HUNTING IN THE UPPER YUKON

THOMAS MARTINDALE

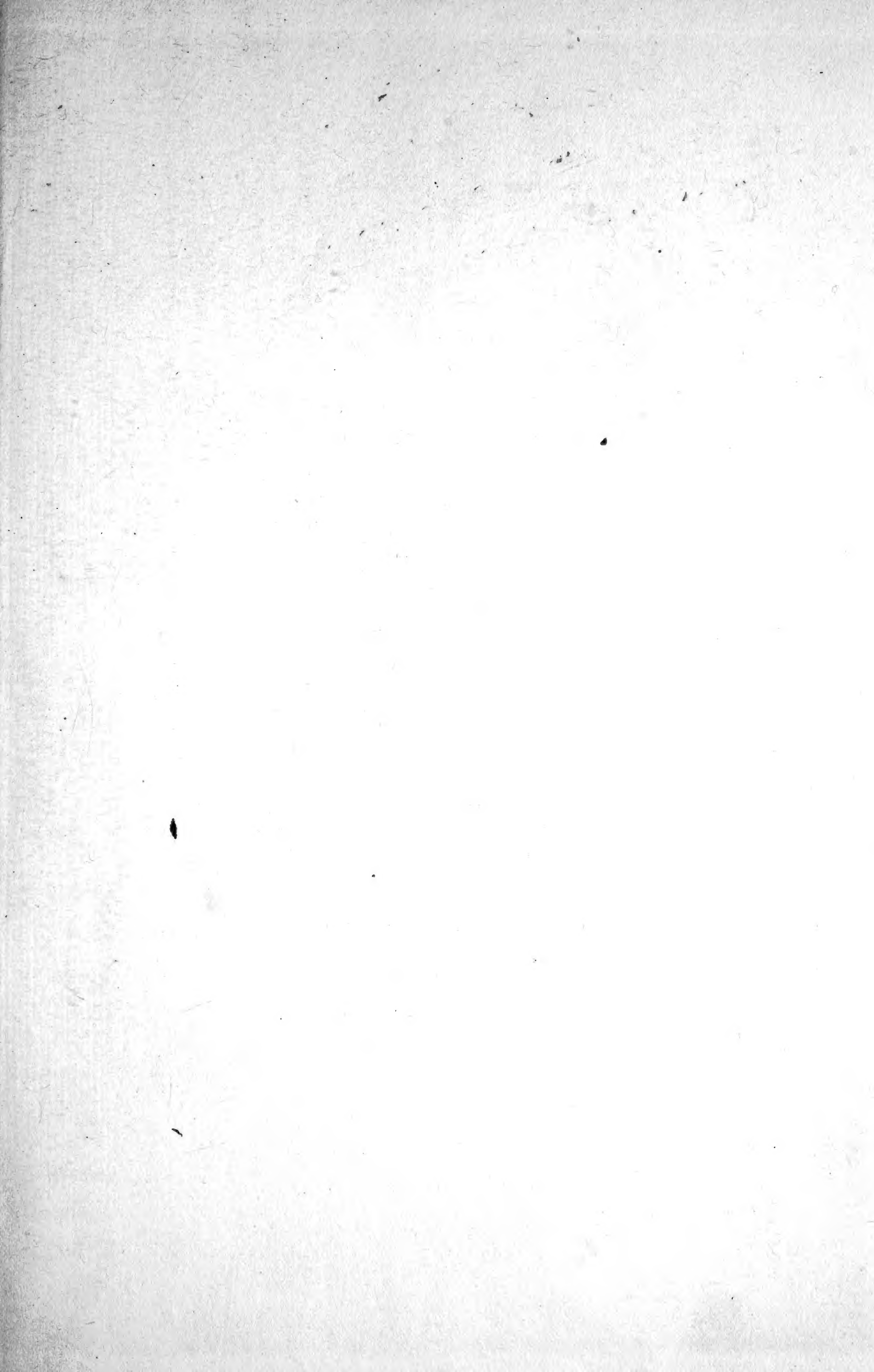
PRESENTED

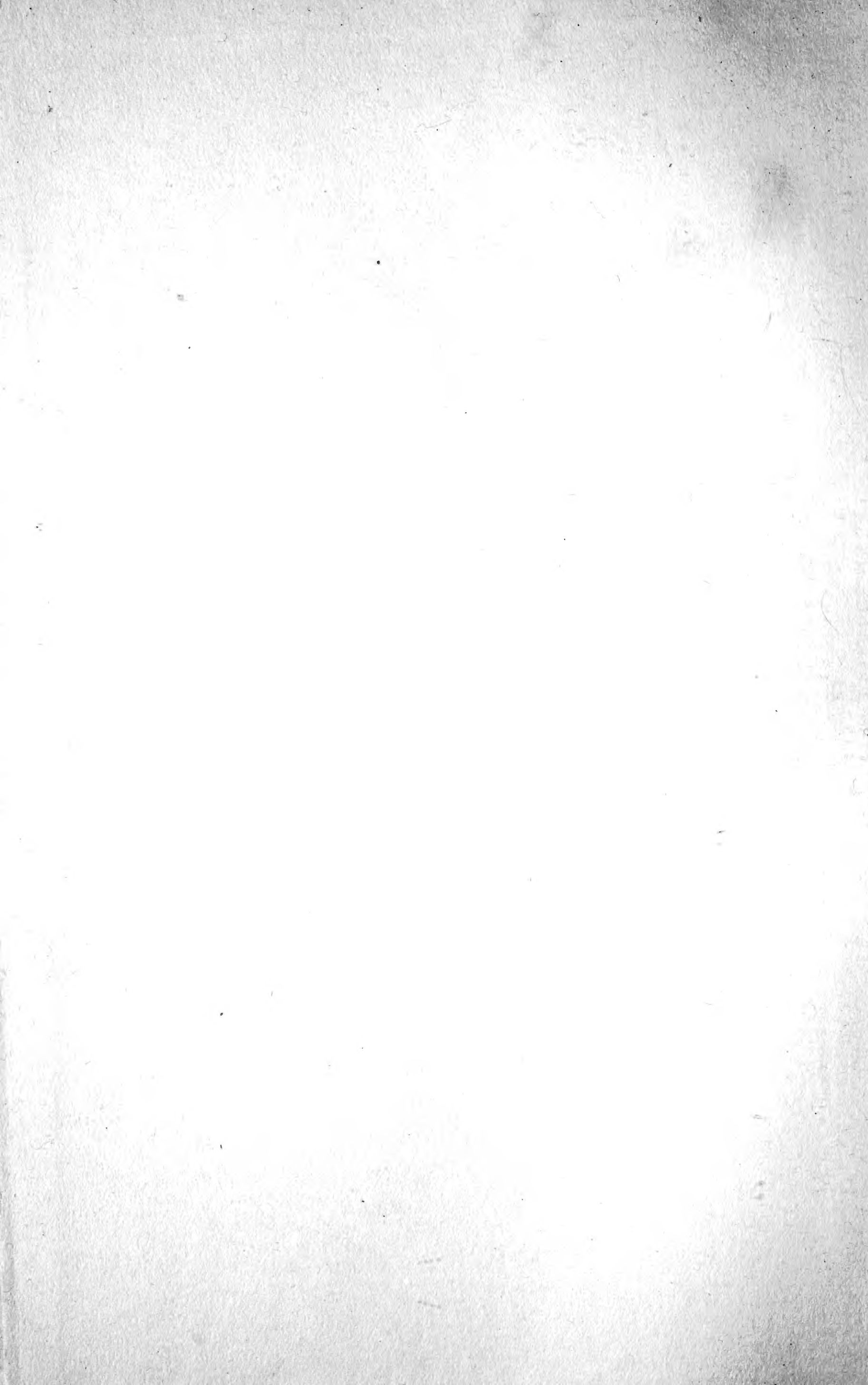
TO

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

BY

H. H. Langton Esq





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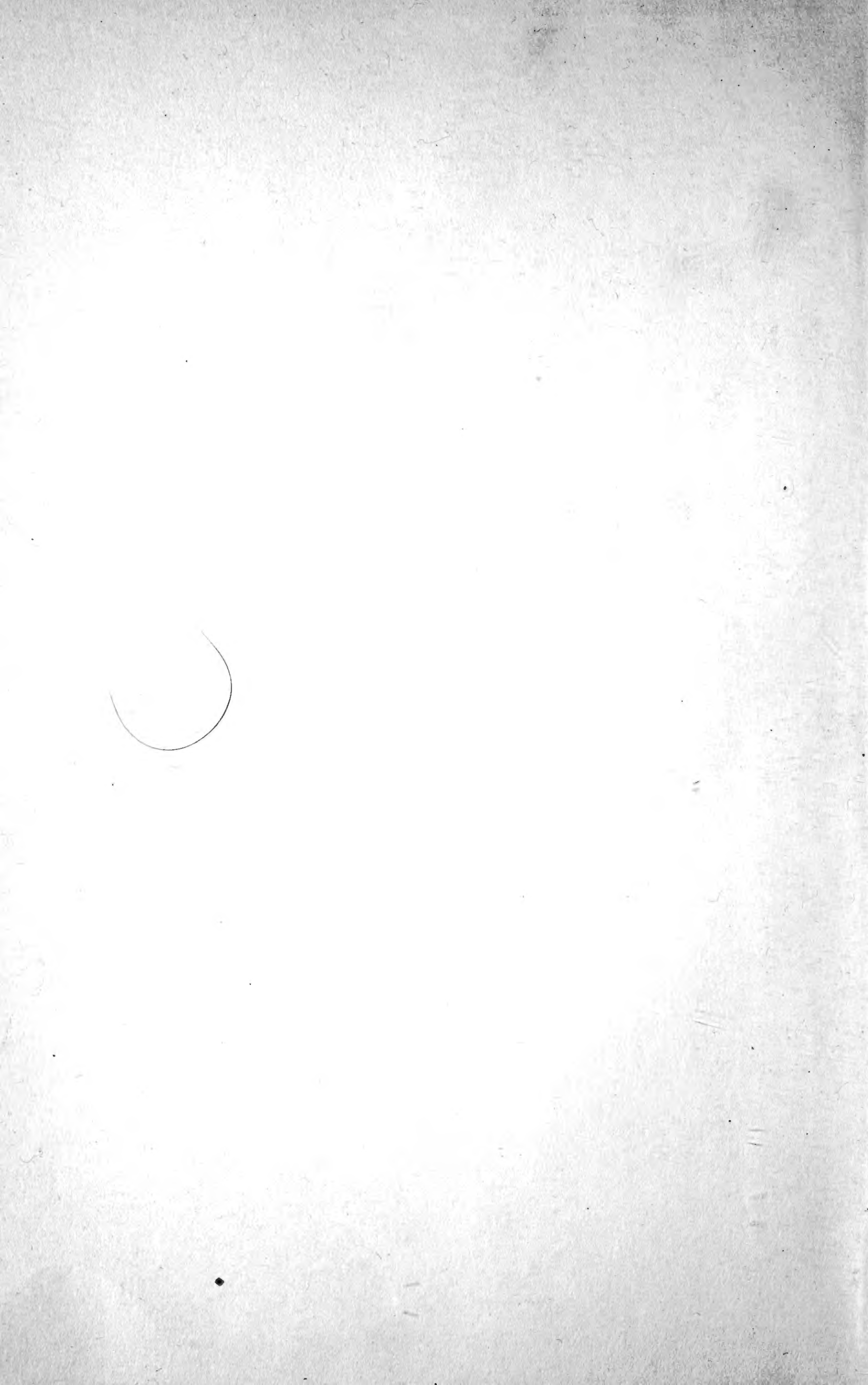

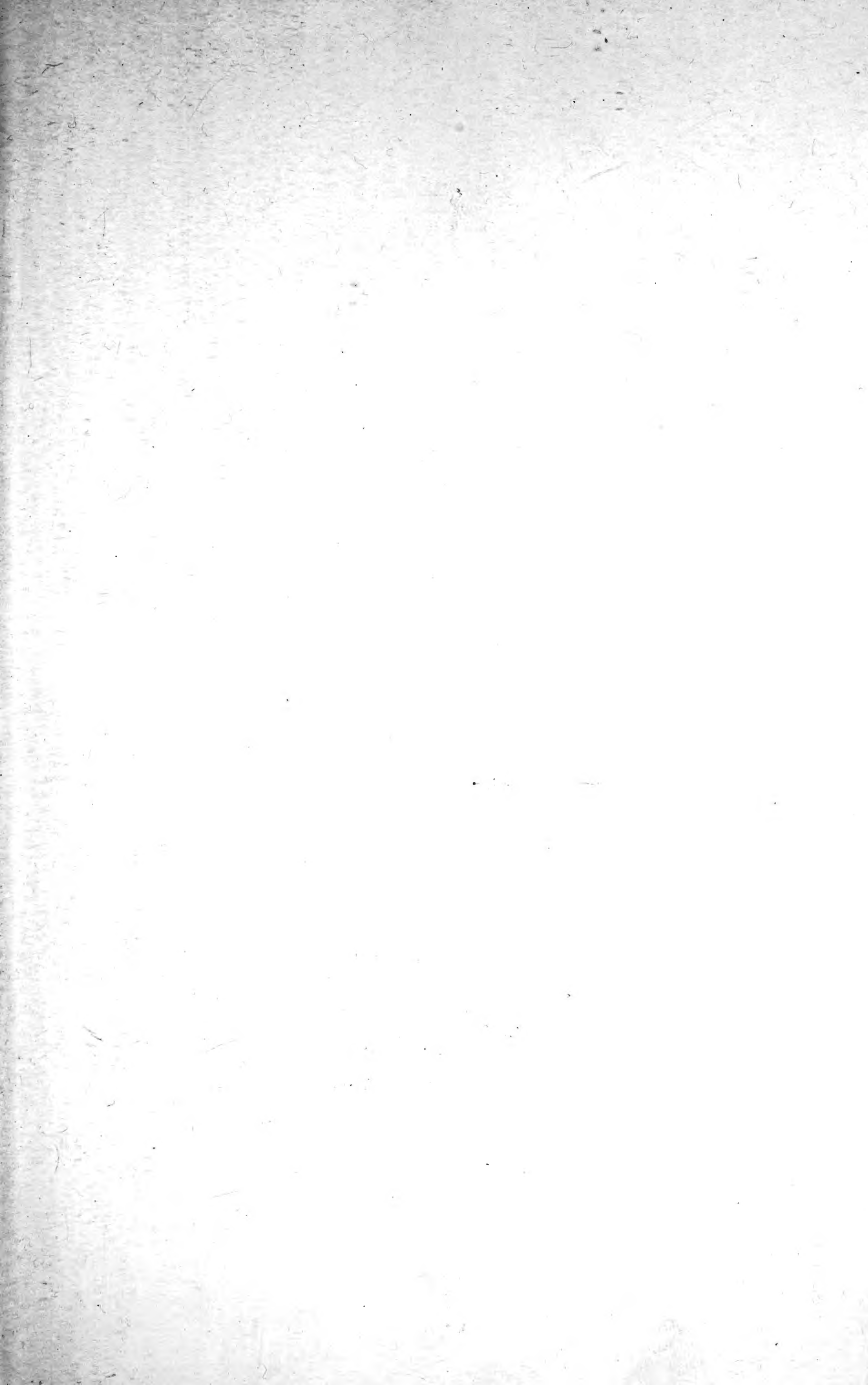

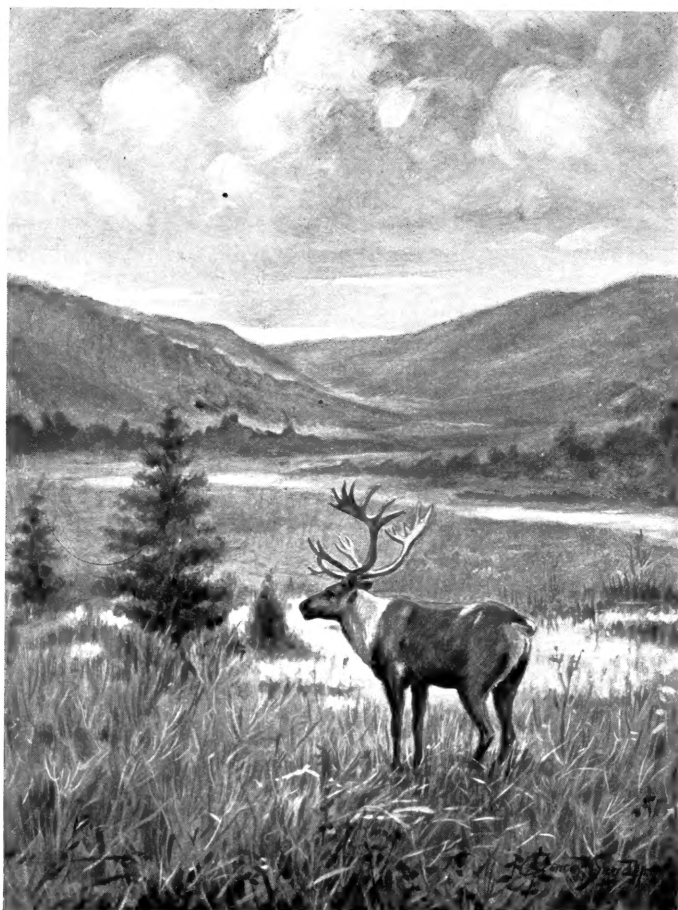

His Majesty
The Osburni Caribou Bull

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HUNTING IN THE UPPER YUKON

BY

THOMAS MARTINDALE

AUTHOR OF "SPORT INDEED," "WITH GUN AND GUIDE," ETC.

