since our five o'clock breakfast, we sat down to a lunch of hardtack, cold sheep meat, and raisins, after first taking stock of my ammunition and discovering all that I had was the single cartridge in the chamber of my rifle. Luncheon was proceeding nicely with appropriate hunting talk between the savage and myself and we had nearly reached the raisin course, when we looked down the slope and there beheld eight fine rams only two hundred yards below us that had come out of the canyon and had crossed our front, and at full speed were going over a ridge that led up to us. I grabbed the rifle and the Indian grabbed the glasses, and we both rushed to the crest of the ridge a hundred feet away. Albert called out, " Shoot him big sheep, two back from leader " (meaning the third sheep), and my last shot crashed toward the three-hundred-yard distant ram, which gave a slight jump as it continued with unabated speed and topped a rise twenty feet ahead of it and disappeared, followed by the other five rams.

I supposed, as a matter of course, my shot had gone wide of the mark, so without comment Albert and myself went back to our raisin course. We had just finished that and were about to skin out the dead ram beside us, when twelve more rams with magnificent heads came out of the canyon and approached within two hundred yards before they discovered us. Having no more ammunition, we simply watched them while they rambled off at an unhurried pace, and then turned our attention to dressing our neglected ram.

I said to Albert, "Rather rotten luck to be out of cartridges with such fine rams coming right up to be killed without doing any climbing after them; and, besides, I really wanted a third head." Albert stopped his skinning operation, lighted his pipe, and said: "You speak him same thing," so I was obliged to repeat my observation. The Indian began to count on his fingers and, holding up three brown digits for my inspection, informed me: "Him kill one ram big other time, him kill two ram big this time." I didn't care to argue the matter with the Indian, as he had a bad-looking skinning knife in his hand, but after he had gone back to his mutton I told him that Hoyt had killed the second ram back on the mountain; then Albert began to grin and, taking my arm, led me to the place from which I had fired my last shot at the rams that had gone over the ridge, and rather impressively

announced: "Him shoot him good, kill him quick, in heart shoot." I laughed at Albert, and told him that ram was five miles away by this time and that I saw him running the twenty feet to the ridge just as fast as before I shot; but Albert only smiled and said: "All same dead."

Taking the head and part of the meat, we started in the direction of our horses, crossing the ridge where the rams had vanished; there not five feet from the top of the ridge lay my third ram, shot behind the shoulder with the bullet ranging through the body and out the other side. The Indian looked at the ram and, turning to me with an expression of assurance, remarked: "Look, him dead in heart, sometime big sheep run fast, shoot him in heart; all same run little bit more," and it was even so. The head was not quite perfect, as one horn was broomed at the point, making it an inch shorter than the perfect horn; but I was glad to have it, simply as showing what happens to the horns, since I already had two perfect specimens. The tape showed a base circumference of fifteen and one-half inches, the perfect horn length of thirty-eight inches, and a spread of twenty-five inches, while the annular rings marked eight years.

While skinning this ram, Dixon and Hoyt came up to us with Hoyt's ram, which measured fifteen inches around the base of the horn, with thirty-six inches length, and twenty-seven inches spread, age

eight years. Like my last ram, this one of Hoyt's has one horn broomed at the tip and an inch shorter than the perfect horn. Dixon reported that a mile back he located twenty-four rams with some very large heads, and urged we go after them "with a good chance of getting a record head," but as Hoyt and myself each had three very fine specimens, we decided the entire ram family might come up to us and play around our camp in perfect security; so packing our specimens on our backs we climbed up and down several canyons and came out above our horses. At the edge of a very steep slope Hoyt's feet went out from under him and he slid down through the snow to the bottom, while the rest of us howled with glee as he shook himself out of the drift; at the same point the writer absolutely duplicated Hoyt's amusing performance, after which we all felt better.

Our horses were a bit stiff with cold from long standing tethered in the gulch, so we quickly mounted and returned to our willow-patch camp, where we turned the animals loose and prepared the evening meal. Since we have all the sheep we desire and in view of the scanty horse feed, we decided to make an early start in the morning from this exposed camp and return to our main camp in the timber on the St. Clair.

September 3. The horses evidently exhausted the available willow feed in our locality early during

the night, for about midnight we heard the tinkle of their bells going down the valley, and Dixon got up and went after them. An hour or two later they started down again, so Albert took their trail and brought them back; when they made the third attempt, as it was about daylight, we decided to have breakfast and start down the valley. Our single pack animal, loaded with bedding, cook outfit, and six big heads in addition to Hoyt's caribou head, presented a rather wonderful appearance with the different horns along his sides and the big antlers rising above his back.

As we went down the wide river bottom to lower levels the snow became lighter, until at our home camp in the timber there was no snow whatever, though it lay deep upon the low slopes on either side. The big snow had broken down several of our tents, which had been set up again with six-inch diameter ridge poles, but the snow had entirely melted about camp, which presented a very summery aspect compared to our recent willow patch.

The day we had gone up the left branch of the St. Clair, Wolcott with Hayden had gone up among the mountains on the right branch and had hunted sheep. There were many ewes and lambs ranging in their locality, but they saw only several bands of rams, one of which Wolcott killed; the head was only fair size and not perfect, as one of the points was broken. When they crawled out of the drift

the morning after the storm and beheld everything buried two feet deep, they concluded that sheep hunting under such conditions was sport reduced to its lowest terms, and made haste to leave the dizzy heights behind, and returned to camp.

Cutting and Bettle with Baker went over the mountains behind our camp the day we left, and forced their way deep into the range, where they were caught by the storm at a low willow patch. They stayed on, however, and saw a great many rams, which they stalked among the peaks. This afternoon they came down to the home camp, bringing in three rams' heads of fair size, but imperfect, as all of them have broken points.

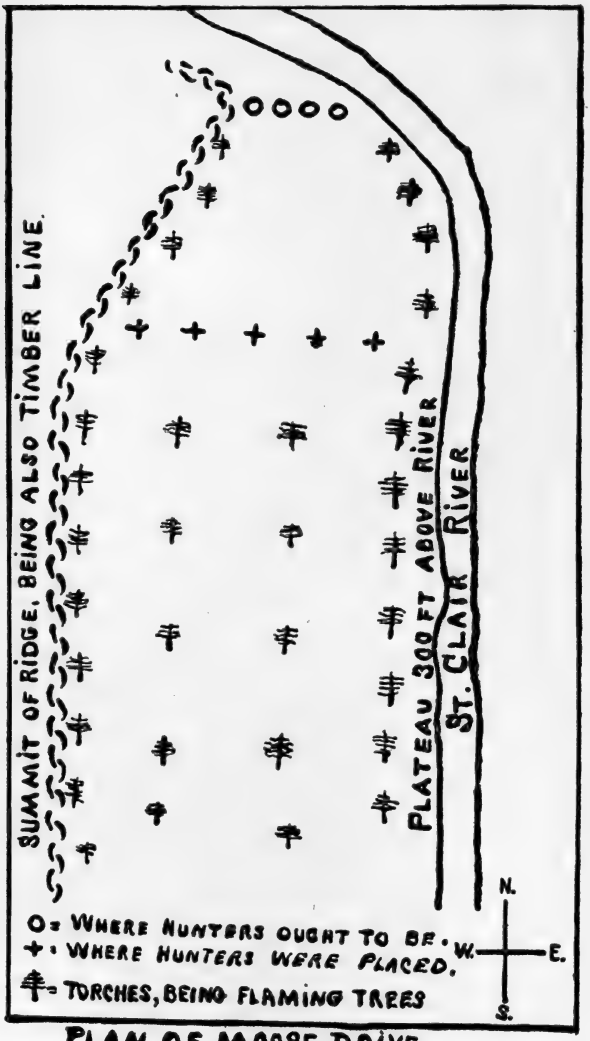
Wolcott and Hayden went north down the St. Clair this morning to look for moose, and ten miles down rode up the mountains above timber line, searching the valley with their glasses in an effort to locate the game. This is rather difficult hunting, as it is almost impossible to pick out these animals in the thick timber below by looking for them from above. Late in the afternoon, however, Hayden's keen eye located a bull moose lying down in the timber nine hundred yards away, and the hunters began a difficult stalk, made more uncertain by the fact that when they had advanced into the timber they no longer knew exactly where the moose was resting.

Creeping carefully between the trees, they came within fifty yards of the reclining bull before dis-

covering him, and Wolcott shot him as he lay there and again as he got to his feet, while three more bullets went into the running animal before he was finished. After dressing and removing the head, they brought it into camp about six o'clock. Without any exception this is the most beautiful moose head the writer has ever seen; the palms are not unusually long, nor is the spread of fifty-six inches remarkable, but the horns are very massive, perfect in symmetry and balance, with the points not worn as is usual with the larger and older bulls. The scalp is almost black, blending into brown; the bell is six inches long, but this is due to the fact that in this country it is extremely rare to find a moose whose bell is not frozen off, leaving a short beard-like projection.

September 4. We are all doubtless familiar with the lion-hunting methods in vogue in East Africa, where many natives surround a donga to which a lion has been traced, and then with drums, kettles, and any noise-making implement begin to advance through the donga, making an unholy racket and causing the frightened lion to leave the cover and come into the open, where he is dispatched by the hunter.

Dixon proposed a similar plan for a moose hunt, which he calls a " drive," and which seemed to the writer to be an unsportsmanlike method of hunting, but which, merely by reason of its novelty and to



PLAN OF MOOSE DRIVE

observe how it would work out, we decided to try once. Across the river from our camp was a timber-covered plateau, rising three hundred feet above the river and extending back a mile and a half with an upward slope to the top of the ridge which was the end of the timber. Six miles down the valley the river bends to the west, and the distance between the river and the ridge narrows down to about three hundred yards.

The plan was for Dixon with two others to ride across the plateau to the top of the ridge at timber line; Jim Baker, with a tolling bell tied to his horse, was to go to a point half way between the top of the ridge and the river bank; Albert was to take his stand on the edge of the plateau just above the river bottom; the hunters were to be placed six miles down the valley at the point marked o o o, where the ridge approached the river. We started with Jack Hayden, who had misunderstood Dixon's directions and placed us at x x x, where the plateau was a mile and a half wide instead of only three hundred yards wide, where we should have taken our stand.

The stage being all set, we heard a distant rifle shot as signal, and at once, where Dixon and Albert were posted on the flanks of the plateau, a standing dead tree flamed to the heavens and then began to smoke, while Jim Baker began to ignite trees in between the flanks held by Dixon and Albert.

Then the flankers and Baker began to move forward, lighting trees every two hundred yards as they progressed; and as we, who were to do the shooting, watched the flaming torches come nearer, it became obvious that the plan was absolutely perfect for the extermination of moose. But there were two fatally weak points in its execution for Baker had too much ground to cover between the flankers and should have had another to assist him, as the moose had too much chance to break back before he could cover the ground with his fires; the other weakness lay in the fact that the hunters were placed in such a way that the moose could easily circle our ends without being seen, and the plan worked out in just that way.

Finally a cow moose came into sight and we let her pass; next Baker came along lighting trees and ringing his infernal bell, while Dixon passed north of us along the timber line, igniting trees. Then we realized some one had misunderstood and the drive was called off, not to be repeated. Baker and the writer decided to ride north along the plateau with the possibility of locating game, while the others returned to camp.

Jim and I agreed that with one or two extra men to help him in the center and the hunters placed where the plateau narrowed farther down, the moose drive would have been perfect; we also agreed that we were quite pleased that it did not

work out, as it is a fine scheme for killing, but a rotten form of sport. Down at the river bend we saw where the plateau narrowed to three hundred yards, where Dixon intended the hunters to be placed, and here were the newly made tracks of a number of very large moose and some small ones that had come through the narrows, descended the plateau, and crossed over the river to the undisturbed timber. Back in camp we are glad to have seen what a moose drive is like and to have participated in an unsuccessful one, but we are quite determined that we will hunt our moose in the future like Christians and gentlemen and not by means of the drive.