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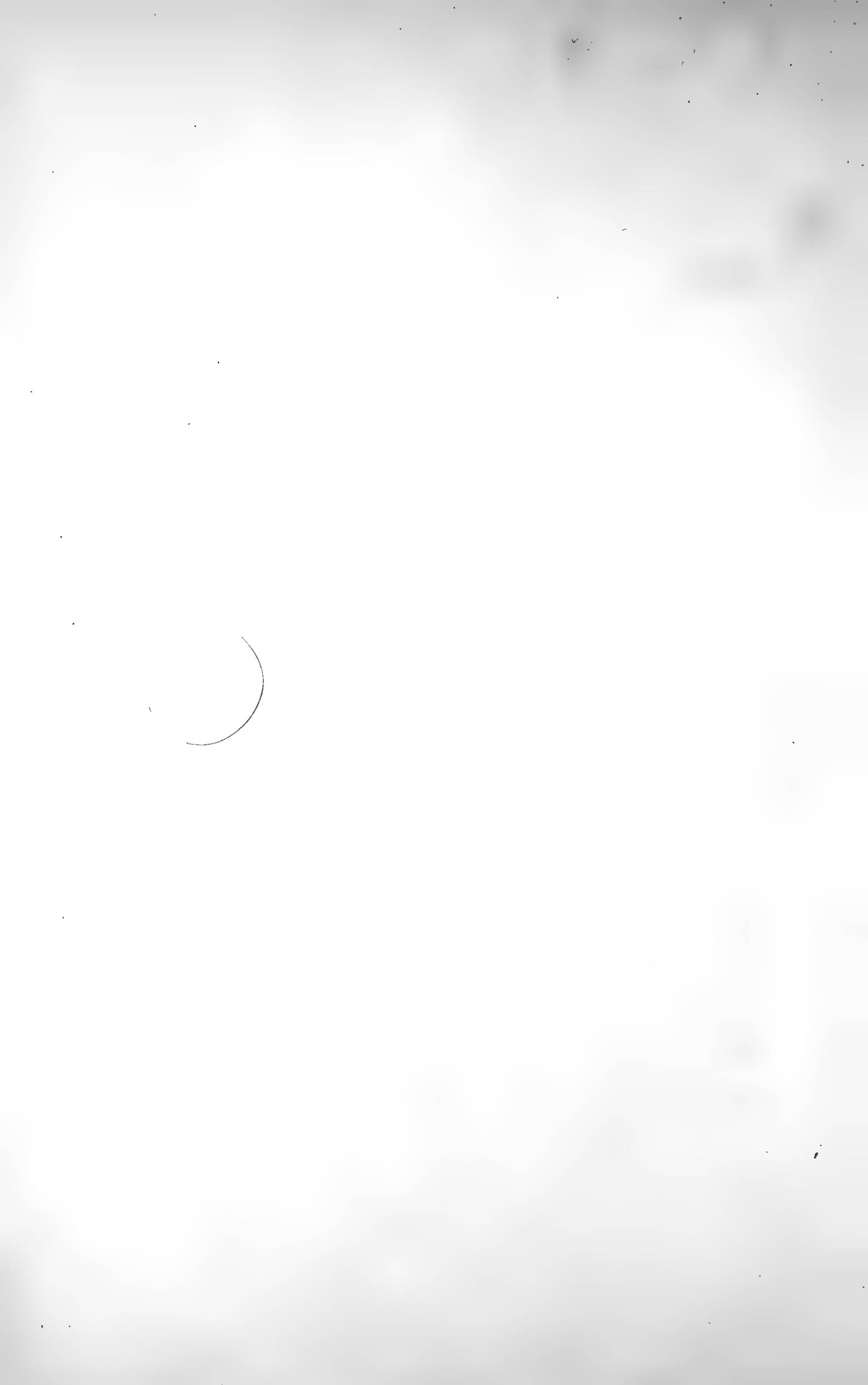
TO

THE MEMBERS OF

THE POOR RICHARD CLUB

OF PHILADELPHIA

In whose company I have spent so many happy hours
amid such delightful associations, and especially
to those members who conceived and so
generously arranged for my "Wel-
come Home from the Yukon"
dinner, this book is af-
fectionately dedi-
cated.



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THE UPPER YUKON

CHAPTER I

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT

"The way is long and cold and lone—
But I go—
It leads where pines forever moan
Their weight of snow—
Yet I go.
There are voices in the wind that call,
There are hands that beckon to the plain;
I must journey where the trees grow tall,
And the lonely heron clamers in the rain."
—*Hamlin Garland.*

IT has been my custom in recent years to invite in the fall many of the big game hunters living in Philadelphia to an evening's mutual "Experience Meeting" at my home.

There each one is expected to narrate briefly the most exciting or the most novel incidents of his latest hunting trip.

When the hunting season of 1909 was over and the participants in the hunting field had

returned to the city, there were gathered one night around the fire of the open grate a score of hunters, some of them fresh from New Brunswick, others from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Northern British Columbia, Northern Ontario, the Province of Quebec, the Yukon Territory, and Labrador.

One by one they told the tales of their adventures. Some of them were out of the ordinary, yet not at all startling, until the last man arose. As "an honest tale speeds best being plainly told," he narrated in a modest but graphic manner the history of a journey to the Upper Yukon and back which he had finished but a few days before. The description given of the section of country hunted in, its wealth of wild animal life, its towering mountains capped with snow or ice, its wide river beds, its invigorating climate, together with the fact that it was practically an unknown territory, held us spell-bound until he finished. Then came the eager questions of the guests as to the distance, the privations to be endured, the expense of such a trip, and the length of time needed to make it.

When it was all over and the men had left the house, I went to bed, but I could sleep but little that night. The story excited my imagi-

nation to such an extent that all of the homely remedies for insomnia failed me until near morning, and then the tired brain was heavy and I fell asleep.

From that time on I was determined that sooner or later I would make the journey to this "Land of Promise"—this paradise for big game, this country where the days would be long and the nights would be short. Two hunting seasons to New Brunswick, Canada, and to my own camp in the Maine wilderness, had come and gone before opportunity and time favored the desire to journey to the North. Much planning was needed as to the outfit to start with; the supplies to be taken; the guides to be selected; the number of horses which would be necessary; the rifles to be used. All of these details needed close consideration.

With the kindly help and advice of Mr. Wilson Potter—the modest young man and splendid hunter whose story and experience in this country had so entranced me—all the difficulties were cleared away, and on the evening of August 1, 1912, accompanied by Dr. Morris J. Lewis, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, we left the steaming city upon our long journey. We were routed via To-

ronto, Canada, and through the Great Lakes to Winnipeg, and from there by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver.

It seems that no matter when I leave the big city upon my annual hunting trip, let the month be August, September or October, it is my fate to leave on an extremely hot day. In the season of 1912, the day of departure from the heated city was no exception. It was hot on the street, and hot in the sleeping car. Our first stop was Buffalo, then Hamilton, Toronto, Port McNichol on the Georgian Bay, the "Soo" Canal, Port Arthur, Vancouver, Skagway and lastly White Horse, where we would outfit for the hunting territory, and when we left that famous little town we would be in "the land of adventure."

When we pulled out from Broad Street Station, a woman, sitting in the seat across the aisle from us, had to change to the seat in front of us while her berth was being made. Her sole concern was how she could best take care of a great panama hat which was loaded with a pinnacle of artificial flowers. The porter brought her the largest sized paper bag that was made, but alack-a-day, it wouldn't cover it, and therefore she fretted and worried as to how it might look in the morning.

She tried to hang it up inside of the berth—it was too big. She feared to trust it in the upper berth, which was empty. The paper bag was stiff, and as she shifted it from one position to another, it was easy to imagine her heart-felt concern for her treasure. At last she got to bed and how she managed her precious headpiece could only be guessed at by the cracking of the paper bag from time to time during the hot, humid hours of the night.

In the early morning the weather turned cold as we were crossing the mountains; with the cold a dense fog set in, and you know that wouldn't be good for the "precious hat," or at any rate for the portion that wasn't covered. When the night had at last dwindled into morning and the morning into day, the woman appeared returning from the dressing-room, fully dressed, long before any other woman was up. As her fateful hat had prevented me from having a restful sleep, I, too, had gotten up, and we were thus the only two passengers "up and around" in the whole car.

Quoth she to me: "You're from Philadelphia, are you not?"

"Yes, madam, I am."

"I'm from New York—have always been in New York either in the city or the state.

I've often thought of stopping off at Philadelphia because I've been told it's a nice, pretty little place, and I do love towns that have lots of flowers; and then I believe you have manufacturers there, and they're so interesting—and the work-people are so interesting, there being so many foreigners among them. It makes the town sort of cosmopolitan, as it were, and that's always interesting, so really I must some time stop off and see your little town. I see you and your companion have rifles, and I suppose you're going hunting. Oh, how I should like to go along with you, as I delight in adventure," etc., etc.

So she rattled on, and, like the babbling brook, there was no damming her up. She was particularly savage against those of her sex who would monopolize the dressing-room of a sleeping-car for an hour at a time; she called such women "simple."

I asked her if her hat had given her much trouble during the night, and she admitted that it had, that she had worried about it all night. I told her that if she went with us she'd have to ride horseback, and astride at that, and with her great hat on her head, with rifle, and a pair of riding breeches, she'd surely be an "interesting" sight to the wild

game, whose favorite haunts are on the icy tops of the high mountains.

As we were nearing the station at Buffalo in the morning, the passengers generally were astonished to see a young woman standing between the rails on a railway track without a hat, but with her head crowned with an enormous coiffure of red hair, while she was dressed in a very tight, black satin hobble gown—just that and nothing more. There she stood, feeling apparently as proud as a queen when the train slowly passed her, for she surely did attract attention, and what pleases some women more than that?

A short distance further and a large sign on a building which we passed excited curiosity, as it informed the public that here was "The Philadelphia House Wrecking Company." What an occupation and what a name for a business firm to use—"House Wreckers"!

The porter now came with his whisk to brush us off. The brakeman called out "Buffalo," the woman with the hat disappeared in the crowd, and the first stage of our journey was over. Here we changed cars, and when the new train had run but a few miles we crossed into Canada. The train stopped

to permit the examination of the baggage. A dining-car porter came through the cars asking for the owner of a locked satchel. He went through the dining-car and the parlor-cars without finding the owner, so the satchel was left at Bridgeport, the little town where customs are collected.

The train sped on its way to Hamilton. A down-pour of rain visited the thirsty land, and as we were nearing Hamilton—the most beautifully located city in Canada—the owner of the satchel appeared. He had been in a smoking-car at the extreme front of the train and never gave a thought to the customs officials. His error would make him lose perhaps a day before he regained his property.

At Hamilton we were met by some of my relatives, and after a brief wait, we sped on to Toronto—the metropolis of the Province of Ontario.

Toronto is situated upon a noble bay sheltered from the winds of Lake Ontario by an island some two and a half miles from the esplanade front. The city has a gradual slope from the water of the lake up to the heights of a suburb formerly known as Yorkville, and spreads out east and west along the lake front,

where the railroads and the lake vessels discharge and take on their cargoes of merchandise and of humanity. Toronto, at the present time, is a wonder among cities. The population is growing at the rate of thirty-five thousand a year. Six thousand houses had been erected within the previous year, and yet in a ride in an auto in the afternoon of one day, and the forenoon of another day, but three houses were discovered in that whole distance, with a sign "To Let" upon them. There is such an insistent and seemingly never-ending demand for houses to be rented that the builders cannot catch up with it.

A Government House is now being erected which is to be the residence of the Lieutenant Governor of the province, where the great social functions and others will be held. Here the state balls, receptions, conferences settlements, concerts, addresses, and other affairs of state will make the Government House the center of social attraction in the Province of Ontario.

Another notable building—I should say, palace—is undergoing erection, which when completed will be one of the sights of the town, one of the wonders of modern architecture and of lavish expenditure of money. It

is for the housing and entertainment of *one*—man, with but *one* son to enjoy all of its grandeur and conveniences upon the death of its founder. Dame Rumor says it will cost over a million dollars.

So much can be said of Toronto, of its rapid and startling growth, of the prosperity of the rank and file of its citizens, of its great university with its seven thousand students, of its technical colleges, its religious schools, its hockey, golf and baseball grounds, its social clubs, churches, cathedrals, manufactures, and princely business establishments, that they cannot all be chronicled here, as I must hasten on.

We left Toronto at 12.45 P. M. on Saturday, August third. The train was crowded with people, as indeed every other train was upon this particular day, because the following Monday was to be a civic holiday; hence the rush to get away from the city for a holiday from Saturday until the following Tuesday morning.

There was to be a regatta for canoemen, but where we couldn't find out. Canoes seemed to be everywhere, on baggage trucks, in trains, on the sidewalks, and on wagons. To tell where they came from would be a puzzle, and

it's to be hoped that they were all found by their rightful owners.

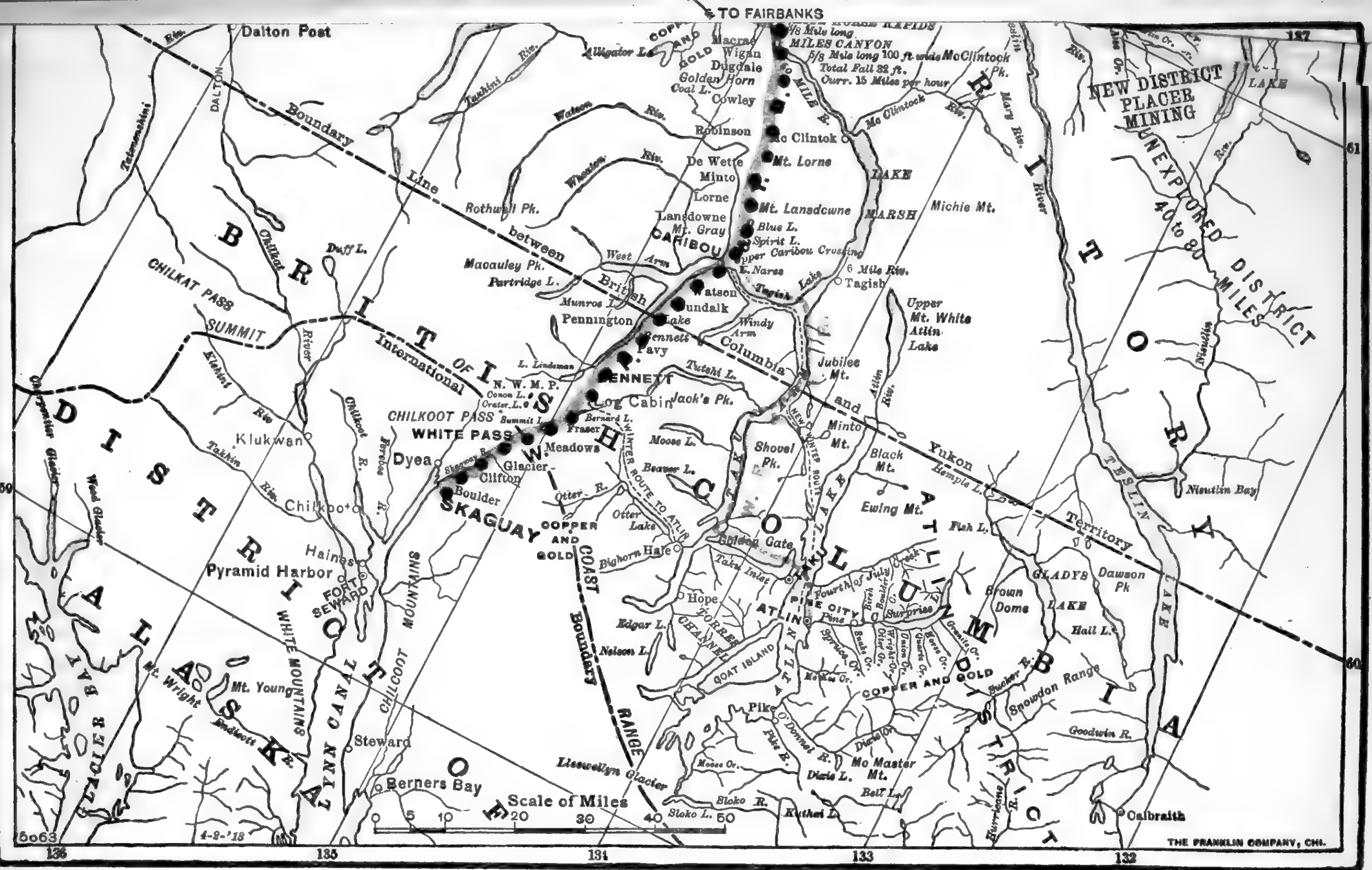
Our train landed us at a new port—not Newport—but a brand new port called Port McNichol, all owned and built by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This great transcontinental railroad it seems "doeth all things well." I have traveled over its rails from ocean to ocean; I have hunted in many sections within the radius of its ramifications, and I have always found its employees to be courteous to, and considerate of, its passengers, its steamships clean and well appointed, its dining-cars well served, and its hotels a credit to the Dominion of Canada.

As illustrating its solicitude for the comfort and convenience of its patrons, let me relate a single incident that happened twenty years ago. Two cars had been provided for myself and sixteen other hunters, one to eat and sleep in, and the other to house our hunting dogs, ammunition, decoys, trunks, tents and hunting paraphernalia generally. We came to a station called Maple-Creek, where a tribe of Cree Indians were then scattered about for miles in their tepees on the prairie. We did not know that the settlement was in the Alkali region, and that all of the water was almost

undrinkable to those unused to it. Here some of the men were to leave for a trip to a range of mountains thirty miles away, to hunt caribou, while four or five of the men were to stay near the village to hunt wild geese, ducks and prairie chickens.

My younger son and the writer were to be among the "stay-at-homes." After the caribou hunters had mounted their horses and faded away in the distance, we were surprised to find that the C. P. R. had detached a freight engine from a train at Crane Lake, twenty miles away, filled the tank of the engine with fresh water, and sent it to us. Half of its precious load of delicious water was given to us and the other half was needed to furnish steam to take the engine back to its train. This courtesy was repeated twice during our stay, and so far as I know this expensive kindness was done entirely without solicitation on our part, and it only goes to show what a paternal care—if we may use the word—the company takes of its patrons.

Port McNichol is planned upon such a scale as to provide room and conveniences for many years to come for the greatest possible increase in the traffic passing through the Great Lakes.



Route of Mr. Martindale indicated by black dotted line. It extends from Skaguay to within fifteen miles of the International Boundary Line, a distance of about four hundred miles

We left our train an hour late, and with a head wind and a cold night we were glad to take the steamboat and be in the shelter of a warm stateroom. Many of the passengers were going to the far West from the "Old Countries" of Europe—quite a number being from England. Their comments upon the sights and upon the fleet of passing vessels as our good ship, the *Assiniboia,* plowed her way through the inland sea, were good to hear. "Hope, eternal hope," and wonder were expressed upon their faces in an unmistakable manner. When we came to the famous "Soo" Canal and our boat entered it, the crowds on the wharf who had come to meet friends on our steamer, or from idle curiosity, were of prime interest to the newcomers.

Behind us were two tugs, one pushing and the other towing a big barge loaded with small poplar logs. This barge had to be deftly handled so as to get it in as close to the northern side of the canal as possible, and also it had to be brought near to the stern of our steamer so that both vessels could be locked through at one time. This situation retarded us considerably, so two of the newcomers with a little boy left the steamer and walked across the top of the front locks. They soon

were wandering afield and time with them flew happily on.

But now the vessel was moving—the locks were open, and we were fast leaving the entrance to the canal when the men and boy came hurrying and running back, gesticulating for the ship to stop. "Stop!—Stop! —Dinna leave us," shouted one of them, with a strong Scottish accent. The captain rang the bell for the engines to stop. Men were sent to fasten a hawser to an iron post on the side of the canal where the men had strayed away. The vessel was warped slowly up to the concrete walls, and the truants were gathered in. There was much diversity of opinion both among the crew and among the passengers as to what the captain *should* have done, the majority declaring he should have left them on shore. One lady was asked by a man what sort of people these men were who had delayed us. She naïvely answered, "I would much rather that you should say it, and I will agree with you." And so he said it for her, and "it" sounded very much like "d—— fools." The captain could not have been blamed if he had left them, but such an act would hardly have been in harmony with the way in which the C. P. R. Company treats

its patrons. This company is always most courteous and considerate, as those who have traveled over its lines can vouch.

No one who has not made the journey through these inland seas—the Great Lakes—can have the faintest idea of the number and the size of the passing vessels, every one of which seems to be loaded to its limit. It must be remembered that most of the craft navigating these northern waters are built especially for a particular class of trade, and to conform to the dimensions of the locks of these famous canals, one on the Canadian side, and the other on the American side.

When we had passed through the canal we were then sailing on the cold waters of Lake Superior, which contains the greatest volume of fresh water of any lake in the world. The temperature changed to a lower reading of the thermometer and the passengers ransacked their trunks for woolen underwear, heavier clothing, sweaters and overcoats. When supper time arrived the weather glass was down to 49 degrees—a big contrast to the temperature of but a day and a half before in Toronto, which was close to 90 degrees in the shade. Not many out of our large number of passengers had the courage and hardihood to

walk the upper deck, and so the cabins below were crowded with those who were compelled to embrace the shelter of roof and heat. This immense inland sea with its cold waters must have a far-reaching effect on the atmospheric conditions of the surrounding country. The following morning was colder still, and as the glass had registered 40 degrees during the night, almost every one was anxious for a little more heat.

The passengers were much pained to hear that a baby had died at about three in the morning and that the mother was so poor that the only covering she could give to the little corpse was a newspaper. Sympathetic women soon remedied this impoverished condition of things, and their kind ministrations made the good woman realize that to her the cruel world was not so bleak after all. It was a comfort to know that a kindly physician had been found among the passengers, and that the best help that medical skill could give had been tried without avail.

The lake journey ended at Port Arthur, where we left the steamer with much regret and entered a waiting train which would be our traveling home until we arrived at the terminus of the line, the city of Vancouver.

Port Arthur and Fort William are less than a mile apart, each town being the terminus of a railway connection, hence there is much rivalry between them. As each borough has its own set of officials, it must be amusing—if not too dramatic—to the citizens to keep in touch with the official doings and methods of the two municipal rivals.

As our steamer had been fighting a head wind from the "Soo" Canal all the way to Port Arthur, we were more than an hour late, so that when our first important city—Winnipeg—was reached we were too late to inspect any of its wonders. Twenty years before, in making this same journey across the Continent, a stop of three hours was made at Winnipeg. The growing city then boasted a population of over thirty thousand inhabitants. The citizens were then enthusiastic in their predictions of a future great and growing city, but they never dreamed of such a transformation as has taken place in the period covered by these two visits of twenty years apart. I remember then standing in the main street, which I think is one hundred and thirty feet wide, and watching long lines of horses pulling heavy wagons loaded with wheat from the Red River territory of the North. A man,

who proved to be a banker of Winnipeg, was standing near by, and entered into conversation with me. I confessed to a feeling of enraptured wonder at the enormous quantity of wheat that was being transported to the elevators, there to be loaded into the waiting railroad trains for transportation either to the Atlantic or to the Pacific, or to local points.

"Where do you live?" said the banker.

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, you are now about a thousand miles north from Philadelphia. A thousand miles still farther north of us is more wheat, and better wheat, than that which you see passing to the elevators. In perhaps ten years from now this country north of us will be opened up by railroads and other forms of transportation. People will pour into it from the northern sections of your country, immigrants will arrive from Europe, Asia, and even Australia to till this fertile and easily farmed land, and then in a few years more a new empire to the north of us will be pouring its rich freightage of the products of these northern prairies into the lap of the then great city of Winnipeg."

At that time his talk made but a fleeting impression upon my mind, but can you not see

how prophetic it was? Do you realize that, in the twenty years since then, the population of Winnipeg has grown to nearly three hundred thousand people? Do you know that another great transcontinental railway, having a terminus on the Pacific Coast five hundred miles north of the terminus of the C. P. R., is nearly completed and that it even now passes through Winnipeg? Do you realize that some day in the near future—say, in another score of years—Winnipeg may boast of a population of a million? The present growth of this wonderful city has meant the erection of large manufacturing plants, of great distributing wholesale houses, the accumulation of rich banks and other depositories for the capital needed to finance the movement of the crops, the building of subsidiary lines to the trunk lines of rails, the erection of schools, colleges, churches, theaters, skating rinks, public halls, new sewage disposal plants, public buildings, etc., etc. What the needs of the next twenty years will be, no living man may predict. It is a timely thing to dwell for a little upon the fairy-like story of Winnipeg's growth in a single score of years, because it is an illustration of what several other Canadian towns and cities have ex-

perienced in the same period. Calgary, Maple Creek, Moosejaw, Saskatoon, Regina, Revelstoke, Edmonton on the Saskatchewan, Westminster, and particularly Vancouver, all have been blessed with a prosperity beyond the wildest dreams of the average citizen of twenty years ago. The question may well be asked, how has it come about that this unprecedented growth and expansion of a new empire to the north of the United States has proceeded along a constant and well-developed line?

The answer is not a difficult one.

First, by the cultivation of the ground by the residents and the ever-incoming hordes of farmers—men of capacity in the tilling of the extended fertile wheat belts of land that were to be had for a price almost akin to nothing. Next, by the ease with which capital could be obtained from the Mother Country, "the tight little island" called England, to finance the various enterprises made necessary by the ever-increasing population, and third, by the opening up of new sections of virgin land to modern methods of scientific farming.

Another reason may be found in the fact that while Canada cannot boast of having nearly as many laws on her statute-book as

her great neighboring Republic to the south of her, yet what laws she has are generally well enforced; so that, although the immigrants that have poured into her domain are made up of Russians, Poles, Serbs, Bulgars, Italians, Chinese, Japanese, Laplanders, Scandinavians, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Turks and Arabs, besides a host from Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England herself, they all bow to the laws of their adopted country.

Therefore, as law and order have been uniformly maintained in all of the provinces and territories of the Dominion of Canada, capital has been safe, as well as the lives and properties of the great public at large.

It is a remarkable tribute to the efficiency and the administration of the law by the Canadian Judiciary that the Dominion has been able to assimilate all of the discordant human factors that make up her population and weld them together into one harmonious and industrious whole.

There has been nothing in the world's past history that has ever approached this development of a new country-empire (may we so call it?) in such a short space of time, and that, too, without the use of military force,

war, or even "rumors of war." It is true that migrations have often occurred in ancient times, but generally they were caused by the forceful ejection of tribes, or communities of people who were driven out from their homeland, either because of religious or racial contentions, or from some other compelling cause, which made a wholesale evacuation of a large population an absolute necessity for the protection of life, and the possible enjoyment of peace and happiness.

The migration into Canada has ever been a peaceful one, and such may it always remain in the future. It is not hard to predict that the close intermingling and the intermarriage of a conglomeration of many foreign races will result in the creation of a new type of manhood—a new cosmopolite race, having the industrious and economical ideals and methods of these various foreign races blended with the artistic, law-abiding, scholastic, optimistic, self-reliant, and courageous ideals of the descendants of the original English, Scotch, Irish and French settlers of Canada.

From the pen of the brilliant writer, Agnes Dean Cameron, comes this timely paragraph: "On the benches of one schoolroom in Edmonton I found children who had been born

in Canada, the United States, England, Scotland, Russia, New Zealand, Poland, Switzerland, Australia and Austria-Hungary. They were all singing "The Maple Leaf Forever!" It is the lessons these children are to learn in that little red schoolhouse, which will determine the future of Canada, and not the yearly take of forty-bushel wheat. In the past, nations out of very fatness have decayed. Many signs here are full of hope."

At Winnipeg, berths were taken in sleeping-cars that were to be our traveling home until we arrived at Vancouver. The train was filled with just as many (if not more) different races and conditions of people as we had met on the steamer, the largest number of any one class being from Great Britain.

Isn't it curious how the average Englishman on his travels will find fault with everything that is new and strange? Being an Englishman myself, I have perhaps noticed this peculiarity more than a born American would. For to them there is nothing done anywhere "like it is done in England, you know."

A friend of mine—also an Englishman—had a friend who came to Philadelphia on a visit. This man was interested in the construction of bridges, so my friend, whose name

was Knight, took the man out in a carriage and drove him all around the city and its environs and allowed him to inspect every one of the numerous bridges that cross the Schuylkill River. Each bridge was carefully examined, and at the end of each inspection the man would praise it faintly, and then start with his "buts." It was not like this or that bridge in England, "you know." Finally the Girard Avenue bridge, built and opened about the time of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, was reached. This bridge is generally considered to be a model of architectural beauty, and as Dr. Knight explained its cost, the time taken in its erection, and its dimensions, the man was so much impressed with it that he made a tour of the upper and lower decks, and also went down to the river's edge to look it over from water level. Then he commenced to praise it, but soon having exhausted all the compliments that he could find to say in its favor, he came to the inevitable "but."

Dr. Knight at once lost his temper. "Oh, damn your 'buts'—what's the matter now?"

"Don't be angry, doctor," the man replied. "I was just going to say that the bridge is creditable in every respect, but it doesn't have as many people crossing it as London Bridge."

Now there were a number of just such people on our transcontinental train, most of them being bound for the terminus of the line, and it was very amusing to listen to their criticisms of the country, the people, the railway, and more particularly the climate. One woman said: "The 'eat is a roastin' of me. I never in my life suffered from so much 'eat." The good woman was wearing clothes heavy enough for an Alaskan climate. She had an " 'at" made of felt, large enough in dimensions to cover an ash-barrel, and this she insisted on putting on and wearing on the platform of the station every time the train would stop for a period of fifteen minutes or more, as it did when changing engines or stopping at lunching stations.

In a few months or years these same people, when finally down to work in their varying occupations, will readily become acclimated and fall into the "New Land's" way of doing things. They then become earnest boosters for Canada to their home people, and the time is but short until they induce some of their relatives or friends to come and spy out the wonders of this new promised land.

Our train pulled into Vancouver on time, and the journey across the Continent was com-

pleted. This was another city that I had visited a score of years before, and, in keeping with Winnipeg and other growing cities of the Dominion, its development during this period has been equally astonishing.

In this time a great fire had swept over the city, which might well have blasted all of its future growth, yet the grave disaster only stimulated it to further exertions, enlisting men of all classes and ranks to help in the building of a new and greater Vancouver. I did not recognize the place at all—it was so different from the city that I had seen on the same soil in the year 1892. The fire turned out to be a blessing in disguise after all, because the new city was developed and erected on a larger plan, with modern methods and modern standards, the result now being an enormously increased population with an inflow of new capital on a scale commensurate with the new conditions. Enthusiasm and harmony prevail in the community, and it would seem that every individual unit of the population was bent on doing something or saying something to help the growth and expansion of the city. In talking of it the residents of both high and low degree were equally optimistic of the future greatness and exten-

sion of their city and equally proud of its present status as well. A community that works together for the common good as earnestly as the citizens of Vancouver and Winnipeg are doing, is bound to grow in wealth and influence.

I was fortunate enough to meet the Hon. H. H. Stevens, member of the Dominion Parliament for Vancouver—and, by-the-way, he is the representative in Parliament of the most populous constituency in the Dominion of Canada. His career will fittingly illustrate in itself the opportunities of advancement in wealth, position, influence, and standing in the community that await the men or women who realize when "opportunity knocks at their door" and who have the wisdom to embrace it.

Mr. Stevens is comparatively a young man, and but sixteen years ago was driver of a stage that ran from Siccamus—a station on the C. P. R.—to Vernon, a small town at the head of Okanogan Lake in British Columbia. The Earl of Aberdeen, formerly Governor-General of Canada, owns large tracts of land on the shores of this famed lake, where cattle raising is conducted on one side, and fruit growing on a large scale is carried on upon the other.

From stage driving, young Stevens, having come to Vancouver, became a real estate agent upon a small scale. He took an interest in politics and being helped by his brother-in-law, a bright and forceful young man, he was elected an Alderman of the city of Vancouver. He was then, as now, a sturdy advocate of the rights of the common people as against corporate influence. In other words, he was the champion of the people. They realized this fact, and when the next general Dominion election for representatives to Parliament came up, he, being the candidate of the Conservative party, was elected by a large majority, and he now represents his constituency in the present Parliament.

I talked with a number of men about him, because I was really much interested in him, having made his acquaintance at a lecture he gave in Philadelphia a year or more before, and in substance every man said the same: "Stevens is the best man we could possibly have as a member of Parliament, because he always looks out for the common people, and at the same time he is fair and square with the corporations and so has their respect and co-operation."