September 5. Snow began to fall early last evening and continued all night, and the ground was covered even down in the timber about our camp. As the storm persisted all day, making it impossible to locate game, the hunters stayed in camp and undertook various repair work, while the guides spent their time in taking care of the many heads and scalps we had brought in as trophies of our hunting. The writer became restless from lack of exercise and decided to ramble across the mountains, not so much in hope of seeing any game, as the swirling snow obscured everything except at close range. Going through the timber there were many fresh snow trails of small moose, but no track

of sufficient size was located to warrant following. After crossing several mountains and seeing nothing, but having an eight-mile walk, I came down to the river bottom, and in crossing the swollen St. Clair succeeded in becoming wet and chilled, but finally came into camp with that entirely alive feeling that is begotten only by activity.

September 6. Dixon had been telling us of a wonderful moose range about fifteen miles down the valley and across the range, so the writer decided to look it over with the thought of camping there for a few days. We started at six this morning, a large party, as all of us were going along, but after crossing Bull Creek, Hoyt and Hayden took the lower level, Bettle and Baker took a middle course, while Cutting and myself, with Dixon and Albert, took the higher course, going up through timber and traveling along the snow-covered, tundra mountains above timber line, where we could see everything; only there was nothing to be seen, except snow-covered mountains whose barren monotony of white was not even broken by a rock.

At noon we descended a steep mountain into a ravine where there was some timber, and noticed a lynx and porcupine trail in the snow leading to a spruce tree, but not leaving the tree again; we finally discovered both the lynx and the porcupine had climbed to the top and were looking upon us in

fancied security, which became even more apparent as we tried to drive them down with a fusillade of snowballs.

Albert looked upon our unprofessional methods for a moment, and then in tones tinged with disgust said: "Ugh! me ketch him lynx," to which we added our enthusiasm. The Indian took a piece of caribou thong five feet long from his pocket and tied one end securely to a willow stick of equal length, made a running noose at the other end, and drawing on his thick leather gloves began to climb the tree. The lynx went to the very top, and the tree swayed as Albert went up to within four feet of the lynx, where he adjusted the noose and very neatly threw it over the head of the animal, and giving it a jerk pulled him out of the tree into the snow.

Dixon grabbed the stick, and while the animal tore around we stood at a safe distance, with a fine respect for the razor-like claws. Finally Albert threw a sack over the animal and pinned him to the snow and, grabbing him by the back of the neck, one foot at a time was released from the sack until we had all his feet tied up with silk handkerchiefs. Then we took the sack off and removed the noose from his throat, and while Albert held him by the back of the neck we took the captive's photograph. We expected to release him, but Cutting wanted him to take home to catch mice, so the lynx was put in a saddle bag, to begin the initial stage of his journey

from the wilds of the Yukon to the wilds of New York.

As we had spent considerable time with the lynx hunt, we decided to have lunch where we were, and had boiled the tea pail and were sitting in the snow eating cold caribou steaks, when the horses began to sniff suspiciously and gaze down the gulch five hundred yards below us. Following their gaze, we saw two grizzlies that had crossed the gulch and were making their way up the mountain we had descended. We figured that after reaching the top they would scent our horse tracks in the snow and would follow the trail to discover the cause, so we grabbed our guns and, the writer leading the way, started up the nine-hundred-feet-high slope, following our horse trail.

Part way up Cutting ran ahead, and when we were seventy-five yards from the top the smaller grizzly came into view at the crest, and Cutting with a single shot through the brain killed the bear. Again we ran forward and the larger bear was seen standing on hind legs, interested in what had happened to her cub; Cutting immediately began shooting, missing twice, but his third shot hit the paw, and the bear turned a complete somersault and rolled over in the snow, chewing and tearing at its wounded foot for a moment, and then made off down the mountain into the ravine, with Cutting following.

The rest of us went back to our neglected lunch and had about finished when Cutting, having abandoned the wounded bear, returned to our cook fire. After we had finished, Cutting, with Albert, decided to take up the tracking of the bear, while Dixon and the writer continued on about five miles to a reconnoissance of the moose country.

When Cutting had first abandoned the grizzly's trail, the animal traveled a mile, where Baker and Bettle saw him jumping along two hundred and fifty yards away, but he had disappeared before Bettle could put the gun on him. About a mile farther Hoyt and Hayden saw him seventy-five yards away, running through a swale, and though the shooting was difficult, because the game was visible for a moment only, Hoyt hit him at the first shot and then finished him with five more well-aimed shots. Cutting and Albert, hearing the shooting, came in that direction and found Hayden skinning out the grizzly, after which they all started back to camp.

Dixon and the writer continued on above timber line across some high tundra-covered mountains, that finally ended in an almost perpendicular wall which dropped down several thousand feet to a six-mile-wide valley, fairly well timbered and containing a number of lakes. We searched the valley for an hour or two with the glasses without discovering any moose, but the writer decided it looked a prom-

ising moose country and determined to return the following day and camp here a few days in order to be on the ground for early and late hunting. At five o'clock we began to retrace our steps to camp, whither we arrived after dark. After getting Cutting's lynx out of the saddle bag, we had quite an exciting time putting a collar around his neck, after which he was chained to a tree and the silk handkerchiefs taken from his feet, and there he is destined to remain until he begins the second stage of his journey to New York.

CHAPTER IX

"There where the livid tundras keep their tryst with the tranquil snows;
There where the silences are spawned and the light of hell-fire flows
Into the bowl of the midnight sky, violet, amber, and rose."

September 7. Although the temperature was low, a cloudless sky and brilliant, early-morning sun promised a fair day, as we saddled our riding horses and loaded a pack animal with bedding and small cook outfit and made ready to start for the moose grounds, which had been reconnoitered by the writer yesterday. Albert and myself will spend several days there, and we took Morley Bones along with us in order to bring back the horses after we reached our camping place, as we did not wish to be bothered by having to look after horses in a locality where horse feed was scarce and the probability of horses straying off was almost a certainty.

Starting at seven, our course lay down the St. Clair bottoms a number of miles, where we turned off at Bull Creek and began our upward climb through the timber until we came out on the tree-

less tundra-covered mountains, blanketed with snow. While winding around the slopes, we located a band of twenty caribou resting a mile away up on the rounded summit. One of the animals, a small bull, came down to investigate us, and for ten minutes circled around within two hundred yards, alternately loping along at an easy trot and stopping to sniff the air.

These caribou seem to have an intense amount of curiosity and appear to be unafraid at the sight of man, as it has happened a number of times that under the spell of the investigating spirit they have come quite close. It always happened, however, that as soon as they got our wind, they have started off in full flight, and this particular caribou was no exception to the rule; for, after running back and forth along our flank for some time, he nearly circled us, and as soon as he reached the windward his head shot up, as he stopped for a moment with quivering nostrils, and then he dashed in full speed up the mountain.

About noon we descended somewhat to the edge of timber, where we cooked lunch and decided to camp, as the tundra mountain rose behind us a mile to its highest ridge and then dropped down precipitously a number of thousand feet into the broad valley where we would hunt moose. Our high ridge gave us an excellent vantage point not far from our camp, from which to search the valley with

our glasses early and late. Bones left us after lunch, taking back all the horses and promising to return for us five days later. As we had brought no tent, we selected a large spruce tree, whose lower branches we stripped on one side; then cut smaller spruce trees, the ends of which we rested on the lateral branches of the big tree about five feet up the trunk, and this furnished us with a brush shelter for the night.

Early afternoon found us on the ridge, walking along the edge and searching with our glasses the snow-covered valley below. As the timber was quite thick in the valley we were obliged to travel many miles along the ridge in order to make a careful examination. Finally a dark shape was seen moving through the timber, and it was some time before we had a clear view of the head, but our examination disclosed the animal to be a cow moose, which we did not want. Across the snow fields on the tundra the setting sun blazed its dazzling path, leading across valley, mountain, and icy peaks, past towering Mt. Natazhat, until it sank into the sea of peaks to the westward. Immediately the snow fields were faintly tinted with lavender, deepening to light purple, while the mountain fronts shadowed violet as the night crept up from the already darkened valleys. We stayed out until dark without seeing any further game, and then returned to our brush camp for supper.

Albert tells me that in November this low tundra mountain is covered with many sheep that have left the high mountains up the St. Clair, where in winter the snows are very deep and it is difficult to get feed. I have asked him about this several times, as the sheep ranges of the St. Clair are nearly forty miles away, and I have never heard of sheep moving such a distance from their native range; however, Albert says he has come here a number of times in November to kill his winter supply of sheep and caribou, and he has always found sheep along the low mountain ridge on whose slopes we are camped.

September 8. At four o'clock we were breakfasting in the dark and half an hour later found us on the ridge, looking down upon the valley, waiting for the coming of the light. The snow fields showed bluish white, while the peaks were faintly tinted with pink, as the first rays of the sun fell far across them, but as the sun rose higher the pink faded and the entire landscape sparkled under the glare. I have often wondered why the painters almost invariably fail to differentiate between the early morning pink tinge on their snow fields and the faint lavender tint which setting sun casts upon a winter landscape, for the distinction is quite obvious to the keen observer. As the Indian and myself sat shivering on the ridge under the magic and wonder of the dawn, I asked him why the sun made a pink color as he came across the mountains in the

morning and a lavender tint as he disappeared behind the peaks at night, and received the simple answer: "When Big Fire come in morning, him make all warm, him make warm look on snow; when Big Fire go down sleep, him make all cold, him make cold mark on snow; tell Injun go make fire."

We walked along the ridge many miles, searching the valley for moose, but failed to locate anything until five miles from camp a herd of twenty-one caribou were seen on the tundra, pawing down through the snow to get their morning meal of white moss, which is almost their only winter diet. Since our need for meat was pressing, the writer picked out a small calf, which fell dead with a single shot, and Albert packed the animal on his back to our camp, where we immediately fried and dispatched all the rib chops.

At eleven we were again on a lookout ridge, and seven miles away down the valley at Tepee Lake we saw a moose feeding in the water. The glasses disclosed him to be a bull with a very good head and a twelve-inch-long bell which had not been frozen off in the winter. We wanted him badly, but did not dare to leave our vantage point, as long before we could reach him his feeding would be finished and we would not know the course he had taken.

After watching him an hour, the moose left the lake and started into the timber on the right, and we saw him no more. It was almost useless to at-

tempt to track him, as a bull moose at this season is one of the most wary animals that roam the wilderness. They are very particular, when they lie down, to select a place where they can not only observe their immediate back trail, but where any hunter following the trail is sure to have his scent wafted to the animal. Albert looked at the country to the right of the lake, and finally decided the moose would circle carefully around a certain hill which was a mile and a half from the lake and would go to the top for several hours' rest. Why Albert selected this particular hill among any number of hills, I know not, but the writer never questions the judgment or instinct of an Indian on the subject of moose hunting, so we started down the mountain. The timbered valley, that appeared so inviting from above, was found to be one vast bog, into which we sank six inches with every step, making walking very slow and tedious.

At last we reached the base of the hill the Indian had selected as the resting place of the moose, and after testing the wind to be certain our scent would not be wafted towards the crest, our final stalk began. Crouching low and placing our steps carefully in order to avoid breaking any twigs, we had almost reached the crest, when, in spite of our caution, we made a slight noise, and the bull jumped up seventy-five feet ahead of us and made off before we could get a shot.

We stood still for five minutes, and then decided the moose would not run far as he had not seen us and was not greatly frightened. Albert started out and made a circle of three miles, reporting on his return that the animal was somewhere within the circle; so we started out to locate him, and had climbed a high ridge and were about to descend to a ravine and climb a low hill on the other side. Albert became a bit careless, and said: "Moose other side hill"; even as he spoke, the bull heard his voice and jumped up. Two of my shots missed, as he vanished over the ridge out of sight, but he came in sight again four hundred yards away and stood for a moment, when by good luck rather than good shooting I placed a shot through the body, which severely wounded him, but did not bring him down. At once we took up the red trail on the snow and followed it a number of miles; frequently the moose stopped to eat snow, but invariably forged ahead. We tracked him seven miles and then abandoned the chase on account of darkness, to resume the tracking the following day, when Albert said the moose would be dead.