Mr. Stevens was good enough, in conjunc-

tion with his brother-in-law, to take us through the city and its beautiful suburbs in an automobile, and thus gave us an opportunity of seeing with our own eyes the "why and wherefore" of Vancouver's steady growth and of her plans for the future. We thus had the additional benefit of the explanation given us by these two up-to-date men. It is one thing to ride through a city with a chauffeur, and another thing to be accompanied by men who know the "ins and outs" of the city, its accomplishments, and its aspirations.

CHAPTER II

UP THE PACIFIC COAST

"The air breathes upon us here most sweetly."

LEAVING Vancouver on August 10th at 11.40 P. M., we soon were speeding north in a steamer that ran as smoothly and as quietly as any one could wish for. The following morning we were favored with mild weather, but had to face a head wind. Among the passengers were five big-game hunters, bound for the Cassier District in Northern British Columbia. One of them is a famous surgeon of Milwaukee, Dr. H. A. Sifton, who was born in London, Canada, my old town where I spent many of my boyhood days. He was accompanied by Robert A. Uihlein of Milwaukee, a sturdy athletic young man who has large business interests in that city. He is compelled to take to hunting so as to balance up for his close devotion to business pursuits.

Then came J. A. Burnham, a hunter just fresh from Sumatra, where he had been after elephants and other big game. He was ac-

companied by his young wife, who seemed to be getting weary of "globe trotting." She was longing for some place where they could settle down and live a quiet life with their two little children.

Next came a self-made and confident man from Victoria, B. C. He was going to Dease Lake, up the Stikine River, and would carry a pack of eighty pounds overland besides his 6-50 caliber Mannlicher rifle. This man knows the "how" of hunting by himself, doing his own cooking and going into an unknown section of country with confidence in his ability to "make good" and get out again in safety.

We soon became acquainted with all, and as they were to be with us until we reached Fort Wrangell, in Alaska, the time passed quickly and we mutually enjoyed each other's society.

From Fort Wrangell they were to take a small power boat called the *Black Fox,* which we afterwards saw. She is about forty feet long, covered over with canvas, and very narrow. She was to take the whole party up the swift Stikine River—a journey of nearly five days—to Telegraph Creek, where they were to outfit. On the return trip she can run down in about ten or twelve hours.

Telegraph Creek got its name in a very curious manner. Some forty-seven years ago the Western Union Telegraph Company ran a line of wires via the "Ashcroft Trail," which starts in at the town of that name, located on the C. P. R. system about two hundred and forty miles from Vancouver. The Western Union's purpose was to carry this line up to Behring Strait and lay a cable under that body of water—which is but a few miles across—and then build a line to St. Petersburg, to Paris, and other European capitals, and finally to London.

When the line reached this creek, a message came that the Atlantic cable, just laid, was a complete and successful line, and was then in operation. The engineer corps in charge of the work of stringing this overhead line was ordered back to New York. Thus the creek became known as Telegraph Creek.

In the Bear River country, in Upper British Columbia, I came across several bridges built by Indians with the wire left stranded from this abandoned line. They would fasten the wires firmly to trees or rocks on each side of a canyon or stream, and then lay boards—sawed with the whip saw—over the wires. The bridge work was rude, but it was safe and

lasting, and that was all that the Indians required.

Now Telegraph Creek boasts of a Hudson Bay Company's store, and another general merchandise store, together with a church and a hotel, and quite a cluster of small houses.

Mr. W. B. Close, of London, England, the man who had the pluck and ability to finance the White Horse Pass Railroad, and his secretary, Captain Gordon Cummings, also an Englishman, were aboard the boat. Mr. Close's trip was to explore a new section of country in which large deposits of copper have been found, and perhaps his visit may lead to the building of a new railroad in this virgin section of the Yukon Territory.

Four priests and three nuns helped to add variety and interest to the more than one hundred passengers that were crowded into the steamer.

One of the most important of the passengers—Mr. Treadgold—is an Englishman, and the most noted gold-mine operator in the Klondike field. He told us about a man who conducted a novel method of transportation in the Klondike rush days. This man installed a strong cable across a deep canyon, through whose valley all the supplies to the

Klondike would have to be carried both down and up its steep banks. He charged $100 a ton for carrying the freight across by means of his cable, and the man admitted that he coined money as long as the rush lasted.

Mr. Treadgold was full of anecdotes of those days, which throw some light upon the desperate chances men took during that crucial time, and the hardships they endured.

At Dyea, a closed house had this legend written on the door, "Klondike or Bust." The owner went to the Klondike and later on he returned from his venture, erased the first two words, and "Bust" was left. It told the story as eloquently as a whole book could have told it.

Over the door of a house occupied by a white woman, these words in large bold letters were written, "Fortunes Told," and in small, letters as if to be spoken in a whisper, "Washing Taken." Who is there who could not see the tragic side of that mute message?

A squaw was asked, "Whom did you marry, an Indian?"

"No."

"Did you marry a white man then?"

"No."

"Well, whom did you marry?"

"A Scotchman," she said.

Some gold seekers on a train on the C. P. R. were made very angry by the repeated changes in time, always of an hour later, as they journeyed farther and farther from the rising sun. The last change was made before reaching Vancouver, and in their eagerness to get to the fabled land of gold and adventure, many of them cursed the train people for making them "lose" so much time. A wandering Hebrew silenced them, however, by saying: "Vel, don't ve get once an hour's traveling mitoud paying notings for it?"

Our steamer stopped at Alert Bay, Port Simpson, and Prince Rupert. This last town will be the terminus of the New Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, which will not be in operation as far as this port for a year and a half, or until 1914. The town site is not attractive. It is covered with high rocks through which several openings for streets have been blasted. There are perhaps a dozen stores here—some of them being quite pretentious, while a couple of churches look after the spiritual wants of the populace, and branches of two big Eastern banks take care of the financial end. The prices asked for store sites seem to be outrageously high. Opposite

a liquor store were two vacant lots which belonged to the Canadian Government and were to be sold by it on the 28th of August. It was expected that they would bring $90,000. A corner lot of forty feet front was offered for sale at $54,000.

A Welshman, who owns a fruit store, endeavored to interest us in its purchase by offering the frame building for $10,000, the ground for $40,000, and an assortment of fresh vegetables, oranges, meat, etc., he said he would throw in as an additional inducement. This man had been through the Boer War in South Africa, had come to Prince Rupert in the very early days, and had bought his bit of ground when it was not so "'igh" in price as it is now.

We were of the opinion that many investors in building lots here would be cruelly surprised by a big drop in prices before very long.

At Port Simpson we heard that the Great Northern Railroad Company was trying to purchase 500 acres of bay-front for a terminal, but so far had been unable to acquire the desired land. Port Simpson has but a few scattered houses, a couple of churches, one so-called hotel, a stone monument to the memory

of the late chief of a tribe of Indians that reside here, and on the opposite side of the bay a lot of empty houses which were erected in the belief that a railroad was surely going to use the port as a terminal.

We were very much interested in Fort Wrangell. The Alaska Sanitary Cannery is located here, where they pack the salmon as they come in from a salmon trap a few hundred yards from the cannery. It may well be called a "sanitary cannery," because everything is as clean as the cleanest home kitchen. There is not a particle of disorder in the cannery and the noble-looking fish, as they lie on the racks before being cleaned, are very enticing to the appetite as well as to the eye.

A man who had been engaged in seal hunting for years walked around the village with me. We saw a small shop with its front window filled with sealskin slippers. My friend said that if I wanted to buy a pair of them he would pick them out for me. This he did, and I asked the proprietor—a fat, stupid-looking man—what the price was.

"Two dollars," he answered.

In an endeavor to take a "rise" out of him, I asked if that was the best he could do.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I can't make them there slippers no less."

"Don't you take anything off for ministers?"

"Hell, no; there's nothin' to *take* off."

I turned towards the door as if I was going to leave.

He at once called to me: "Say, I'll tell ye what I'll do, if you'll buy this pair of slippers, I'll wrap them up in the last edition of our town paper, which costs five cents."

This was assented to. The "town paper" was produced and duly wrapped around the slippers. The whistle of the boat sounded the signal that she was about to leave, and we hurried back to her, and when aboard we eagerly looked through the little paper to get the news contained in this "last" edition. It was now close to the middle of August, and the date of the paper was February first. It was evidently the very "last" edition, as one of the passengers said the paper had ceased its publication on that particular day. That man was not so stupid as he looked.

In due course of time we arrived at Skagway, several hours late. The train for White Horse had waited for us, so that there was much hurrying to and fro to get aboard the

train with our belongings—trunks, satchels, rifles, and suit-cases.

This done, with a toot of the steam whistle of the Baldwin locomotive, which pulled our train, we were off for a ride over the famous narrow-gauge White Pass Railroad. This road is perhaps the most talked about of any small railroad in the world. It is but a hundred and ten miles long, but the difficulties of its construction and the attendant cost, have made it one of the greatest engineering feats of the world's history.

For a short distance the train runs over the old White Pass Trail. It was over this trail that the hordes of gold seekers slaved and toiled along their weary way in 1897-'98. The men were pack-laden, yet eager-hearted and hopeful, most of them believing that Dame Fortune would surely smile on them after all their labors and hardships.

Our locomotive sputtered and worried up the steep ascent until Dead Horse Gulch was reached, where hundreds of tired and over-laden horses in the lively times of these two fabled years, unable to go any farther, tottered and fell over the sharp edge of the slippery mountain, down—down, into the weird depths of the forbidding-looking canyon below.

Next came a section where the train seemed to be crawling under huge boulders, and then hanging almost by the teeth above an almost bottomless abyss with a foaming stream tearing through it. Here was a notable bridge spanning a canyon two hundred and fifty feet deep and here the White Pass trail was left behind. After a ride of an hour and a half we reached White Pass Summit, three thousand feet above sea level. Here the Stars and Stripes and the red flag of Britain float side by side, because it is the boundary line between the United States and the Yukon Territory, belonging to the Dominion of Canada. If you want to, you can stand with one foot on British soil and the other on Uncle Sam's possessions.

CHAPTER III

"PUT FORTH THY HAND—REACH AT THE GLORIOUS GOLD"

SIXTY-NINE miles away from Skagway, we reach the town of Caribou. Here is a college or advanced school for Indian girls, where the eldest daughter of our head guide-to-be is a student. Although he is a white man, born in Canada, yet the girl's mother is an Indian woman.

Here you may take the steamer *Gleaner* for the Atlin Gold Fields. At Taku you leave the steamer and ride on a train to Atlin Lake, and for a few minutes we will talk about the gold mines of this particular vicinity.

Like many another man, I have frequently been induced to invest more or less money in gold mines. I regret to say that my judgment has been very bad in their selection, as I do not recollect ever having received a single dollar in return therefrom.

Among these much-vaunted prospective

mining enterprises was one that promised sure and large dividends, because of the fact that the proposed company would control the waters of a considerable sheet of water called Atlin Lake.

The projectors laid much stress on their plan of having a large and powerful dredge built in San Francisco; the same to be forwarded piece-meal to this lake at an enormous expense of time and money. When it arrived and was finally put together, with boilers and all the attendant machinery installed, it was calculated that they would move the dredge to and fro over the water, and lift up the rich sand from the bottom. They would then abstract the abundant gold dust from it at little cost, and thus realize large dividends in return. Such was the plan.

A rather "windy" promoter visited the large cities of the East, including New York and Philadelphia, carelessly carrying with him numerous big nuggets of gold in a bag to show to the prospective stock buyer how easy it would be under their novel plan of mining, to lift barrels of just such nuggets from the depths of the lake.

The season when work of this kind could be done in this sterile and cold country be-

ing very short—in fact, only about six weeks—the assembling of the component parts of the mammoth dredge was rushed to completion, and yet it was too late to be of service during that particular season.

The following one, however, found everything ready for lifting the precious metal to the surface. The machinery was started and the big dredge was towed to the most favorable place to make the richest and quickest hauls of golden nuggets.

What happened?

The great bucket descended over and over again to the bottom, but nothing ever came up. It was whispered about that the floor of this part of the lake was all paved with gigantic boulders, and so the dredge was taken to another portion of the lake, but with the same result. After vainly endeavoring to find a place at the bottom where sand and gold might be found, with no boulders to interfere with the dredge, the idea was abandoned and once more "Hope, Eternal Hope" was shattered.

Nearly a half-million dollars had been expended in building and getting the dredge ready for its work, in addition to salaries to the so-called engineers and commissions to the

sellers of stock, and now ruin stared all of the officials in the face. The very simple precaution of having the bottom of the lake explored, before making such a costly experiment, had never apparently been thought of.

There was nothing to be done but to leave the dredge where it was, and so when a man—any man—wanted something that could be removed from it, he came and took what he needed, and there was "none to say him nay." So the small army of "succors" who had listened to the siren voices of the "windy" promoters received no returns for their hard-earned investment in the "British American Dredging Company."

I tell this story because it is typical of so many similar gold-mining fakes, trusting that it may act as a brake to the eagerness with which men part with their money to follow the "Will-o'-the-wisp" in vainly searching for gold in far-away countries.

About ten years ago a young man from New York with nearly two hundred thousand dollars in cash came into a district one hundred and seventy-five miles from Atlin and near the head of another notable lake. This young man had no practical knowledge of mining. He was but a youth—inexperienced in the

THE TOWN OF WHITE HORSE

world's ways. He had a hobby, and that hobby was to have plenty of bosses. It is said that at one time he actually had thirty-five superintendents and bosses, with only five real workmen to dig for the gold and to do all of the work. He became fascinated with the many lures in and around the lively town of White Horse. "Wine, women, and song" did for him what it has done for thousands of other men, and so his mining experience was fitful and erratic. The inevitable end came sooner than was expected. His money vanished, he ran into debt, the work on the mine was shut down, the houses for the operators and the road-house for visitors which had been built at heavy expense were left to the mercies of wind and rain.

The valuable machinery and tools, besides the livestock, were mostly left uncared for, and the buildings, though still standing, are rapidly going to ruin. In such a fashion came the ending of another gold-mining dream.

As I rode through this "deserted village" one day, not a living thing could be seen,—not even a dog. We saw the untenanted houses with wide-open doors as if beckoning some one to come in and occupy them. The

famous road-house and its big stable were going to wrack and ruin and I wondered how and where the youthful owner could ever recompense himself for his folly and incompetence.

"Gold—all gold—this is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so"—and so it did prove. The youth wended his way back to the metropolis a much chastened and humiliated young man.

In due time the train arrived at White Horse, after passing through gorges and mountains and over circling bridges, including the great cantilever bridge spanning a canyon two hundred and fifty feet deep. We were five hours late, and reached the famous town of White Horse at 9.30 P. M. in place of 4.30. The custom house closes here at 4.30, but the Chief Officer of this department was courteous enough to be on hand to inspect our baggage, which he did in a few minutes, so that we were permitted to remove it to the hotel that night.

The Hotel White Horse is a clean, well-managed inn, with a woman in charge of the house proper, while a man controls the liquid end. A stout woman has charge of the cook-

ing and eating department, for which she expects a goodly sum from each traveler for the food that he eats. Thus the hotel is run under a sort of a tripartite management.

I lay down on my bed to wait while my partner took a hot bath (there was but one bath-room) and while waiting for him to get through with his ablutions I fell asleep. I was awakened by a chorus of voices singing a familiar song—"We'll not go home till mornin' "—and they were telling the truth, as it was then nearly one o'clock in the morning. The noise of singing came from a lot of citizens who were doing the honors to a major of the Northwest Mounted Police, who had recently been promoted to a higher position.

In the morning we got out our hunting togs and donned them for the first time for use in the hard work of the days to come. We left everything that couldn't be used, or rather that wouldn't be absolutely needed in the hunt, in our trunks, until our return. After breakfast, the first thing in order was to see that the men, the horses, and the supplies to be taken with us, were ready for an early start.

The evening before we had met Thomas A. Dickson, the head guide; Louie Jaquotte, the wrangler; and Eugene, his brother, the cook.

They said that in the morning everything would be in readiness, but it was not. There was still much preparation to be made, not only during the early morn, but all the forenoon.

In the previous month, July, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight pounds of supplies had been sent ahead of us to a central camp over two hundred miles away. Now we had to take the necessary supplies with us to last us on the journey until that point was reached.

The outfitters of merchandise seemed to desire to prolong our stay in White Horse rather than to help us to start on our way, and they couldn't or wouldn't be hurried, so that when we finally did leave, we went without our invoice for the supplies.

At 2.30 P. M. a four-horse wagon drove up, followed by a two-horse rig. A few bags, cases, and bundles of supplies were loaded into the big wagon together with a large bolt of tent cloth and a coil of rope. At four o'clock two mules and a horse were brought to the front of the outfitters' stores, and we were told to mount our steeds.

I found that instead of "the finest saddle horse in the Yukon," which Dickson had

promised me, I was to ride a *mule.* The Chief said that when we came to a lake one hundred and fifty miles away, I would get the famous horse—not before that—but he was a paragon, having all the virtues that could be possessed by any horse; in the meantime, I was to ride a *mule.*

The Chief passed a high eulogium upon the mule whose name he said was "Billie"—"Billie" with no prefix or subfix whatsoever. He forgot to say that among the natives he always went by one of two names—"Billie the Wild" or "Wild Billie," and he also neglected to say that he was famous because he had thrown more men and wrecked more buggies and sleighs than any other five horses or mules in the Yukon. It was perhaps better or more polite that he should keep this information to himself, as the sequel will show.

While sitting on Billie and waiting for the cavalcade to begin the journey, a man came to me and advised me to demand of the head guide that a start be made for the "Meadows"—a camping spot five miles away on our road,—where plenty of grass and water were to be found, saying that if we didn't make such a beginning we might be held back from one cause or another for one or more days. So

I insisted upon a start without any further delay.

Then a stout woman came up to me and told the story of her experience in White Horse. She was a cook—had been six weeks in the town. She was "Oh, so lonely," and wanted to go back home to St. Paul, Minn. She was willing to go in "any old way." Wouldn't I take her with me when I came back? If I did she would *never forget* me as long as she lived. Couldn't I pack her in my big trunk—bore holes in it, so that she would get air—then when the trunk was put on the steamer and the steamer had started she would get out on the deck and nobody would know that she hadn't paid her fare? The woman had all she could do to keep from crying right there in the open street. Of course, I only laughed at her—that being the best tonic to give her.

Before leaving my home city, I had ordered a pair of riding breeches to be made of the best and heaviest moleskin, and I had pictured to myself much ease and comfort as well as warmth in wearing them. I had very hard work to get them on. The tailor's plans had evidently "gone aglee," for they were so tight that the buttons from the knees down could

Suburb of White Horse

not be buttoned; worst of all, I could not bend my knees in them, therefore I could not mount the mule without help. The "help," which was tendered me by a man on each side of the mule, consisted in actually lifting me into the saddle. What an ignoble way this was to inaugurate a trip that before it was over might cover over a thousand miles in the saddle!

Having been thus laboriously "chucked" into the saddle, the Chief rode up to me and said that "no mule could equal Billie for gentleness, easiness of movement, and fast walking or even running." He hesitated a minute or so after this laudation, and then said as carelessly as he could, as if it was a matter of little consequence, "There's one thing, however, that you must watch out for—Billie is afraid of an Indian, and the scent of a red man a mile off will frighten him; to come close enough to see one would be still worse." I was then cooly advised to keep a sharp lookout for the "coming of the red man."

As I had never before been on a mule's back, and was at a distinct disadvantage by reason of my tight breeches, which would prevent me from getting off in a hurry if such a movement would be necessary, I did considerable hard thinking while waiting for the caravan to

"ranker." However, Billie walked past him. Agitated he was undoubtedly, but I flattered myself that my affectionate treatment of him had won the day.

Another mile-stone was reached, and once more there was trouble and once more I tried the "loving" treatment, but in this case he bolted, swung clear around, and started for White Horse. Now that was not the direction in which I wanted to go. A sharp cut with the willow stick and a strong pull at the bridle brought him to face the music, whatever it might be. Then we discovered that a large grizzly bear's fresh tracks crossed our trail, and the Chief hastened to apologize for not telling me that Billie was *also* always badly frightened when he struck the fresh trail of a bear.

Without further excitement the "Meadows" were reached, at 7.30 on the evening of August fifteenth.

In a walk of a mile that night after supper six Arctic hares were seen, and from that time on until the end of the whole trip we must have seen many thousands of these agile but rather foolish animals. It is hard to imagine how the native Indians and the small white population could get along without these

harmless but necessary animals, as they make a good meal at any time of the year, but more particularly in the fall when they're fat and in prime condition. We shot quite a few of them on the journey, together with plenty of grouse and ptarmigan, and they made an acceptable addition to our food supply.

When we got to the mountain sheep country and tasted for the first time the flesh of a three-year-old mountain ram, however, we didn't hanker much for rabbit meat.

On the sixteenth—our first full day's travel—we covered twenty-six miles, crossing the Takiki River, a deep and swift-running stream, by means of a cable. The ferry was run by the rapid current carrying a raft attached to the cable with our outfit loaded on it. At this crossing we had our first noonday dinner in the open. Later, as we journeyed on, Louie Jaquotte regaled me with stories of what they did during the cold winters and how they lived. He was eloquent in his description of the usefulness of the husky dogs in the Yukon. He had more or less to do with the huskies, and he recited the incidents of one journey of three hundred and twenty-three miles which he covered with his own dog team in nine days. The dogs were fed principally

on frozen fish. On this trip quite a few ptarmigan were captured or shot—I forget which—and most of the birds were given to the dogs, who ate them with great relish.

A dense cloud came up during this day and the temperature dropped 40 degrees, so that we had our first frost at night. We passed through an Indian village, but all the inhabitants were away on a salmon fishing excursion. At night-fall we reached a good stopping place with plenty of grass and water. We had made twenty-seven miles for the day.

The eighteenth was a bright pleasant day but very windy. A start was made at 5.15 A. M. as a hard day's trip was before us. I rode Billie most of this forenoon. The previous days I had been walking more than riding. Now, overhearing the Chief telling Eugene the cook to be sure to get me to dismount before going down a steep incline to an Indian village, I "took time by the forelock" and dismounted before we came to the drop in the road. Keeping a sharp lookout, I saw an old Indian and his squaw sitting out in the open before an outdoor fire of logs. They proved to be the chief of the tribe and his wife; all the rest of the bucks, squaws, and children had gone off on a moose hunt some days previous.

The Start from White Horse—Mr. Martindale Mounted on Billie for the First Time

I led Billie by the chief's cabin without any trouble, as the heavy wind was blowing directly towards the old Indian, so the mule didn't get the scent. Having passed by him a couple of hundred yards, our Chief's voice was heard above the wind asking me to tether Billie, and run back and help him with "Beck," a *lady mule* who was wild with fright. The old Indian chief and his wife had in the meantime come out to the front of their cabin and "Beck" had not only seen, but scented them. When I reached the panic-stricken mule, we found that we needed even a third man's help before we could get her under control, and then not until we had asked the Indians to go back into their cabin—which they graciously did—could we get her by. It was surmised that both Billie and Beck had in their younger days belonged to Indians, and perhaps had been cruelly treated by them; hence the scent of an Indian, and particularly the sight of one, drove them into a frenzy of fear.

We now saw everywhere along the trail the fresh signs of a large grizzly bear which had been tearing up gopher holes, to catch, kill, and eat these fat and juicy little animals, which at this time of the year are at their best.

The amount of soil and roots that had been ripped up by this one bear was remarkably large.

We pitched camp at 6.30 P. M., having covered thirty-one miles for the day.

Next day a drove of horses was encountered and the two men in charge lost about ten out of the bunch and necessarily had to go back after them.

Another Indian village was reached, but not a human being was there. The inhabitants, like those of the other settlement, were off on a moose hunt. Here we found quite a number of caches raised on high poles, some of them being quite pretentious affairs, and on a mountain near by we saw a grave covered with a pretty little house, crowned with a flag. The occupant of the grave was a young Indian girl eight years of age. Laid on the mound were some needlework, some beads and thread, a piece of flannel, and a strip of caribou hide for her to embroider in the happy hunting ground. This particular tribe of Indians take considerable pride in showing respect to their dead.

On the twentieth we stopped for a short visit at the cabin of a man who had a month previously bought from an Indian a little

grizzly bear cub which was then but a day old. The Indian had killed the mother, then captured the little one, and sold it for a trifle. The purchaser built a strong cage for the young stranger and had been feeding it upon bread and milk only until we arrived. One of our men had killed a hare, and with the blood dripping from it, some of us thought that we might give it to the cub. We did so and watched the result with lively interest. Although the young grizzly had never seen such a thing in his life, yet his instinct instantly advised him what to do, and the savage way in which he tore that hare to pieces, ate the flesh, sucked the blood, crunched the bones, and even ate the skin was an object lesson to us of what a strong and terrible animal a full-grown grizzly bear must be.

The wife of this man (the owner of the bear cub) was a white woman from Montreal. She seemed to be very lonely so far away from her mother and sister, and listened with intense interest to all that we had to tell her of the doings of the outer world; more particularly so because I had at one time been in her home city and could tell her something about the news from there, and especially of the late visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught,

the new Governor General and his wife. She brightened up greatly before our departure, and if our visit did nothing else, it gave her something to think about after we were gone. She told us that the weather had been very cold in that locality, and they had only had seven "decent" days all summer; the balance of the time they suffered from high winds, much rain, and extreme cold for that time of the year.

Since my arrival home a letter has come conveying the sad news of her death, probably from homesickness. At the time the letter was sent her husband was taking her out on a dog-sled, for although she had been ill twenty days no medical aid could be sent for.

On this day we came to the divide or summit, and I took much pleasure in walking over it, a distance said to be eight and a half miles. At the summit we found two considerable moraines that had come from a great glacier now dead and extinct. It was a most interesting thing to see how the rocks had been shoved and forced along by the impact of these slowly moving ice packs in the ages that are gone, and what great power these glaciers exert when they are in the fulness of their strength. Without seeing the effects of their

work no one can appreciate it. We afterwards found many glaciers on our journey, and all of them were dying—slowly dying.

In the evening we met a bright and intelligent young man of whom we had heard much before we reached him. He held a government position, and had a deal of time on his hands to spare. He was an assiduous magazine reader, boasting indeed that he took every prominent magazine in the United States but one, and that missing one was "Hearst's Magazine." He was said by our men to take a fiendish delight in picking out the big words occasionally found in the magazines, and commiting the same to memory. He used these words with keen relish, whether they were warranted or not by the conversation, on the unfortunate man or men with whom he came in contact. As neither his auditors nor he himself, perhaps, knew the meaning of many of these almost impossible words, some of the men asked me if I couldn't "take a rise out of him when he got a-goin'."

After supper we sat down around the camp fire and, as he needed no encouragement to start talking, he was soon floundering in a ludicrous assortment of big words, some of them entirely unfitted to the conversation he

was indulging in. He went gaily along for a quarter of an hour or so, when he drifted to talk on the subject of ornithology and soon became almost hopelessly involved in some classical Latin names. I excused myself for interrupting him, and asked him what relation the incident that he was narrating had to do with "the hypothenuse of a rectangular triangle."

He stared with wide open mouth, and was undoubtedly painfully staggered for a while. Then he slowly said that he hadn't given any thought to that subject but that he would at once "take it under consideration."

Two of the men were so much overcome with this "solar plexus" blow, that they had to get up, "go-away-off," and have a laugh loud and long, where he could not hear them.

In spite of this young man's harmless propensity for the use of large words he is very popular among the men of the community. He is kind-hearted and is helpful to every one who seeks his aid and advice, and, moreover, he is an unusually well-informed and interesting man.

Early this morning we saw a great volume of dense smoke on the very top of a mountain covered with timber, and near the foot of the

An Indian Grave

same elevation another "big smoke" was in sight. The two fires were said to be signals from some Indian hunters to their squaws that they had killed a moose; or, to be exact, the top fire was to signal them to come—both they and the children—as a moose had been killed; the lower one was built close to the dead animal, so as to lead them directly to the carcass.

When Indian braves have killed an animal, they feel that they have done their work, and depend upon the squaws to dress and cut up the meat, to cure it as well, and then to carry it to their cache and there deposit it. We were advised that the squaws are very particular to empty the stomach of the dead animal quickly of its contents. Then, after washing it out thoroughly so that it is absolutely clean, they catch all of the blood that they can, put it into the empty stomach, and thus transport it to their camp. Blood puddings are made out of it, and many of them drink the blood when it is luke warm.

As the wind was blowing a gale when the fires were started, it was not long before they spread into a fierce conflagration, which swept everything before it. The smoke of this sweeping fiery furnace was seen for two

days afterwards, and it burnt over a large section of good and useful timber.

We met a man who had been a resident guide on the Island of Vancouver. To us he featured the generally wet condition of the woods there, the slimy bark on the fallen trees and the torrential rains that afflict that interesting island. He was guiding a timber prospector through the dense woods when they came to a deep canyon over which a log had fallen. The prospector was a stout man and one who liked to have his own way. The guide went down to the bed of the creek, and advised the prospector to do the same, for it was a dangerous proceeding to walk over a wet log, as his foot was liable to slip. However, the man persisted. His foot did slip, and so did the man, and the fall broke three of his ribs. He was picked up and helped away to the city of Vancouver as fast as they could go.

There he found a letter of considerable importance which caused him at once to board a train for New York, without waiting to have any surgical attention paid to his injuries. When he reached New York he had to be taken to a hospital, where he died in two days. Being asked what it was that killed the man,

the guide said he had "heard tell that his ribs had gone bad on him." This much and nothing more he said, and yet it was a sufficient and good reason for the untimely fatality.

At night, Tuesday, the twenty-first, we arrived in the dark at the head of a large lake. Here we were lodged in a cabin belonging to the Chief. The floor and walls were covered with skins of animals,—caribou, moose, wolverine, and fox skins.

Here our horses were to go around the lake on a trail which wound up and down several steep mountains, while we were to cross the water by a power boat. Louie, with another man, was dispatched to take the horses and mules across a dangerous river where quicksands abounded, and where the utmost care had to be taken not to let either horse or man get into such a critical locality. The horses had to swim across the stream which was fed by a great glacier—the water, therefore, being ice-cold. They were led by two men in a row boat. In some way Louie got into the quicksands and it was some time—even with the help of his companion—before he could extricate himself, having sunk down in the quicksand up to his waist.

A fine day was frittered away at the head of

the lake without doing anything in particular. From some unknown reason the Chief did not seem to care about getting into the power boat to cross the forty miles to the foot of the lake.

The following morning the wind was blowing a gale, and we loafed around until the late afternoon, when, the wind having subsided, we boarded the boat and were off at last.

When a couple of miles had been passed, another storm arose, blowing at right angles to the boat, and we were forced to steer for the shelter of the lee-shore, where we put in an hour waiting for the subsidence of the wind. It was by this time nearly dark and it looked like rain. Some sail cloth was procured and battened down over our heads and on each side of the boat, so that we were sheltered from a wetting.

The threatened storm came quickly in the form of a squall, which blew the hissing water over the top of the canvas. The boat commenced to take water and as there were seven of us in it, with a considerable weight of supplies and dunnage besides, for a while it looked dubious as to whether we could get across. To make things worse, after a run of four hours we ran head on upon a gravel bar,

and it was a wonder that the boat did not break amidship, from the force of the impact against the sharp stones. But at last, when "the iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve," we rounded a point, and ran alongside of a little wharf. We mentally thanked God we were safe, and near a cabin, in spite of wind, rain, and a gravelly bottom.

The sun rose bright and warm the next morning, which was the twenty-fourth of August. We put in some time fishing with the fly for graylings in a swift and rocky-bottomed river. I had read much about the good qualities of this far-famed fish, but my anticipation of some splendid sport in catching a mess of them was rudely dispelled when one of them jumped at the fly and swallowed it, and then calmly gave up the fight, actually swimming towards the shore so as not to give me any trouble in hauling him out of the water. "The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut with her golden oars the silver stream," but the stream was not silver, and the fish didn't do any "cutting"; so I gave up in disgust.

The afternoon was spent in sitting with a twenty-two calibre rifle on the edge of a pond waiting for some wild ducks to drop in, but none "dropped." A member of the Ashiack

tribe of Indians, who went by the name of "Old Joe," went with me. A lean, thin Indian he was, who in some way managed to get a square meal every other day, and by force of circumstances had to fast the balance of the time. He had helped a young Indian to kill four large bull moose having a respective spread of antlers of sixty, sixty-two, sixty-three and sixty-four inches, apparently in the belief that we would purchase the heads, even though the animals were killed out of season.

We soon disabused them of their dream of sudden riches. Then Old Joe brought to us a hind quarter of moose meat which he tried to sell us. But we much preferred bacon and eggs to the rump of a bull moose, so there was "nothing doing" in the way of moose trade.

We invited Joe to take supper with us, and we had rare enjoyment in watching him stow away food. When he had eaten all that his stomach could apparently hold, he lay down on the ground *without* a blanket or fire, and fell asleep. The next morning he and the hind quarter of moose were gone, and we saw him no more.

CHAPTER IV

A LOST MOOSE

"Night's candles were burnt out, and jocund day
Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain's top."

WE had now journeyed nearly two hundred miles through a comparatively gameless country. From now on, however, until we reached a permanent camp where we were to stay at least two weeks, we would be liable to strike big game any day, so said the Chief.