The climbing up to camp in the darkness was slow and difficult work on the snow slope, but after several hours we reached our brush shelter and built a roaring fire, before which we dried out our wet garments and roasted a hindquarter of the calf caribou suspended from a stick above the coals. Albert

was quite disturbed at the idea we had been so unskillful as to alarm the moose, and expressed himself quite at length on the subject. " Boots no good for hunt moose, easy scare him this time; not same summer time, that time no easy scare; me talk too much, scare moose last time." We agreed, however, that in the future the writer will muffle his feet if the Indian will play a dumb rôle, and that we will commence our reform to-morrow if the opportunity is offered.

September 9. We have had a very strenuous day and as we sit beneath our brush shelter with a real man's fire radiating warmth and cheerfulness, while outside of our evergreen bower the wind howls and the blinding snowstorm rages through the darkness, the weariness of the day's work fades and a sense of restfulness and quiet amusement reigns in our little camp. As I look at my dusky companion the words of Kipling descriptive of " Fuzzy Wuzzy,"

> " I've fought with many across the seas,
> And some of 'em was brave and some was not,"

persist in forcing their way from the margin into the center of consciousness, not because of any fight in which we have engaged, but by reason of the hunt we have made to-day.

The writer has hunted with many men of various races, from savage to the usual white guide, from

Hudson's Bay Cree, Ojibway, and the Montanais Indian down through the half-breed strain to the full blood, white trapper, but has never quite reached the hunting technique employed by Albert, my Aishihik Indian companion, on to-day's hunt. We had breakfast and were out on the ridge on lookout by four-thirty this morning and we saw nothing whatever until eleven o'clock, when three bull moose came into the water to feed at the far end of Tepee Lake nine miles away.

There were two small bulls and one immense bull, whose magnificent spread of horn we clearly made out with the glasses as his wet antlers flashed in the sunlight. While we watched this bull, not daring to leave our lookout until he ceased feeding and indicated the direction of his afternoon's resting place, we too satisfied our hunger with smoked caribou meat and hardtack, until the old bull finally stopped feeding and swam across a little bay. We watched the two small bulls follow him, until he drove them off, and then pursued his solitary course along the lake beach and disappeared into the timber. Albert looked over the country carefully and finally picked out a hill where he felt sure the moose would go to rest, and at once we hurried down the mountain and began our ten-mile stalk for that distant hill.

As we "mushed" through the snow masking the clinging bog, into which we sank with every step,

the Indian, traveling ahead, was certainly keeping the vow of silence made the previous evening. Arrived at Harris River, flowing through the middle of the valley, we looked at the three-feet-deep icy stream for a moment until the Indian announced: "Us take off boots and sox, not get feet wet," so we removed these items of footwear, tied them around our necks, and waded across to the other side, where we dried our feet and replacing our sox and boots continued through the marshy valley. Two miles farther we pressed on in silence when the Indian stopped and, turning to me, said: "Big boots make big noise, scare him moose; us take off big boots and sox, walk in bare feet in snow; easy walk, come close, not scare him moose," and, suiting the action to precept, the Indian began to remove his own boots.

I looked a moment at the eight-inch-deep snow, soft and wet, and decided to play up to any hunting game the Indian would propose, so with boots dangling around our necks and trousers rolled above our knees we took our barefoot and bare-legged way through the snow. After an hour's mushing in this manner I had gotten over the amusement of hunting barefoot in the snow and decided to put on my sox, at least for warmth, but soon discovered that the sox held a large amount of icy water, as they sank into the marsh, and the extremities were colder than they had been without the sox, so I came back to the

barefoot stalk. Really this method of stalking results in one hundred per cent. silence, for the reason that twigs and branches hurt the bare feet and consequently the stalker is particular to avoid them.

We approached the hill where Albert felt the moose was resting, and with less noise than the drifting snowflake searched every foot of the ground; shod in silence we searched two other hills without result, and finally came upon the trail of our moose leading across a wide, low marsh, as he evidently had no intention of resting on any of the near-by hills. Taking his trail, we decided to follow him; and if his course led to a hill we would stalk him, provided there was still sufficient daylight; or, if the light failed, we would still camp under a tree and stalk him in the morning. For a long distance we hung on his trail, through the marsh, down the valley, with no deviation towards the hills; it began to snow hard and darkness came on, making it impossible to do further tracking as the snow blanketed the tracks; it was futile to attempt to follow an obliterated trail and equally unpromising even to hope to pick it up in the morning when the snow would be deeper.

It was disappointing and difficult to come to the point of giving up that moose, as we had decided to follow that trail and, forgetting our blankets and grub, to sleep on the trail until we had that moose; but we had reckoned without the snow which wiped

out all tracks, leaving us no trail to follow. In the darkness we put on our footgear, and facing northward into the driving snow began our weary and slow journey back to the brush camp. Since four o'clock in the morning we had eaten nothing except a little hardtack and some strips of "jerkey"; we had mushed over twenty miles through the snow-covered bog, where every step involved the additional effort of pulling out of the clinging mire, and as we toiled up the mountain slope in the darkness and in the storm we were conscious of that gloomy feeling of very weary, hungry men, who had played the game to the limit of our abilities and had failed because of supervening conditions beyond our control.

We roasted the other hindquarter of our caribou as we dried out beside a roaring fire; we also roasted a pile of marrow bones we had been collecting, and after devouring all the cooked meat and marrow, we are quite ready to start a new hunt to-morrow.

September 10. This morning the blizzard continued with undiminished power, obscuring the view and making hunting impossible, so we cleaned gun, made our brush camp a bit more impervious to snow, and collected trees for firewood. In the afternoon the storm abated somewhat, and through the scattering flakes we saw a herd of caribou feeding on the sky line of the tundra three miles above us; the writer decided to get a calf for meat, while Albert

went to bring in the head of the moose we had shot two days ago. While stalking up the tundra for the caribou the blizzard resumed its sway with increased power, and the game was entirely hidden in the blinding snow; however, I continued to the top, in hope of blundering into the herd, but the animals evidently got my wind, as I saw nothing more of them.

After Albert's return we sat down for a "big feed" upon the last of our caribou, and then, piling our fire four feet high with logs, reclined on our robes beneath the brush shelter and prepared to spend a sociable evening exchanging ideas. Albert is the eldest son of the tribal chieftain, who is of advanced age and who will be succeeded by his eldest son, but Albert tells me he has made up his mind to decline the honor in favor of "Rabbit," his brother. I have pressed my companion on this matter, and learn that the chief is a man who settles all disputes between the members of the tribe and whose decisions on any matter are not only respected but are final. However, there is no material advantage in being chief, since the tribe does not in any way contribute to his support, and the honor is an empty one, made the more empty by reason of the fact that custom decrees the chief shall each year give a "potlatch."

This "potlatch" is a party given to the whole tribe, with the chieftain playing the part of host.

The chief must purchase from two to three hundred blankets from the Indian traders, and as this involves an expense of about twelve hundred dollars he must have had a successful trapping season in order to finance the social duties of his position. Having provided the blankets, he sends runners to the various bands and families, inviting them to attend the "potlatch" on a certain day at a fixed place, and in the meantime the chief and his family kill many caribou, moose, and sheep for the tribal fest.

On the designated day the members of the tribe come together and erect their tents, the meat is roasted before immense fires, and at evening the entire tribe shoot off rifles to start the celebration which precedes the big feast. Then the chief "makes big talk" to the tribe, and completes his part in the play by presenting every one with blankets, after which there is much dancing. This continues for several days, or, to be exact, until the meat supply runs out, when the various families depart to their trapping grounds, leaving the chief impoverished, but conscious of having performed his social obligations.

Albert voiced his views as to chieftainship as follows: "Chief all time poor, all time give potlatch; me not be chief." However, the writer has by suggestion planted a seed in the Indian's mind that may grow into a new custom, as I have pointed

out to Albert that since everybody obeys the chief, and since the chief gets nothing for performing his duties, he should make each family bring him a certain amount of fur each year and by selling this fur to make a "potlatch," he could give the party without stripping himself. Albert is much interested in the plan and has several times asked more about the details, and the way he nods his head as I explain the fairness of the plan argues strongly for a new tribal custom for "potlatches" in the Yukon wilderness.

September 11. The snow had ceased falling, though gray clouds continued to shroud the peaks as we started down to Tepee Lake at five o'clock in the morning in order to be close at hand in case any moose came out to feed, our plan being in that event to make a rapid stalk for the game while it was in the water. On the way down the valley we saw two cows browsing upon willows, but we passed them and at seven o'clock took our stand on a hill-top near the edge of the lake. It was very cold; in fact, the low temperature must have been discouraging for moose to feed in the lake, as we waited until noon without seeing any sign of game. Then as it began to snow we decided to go back to the brush camp and had reached a point within three hundred yards when we saw the saddled horses that had been brought for us, and as George Wright, who had brought the animals, was profitably engaged in cut-

ting logs for the fire we sat down where we were and waited until he had finished chopping before coming up to congratulate him on the steady swing of his ax. At four o'clock we packed up our outfit and, heading into the storm, left our brush camp behind and started for the home camp on the St. Clair River, whither we arrived some time after dark, to find all the hunters and guides in camp, where we had a big talk fest.

The day we had started for the Harris River moose country, Wolcott, Cutting, and Bettle, with Dixon and Baker, had gone back up the St. Clair to our last willow patch camp in order to hunt sheep. Wolcott succeeded in getting a head with fifteen inch circumference at base of horn, but the horns somewhat broomed and imperfect at the points. Wolcott had also gone over to where Hoyt had killed a sheep the day we climbed the snow slopes, and when within seventy-five yards had found a nice grizzly feeding upon the sheep carcass. The bear vanished over a ridge, however, before Wolcott could shoot, so the hunter ran after the bear and by excellent shooting killed him at a range of four hundred yards.

Bettle reported a rather interesting sheep hunt with Dixon. Having located seven rams on a mountain slope, Bettle decided to climb above them, which he accomplished after much effort as the snow was deep and the ascent steep. When he was

directly above the rams, Dixon started from below the band to stalk up in plain sight in order to frighten the sheep and stampede them up the mountains to Bettle. As Dixon stalked up, the rams became alarmed and started upward, but the snow became deeper as the rams went higher, until they were floundering around shoulder deep and unable to make their way higher up through the drift. Then they turned upon Dixon, who had no gun, and massed together with lowered heads the band charged down upon the guide who blockaded their downward path to safety, and the guide wisely removed himself from their course, while the rams dashed past him in headlong flight.

As it is snowing hard again to-night we have held a council and decided that in view of the continued snows it behooves us to get part of our outfit and trophies across the mountains before the snow becomes too deep to block our retreat. Accordingly Wolcott and the writer plan to start to-morrow morning, if the weather is favorable, and with Baker and Hayden attempt to force our way across the range to the valley of the Wolverine and make our way out and down Kluane Lake to the Slims River, where we will go up to the glacier and hunt goats. George Wright will take a number of pack horses loaded with trophies and provisions, and relay them as far as the cabin at the junction of the Wolverine and Donjeck. In the meantime, as horse feed is

scarce on the St. Clair, the others will move their camp down the St. Clair and up the Harris River Valley where Albert and myself have been hunting moose, and Wright will join them with the horses after leaving his load at the Wolverine. In this way the rest of the party will not have to take their horses over the high range, but will come out up Harris River past Tepee Lake, which is the same valley into which flows the Wolverine.

CHAPTER X

"The lonely summits flame and die:
The giant valleys gulp the night;
The Monster Mountains scrape the sky,
Where eager stars are diamond bright."