I have always taken a keen interest in bird life, and hence was on the lookout to note the different species of birds as our journey progressed day after day. I must confess that I was disappointed with the meager number (outside of the birds of prey) that we passed in this long stretch of territory.

The grouse family, however, was well represented, for we saw many spruce grouse, pintail prairie chickens, willow ptarmigan, rock ptarmigan, and ruffed grouse. We saw

plenty of surf scoter ducks, mallards, pintails, and butter balls.

Of birds of prey there were a great plenty and variety, including the golden eagle, horned owl, sharp shinned hawk, pigeon hawk, goshawk, and raven.

Of small birds, the Alaska jay, belted kingfisher, chickadee, water ouzel, water thrush, spotted sand-piper, and one solitary Wilson snipe were seen.

Of fur-coated animals I, personally, saw three silver foxes, one black fox (a real beauty he was), two red foxes (both full grown and well furred), some weasels and red squirrels, myriads of gophers, and six grizzly bears.

We had expected to see a great many whistling marmots, but they had all holed up and not one was seen. This was quite a disappointment, as I had set my heart on bringing out enough of these skins to make a coat.

We saw a lot of porcupines—some very large ones indeed. Of *ovis-stonei*—the white mountain sheep—a goodly number were seen, but not as many as we had expected. The same may be said of caribou, moose, and mountain goat. We saw but one of the latter—a large male goat—which I stalked by making a laboriously high and difficult climb,

and tried to get by firing from a very awkward position, partly lying on my left side. I missed him by a foot, and he was gone instantly. The native Indians and some of the white residents kill a large number of sheep and cache them for winter food.

At the foot of the lake the pack horses were assembled and loaded with our dunnage, ammunition, spare rifles, and some supplies. Here I first met Charley, the horse I was to ride, while Billie was sent off loaded with a pack like any common mule. The caravan got away in good time in the early afternoon. After covering five miles of travel we forded a river, and on the farther side an almost perpendicular ridge loomed up before us. It was a novel sight to see the mules and horses zig-zag their tortuous way up this stiff piece of trail. With the exception of one pack which turned, all went well, and when the sun was about to set we pitched camp upon a high elevation, ate our supper, and soon went to sleep.

The half day's ride on Charley, the horse, was a continual torture. Changing the saddle was tried, and the stirrups were adjusted over and over again,, but all to no use. The following day the situation did not improve

one iota and the next day I gave it up entirely and made the Chief change things around and give me Billie again. I was indeed glad to mount Billie once more, as he was as easy to ride as a rocking-chair, and he was the quickest walker and the best runner of the whole bunch of animals. There was no doubt that Charley was a fine horse, but he had been eating too plentifully of grass all summer and his body was as round as a barrel.

The fourth day after leaving the lake we were given a chance to see some big game. On one of the high mountains a bunch of four sheep was seen and their immaculately clean, white coats looked handsome and unique against the dark background of some jack pines near a patch of green grass which they were feeding upon. But instead of being rams with big horns, as they appeared to us when first seen, they were only ewes.

The Chief led us across a river, then up stream for four miles, and we plunged into a rather thick forest of spruce and jack pines. A slightly marked trail led us up through the timber belt at a sharp pitch. Arrived at the summit, we came to a large grassy basin sloping down a bit on all sides so that in the center we found the bed of a dried-up pond. Here

Husky Dogs on the March

was plenty of grass for the horses. They were picketed and a lunch was prepared, a small fire having been kindled for boiling the maté (the South American herb that we were using instead of tea). In due time we sat down to a refreshing lunch. The men who smoked lit their pipes and were just settling themselves for a little rest, when some one exclaimed: "Look, oh look, did you ever see such a sight?" Away up on top of the mountain that we had ascended but a little while before, was the biggest bull moose that I had ever seen. He was running as fast as he could go, and in a minute or so had reached the divide and dropped down out of sight on the other side. There was some quick mounting of steeds and off we went at full gallop after the moose. He was too quick for us; when we scaled the summit he was not to be seen, but his tracks were very plain and showed that he had been calmly feeding alone on some lily pads growing in a tiny bit of a lake, located in another little depression like the dried-up pond near which we had lunched. He had scented us, although from where he had rushed out of the water the distance was a good mile from us, and the wind was not directly in his favor either, but it must have made a sort of angle as

it swept around the basin of the lake. We followed his well-defined trail for some distance, but failed to get in sight of him again.

We now came in view of a fine caribou bull. He was on a divide opposite us and standing half-way up on the mountain. He was pawing the earth with his fore feet and throwing the soil over his back. He was all alone, and seemed to be fascinated with looking at our horses. Above him a considerable distance two ewe sheep fed complacently. They, too, kept looking at our horses with interest, and seemed not to mind us. The wind being in our favor they leisurely took their own time in moving around the mountain's side and thus getting out of range.

It was all in all a really delightful introduction to certain species of animals that we expected to hunt a few days later, as it was still close time—the open season starting September first.

We had some lively scrapes descending the mountain from the front face rather than from the back. We arrived at camp at 10 P.M., well pleased, indeed, with our first experience in seeing sheep, caribou, and bull moose in the Upper Yukon.

An early start the following morning took us up the stony bed of a tortuous creek. We saw a few fresh grizzly bear tracks made by a mother and two cubs. The mother had been digging in gopher holes and evidently with success, as a little blood here and there near the mounds she had piled up showed that she had sent her teeth through more than one gopher. The wind being in our favor, a keen watch was kept upon her trail, yet we saw nothing of her.

In the afternoon we passed through a canyon. In the ages that are gone the present stream flowed through a channel, the marks of which were plainly in sight on the rocky face seventy-two feet higher than the one in use at present. One day the pressure of water from melting snow and ice became so irresistibly great that a large section of solid rock was swept away, and the broken rocks were carried or shoved along in the lap of the flood and deposited miles below. But the dam was broken, and now the stream tears through a channel that once was a rocky barrier seventy-two feet in height. We camped at the lower end of the canyon for the night.

The next day was ushered in with a fierce snow storm which came in intermittent gusts

of strong wind that increased in velocity as the day wore on.

Our tent was fairly well sheltered from the worst of the storm by the friendly willow brush, but it was irksome to be kept a prisoner in the tent. The storm performed all kinds of vagaries. In the early morning it brought soft snow, with large flakes; towards noon the wind increased in vigor and the flakes disappeared, giving way to hail, which fairly screamed as it rushed by us. At about one o'clock it had calmed down enough to warrant a suggestion to the Chief of making a climb up the face of the mountain directly in front of our camp. He shook his head, and said the storm was not over by any means, and if we got up on top and it should start to blow again in hurricane fashion when we were up there, we might be blown off. He was cautious enough to want to wait until all danger was past.

It should be remembered that this was the last day of August and it seemed peculiar to us that such a wild storm should visit us this early in the season.

In the high Sierras of California snow usually does not fall until about the end of October or early in November, and then it

comes down gently and soon melts, but this, our first storm, started with a dense darkness which gave way to bright sunshine only to have darkness again; storm succeeded storm, until all the mountains and valleys were covered with the white mantle.

From hail, it now came towards us in the form of dry snow-dust, filling all nooks and crannies, from which the wind would presently suck it out and carry it up to the sky line like floating banners. Following this diversion it commenced to form bossy drifts that were heaped up in fanciful pyramids, making a most beautiful panorama as the light snow-dust circled about the tops of the drifts like an aërial whirlpool. The sight was really grand in every way, and the more I watched it the more anxious I was to climb the mountain and be really in the storm. Two o'clock had come and with it a slight cessation of the wind. The Chief now yielded to my request, and we struck out bodily across the dashing stream, soon reaching the foot of the mountain, and the climb was commenced by making a trail in the snow zig-zaging backwards and forwards.

We pushed up as fast as we could go, stopping now and then to breathe. The higher

we went the grander the storm appeared. To me it was a gala day of furious wind and snow, for being on the sheltered side of the mountain we were safe from the worst outburst of its wrath. The valley which we had left below now seemed to vibrate with weird musical sounds as the wind played on the gigantic rocks and whistled through the narrow gap in which the stream was rushing like a torrent. Up and up we went; fortunately the days were long, and the mantle of night was not due until ten of the clock. When near the top, one of the frequent lulls in the storm came, and "casting caution to the winds" we climbed to the very peak, for, "as we often see, against some storm a silence in the heavens," the temptation to be at the top was too great to withstand.

A few minutes only were granted to us for observation, as we plainly saw the elements gathering for another attack and we hastily descended far enough to reach the shelter of a large boulder that had a natural cavity in its face, and into this blessed haven of safety we squeezed ourselves.

Now we were safe, well sheltered, and just high enough to see the snow tearing by us, whistling, screaming, and at times roaring, as

it swept past driven by the fury of the gale. We only saw the storm, it was not felt. What few trees were in sight bent themselves in lowly manner nearly to the ground, but many, unable to withstand the storm pressure, snapped and fell to earth like broken reeds.

Where were the birds and the wild animals in all of this confusion of sound and whirl of snow? They had "taken time by the forelock" and were safely housed behind friendly shelters. Although we spent a full hour in our niche in the rock, not a living thing was to be seen. Oh, what an hour that was! Indeed, it was one that I shall never forget. It was with deep regret that I followed the Chief down to the bottom of the canyon once more, but the night was becoming most unnaturally dark and very cold, and "discretion being the better part of valor" we walked and slid, ran and jumped from drift to drift, until our tent was reached. Thus ended our experience with the great snow storm of the Yukon.

During the following night, the storm abated and a warm wind sprang up. In the morning the snow commenced to melt in the valleys and melted faster than one could imagine.

September first had arrived. Now we

were at liberty to hunt and kill the mountain sheep, and to secure specimens of these most interesting animals, all of course within the restriction of the game laws.

To a hunter entering a new and strange country on which his imagination has been centered for several months—perhaps years, the first day of the open season is one of prime interest. Will his dreams be realized? Will his hopes be fulfilled? Will the stories told him by guides and hunters prove true? Will success be his portion? Now the planning of months, the travel of thousands of miles, and the bringing into the wilderness of an elaborate equipment necessitating the use of a large drove of pack horses, is to be finally tested.

In the early morning the Chief led the way through the canyon to a small stream running into the river from the right. This stream was nearly choked by great rocks of different shapes and sizes showing volcanic origin. Around these Charley and Billie carefully felt their way. The stream drained a considerable area of bench land or foot hills. We worked our way through this to the foot of the mountains themselves, and followed a caribou trail that turned sharp corners and twisted in and around cliffs, with here and there a spot

where green grass was growing deep. By eleven o'clock we emerged on the top of a divide.

So far, no game worthy of mention had been seen, yet there was an abundance of sheep and caribou tracks on the route with an occasional grizzly bear trail to lend additional interest. While the horses were feeding on the few tufts of grass to be found on the summit, the Chief and I were scanning the horizon with glasses. For a time no moving creature was to be seen, and things looked dubious for our first day's hunt.

Then a young ram appeared, coming over the edge of an opposite divide. He was followed by four more young rams, and lastly came an old ram with such big horns that he was a giant in contrast with the other five. The Chief at once became somewhat excited as he viewed "his majesty" through the glass.

"Do you feel like stalking that old fellow? If we tackle him we'll have to go down to the canyon below, and climb up over the other summit, and it will take us three hours and a half at least, as it will be a hard climb."

"Chief, wherever you lead, I'll follow," I replied; "this I mean in every sense of the

word, not only now but until we have finished our hunt."

"Then we go," he said, and leading the horse and Billie we commenced the descent to the canyon. Over a portion of the way it was so very steep that our animals had to nearly slide down.

After crossing the canyon our course, by reason of the wind, was to the left; we were to climb the mountain on which the rams were feeding by going around it and up by the "back door" to a level plateau on top. The going up was not very bad, until we had climbed say two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet, and all of this distance was done in the saddle. Here the side of the mountain was very precipitous, with a sheer uninterrupted slope down to the bottom. This slope was mostly of soft earth, with here and there a flat stone clinging to its face. We came to a place where there was a long overhanging shelf of rock, and directly under this the Chief rode Charley carefully, on the very edge of the steep decline. I took good care *not* to look down the slope, but to keep my eyes focused on the tops of Billie's long ears. All went well until a sharp turn was made to the right. A step before this turn was taken, we

saw a large flat rock with a round bottom having a weight of perhaps fifty pounds. Charley placed his left fore-foot carefully on this rock before putting his whole weight upon it. It held firm; he made just one step more, turned the corner, and was lost to my sight. When Billie reached the rock he also placed his left front foot on it. At the first impact of the foot it held, but when Billie's whole weight was placed upon it, it slipped from under him.

A mule in such a situation as this is as quick as the proverbial lightning, and Billie did the only thing that he could do—he lifted his foot like a flash from the sliding rock, jabbing it down into the round hole which the rock had left exposed. This naturally threw the mule to the left with a sharp, sudden jerk, but fortunately I had my right knee tightly pressed against his side. For a second I thought Billie and I would surely go over the precipice (and if so, I should never have lived to tell this tale), but he held his ground firmly, and the next step we also turned the corner, Billie appearing as calm and as placid as if by his adroitness he had not just saved himself and his rider. My heart was very thankful to him, and I leaned over and patted him on the

neck and told him what I thought of him.

To the Chief I said never a word of our narrow escape. This was the first day, mind you, and it would have looked bad to start it with the tale of a hair-breadth escape before even a shot had been fired.

The plateau having been reached, we rode slowly towards the edge of the mountain. Our cook, for certain reasons of his own, had brought with him a husky dog that was three parts wolf. This animal, unknown to us, had followed along, like his forebears circling from side to side of the trail, seldom, if ever, traveling in a straight line, and often, when reaching a place where deep grass grew, crawling on his belly. He had no business with us, and his near presence and scent made Billie nervous. For a while we could not account for the mule's actions. We stopped to look around, thinking that an Indian might be approaching or that a grizzly bear was in the vicinity. When the skulking dog was discovered, he was crawling through the grass and Billie promptly went up on his hind feet. The Chief at once dismounted, picked up some stones, and pelted the dog so that he turned and ran away.

The horse and mule now were tethered, and

Mr. Martindale and Billie the Wild

we commenced to pick our way to the face of the mountain to look for the rams. When near the edge a commotion was heard in our rear. On looking back Billie was discovered with his rope twisted and trying to jump over Charley. The wolf-dog had returned and was the active cause of this commotion. The Chief resorted to firing stones at him once more. One of them hit him, and away he went howling and barking as if he was injured for life. This unusual uproar would certainly startle the rams, and I therefore ran as fast as I could to the edge of the precipice and, lying down flat, looked over. I saw the six rams running here and there in wild alarm, caused by the howling of the wolf-dog. The big ram happened to be the farthest away, and although I was badly blown by the fast running, I opened fire at once without waiting to get calmed down. The first shot was a clean miss, but it changed the ram's course and he now ran towards me. The second bullet hit him back of the shoulder, but he turned again to run straight down the mountain. The third bullet was another clean miss; the fourth hit him in the paunch, and once again turned him. The fifth was also a miss. Now he was running down hill at a fairly good pace, but

tottering from side to side. The sixth and last bullet was a fatal shot. As he ran straight away from me the bullet hit him astern and he went head over heels, rolling down the mountain until he was caught in a "draw."

I could not help shouting out in my excitement over killing the first big ram I had ever seen, and that too on the first day of the open season. While the shooting had necessarily been wild, yet under the peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, I could not but feel that my success was an omen of good luck for the future. The Chief was profuse in his praise of my coolness in the shooting, and said that either of the first two hits would have proved fatal in a few minutes, even if the last one had not bowled him over. We reached camp that night long after the others had gone to rest, yet there was but little sleep for me because the remarkable incidents of the hunt and the attendant excitements had to be gone over again and again in my mind's eyes.

CHAPTER V

AN EXCITING CARIBOU HUNT

"Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible is the land."

THE section of the country in which we were hunting is the home of the Osborni caribou, a species distinct from the Woodland and the Barrenland caribou, and we were anxious to secure our quota of these noted animals. The bull caribou, when we first saw them, were hiding by themselves away from the cows and calves, and were always found in secluded places. I have already mentioned seeing one fine bull all alone before the open season had arrived.