September 12. To those who are destined to arrive the gods give propitious signs of their favor, and the brilliant sun with unclouded sky that greeted us as we came from our tents seemed to us particularly favorable omens for a successful crossing of the range. Nor could the crossing be considered without those same favorable weather conditions, for the reason that after we should start we would be obliged to cross over in one day in order to reach horse feed, without which it is impossible to take pack animals over mountain crests that tower thousands of feet, where those same pack animals are loaded with two hundred and fifty pounds each, and the entire range is covered deep with snow, from the bottom of the lowest canyon to the furtherest sky piercing peak.

It took some time to pack the horses, as sheep, caribou, and moose horns are difficult items to arrange into packs in such a manner that the horns are pointed away from the sides of the pack animals,

1. CROSSING ST. ELIAS RANGE, MT. NATAZHAT IN DISTANCE.

2. AUER'S PACK TRAIN CROSSING THE ST. ELIAS RANGE.

but at length the side packs were adjusted, the diamond hitches cinched tight over the pack covers, and we were ready. Taking leave of the hunting companions and guides, who would follow a week later through Harris River Valley, Wolcott and myself, with Baker and Hayden and George Wright with the pack train, started down the snow-covered St. Clair bottoms until we came to Bull Creek, whose dwindling course we followed up the rocky canyon into the heart of the hills where the going was slow on the bowlder-strewn, snow-covered footing, and where we forded the rushing stream a number of times.

Six miles up the creek we began our ascent of the mountian slopes covered with deep snow with George Wright leading the way while the rest of us followed single file, leading our saddle horses with the pack animals scattered between us through the column so we might keep them from straying. Ridge after ridge we traversed, plowing our upward way through the drift, dripping with perspiration despite the lowering temperature of the mountain crests, stopping frequently to get our breath and rest the horses. The slopes were very slippery, the sun glare on the snow was frightful, and would have been unbearable except for our snow glasses, but the poor pack beasts plodded along with closed eyes to shut out the awful glare.

The horses were frequently slipping in the snow,

but without falling, until old Reiley, loaded with sheep horns for side packs and caribou antlers for top pack, slipped on a bad slope and rolled over. Fortunately he had sense enough to lie quiet and thus prevented the sharp horns of his packs from piercing his sides, while we took off his load and helped him to his feet again, after which he received his burden and the caravan continued its ascending course. A little later Reiley wandered away from the column, probably with his eyes shut, and was headed straight for the edge of a precipice and had reached a point within two feet of the brink, when Jack Hayden caught him and brought him within the fold.

At the summit of the pass we looked back upon the most stupendous and dazzling scene that has ever risen before the writer's gaze, as ridge after ridge of mountains rising rank upon rank, glowed and glared in the sun like metal at white heat, while the mighty ice mass of Mt. Natazhat's seventeen thousand feet crest challenged the heavens. In sunshine, with the Gods of the Wilderness smiling, the crossing proved to be nothing more than very strenuous climbing up the snow slopes, in the midst of a panorama of infinite and unspeakable beauty and grandeur; but had a blizzard overtaken us the story must have been very different. In the afternoon we came down the mountains, and at four o'clock found the first willow where we could get a little firewood

and where the horses might have a little feed. We decided to stop here for the night, as there was no other horse feed until we should reach the Donjeck River.

This place could hardly be called a camp as there was nothing in the way of poles with which to erect a tent, but that did not concern us as much as the difficulty in finding a spot where we could lie down, as the slope was steep and to lie down was to place ourselves at a slant of forty-five degrees, with the probability of sliding down through the snow into the canyon. We organized a hunt for a reasonably level resting place on which to roll up in our robes in the snow. After our hunt for a resting place, we made a search for dead willow sticks and collected a small supply to cook our supper and breakfast; that is to say, we had enough to thaw out and warm our stack of sheep steaks which are very edible even if raw. George Wright looked at the pile of half-cooked sheep meat and ventured the remark: "This would be no place for Mrs. Nuts." We told him we did not know the lady, and agreed with him that this was no place for any lady, but that we would be interested to learn why it would be particularly unfavorable for Mrs. Nuts.

Wright hitched himself almost into the handful of coals that failed even to melt the snow and said, "Well, there was a woman come up from the outside during the Klondike stampede and she was a

queer one; she was one of these browsers; wouldn't eat no meat, just grass and willows and truck that grows; you know these browser people; there lots of 'em back outside. Well, she came up with the gold rush and brought with her nine hundred pounds of nuts for grub; we never did know her name, but that cut no figure, cause every one called her Mrs. Nuts." After consuming an alarming amount of underdone sheep, as our fire was useless for warmth and the cold was intense on the mountains, we rolled up in our sleeping robes on the frozen snow slope with our heads pointed toward the stars.

September 13. In spite of our inclined snow couch and lack of shelter, our sleeping robes kept us comfortably warm against the chill of the high altitudes, and after a partially warm breakfast the horses were rounded up and packed with their burdens, and we continued our descent of the mountains, traveling down a gulch that held a tiny trickle of water, which, as we progressed, grew in volume until it turned out to be one of the branches of the Wolverine River.

The footing was cruel upon the horses as the canyon was strewn with sharp bowlders through which we picked our way slowly, frequently crossing the stream. At noon we had descended to levels where there was no snow and drove down the gorge at a more rapid pace, made possible by being better able to pick our way among the rocks. Coming

out of the canyon into the valley of the Wolverine and Harris River, a heavy rain set in down the valley, while the mountains on either side and the range we had just crossed were veiled and shrouded with a driving snowstorm, upon which we gazed with immense satisfaction to think that the storm had held off long enough to permit us to cross, as the crossing in a blizzard such as was then raging over our trail of yesterday would have been utterly out of the question.

Rain and sleet persisted all the afternoon as we plodded along the gloomy valley, following the swollen Wolverine until we came to the hunting cabin of Dixon on the Donjeck at four o'clock. Since we had nothing to eat since early morning and as the Wolverine was too high for fording, we decided to stop for the night at the cabin and dry out before the fire. We are glad the rest of our party will not attempt to follow our trail across the mountains, but will come around through the St. Clair and Harris River valleys, as the blizzard of to-day raging upon the mountains must have added considerable depth to the snow upon the range.

After a large supper of sheep meat, Jim baked several loaves of real bread, while we sat about the stove and dried our rain-soaked garments until it was time to roll up in the sleeping bunks. We are praying for a cessation of the rain, as the Wolverine is on a rampage and the Donjeck is correspondingly

wild, so that a fording on the morrow looks decidedly dubious in view of the fact that the rain still continues.

September 14. As we had five o'clock breakfast at the cabin, the rain had ceased, but the leaden clouds overhung the Donjeck Valley and the wind blew cold between the mountains. Bidding goodby to George Wright, who was returning with the unloaded pack horses to the rest of our party, we took our own saddle horses, with two pack animals loaded with outfit and provisions, and made a successful crossing of the Wolverine, after which our course led up the valley of the Donjeck, traveling along the bars.

During the morning we had a number of snow flurries, while back upon the mountains it snowed very hard. As we plodded along with a cold wind from the north at our backs, a silver gray fox sat up on one of the bars, five hundred yards ahead of us, but the wary animal did not permit closer approach but sought safety in flight. About noon we came to a ford on the Donjeck River and plunged into the swift current, where the horses were shoulder deep in the stream, but made the crossing successfully in spite of being carried down-stream a short distance. In the early afternoon we reached the timber on the east side of the valley where the trail starts up across the tundra-covered Burwash Mountains, that had been difficult of crossing on our

journey in, and which promised increased difficulties for recrossing by reason of the snow covering.

As the distance across the Burwash Mountains was about thirty-five miles and there was no horse feed on the way, we decided to camp for the day where we were at Ed. Benson's tent, giving the horses a good rest and enabling them to feed well upon the pea vine in the valley. This also gave us a chance to bake bread and prepare for an early start in the morning, with the hope that our rested horses could make the long drive across the Burwash range in a single day.

September 15. As we tumbled out of the tent at 4 A.M. the sky had cleared, but the air was bitter cold and the small streams and ponds frozen tight. The horses had evidently not strayed during the night, but had been devoting their time to the consumption of pea vine, so they were rested and fit for the long drive before them. Five o'clock found us all packed and on the trail leading up the timber slopes covered with eight inches of snow, and after two hours' climbing and frequent resting we came out above timber line to the slopes of the Burwash. Our crossing had been difficult enough on our way in, but the snow made our continued progress doubly difficult. The white mantle appeared sufficiently innocent, but always beneath lay the tundra, and below the tundra the inevitable bog and water, into which man and beast sank at every step.

At Wade Creek we found the surface frozen over and very slowly led our horses across the ice as they were not sharp shod and the crossing was difficult; sometimes both horses and men would break through the ice into the stream and wet feet certainly added nothing to the crossing. As we plowed our way through the snow and sank into the mire, both our horses and ourselves began to grow weary under the strain and it became evident we could not hope to get over the range that day; so we decided to skirt the range by traveling down the canyon of Burwash River, where the footing, even though rocky, was less killing than across the summits.

Noon found us picking our way along the rocky gorge where we traveled more rapidly and with less effort. Our way led along the rushing creek, past many cabins abandoned by prospectors, and at present merely tenements of buried hopes and vanished dreams set in a panorama of desolation and gloom as the snow began to swirl through the gorge. At five o'clock we decided that we would climb out of the canyon and attempt to cut across the tundra mountains in an effort to leave the accursed mire behind. Baker's horse severely injured himself in climbing the canyon and as we came upon the tundra several of the animals were limping badly.

The snow drove down upon us in clouds, but weary men leading weary horses plunged ahead into the storm, dragging our feet out of the mire.

Darkness fell upon the mountains, but still we plodded along, until eight miles from the canyon we descended into the timber and made our way down to the Duke River, which we forded at once. The horses were nearly spent and the rest of us had nearly reached our limit, but we continued eight miles further through the darkness with solid footing and finally reached Morley Bones' cabin at the end of Lake Kluane. We have made thirty-five miles to-day across the mountains and down the rocky canyon, traveling most of the distance on foot, and we are so entirely gone that we will not continue our journey until late in the morning.

September 16. It has snowed all night and the storm still raged as we came out of Bones' cabin this morning and decided to make a start down the trail along the shore of the Lake. It was ten o'clock when we left the cabin and started south; the horses are lame, but the footing along the gravel beaches is solid, and there are no mountains to cross to-day. We traveled very slowly, letting the animals take their own time, and since the snow continued we put up tent at four o'clock, having made twenty miles, and turned out the horses to graze on some very good grass.

September 17. Very cold and snowing as we made our start this morning, but the north wind drove off the storm and we made excellent progress down the lake. As we went south the snow became

less in depth, until near the end of the lake there was none whatever near the lake level, though the high slopes of the mountains were heavily blanketed. In the late afternoon the trail led upward along the sides of the mountains that came down sharply to the lake, and at five o'clock we came to Baker's cabin on the Slims River beyond the lower end of the lake. Looking up the river are the snow peaks at whose foot lies the Slims Glacier, near which we hope to camp to-morrow night and begin our hunt for goats. We will remain at Baker's cabin, however, for the night as the horses are too played out to travel farther and the horse feed on the near-by meadows is excellent.

September 18. We left two of the horses on the meadows near Baker's cabin, as they seem to have been done up by the hard journey across the mountains, and by turning them out for a few days' rest and grazing upon the meadow lands we have hopes that they may get into better condition. The trail up the Slims River led along the glacial gravel beds at the foot of the mountains on our right, while on the left were the two-mile-wide flats of quicksands through which course several branches of the Slims, a glacial stream, rising about fifteen miles above Lake Kluane in the ice fields that have torn their way through the coast range mountains.

The trail was level for most of the distance and the footing generally good until we came to the last

five miles of the course, where we led the horses up a ravine of sharp bowlders and came out on a plateau thickly covered with a dense growth of willows. Baker had once cut a trail through the willow thicket, but the trail was almost completely overgrown, so we smashed our way through for two miles and finally emerged on a hillside and passed down into the timber, where we decided to camp.