For several days after September first, we frequently saw the cows and calves feeding by themselves, but the bulls were not to be seen at all. There came a day, however, when we found four large bulls herded together on a divide opposite one that we had been exploring. They were seen in the deep snow on the top of the mountain and seemed to be interested in watching our mounts. A

careful descent was made and, the wind being right when the canyon was crossed, we left Charley and Billie tethered in a spot covered with rich grass, and commenced the climb on foot, going up on the right side of the mountain, as it looked the easiest to climb. The going was fairly good until the deep snow was reached, and then we slipped and stumbled —sometimes sliding down more than we climbed. We did not expose ourselves to the quarry when the top was nearly won, but by going around and behind a ledge of rocks we managed to rise above where we had expected to find the animals. However, they had fled. Their tracks in the snow showed that we should find them down on the other side of the divide. Cautiously dodging behind rocks as we followed the trail, we finally located them near the top of still another divide, out of range of a Mannlicher rifle. If they should succeed in crossing the second range, we would lose them altogether, as the conformation of the ground would, if we followed them, bring them in line with our scent. I told the Chief that the only chance to bring them to a halt and probably to start them back down the elevation rather than over it, was to fire a few shots. This I did. The

sound of the exploding bullets reverberated among the mountains and completely puzzled the bulls, as they stopped and looked in all directions. Then they commenced to retrace their steps, coming directly towards us and keeping a sharp lookout all the while. Undoubtedly they were suspicious, and not quite sure that the enemy was behind them, as the reverberations had seemed to indicate. They walked down a few hundred yards slowly and carefully, stopping frequently to watch and to listen. A patch of green grass was reached. They began to nibble this luscious and tender salad. In this occupation they seemed to forget their fright and the sound of the shots, and set to feeding in real earnest. Up to this time we had been hiding behind a rock quite a bit to the right of their line of probable descent. Taking advantage of their enjoyment of the noon-day feed (it was now after one o'clock) we worked to the left, dodging from rock to rock, until we came to the back of a round butte. This we carefully climbed from the rear. When we were able to peer over the top of the butte, the caribou bulls were not in sight. We felt nonplussed at this, and could not understand how we had lost them. With the glasses the snow was

industriously scanned, and what do you think we discovered had happened? They had come directly down the decline, so that they must be almost under us at the base of the butte. Crawling to the very top of the pinnacle and then dragging myself on the snow to the far edge, I saw them lying down almost directly beneath us. They had cleared the snow away with their feet, and were resting and taking things easy.

The Chief having also climbed up, we decided which were the best two in the bunch and I got ready to shoot. Two were lying on their sides with their backs to us, and they were the ones I wanted; the remaining two were facing the butte. It was an awkward shot to make, as it was almost a straight drop of eight hundred to nine hundred feet to the foot of the butte. Aiming carefully, I fired at my first choice. He was up and off in a jiffy, running around the right side of the butte and so past us. The three remaining animals also sprang up, and were off, too, but I bowled over the second one with the next shot. I then turned to look for the first one and a trail of blood was seen on the white snow spattered about on both sides of his tracks, showing where he had run up the in-

cline. A hundred yards or so up the hill he was seen lying dead.

Having taken my eyes off the second one, who had fallen, to follow the route of the first one around the right of the butte, I now turned back to the second. To my amazement he was nowhere to be seen; then he suddenly appeared almost at our feet, rapidly climbing the butte. This was a complete surprise, as I had counted him as being dead. His bolt was of short duration, however, for when he got so close to us that we could almost touch him with the rifle, he slipped and fell, rolling over and over until he landed at the bottom—dead for sure. This feat of his showed with what strong muscular action these animals are gifted. The bullet had passed through the heart and its force had knocked him over, yet he had risen and made a rush up the face of the butte where the snow was at least a foot deep.

In 1906, I made a shot at a fine buck deer on my own grounds in the Maine woods. The buck was standing broadside on, two hundred and thirty paces away, and close to a dead-fall of trees five feet high. When the bullet struck he cleared the dead-fall as easily as an expert jumper would get over a four-foot

fence, and with one bound, started down the road, and then swung to the left up a ridge. I found him there, dead, and on opening him it was seen that the bullet had passed directly through the heart, tearing it all to pieces; yet he had cleared the dead-fall, and run one hundred and seventeen yards to where he was found.

So, after all, the two shots at the two caribou had been well placed. Both bulls were very fat. They were carrying a deep layer of suet on their shoulders, as well as a considerable quantity on their intestines. I have been told that, during the mating season, the bulls do not eat a morsel of food, but live on this generous accumulation of fat which nature stores up for them. In other words, they live upon their own tissues during that time, which is divided in two equal periods; nine days of solicitation and nine days of participation.

It may be readily surmised that before we had gotten the bulls skinned, dressed, and fixed up where we could come for or send after them the following day, the daylight was nearly over. We hurried through the snow, over the divide, and down the other side into the canyon, where we found Char-

ley and Billie standing waiting patiently for us. Billie by this time had come to know my voice, and when I spoke to him and patted him on the neck, he showed that he was well pleased to see me. I had already made it a point always to have some little tid-bit in the saddle bag to give him on my return from an excursion away from him. In the mornings before starting I would get from the cook a few pancakes, or a mutton chop, or a few stale buns. He would eat anything but raw meat, and it was interesting to see how he enjoyed the mutton chops, crushing the bones with his teeth as easily as if they were sticks of candy. In the end this sort of treatment made Billie and me great friends, and he was so intelligent that he almost seemed to sense what he ought to do, and then act without being told.

CHAPTER VI

URSUS HORRIBILIS

"Oh well I mind, Oh well I mind,
Tho' now my locks are snow
How oft Langsyne I sought to find
What made the bellows blow!
How cuddling on my Grannie's knee,
I questioned night and day.
And still the thing that puzzled me
Was where the wind came frae."

— *Burns.*

TAKING two men and two extra horses with us to bring in the carcases of the two bull caribou which I had shot, we were off early in the morning of the eighth of September. We had gone a distance of five miles along the river bottom and had passed the mouth of a large tributary that enters into the river at right angles to it, when the Chief with his keen eyesight saw a dark object near the center of a high mountain on the right-hand bank of the tributary.

For a few minutes the object did not move, but when it did it was easily seen to be a sil-

ver-tipped grizzly bear busily engaged in digging out gophers. The wind was in our favor and the distance to be traveled before getting within range would be perhaps four miles. The Chief gave instructions to the men as to where the two caribou killed the day before would be found, and the route to reach them; then we parted company, the Chief and I riding away to try our luck at getting a shot at the grizzly.

It was necessary to climb from the river bed to a plateau where much willow brush was growing and, behind this friendly screen of brush, to follow a line parallel with the stream for a good three miles. Then we crossed the water and, after proceeding cautiously along the base of the mountain on which the bear was working, we tethered the horse and mule and commenced the stalk. It was half an hour before we came in sight of Bruin, and he was still busily engaged in digging out gophers. The wind at this time was blowing with considerable force directly towards us with the much-coveted quarry nearly a mile away.

We now found it necessary, in order not to be seen, to keep in line with the rocks and the occasional bunches of willow brush, dodg-

abreast looking down upon us with the curiosity natural to them, they presented a most beautiful sight. A hundred paces above the large rock around which we came was yet another rock, and crawling to this on hands and knees we were out of their line of vision. In due time we peered over the edge of this friendly protection, and the rams, standing like statues, watched us. The ram to the left looked to be the best. The one in the center the next best, and the one to the right the poorest; yet they were all fine rams. The center one was standing on a boulder, while behind him was yet another boulder that towered above his head, so that he looked as if he was standing upon a huge stone settee. The distance between us was too great to guarantee a successful shot, yet knowing that our quarry would bolt the moment we left our shelter, I decided to try to hit the one on the left. With the sight on the rifle raised to three hundred yards, I took a long and careful aim at this ram, resting the rifle on the rock while I lay down behind it. The shot was a clean miss, although it must have almost grazed him, as after the shot he was quickly off for good.

The next shot was made at the one stand-

Mount Martindale

ing on the rock, which was broadside on. We distinctly saw the bullet strike the rock *behind* him, making a flying shower of dust and sand. The Chief said: "You are overshooting; you hit the rock behind and above him." I then fired the third shot at the ram on the right, but again missed, and he disappeared over the top of the peak.

But to my intense surprise the center ram had not bolted at all. He now sprang or tumbled off the rock, and commenced to roll down the steep mountain side, soon lodging in the draw. When we came out from our rocky shelter and commenced to go up after the dead ram, we realized what a long and steep climb was before us. The Chief went ahead zigzagging, driving his big hobnailed shoes into the sliding soil. Following him I placed my feet in his tracks until the ascent became too steep even for that. Then lying down flat, by the aid of some small bunches of willow brush we drew ourselves up several yards and across to the draw, up which we finally were enabled to reach the ram. He had fallen head down, and to prevent the blood from getting around his head and scalp, which would ruin it for mounting, it was necessary to turn him so that

his head would be up. This took much time and care, as we were in peril of slipping down to the bottom of the draw because of the sharp and easily moved small stones that coated the surface of the mountain.

On dissecting the ram, we found that the bullet had gone through the heart, and, passing through the body, had struck the big stone behind him. This accounted for our seeing the missile hit the rock. When the head was removed, the balance of the carcase was allowed to roll all the way down to the foot of the mountain.

Carefully picking our way down by using our upward tracks, we counted, as well as the situation would permit, the number of paces it was from where the ram fell to the rock I shot from. It seemed almost impossible of belief that the distance was no less than eight hundred paces, and yet both of us reached the same calculation. If we were only fairly correct in our measurement, it will show what a wonderful weapon the new 8 M Mannlicher rifle is to carry a bullet almost vertically and kill at that distance.

The Chief was so much impressed with the incident that he promised to send official notice to the Geographical Department of the

Territorial Government, together with the location of this mountain, asking that the mountain be registered on the map as "Mount Martindale."

As but a small fraction of the mountains and streams are named, the department is more than pleased to comply with such a request. In this way we already have Potter Mountain, called after Mr. Wilson Potter, who killed a goat on that mountain under peculiar difficulties. There are also Havermyer Mountain and Disston Mountain, named for similar reasons.

Some days after this, my companion also shot a ram up a precipitous mountain, the dead animal rolling down quite a piece until it bounced over a rock a distance of fifty feet into a swiftly running stream, necessitating a trip of nearly a mile to secure it. This mountain is to be called Lewis Mountain.

The Ashiack tribe of Indians, inhabiting and hunting in this section of the Yukon Territory, have a superstition against either going close to, or climbing over, a glacier. They tell a story of an Indian brave and an Indian maiden, who, against the admonitions of the medicine man, attempted to defy this super-

stition by ascending the famous "Nazarhat" Glacier, which in one portion of it has a deep depression or cavity. The pair of lovers met with no difficulties whatever until from the top of the rim they looked down into the wonders of this "big hole." They were then speedily entranced, and became rooted to the spot. Neither of them being able to break the spell, they were both frozen to death, as they were incapable of flight. Their bodies were soon turned into gigantic pillars of ice, which remain to this day as everlasting monuments to warn all Indians from defying the stern decrees of "the Great Spirit." Thus runs the legend, and for this reason the Indians give a wide birth to glaciers.

For several days we had been hunting in the close neighborhood of a glacier which formerly filled a huge gorge shaped like an inverted letter "V," but which has, during the ages since its creation, been slowly shrinking, so that now it forms a gap through which flow the warm south winds from the coast—distant say eighty miles. The well-marked trails of caribou and mountain sheep on the snow covering this glacier could easily be seen from the top of other mountains. Without expressing the desire, I often

thought I should like to climb this glacier and go down the other side.

One day, after a very long stalk of a big bull caribou, we found ourselves late in the afternoon quite close to this glacier. Then, in turning the foot of a steep mountain, we saw at the head of a draw a band of seven large rams, one of them having an exceptionally fine head.

They were on a narrow ledge of hard rock, which extended along the tops of three other draws, making a sort of aërial sheep-walk. A careful survey of the situation showed us that as the wind was, we could not get at them from the rear. They must be approached from the front, and in full view. The Chief suggested tethering the horses where they could be plainly seen. Then he would cross over to the third draw to the left, and climb up that draw as fast as possible, while I climbed the face of the mountain. When the sheep finally turned and ran, he believed they would run to the left over the elevated sheep-walk. Then I was to climb quickly and get behind a rock that was located about half-way up. The Chief would fire a shot when they arrived at the far draw, and thus turn them back again. This was done and

worked out to perfection. When the Chief's shot was fired, I had already gotten to the rock, behind which I kneeled, resting the rifle on its edge.

I had just a little time to quiet down and give my lungs a rest after the exertion of the climb, when the rams came pouring over the draw. Numbers one, two, and three ran to the right and disappeared; next came the grand big fellow of the bunch, running at a remarkably fast pace. I aimed directly at the back of his head—the bullet struck him on the right fore-shoulder, going through to the left shoulder and making a fatal shot. He rolled down until stopped by a rock half-way between us. It was a long shot and one that the Chief praised much, on account of the great speed with which the ram was going, and because of the high elevation of the quarry.

To get up to the ram, dress him, and mount him on Charley, took considerable time, and now we were confronted with the fact that we were twenty-five miles from the camp and it would soon be night. Besides this, a hot wind had been blowing all day directly from the coast and the snow and ice were melting on the mountains, the water tearing down their

sides into the streams below, thus filling them to overflowing. The Chief said not a word, but led Charley directly towards the glacier of which I have previously spoken. When we had gotten to it, he promptly led his horse out upon it, and I asked him what he meant to do. He said he was going to cross it. He had never climbed this glacier, neither had any other white man so far as he knew, but we must get over it in some way or else lay out all night.

When I remarked that I could not climb that sheet of snow and ice and go down the other side, as I had nothing on my feet but moccasins, he soon settled the question by cutting two pieces of rope and tying one around and under the instep of each foot, saying: "Come on now, you won't slip."

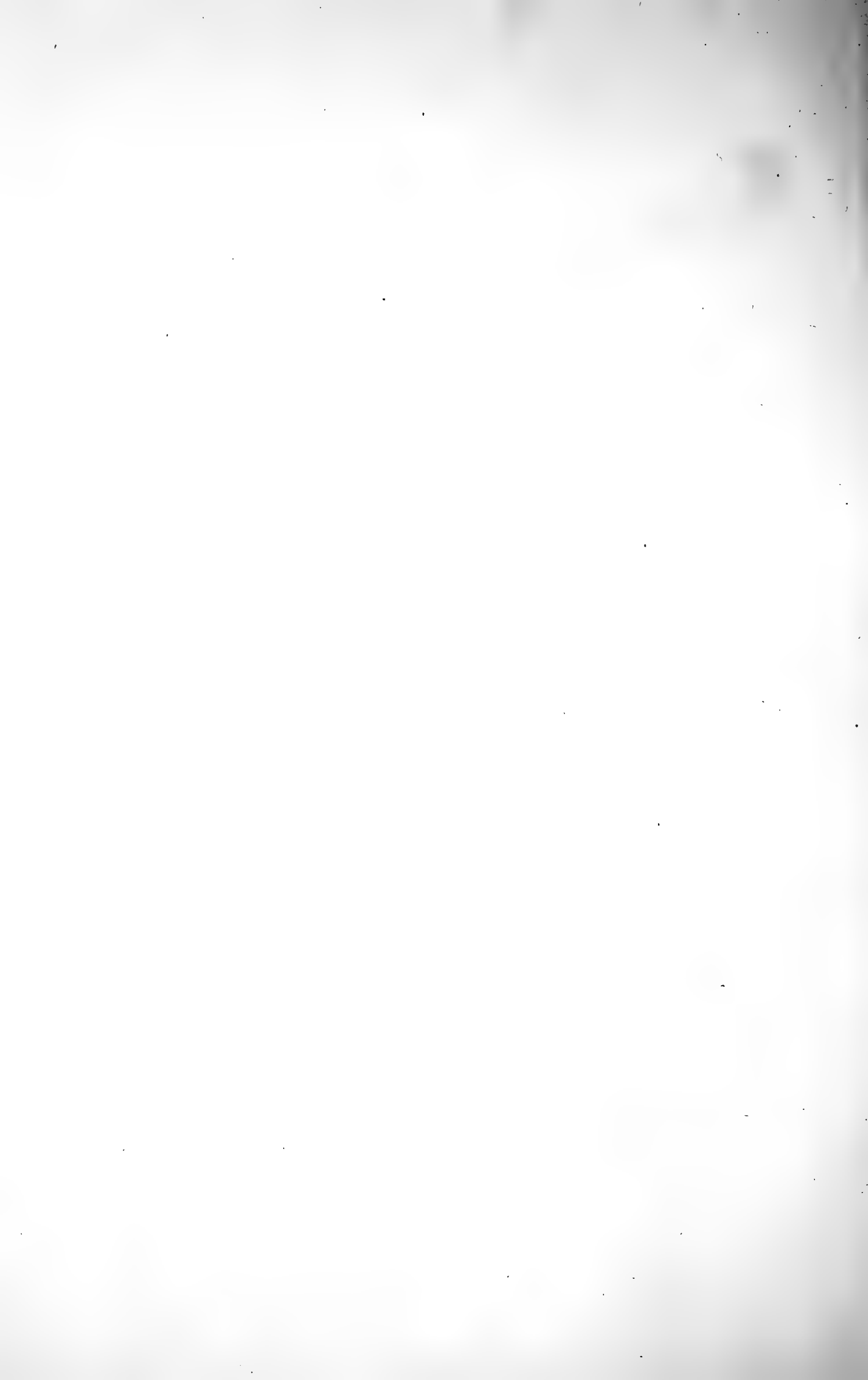
He led Charley, and I led Billie. There was a goodly crust of frozen snow on top of the ice, and this, when broken through by our steps, brought us in touch with the rapidly melting ice and running water underneath, which in turn filled my footwear with icy water. There was no time or place to remedy this condition, so we grimly plodded on, yet always slipping back some with each step.