The muddy glacial water of Kennedy Creek flowed close to the place we had selected, the horse feed on a hill close by was excellent, and the timber provided shelter from the winds and a plentiful supply of fuel for our fires, so that the camp seemed a veritable find in contrast to our various willow-patch camps in the snows we had left behind. As we expected to remain here several days we went through the neglected performance of putting up a tent, cutting firewood, and making a real fireplace to do our cooking.

Then we went to the edge of the timber to look over the country. Opposite our camp the Slims Glacier came out of the snow-capped range like an immense icy tongue, with a considerable push moraine piled up along its front and sides, while across the ice fields the mighty snow wall of the range shadowed lavender under the magic of the setting sun. To the right of the glacier the bare slopes of a low mountain were spotted white with forty-two sheep feeding upward, while just above

our camp, four miles up Kennedy Creek, were the rocky fronts of the goat range Baker had selected as the paradise for these long-haired climbers of the heights.

It was somewhat of a surprise to learn that goats and sheep were to be found in such close proximity to each other, as the range where we had located the sheep was separated from the goat range by only the narrow canyon on Kennedy Creek not one hundred yards across; yet Baker informs me that he has for years observed these different animals living as near neighbors, but has never seen them ranging together.

Our fresh meat supply is entirely exhausted, and as we plan to hunt goats to-morrow we have boiled a supply of rice for our breakfast and supper, and after our long days of hard travel coming out from the St. Clair we once more gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of sitting in front of a real camp fire and planning our next day's hunt.

1. PINNACLES OF SLIMS MOUNTAINS.
2. INSET — LIVE SILVER FOXES.

CHAPTER XI

"It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

September 19. Daylight found us rolling out of our sleeping robes with a lively interest in the weather conditions confronting us, and as the day dawned clear, cold, and cloudless, with the mountain tops unobscured by mists, sharply etched against the heavens, we hastily dispatched our Chinese coolie diet of rice and started up Kennedy Creek gorge. Baker had predicted goats would be found at the bottom of the canyon feeding on willows where we would have some shooting without climbing the rocky heights, but Baker was a poor prophet in this respect as we hunted up the gorge three miles without seeing game. A small canyon ran off at right angles to Kennedy Creek Canyon, back into the mountain a mile, and ended in an abrupt slope which climbed toward the summit, and we decided to go up this canyon and then take a look at the range from a favorable vantage point.

We had hardly started along the sharp bowlder-

strewn course, when far up the gorge and almost at its upper end we saw two goats climbing down one side of the rocky wall. The writer had never seen a mountain goat before, and sat down on a rock to study these animals through the glasses, for it was difficult to believe that they were not polar bear, as their long shaggy white coats, their immense bulk, and their method of climbing were strongly suggestive of the white bear; but the short ebony spike horns and the long beards finally brought home the conviction that these animals were really goats. We watched them climb down the almost perpendicular, but jagged face of the canyon, and then with apparent ease climb up the opposite wall, an undertaking quite beyond our wildest fancy.

After they had disappeared over the rim, we continued our climb and reached the end of the canyon, where began our ascent of the slope. Part way up, where we had a clear view of the slope from the rim over which the goats had disappeared, Wolcott, who was in advance, located the two animals, but with a fine sense of sportsmanship refrained from shooting until the writer, following behind the guides, should come up to participate. It was an up-hill shot at three hundred yards with the game moving away from us, but it seemed wise to take the chance, as we had no opportunity whatever of climbing around and heading the game; so I told my hunting companion to name his goat and com-

mence firing, while I would reserve my fire at the other goat until Wolcott had gotten off his first shot. Wolcott's shot was a miss but mine went home, and the animal rolled over and over down the slope into a gorge, while its companion vanished over a rocky ridge.

We then climbed up the rocky slope, and Wolcott attempted to follow the goat he had missed, traveling along a rocky ledge with a perpendicular drop below and a precipitous front above, while the writer continued his climb up the mountain, and half way up circled around the face of the slope for a mile and a half. On topping one of the rock ribs that led up to the crest, five goats were observed below, resting on the edge of a jagged rock shelf, and I studied them through the glasses and waited for Wolcott, as two of the animals were excellent specimens. As Wolcott failed to appear I sent the guide back to look for him, but the guide returned, reporting my companion was nowhere to be seen; so I began to "smoke up" the game. I called it "smoking up," because my first three shots at two hundred and fifty yards at the motionless animals were miserable misses, but the fourth shot at the jumping animals went through behind the shoulder and the goat rolled over the edge, while the next shot wounded the second animal in the body, after which I ceased firing at the others and ran forward to where my two goats had gone over.

The first was nowhere to be seen, and had probably rolled down thousands of feet; the wounded one, in spite of being badly hit, had climbed down two hundred yards of lava precipice, where the writer could not possibly follow without a rope, so I put an end to him with a shot from above and he rolled down into the unknown. We sat down to look at the country and try to fix in our minds the place where my game had vanished, in order to get them from below, and as we smoked our pipes we located two more goats over a ridge that edged a canyon half a mile away; but we did not disturb these, deciding to reserve them for Wolcott, who came up to us an hour later. He had followed the goat along a narrow ledge for a mile, and the ledge came to an abrupt ending, and the goat had disappeared. Wolcott could not go forward, and after several attempts found he could neither climb up nor down the rocky face, so he retraced his steps and, looking very weary and dripping with perspiration, came to us.

We told him of the two goats we nad reserved for him, but they had vanished over the ridge into the canyon, so with Hayden he started to the summit, in order to climb around the end of the canyon, while Baker and myself were to go after my game and skin out the heads. We started down the steep slope, and had gone about two hundred feet when we found a sheer drop into space which interested

us not at all, so we climbed up the slope, and decided that in order to get down we would have to climb a thousand feet higher, cross over the head of a draw, and come down the canyon. When we started down, the slide rock went out from under us, but we kept our feet, and simply permitted ourselves to be carried along with the moving rock stream until the slide and its passengers ceased to go forward. After making our way down to the tundra bench, we looked back at the course we had taken and held a private thanksgiving upon our successful descent, with a strong " never again " resolution such as one makes about January first.

From the tundra bench the face of the mountain bore no resemblance whatever to the topography we had carefully fixed in our minds for the purpose of locating our dead game, and looking up from below we utterly failed to locate the place where the game had rolled over. Numerous canyons paralleling each other like immense stalls ran back into the mountain, the ends of the stalls being closed by the rocky wall that rose up thousands of feet to a shelf, then more of rocky slope, another shelf, and finally the serrated pinnacles cutting the sky. Somewhere in one of these canyons were the remains of those goats, but to locate them was not quite so easy as might appear, for we climbed up and down canyon walls for two hours before reaching the first goat, which had rolled all the way from the pin-

nacles to within a hundred feet of our level before he had lodged in the rock. His bones were broken, but his horns were intact, and he had been killed by the shot and not by his fearful descent.

His horns were eight inches long and the annular rings seven in number, while his beard and coat were in excellent pillage. After skinning him and taking his head, we climbed to the next canyon where the second dead goat lay, but just above him on the slope sat a very large and very live goat. I looked him over with my glasses, and the longer I observed him the larger he looked, until temptation was too strong and it was decided to add him to the collection. A short stalk brought me to within two hundred and fifty yards' range and, taking a rest, one shot plunged through the animal's heart, and stone dead he rolled past us and lodged a thousand feet below.

One gets the habit of using the binoculars upon the landscape, even when he has finished the day's shooting, and after shooting this goat I beheld a tiny white speck against the blue on the sky line at the very top of the rock pinnacles of the distant summit. As I continued to look at the white climber of the heights, he seemed to exert a hypnotic influence upon me, and I announced to Baker that while I had finished my shooting I had not concluded the hunting, but intended to break the newly formed "never again" resolve by climbing for that goat

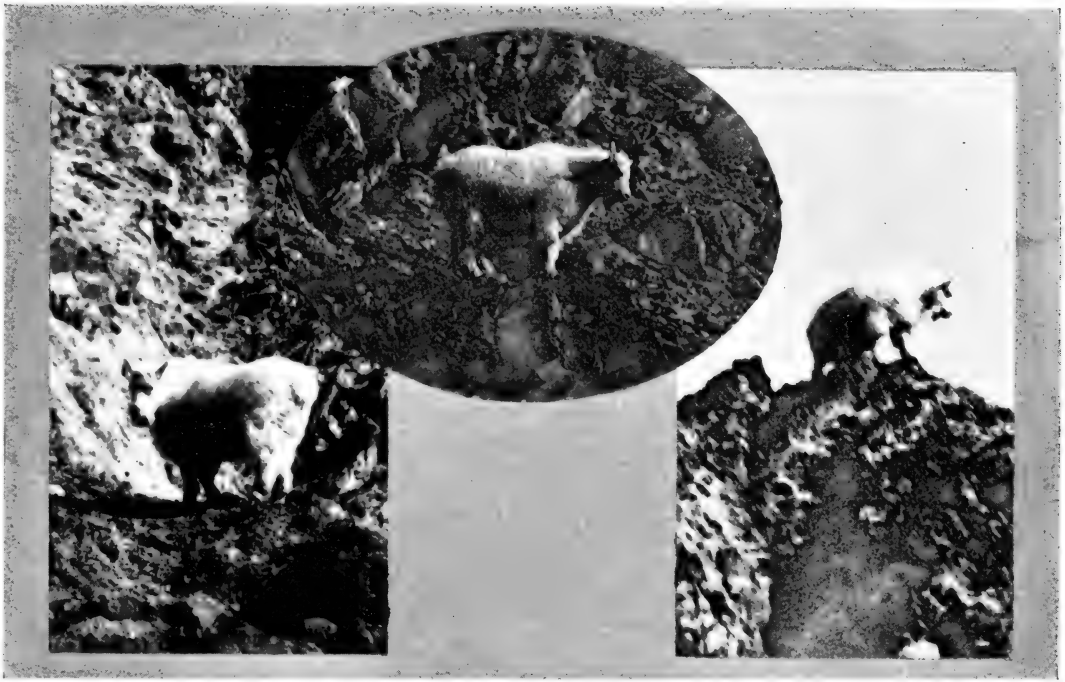
with my camera. Baker said I could never climb within photographic distance of the animal as he would become alarmed and make off, but I had the notion that the other side of the pinnacle was a smooth precipice, down which even a goat could not descend, and he could only come down towards me and escape to one side, and that he could not accomplish if I should succeed in coming as close as one thousand feet.

Leaving my untasted lunch, gun, cartridges, and everything of weight wedged in the rocks and with only camera on my back, I started to climb, using hands and feet to equal advantage on the lava cliffs and making progress at such a slow rate that the goat evidently felt pity rather than alarm, as he continued to enjoy the air of the rare altitudes and observe my climbing. Sometimes the course I was obliged to adopt led across loose rock slides, across which I made considerable speed in order not to be carried down to the bottom of the canyon before making the traverse, and this is rather good sport if carried out successfully. Finally I reached an altitude thousands of feet up and about one thousand below the goat, whose picture I was then certain would hang in my animal gallery; but those last thousand feet were a heart-breaking climb, as I was attempting the ascent of a concave bowl, the steep sides of which were unhealthy rock slides up which I zigzagged, running a hundred feet at an upward

slant to reach a resting place of some welcome patch of large bowlders that did not start down the mountain under one's feet.

Two hundred feet from the sky line I reached the solid rock face of the pinnacles from which the slopes of slide rock had fallen through the ages, and began the final stalk. On my way up, the conviction had been growing that anywhere a four-footed goat could go, a two-legged, two-handed man could follow, but my theory was utterly shattered on that cliff, as the very best I could do was to reach a point fifty feet below my photographic subject, where I succeeded in wedging my feet into a kindly disposed crevasse, and where without disturbing a nice balance I managed to unsling the camera case from my shoulders and set the apparatus for a proper focus.

The goat was not an old one nor remarkably large, but he made a wonderful spot of white life as he posed upon the sky line against the infinity of blue and gazed upon me with a benevolent interest. However, the front view did not please me, and as I could not shift my position it became necessary to induce the goat to change his to a desirable profile, and this was a bit difficult since the writer is not familiar with the goat language. Several methods were tried out: shouting produced no evident uneasiness, singing was met with a look of deep disgust from my heavily whiskered friend, but remembering "music hath its charms," I began to



MOUNTAIN GOATS—

1. A WHITE SPECK AGAINST THE BLUE ON THE SKY LINE.
2. A BECOMING SIDE VIEW.
3. A FAREWELL LOOK.

whistle an ancient tune, " Pull for the shore, Sailor," and under the spell of the melodious tune, or possibly to take a look about to locate " the shore," my goat deliberately gave me a profile pose and I hastily exposed the film.

However, I had not made that climb for merely a single view, and I continued to whistle to the goat in an effort to lure him down from his rocky perch, but without avail. It is a good motto from the graduate school of experience that " where persuasion fails, coercion seldom succeeds," but possibly the mountain goat is an exception, for I found out that by breaking off pieces of rock from the cliff to which I clung with one hand for balance and hurling them at the ridge just behind the animal he became considerably annoyed and came down the pinnacle twenty-five feet below the sky line, where he stood for a becoming side view, and then before going back to the crest he turned to look at me for a third picture. As I was about to begin my descent he posed again upon the knife-blade ridge, looking like an ancient white-robed Magi priest; superior, aloof, impersonal, with his face to the declining sun, calmly gazing along the golden-rayed path.

The descent proved to be considerably more difficult than the ascent, chiefly for the reason that part of the way, clinging with my face to the cliff and backed by space merely, it became necessary to feel the way downward with my toes seeking a secure

footing lower down, before releasing finger hold on the rocks for a new grasp. On the rock slides travel was rapid, as I merely devoted my attention to keeping footing as the sliding mass bore me along, but particular attention was given to the little detail of getting out of the slide before it went over a sheer drop. The smooth slopes of finely powdered lava frozen hard and covered with snow, through which the boot calks did not bite into the footing, gave considerable difficulty, and several times my feet went out from under me and I started to slide, but good luck was my guardian and success crowned my rather desperate efforts to check the descent, with only a few bruises.

On reaching Baker, I found he had taken off the heads and hides of all the goats, and we began to measure the two heads he had finished dressing; one of them had horns eight and one-half inches long, while the last goat gave us a horn length of nine inches, both showing seven years of age. The serio-comic appearance of these woolly creatures is somewhat heightened by the pantaloon effect of the legs, as the thick fur comes down the leg and then stops about ten inches above the foot; this is due to the animal having worn off the long wool about the lower leg from walking in the rocks, giving the appearance of trousers pulled up ten inches above the hoof.

It may be interesting to the uninitiated to learn

that these mountain goats have a very long, thick under-coat of white wool, while the domestic goat has only a hairy coat; but, on the other hand, the domestic sheep has a coat of wool, while the white mountain sheep has no wool whatever, its pellage consisting of rather coarse hair of a maximum winter length of three inches.

Baker had filled a canvas bag with goat fat and goat meat, the latter being for our frypan, so we loaded ourselves with camera, rifle, heads, hides, and meat, and with arms full of plunder and with various things strapped to our backs began to work our way downward, sometimes falling on the rocks, sometimes sliding a short distance, but with no bad results except minor bruises. We began to feel that the bottom of the canyon was quite near when we saw Wolcott and Hayden, as mere fly specks, waiting for us as they sat on the bowlders and enjoyed our weird descent.

As we walked down the canyon, following the creek to our camp, Wolcott told me that after leaving us Hayden and himself had climbed to the upper end of the canyon into which the two goats had vanished and had located the game, climbing the walls on the other side four hundred yards away. Since it was impossible to get a closer range, he had begun shooting and after several wide shots finally killed the goat, to reach which presented difficult problems of descent. Wolcott finally selected a

smooth incline covered with snow, and at the start his feet went out from under him and he began to slide; not able to check his speed, he managed to flop over with his face to the incline, and then, by using toes, knees, elbows, and fingers as points of contact, succeeded in stopping the downward plunge, but not a moment too soon, as the slope ended in an abrupt drop of immense height to the jagged rocks below. It was a close call and my companion, considerably shaken by the experience and the close view of the precipice, made his way to the rock footing and finally reached the goat in the canyon; after skinning which, he came to the conclusion that he had enough goat hunting to last some time. Wolcott's goat had a horn length of seven and one-half inches with six annular rings and long whiskers and excellent pellage.

For supper we dined upon rice and fried goat's meat, which was almost as tough and unpalatable as grizzly bear, so we filled up mostly on rice and tea, and then lying in front of the fire held a council to consider our plans for next day. Since our boots are nearly gone, and our calks torn out of the soles, and we are knee-sprung, bruised, and sore from the day's experience on the mountains, we decided in view of the fact that we had all the goats we desired that to-morrow would find us on the trail back to Kluane Lake.

September 20. We were up early this morning

and devoted several hours to fleshing and cleaning the goat trophies, after which we packed up and started back. Part of the distance we walked and gave the guides a chance to ride, as we only had two saddle horses, and the guides were quite as sore and weary as ourselves from yesterday's work. Three o'clock found us back at Baker's cabin on the Slims River, where we spent the night after a supper of rice, bread, tea, and scrambled goat brains, which were rather palatable since they were not tough.

September 21. Taking but two of the horses, Bullion and Jim, and leaving the other animals to graze on the meadows until the rest of our party should come along for them, we made our way across the mud flats and came to the half-mile-wide Slims River, where there is a skiff on either bank for ferrying across. Loading the boat with our outfit, Baker and Hayden started to row across and soon found the craft spurting water through the open seams; they rowed hard and the boat went lower into the water, until it sank on a sand bar on the other shore, where they saved everything, but all the stuff was wet. Baker returned with the less leaky boat, and the writer sat in the stern with a long rope around the neck of the horse "Bullion" for the purpose of towing him, so as to avoid quicksands. "Bullion," however, was not minded to follow, and before we landed him on the bank he nearly committed suicide in the quicksands.

On opening my case of exposed films my heart sank as I beheld the case full of water, and while Baker returned for Wolcott and the other horse the writer took out the water-soaked film packs and placed them in the sun to dry out somewhat; it looks as if they were all utterly ruined, which is a great loss as the photographic record is quite complete. (On reaching civilization it was found that, while some of the pictures were utterly ruined and others damaged, a considerable number were in no way harmed.)

After packing our water-soaked outfit on the horses, we all walked along the shore of Lake Kluane and came to the end of the horse trail and the beginning of the wagon road, where we put together Hayden's buckboard and got out some grub we had cached on our way in and made ready for our start the next morning for Whitehorse. Baker received word his wife was ill, so we regretfully parted from this ever-genial, kindly man, who had worked with us on the long trail.

September 22. Six o'clock found us rolling up the slopes of Boutelier summit and with a stop for lunch at Jarvis Creek, we passed over Bear Creek summit as darkness and snow began to fall, and reached the foot of the mountain at seven o'clock, where we found a cabin open to occupancy. Near by was a band of Indians whose camp the writer began to investigate, which resulted in the discovery

of a year-old moose the Indians had hung up about five days before. Since we had no fresh meat the writer gave the Indians a package of tea and a check upon a bank at Whitehorse, and in return received a candle, some fat for frying purposes, and a hindquarter of moose.

I had a most amusing time explaining to the savages that the bank check was money and that Shorty Chambers the trader would take the paper and give them in exchange real money or provisions of equal value. One old fellow who had been listening to my explanation for some time finally began to see daylight and said: "White man no carry money; all same make him money any time write him in book — good." Returning to our shack laden with the hindquarter of moose, a candle for light, and grease for cooking, Hayden and Wolcott began to grin and comment upon my abilities as a trader who could go out with a stock in trade of one-half pound package of tea and return staggering under a load of plunder, but Wolcott does not know about that check, though he is suspicious. However, we fried an immense pile of tender moose steaks and in the warmth of the cabin sat down to a very ample supper, while outside the wind howled and the hail and snow combined to make a disagreeable night in the open.

September 23. This has been a gloomy, gray, cold day, but the horses have made excellent time

over the bottom lands of the Dezadeash River and at six o'clock we camped thirty-seven miles ahead near some Indians who had been into the range shooting sheep and goats, whose meat was hanging up being smoked for winter.

September 24. After an early start in the cold, gray morning, by hard driving we reached the trading post of Shorty Chambers at Champagne Landing, where we decided to rest the horses for a couple of hours while we dined with Chambers at his immaculate cabin, presided over by his very kind and wholesome-looking Indian wife.

Within the last two years a number of the Yukon traders have gone into the business of raising black, silver and cross foxes, which some have carried on with considerable success, among whom was Chambers. We inspected his large log corral in which were a number of these valuable silver foxes, and took several photographs of the animals which, alive, are worth four thousand to ten thousand dollars per pair. The animals are caught in their dens in the early spring when still small and are then sold by the Indian trappers to the men who are engaged in fox raising; many of the fox pups die from a disease closely resembling distemper of the dog, but larger experience will doubtless overcome this drawback.

After dinner we said farewells to Chambers and continued eastward, stopping twice to shoot prairie

chickens, and at dark with the snow falling heavily on the valley we came to a wayside cabin belonging to Chambers, where we cooked supper and spent the night.

September 25. The weather cleared, but the wind blew cold as we circled about the hills along the Dawson stage trail, steadily putting mile after mile behind us until at nightfall we reached the automatic, current-driven ferry at the Tahkini River, where we decided to remain for the night as one of the horses had gone lame and we wished not to drive him farther without a rest.

September 26. Five o'clock found us rolling along on the last stage of our journey and the morning broke into joyous radiance as the sun came over the snow crests of the mountains along the Yukon River, twenty-two miles away; yet there was nothing of cheerfulness as we drove ahead along the sunlit wagon road with the oppressive realization that behind us lay the God-given mighty wilderness of majesty, freedom and peace, while each succeeding mile brought us nearer to the man-made, rattle, constrictions, and pettiness of a complex civilization. In sullen silence we topped the last pine-clad hill and rolled down the slope to the affronting railway and telegraph station; our long trail in the Yukon had come to an end.

APPENDIX

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FAUNA OF THE EASTERN PORTION OF THE ST. ELIAS RANGE

The narrative contained in the preceding pages has sought to set forth, among other matters, a correct and accurate record of the writer's observations of animal life in that part of the Yukon Territory covered by my expedition; that the record is not complete is a matter of regret, but obviously the time spent in this region was all too short for exhaustive and conclusive observation. The writer has only attempted to chronicle his observations of the creatures of the wild in the connection of hunting them, and to this phase he deems it advisable and possibly of interest, at least to the naturalist, to add his further observations, and also to set forth some facts gained from several of his guides, who have lived near and hunted in this region for years, whose observations of the fauna have not only covered a very considerable period, but have been made with a keen and intelligent interest and desire to know the habits of animals of this locality. The facts gained from these sources the writer regards as reliable and particularly valuable for the extension of knowledge of animal life.

It should be remembered that these observations are confined to animal life in the St. Elias Range above the Generc

River, and the St. Clair, which are tributaries of the White River; and the Wolverine and Donjeck rivers, as well as along the mountains walling the west shore of Lake Kluane and the Slims River. Other conditions may obtain in other parts of the wide extended Yukon Territory where geographical, topographical, climatic, and food conditions vary, and produce varying faunal types and habits of life.

SHEEP

Of the habits of mountain sheep found north of the well-defined range of the Ovis Canadensis, known as the "Rocky Mountain" sheep, nothing additional can be predicated by the writer, since all of the northern sheep, whether the all-white Dall sheep, the Fannin sheep with white heads, necks and breast and gray body, or the Stone sheep of a more uniform dark gray color above with only the abdomen and lower and posterior parts white, have practically the same habits.

All of these sheep are by nature very wild and timid; dwelling above timber line, eating the same food, having the same general environment and climatic conditions, not only is there scarcely any variation in their habits, but even their size, weight, and measurement are substantially the same, having due regard to age and sex.

The sheep observed and referred to by the writer on this expedition are all the pure white Dall sheep, Ovis dalli, as not a single specimen of Fannin sheep nor even the Stone sheep was seen, and the guides and Indians frequenting the game ranges of the St. Elias mountains over a wider extent than that covered by my expedition report, without exception, only the white Dall sheep.

These sheep were first classified and their discovery, as

a distinct species of the sheep family, first determined by Mr. E. W. Nelson of the United States National Museum and by Mr. Nelson, in 1883, were named Dall's sheep in honor of Mr. W. H. Dall. Since then they have been frequently observed and studied by various naturalists, but it is chiefly to the keen, patient, and persistent observation and studies of Mr. Charles Sheldon over a very considerable period that we are so greatly indebted for the enrichment and fullness of our knowledge concerning the different species of northern sheep.

In his original description of Dall's sheep in Volume VII, pages 12, 13, 1884, of "Proceedings of United States National Museum," Mr. Nelson states: "This form can be recognized at once by its nearly uniform dirty white color. . . . The dinginess of the white over the entire body and limbs appears to be almost entirely due to the ends of the hairs being commonly tipped with a dull, rusty speck. On close examination this tipping of the hairs makes the fur look as though it had been slightly singed." Mr. Charles Sheldon, preëminently an authority on northern sheep, speaks of this "dinginess" as being not a true pigmentation, but due simply to the sheep's pellage being discolored in summer time from contact with the soil and dirt on the mountains. Mr. Sheldon frequently speaks of the Dall as "stained white sheep," and their summer pellage as being "badly stained," while their winter pellage is pure white.

Without any intention of even suggesting that the Dall sheep observed and reported by Mr. Nelson and Mr. Sheldon had other than dingy white summer pellage, since both these scientists are accurate in their observations and have

correctly reported what they have seen, the writer believes that neither of the naturalists mentioned have visited the sheep ranges covered by the writer, and it may, therefore, be scientifically interesting to chronicle the fact that, of all the sheep examined by the writer and his party over considerable extent of territory, in the months of August and September, *not one sheep was observed that had a stained or dingy coat;* in fact, all the sheep were a pure white with unstained immaculate pellage. Nor does the writer mean to suggest that the sheep seen by him are a different variety or species from the Dall sheep, as he believes they are a true Dall type, but with none of the dinginess observed by Mr. Nelson and Mr. Sheldon.

Why this should be is purely speculative, though the reason may possibly be found in the fact that even in summer the crests of the mountains visited by the writer are covered with snow and hence the sheep which rest on the heights do not have an opportunity to become stained; and yet this snow presence is not invariably existent, as there are many of the lower mountains inhabited by sheep that were not covered with snow, yet the pellage remained pure white. So immaculate is the pellage of these sheep, even in summer, that where stalking them against the snow background, even with ten-power binoculars and at close range, it is very difficult to pick them out, so closely do they match the white background. Nor did any of the sheep observed have sporadic gray or dark hairs as reported by various observers of Dall sheep in other ranges.

The horns of the sheep observed by the writer and his party were invariably of the diverging type, by which is meant that in their curl, the horns spread out from the head

instead of being closely curled beside the head, the tip of the horn marking the greatest point of divergence or spread. A comparison of the spread of the sheep killed by our party, with the spread of sheep killed by Mr. Sheldon in the Ogilvie Rockies and the Pelly Mountains, will show the considerable spread of the sheep horns in the locality visited by our expedition, thus:

Hoyt's ram killed August 30th, 1914:		
Number of age rings on horn	7	
Length of outside of horn	36	inches
Spread from tip to tip	27	inches
Circumference at base	14	inches
Auer's ram — killed September 1st, 1914:		
Number of age rings on horn	8	
Length of outside curve on horn	34	inches
Spread from tip to tip	23	inches
Circumference at base	14	inches
Auer's ram — September 2nd, 1914:		
Number of age rings on horn	8	
Outside length of horn	37	inches
Spread from tip to tip	24	inches
Circumference of horn at base	15	inches
Auer's 2nd ram on September 2nd, 1914:		
Number of age rings on horn	8	
Outside length of horn	38	inches
Spread from tip to tip	25	inches
Circumference of horn at base	15½	inches
Hoyt's ram — killed September 2nd, 1914:		
Number of age rings	8	
Outside length of horn	36	inches
Spread from tip to tip	27	inches
Circumference of horn at base	15	inches

The foregoing observations hold as to the heads brought in by other members of my party and to rams that we ob-

served, but did not shoot; all had the diverging type of horns instead of the closely curled type; although naturally there was some variation in spread, yet the type remained constant.

The sheep of this region have horns of amber color, with the annular rings, showing age, well defined and beautifully marked; the crown or outer rim of the curve is a darker amber approaching the brown and is deeply fluted, corrugated, and modeled at its outer edges.

A regular migration from a fixed range or habitat is practically unknown among these sheep, except that I am advised, in winter, when the snows on the St. Elias Range become too deep, the sheep, in order to get food, travel thirty-five to forty miles to the east where upon the lower slopes of the mountains bordering Harris Creek they can dig through the lesser depth of snow for food. There is also some migration from regular ranges to a "sheep lick," which is a salt deposit. The writer observed a sheep lick on the mountain side bordering Wolverine River, where the sheep were taking the "saline cure"; the sheep trail leading to the lick was plainly marked along the crest of the mountains for many miles and sheep were almost constantly observed coming to and returning from the lick.

As before observed, excepting the mating season the rams are not found with the ewes and lambs, but the rams herd by themselves usually in bands of six to twenty, and in those bands all the rams will be found to be about the same age. Occasionally a single ram is found alone and separated from a band; in such case it almost invariably turns out he is either an unsociable and crusty patriarch, the last of his race and period, "all his lovely companions"

of similar age being "faded and gone," or he is a sentinel ram doing scout duty on the flanks for a bunch of other rams.

The natural enemies of the sheep are the wolf, lynx, eagle, and grizzly bear; the eagle preys only upon lambs up to three months of age, after which they are safe from the eagles. The wolf preys only upon sheep where he catches them low down on the hills where the country is smooth, or in low sheep pastures between the mountains, or when crossing the bars of a stream separating two paralleling ranges. The writer watched a band of six rams crossing such a glacial bar on the St. Clair from one range to another and a very cautious undertaking it was. After reaching the edge of the tundra three hundred feet above the bottom gravel bed, the rams scouted up and down for a mile along the edge, looking down for enemies. After doing this lookout duty for over an hour, they made a rapid descent to the bottom and at full speed crossed the gravel bars and started up the mountain at the other side.

The writer has assumed to state that the grizzly preys upon sheep; in so stating he realizes that other naturalists deny this fact, nor can the writer vouch for it upon his own experience. However, Mr. Dixon, one of the writer's guides, who has hunted in this range for years, and Albert the Indian, who has been accustomed to getting his winter supply of meat from this locality, both report the fact of grizzlies early in October, when the sheep are driven by the deep snows to come for feed low down in the canyons, lying in wait for the sheep and killing them in the canyons. Bruce Fisher, our cook, who for a year was with the International Boundary Survey, reports an interesting hunt in

which two grizzlies circled above two sheep low down on a mountain just above a glacier; the bears drove the sheep upon the glacier, where they fell in a ten-feet deep crevasse and where the bears killed them. The writer deems these reports as coming from sufficiently credible and reliable sources to establish the fact.

Since the sheep only come down to the lower slopes for feeding in the morning or early in the afternoon and at all other times are found high up among the pinnacles and snow crests, where they sleep and rest in safety, it follows that they are only sought by wolves or other predatory animals in the daytime; as soon as the sheep reaches the precipitous rock slopes, he can easily outrun a wolf or bear; and, as he rests on the crests of the mountains, his phenomenal sense of smell is ample to warn him of the presence of any animal.

CARIBOU

Yukon Territory teems with both the Barren Ground caribou, Rangifer arcticus, and the Woodland caribou, Rangifer osborni, the latter being the larger and more beautiful, with very dark gray, almost black bodies and beautiful white manes about the neck. The horns of the osborni caribou are also longer and broader of beam than the barren ground or arctic variety; it is only the osborni type that was observed by the writer.

The osborni is not found in large herds, the largest of several hundred herds observed by the writer containing only sixty-eight animals; unlike the Barren Ground variety they do not range over a wide extent of territory, but their range is probably limited to one hundred miles. Unlike the

moose, the female osborni caribou has horns, though they are much smaller than those in the male of the species. At all times, except the rutting season, which is early in September, the older bulls are found apart from the females, but in September the bulls fight for the leadership of a herd composed of a number of cows, calves, and yearling bulls.

The caribou are invariably found above timber line, upon the high tundra-covered mountains, never coming down below the altitude of the low scrub willow bushes upon which they feed, unless to cross some river bottom between two mountain ranges. In summer the writer has observed them far into the heart of the St. Elias range along the glaciers, and has frequently seen them upon the snow fields and crests of the higher mountains, usually frequented only by sheep. When the winter snows begin to deepen they move out in separate herds to the lower tundra mountains, where they can paw through the snow for the underlying white moss, which is their only winter diet.

These animals are exceedingly timid, but their timidity seems to be actuated through their sense of smell rather than through sight or hearing; mere noise and rifle shots disturb them but little, as the writer, unseen by them, fired his rifle frequently at range of one hundred yards, without even disturbing the feeding animals, but rifle shot combined with sight of hunter usually causes a mild stampede in the opposite direction. On the other hand, mere sight of the hunter instead of arousing fear seems at times to beget a friendly curiosity. It has often happened that these animals have observed the writer traveling sometimes on foot, sometimes on horse, and the caribou have approached quite close, circling about and trying to get to the windward. But

once the caribou has gotten the wind of the hunter, no matter what his previous curiosity and friendliness, he immediately stampedes in a rapid, distance-consuming race for new fields. The calves and isolated cows and young bulls are preyed upon somewhat by wolves, but the herded caribou are exempt from attack. Even the lordly moose will usually avoid battle with a bull caribou, which offsets its lesser bulk with sharper horns, and where bull caribou and bull moose fight, as occasionlly happens, the moose is very glad to retire second best. The fur of the caribou is much used by the natives for sleeping robes, moccasins, and clothing, while the flesh is only a shade less edible than mountain sheep, the most delicious of all meats.

MOOSE

The Yukon moose is darker in color and bulks larger in weight as well as in size of horns than the moose of Eastern Canada; his habits are similar in most respects to his brethren of Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick. Like them he feeds principally on willows, though he also eats some grass when he can find it. In the summer he delights to frequent the low valleys, where he feeds on roots and aquatic plants found in the rivers and lakes. In October they leave the low country and go far up the draws leading into the mountains; in hunting the caribou far above timber line upon the high tundra mountains, I have come across many moose antlers upon the tundra, and since the moose shed their horns from the middle of December to the middle of January, the presence of these horns indicates that at this season of the year they frequent the tundra mountains, where, I am informed, they dig through the snow

like the caribou for the moss that ever grows upon the tundra.

Their rut begins in September, when their horns are out of the velvet covering, and ends about October first. During the rutting season the bulls are very wary and cautious and their scent phenomenal, but they are also extremely curious and are easily hunted, coming to the call of a birch-bark horn, or the scraping of a bone on a tree after the manner of a rival moose scraping his horns. They are less easily hunted by stalking, as during rutting season their sense of hearing and smell is unusually keen and one who attempts to stalk a moose matches wits with an animal that is apt to demonstrate his instincts as superior to hunter's craft.

Except during rutting season moose renounce the society of cows and live in solitude, except that a few bulls are frequently found feeding together, after which their ways usually diverge. In the country visited by the writer, moose are prolific on the wooded benches on both sides of the St. Clair River, in the Harris River Valley, the Wolverine Valley, and along the timbered slopes of the mountains along the Donjeck River.

BEARS

The grizzly bear, *ursus horribilis,* is found scattered over the entire Yukon Territory, having its habitat far above timber line among the mountains and, in the region visited by the writer, particularly the mountains at the head of the Slims, the Donjeck, St. Clair, the Count, and the Wolverine, the grizzly is fairly prolific as bears go, though they are never found anywhere in great numbers; numerous tracks,

diggings, and other evidence bespeak their presence, but, as an Indian once said to me, "A bear is very hard to see." The silver-tipped variety is very prevalent in the country we covered, and all the grizzlies killed on this expedition were of the beautiful, silver-tipped type.

These bears, wherever found, in spite of the stories told from time to time, are generally very wary and timid and flee in craven fear at the sight of man; the exceptions to the rule are found when the bear is with cubs, or is cornered and wounded, and in either of which situations it is a dangerous quarry, as it then loses all fear and becomes obsessed with a towering rage; its vitality is tremendous and it will carry an immense amount of lead and still push the fighting; and in addition it strikes a blow with its paw more powerful than that of a lion.

By reason of its wariness and timidity it is almost hopeless to stalk a bear, merely by tracking it, unless you know where it is at the time, for a bear is a distance traveler and you may follow a trail for days without seeing the quarry. The method most apt to be productive of results is to bait the animal by leaving a dead sheep or caribou carcass near a locality where bear signs have been recently observed. The carcass should be some distance from your camp, at least three or more miles away, and should be visited every second day; once the bait is found by the bear, the animal will seldom leave the food supply, but will spend days alternately eating and sleeping until the carcass is entirely consumed. All other methods of bear hunting seem to the writer to be haphazard and most likely to fail.

The grizzly eats ground squirrels which, with much labor, he digs out of their burrows in the slopes in the mountains,

tearing up the soil with his long claws; mice found along the banks of the rivers, salmon, which he catches in the streams, and carcasses of animals complete his meat diet. In season he also eats willow leaves, berries, and pea-vine root, which tastes like parsnips but is too woody and fibrous for a man to eat. The bear hibernates in October in this region and comes out from winter quarters the last of May or early in June, according to the melting of the snows. The cubs are born sometime during the hibernation period, though just when is not known, as there has been little or no reliable observation on this phase of bear life. The female has one to three cubs that remain with the mother for about two years.

Among the interesting " bear stories " of this region is the reported presence of " blue bears," also known as the " glacier bear," and said to be found along the glaciers at the head of the Donjeck, the St. Clair, and the Generc, and also along Russell Glacier. Dixon the guide, Albert the Indian, and Fisher the cook are positive in their statements of having seen these " blue bears " several times on the glaciers, and describe them as being a " real grayish blue, so that against the blue glacial ice you can hardly see them, as they don't stand out at all." They are reported to be as large as a medium-size grizzly and are always seen on the glacier or close to its edge. The Duke of Abruzzi, in making the traverse of the glacier on the expedition, when he climbed Mt. St. Elias, killed several blue bears of this description and it may be that this is the same bear, a variety of the grizzly species, with a different color phase due to the glacial environment. The writer regrets he was unable to give a week's time to baiting one of the glaciers in

hope of discovering one of these bears and of completely verifying the reports of them. Two of the members of my party, in exploring a part of the country adjacent to the Generc Glacier, discovered a fox pen and remains of a camp, where, in the spring of the year, two natives had made their headquarters while they engaged in the enterprise of capturing live cross and silver fox pups. These two members of my party also found about the deserted camp two ruined and worthless bear skins much eaten by rabbits and rotted by weather, but the color of such fur as remained was a slate blue. In view of the reports of the blue bears and the ruined, slate-blue skins found by members of my own expedition, I trust the next expedition to this region may take the time and effort necessary to a complete investigation of the matter, as it would be particularly desirable to examine, study, and classify these reported bears.

MOUNTAIN GOATS

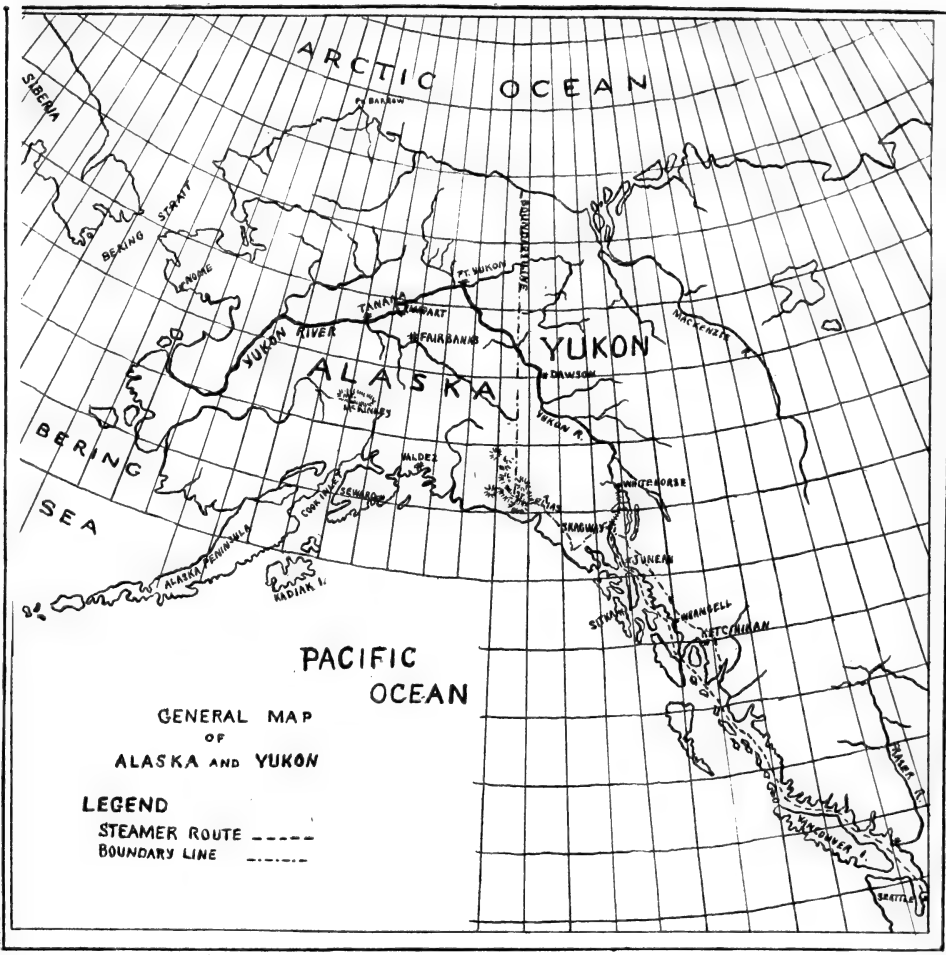
The only place in the territory covered where we found mountain goats was at the head of the Slims River, in the mountains bordering the Glacier. Their location at this point is rather remarkable to the writer, as it is about one hundred miles from the Pacific coast as the crow flies, and goats, with this exception only, as far as the writer is able to ascertain, are found exclusively in the humid belt of the mountains along the Pacific coast and never across the St. Elias Range on the easterly slopes; yet there they were at the head of the Slims River in large numbers. The writer also talked with a band of Indians who had a number of goat skins which they claimed to have taken along the mountains

beside the Kaskawulsh River near its inflow into the Dezadeash and Alsek rivers; this would mark the goat ranges far east of their supposed habitat.

At the headwaters of the Slims it was interesting to note the close proximity of goat and sheep ranges. Kennedy Creek Canyon, one hundred yards wide, was the narrow boundary line between sheep and goats; the mountains rising abruptly from one side of the canyon held sheep, those on the other side held goats, yet they do not range together. Ordinarily they are found low down on the inferior crests of minor escarpments and often in the very bottoms of the canyons, where they come to feed on willows; but at the time of our visitation they were high upon the serrated pinnacles. They are rather stupid animals, not nearly as wary and hence not so difficult to hunt as sheep.

OTHER MAMMALS

The wolf is prevalent in the region visited, though like the bear he "is hard to see," but his tracks are numerous on the sandbars, indicating his presence. These wolves are quite large, are black, white, gray and mixed black and white color. They feed upon rabbits, mice, and caribou and moose calves, with an occasional sheep; their habits are those of the timber wolves of other localities. Red foxes, silver foxes with cross, and black foxes are found in unusual numbers in this region, and with mink, otter, lynx, and ermine complete the quota of fur-bearing animals. Ground squirrels, called by the guides "gophers," but being quite different from the true gopher, are very abundant and furnish food for both the Indian native and for the grizzly bears.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YUKON RIVER
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MACKENZIE R.
YUKON R.
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MT. KINLEY
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SEWARD
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GENERAL MAP
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LEGEND
STEAMER ROUTE
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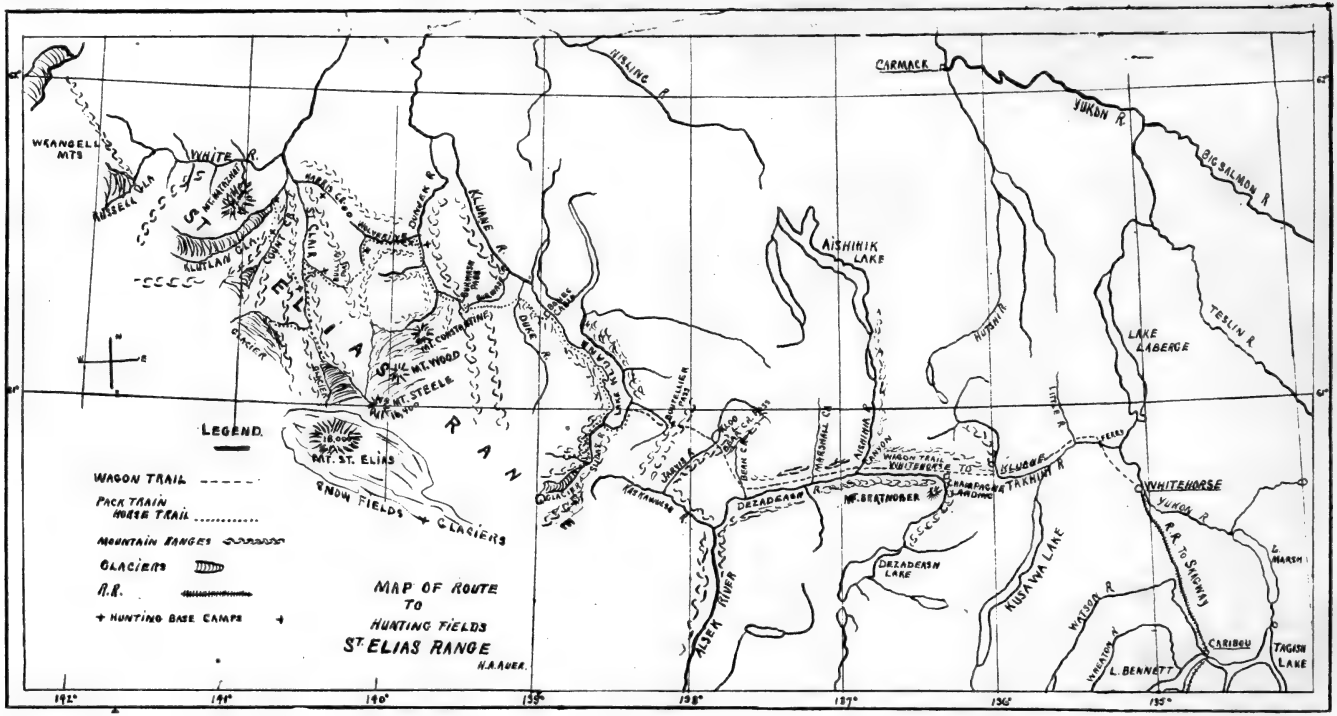
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