At last we reached the top, which was found

to be nearly flat, and then, without stopping to rest, commenced the descent. Here my ropes did not help me as well as in going up. The slipping was almost continuous, and in one of these unavoidable slides, I slipped down with a slap-bang thud. It was up to my trousers to keep me from injury, as I was in the position of a boy coasting down a steep hill seated on a sled, only there was no sled between me and the ice. But the trousers proved themselves to be staunch and tough and I slid safely. When the ice pack was finally crossed we struck the swiftly-running water; in the water were big stones and with the aid of these I was soon able to brace my feet and once more rise to a perpendicular position.

We found the moraine on this side impassable, so we were compelled to make a detour to the right where we struck a large inclined plane. It now became dark, so I mounted Billie and gave him the freedom of the bridle to pick out the path leading down to the river bottom. He had frequently been on this incline feeding, so he was supposed to know the way. Carefully yet confidently he jogged along in the darkness, and all went well until he suddenly stopped on the edge

Hoisting the Ram to the Pack Horse



of a bank with a sheer drop of perhaps fifteen feet to the bed of a roaring creek below. Both of us dismounted, and the Chief said that Billie had led us to where a trail *ought* to be, down which we should have reached the bottom, but the roaring flood had washed it away. By feeling, it was found that the ground was soft and free from stones where the descent had to be made, so we concluded to break off a bit of the edge and then, leading Billie up to it, to let him slide down on his four feet. This was done, and when Billie understood what he was expected to do, he reached down with his front feet as far as he could, then, quickly letting himself go, he brought his hind feet up to his forefeet, and in a jiffy was safely down. Charley came next, and he also landed below without trouble. Next the Chief slid down, and I followed.

In a short time we emerged from the mouth of this roaring creek into the river bottom. The rumbling of water rushing down the mountain sides and the occasional crashing of blocks of ice from the glacier made a noise that was almost deafening.

The river, in place of being confined entirely to two main streams, had now over-

flowed its banks, and auxiliary streams were running in many different directions. We avoided fording the main streams as long as we could, but finally we came to a place where we *must* cross, and that, too, in the dark, at about half-past eleven at night. The Chief for some reason thought Charley was the best animal to find the way across, so he mounted and carefully led the way until the deep rushing water was reached. Then he let Charley choose his own path, and this he did by attempting to cross at right angles to the flow of the stream. This carried him off his feet and he had a hard and wet time of it before landing on the far side.

I waited with Billie until the Chief had gotten across, and then gave Billie the bridle. Now notice the difference. Billie would put down one foot and carefully feel for a stone, then with the other foot grope around until he found another stone, and so on, all the while taking a slanting course. He thus crossed without losing his footing at all. Of course the Chief and I were both wet. We soon found some wood and started a fire. Fortunately I had a couple of pairs of dry socks in my saddle bag and an extra pair of shoes fastened to the pommel of my saddle,

and with dry shoes and socks, and a cup of hot maté to warm the inner man, we crossed the various little streams, and rode on until we landed in camp at 12.30 in the morning.

Now the Chief, insisting that I was the first white man to cross this particular glacier, has promised that in future it shall be called the "Martindale Glacier," and shall be so placed upon the maps of this region.

CHAPTER VII

A PECULIAR STALK

" 'Tis the unexpected that always happens."

WE waited for several days to see if our friend, the silver-tipped grizzly, would have forgotten that he had come in contact with our scent when he made such a quick exit over the divide.

Early on a particularly fine morning we went back again and, posting ourselves high up on the opposite side of the canyon, sat down to watch through the glasses. We were there most of the forenoon, but no bear appeared.

After eating our midday lunch we saw a couple of cow caribou come over the divide, then a few more, and soon still others, until nine cows were in sight. These were followed by a spike-horn bull and lastly the herd bull appeared. Something must have disturbed them on the other side, as they commenced one by one to lie down and rest. However, they were restless and seemed to be

afraid of something back of them, as their heads were frequently turned that way. Where they were located it was impossible to stalk them, as the wind was bad. We came down to the canyon from our elevation and I fired a shot to see if it would bring them down to where a safe shot could be had. The reverberation of the rifle had hardly ceased when they were up and moving downwards. Their line of travel was a slanting one that took them a mile or more up the canyon. They soon passed entirely out of sight.

Following their general direction of travel, we leisurely led the horses until perhaps a mile had been covered. The horses were then tethered and we slowly and carefully continued the stalk. For a long time their location was a conundrum. It seemed as if they had been spirited away, but where, was the question.

We had been picking our way along the sides of the canyon; now we came to a piece of bench-land well covered with willow brush, and some spots where rich grass was growing. A sudden twist in the wind came and the whole herd, which had been lying down, jumped up right before us. How they

did "sail" away! The bull as he ran was blanketed on both sides by one or more cows and at first it was impossible to get a clean shot without hitting a cow. They ran to the bed of the stream, which at this point was half a mile wide. Here they spread out, and a long shot at last brought down the bull. He was in fairly good condition, having some little fat on his back and intestines. His stomach was filled with the white moss which they are so fond of, and his antlers were massive and regular.

The young bull that we had seen at a distance and thought but a spike horn we found had a fairly developed set of antlers when seen at close range. The cows looked especially sleek and fat and well conditioned. The stalk had lasted so long and we were so far away from camp that we left the head and scalp to be brought home next day by one of the men. We did not reach camp until about eleven o'clock that night.

The Chief had for some days been planning a "moose drive" and the following morning was to give us a taste of this new plan of hunting the moose.

In other sections of the continent where

moose abound, I have hunted them by stalking; by using the moose-horn in calling—both by day and night; and by sitting down and watching by the side of either a run-way or a lick. I remember well lying out one cold night behind a big rock close to the lake on my own grounds in Maine. A bull and a cow moose had for several nights been using a trail that led past this boulder on their way to a portion of the lake where the lily pads grew in plenty.

It was in the latter part of October, and the wind was right. With plenty of covering I fixed up a place behind the rock where I could lie, and where a shot might be effective even before the rock was passed. The night was overcast and towards nine o'clock it became quite dark. Just back of the hiding place was a good-sized spruce tree, with two of its lower branches extending out over the rock.

In such a tryst the minutes as they pass seem to be of extra length, while a whole hour's watching and listening makes one think that morning must be near. When sitting out all night it is hard to gauge the passing hours. Nothing was heard of the coming of the pair of moose; in fact, there were no

sounds of any kind whatever. Absolute stillness reigned supreme, and the drop of the proverbial pin could have been heard.

Then, without previous warning, a piercing screech came from some object apparently on one of the two extending limbs of the spruce tree directly over my head, I divined that the animal was a Loupcervier, or, in common parlance, a Lucevie—a species of Lynx.

Hastily drawing my hunting knife, as I expected every second that the big cat would jump on me, I waited breathlessly for his spring, but nothing more was heard. The hours rolled slowly by and daylight appeared and as "the sun with one eye vieweth all the world," so I made a careful search of the ground to see if the tracks of such a bloodthirsty creature were anywhere to be found.

There were many tracks engraved in the soft bottom that hereabouts prevailed, but none that showed the sharp claws or the padded-like feet of a large cat. Neither did the bark of the tree show any signs of a large animal having climbed it. What, then, could it have been? Careful investigation showed that it was nothing else than a screech owl—the owl that is "not able to endure the sight

Martindale Glacier

of day." He is by kind nature provided with a soft down which lines the underside of his wings, so that his flight is noiseless, and this provision helps him in hunting for his sustenance, even on the darkest of nights. It is thus that an all-wise Creator enables birds of prey that hunt only by night to seek for and secure their food.

But now we were to hunt the moose in a different manner, by means of a moose-drive, and this is how it was arranged. To the north of where we had been hunting, the river on both sides was fringed with a fairly thick cover of timber consisting for the most part of balsam fir and spruce trees. The banks of the river were quite steep, and only in places where a stream poured its waters into the river could the horses, by following the bed of the stream, be taken to the plateau above.

The plan was for the two guides and we, the hunters, to leave camp at six o'clock, travel down the bed of the river for a distance of five miles, and then, following a creek up to the highlands, pick out a place where each hunter could keep his eyes on a moose runway for some distance in front of him.

Two hours after the hunters had left, the

two wranglers were to follow us on horseback, and travel along the plateau leading from the first stream they came to. One was to travel close to the river's bank, and the other was to keep abreast of him on the higher level perhaps a quarter of a mile away. There were many fir trees standing by themselves whose lower branches were dead, and these when touched with a match would burn and quickly snap almost like fire crackers. The flames would then rapidly shoot to the tops of the trees, making a brilliant fire accompanied by a dense smoke. There was no danger of a forest fire, as the trees that were fired were always old trees and for the most part dead at the bottom, and they nearly always stood alone. The crackling of the lower branches could be heard from afar, and the scent of the burning wood would soon be caught by the sensitive nostrils of any moose that might be in the vicinity. Each man was to watch out so that the tree that was fired should be on a line as nearly as possible with his companion's tree. Thus they slowly worked their way towards our rendezvous. We soon could see from afar the pillars of smoke ascending to the sky, but it was some time before we saw the fire.

We had been assigned a suitable position about three-eighths of a mile away, and all was silent for a time until the sound of three shots rang out to our left. After that the Chief and I heard nothing more, neither did we see game of any kind. The horsemen having now appeared, that settled the drive for the day. The Chief said that the wind had turned just enough to drive the moose across the river, rather than straight down to us. But my companion, who had fired the shots, had brought down a fair-sized moose which had come within easy rifle shot of him.

The next day we crossed the river and in the same manner "drove" the other side. But once again the wind changed and nothing was accomplished.

We now moved camp to a basin or depression on that side of the river, at the back of a series of high and steep pinnacles to the east. The tents having been pitched, supper eaten, and a good fire made, around which we were standing, as it was quite cold, some one said: "Look at the wolverine." Casting our eyes up to the top of the nearest pinnacle we saw a moving object which turned out to be a grizzly. He had seen us and the camp fire,

and perhaps had scented the smoke, for he was off with a rush.

Thus we had another lesson demonstrating the rapidity with which a grizzly bear can get out of sight.

There were four high pinnacles in front of us; the largest and steepest was directly above our camp; the other three were to the left. Between the largest butte and the next was a pass in the center. Here was a small lake, around whose shores were many tracks that showed the presence of moose. I took a moose-horn, and at about nine o'clock at night I sat down near the little lake and made three calls some fifteen minutes apart. I heard a distinct answer to the first call, showing that at least one bull moose was in that vicinity.

The following morning we climbed the tall butte and saw from its peak a bull and three cows in the bottom land below. The wind, however, was against us. The forenoon was spent in exploring a wide plateau; in the afternoon, after eating lunch, we returned and sat on the peak of the butte, and before night arrived we saw, in all, eight cows, one spike horn, three "outside" bulls, and one remarkably fine herd bull, with antlers having a spread of at least seventy inches. This bull

had a jet black coat, white legs, and not a very large body; we made him out to be a comparatively young moose. He was intensely jealous of the other three bulls and when any one of them came too near a member of his harem, he would be up and after him like a streak, and this energetic exercise kept him on the jump most of the time.

It will be borne in mind that we were at a great height above the animals, and could see their doings just as if it was a drama that was being performed at our very feet.

The herd fed in the open for a couple of hours, and then "Brigham Young," the herd bull, evidently signaled the members to move. Without exhibiting any alarm or undue speed, they stopped feeding, went up into the forest, and passed out of sight.

The following morning we again climbed the tall butte. We examined the forest below with our glasses, but for a couple of hours we failed to locate the herd. Then the animals were discovered feeding, a mile or so to our left, which necessitated a journey down from the peak of the high butte and a climb of the next one to the left. By the time the second one was surmounted, the quarry had moved yet farther away. Down we went

again, and climbing the third butte we spent the balance of that day in watching the caprices of this most interesting family.

As I think over this long vigil, which lasted in all nearly three days, I wonder if any other group of men ever had such an opportunity as fell to our lot. What could be more instructive or more interesting to a student of nature than to be able to watch such a group of animals from an elevation high enough to be out of range of the scent, and yet near enough to enable us to see and interpret every action? "Brigham" seemed to lavish most of his attention upon an old reddish-colored cow, and whenever she was in sight we generally could locate him, for she was ever near him.

This day, again, the wind was blowing directly from us to them, so that we could not in any way stalk them and get a safe shot. The peculiar action upon the part of any one of the cows when one of the three smaller bulls approached her, in the apparent endeavor to ingratiate himself into her good opinion, was interesting. She would at once run to "Brigham" and possibly tell him that the saucy young bull was annoying her, perhaps insulting her. If "Brigham" was lying down, he would bounce up and

chase the intruder away with a vengeance, sometimes getting close enough to the youth to give him a swipe with his antlers. This procedure was followed from time to time nearly all afternoon.

The day had worn on until the sun had set; the twilight was approaching, when we heard the gruff voice of a big bull coming through the pass behind us, between the third butte (the one we were on) and the fourth, which was to our left. We soon saw him, and named him "Sir Ivanhoe," from his brave and fearless demeanor.

"Sir Ivanhoe" would frequently stop and paw the earth, throwing the dust and dirt over his head. Then in a strong but guttural voice he would issue his challenge to fight any bull moose in that whole vicinity—"bar none."

We now saw that the three young bulls were listening to the newcomer's challenge, and as "Sir Ivanhoe" came nearer, they advanced cautiously from their different positions to see what manner of antagonist was approaching them. A small lake or pond intervened between the rivals. "Sir Ivanhoe" was rapidly nearing it; yet he would stop every few minutes to throw out his defiant

challenge. When he at last spied the three rivals, they had closely bunched together, without any one of the three having heart enough to come out alone. It was like Goliath challenging David, that he, the youngster, would take the gauge of battle upon himself. "Sir Ivanhoe" crossed around the far end of the little lake and slowly neared the three would-be fighters. When his size and fierce looks had been fully recognized by the three, they severally turned tail and, no doubt believing that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," they were soon lost in the depths of the forest.

All this time "Brigham" was lying on his left side with his head up, eagerly scanning the newcomer. Presently we saw two cows, one of them being the old red cow, run up to "Brigham," evidently in some way telling the chief that he must up and protect them from this rude invader. "Brigham" apparently already had made up his mind that it was now absolutely necessary to fight, if he was to maintain his position as chief of the harem. Now or never was the time to humble this proud usurper by a battle to the finish. He raised himself slowly, and, with his great antlers reaching to their highest level, he majestic-

ally took a few steps towards "Sir Ivanhoe," who now had stopped his boasting.

Near the margin of the little lake was a slight elevation of the soil, perhaps a foot and a half in height. Upon this "Brigham" took his stand and calmly looked his opponent over. He made no "talk" whatever, but just stood and looked with all the majesty of his kingly presence. On his side "Sir Ivanhoe" appeared to wonder at the size and weight of his opponent's great antlers as he stood before him, and then, believing that "discretion was the better part of valor," he followed the example of the three young bulls who had fled before him. Quickly turning around, he lost not a minute in taking himself out of sight and of hearing.

Thus closed the drama of the Moose family on the second day of our observations, and for that season at least the question as to which bull should be master of the herd was settled.

The morning of the third day found us once more on the peak of the third pinnacle, and once more we failed to locate the moose for a couple of hours. Then we spied them feeding near the base of the fourth butte. This we climbed, arriving at the top between nine

and ten o'clock, with the wind still in the wrong quarter. We watched the animals with the same eager attention as on the preceding two days. The same routine was followed by the herd of moose as before, the old red cow still being the center of attraction to "Brigham."

There being no water handy on our high elevation, and not wanting to make a fire, we ate a cold lunch consisting of a cold mutton chop each, dry bread, and a handful of raisins. When we had finished we were overjoyed to find that the wind had suddenly changed, and it was now blowing almost with the strength of a gale right in our faces.

In the meantime the band of moose had disappeared into the depths of the high forest, in front of us, and as everything was now favorable for a successful stalk, we went down the face of that butte on a run.

At the bottom we skirted a small lake, and soon struck the trail of the herd. This we found to be quite fresh, and to lead directly up the forest on a rather steep slant. This necessitated a cautious ascent, and we therefore made our advance on our hands and knees, carefully watching out for small fallen

branches of trees so as not to snap them and thus make a noise.

For the first and only time on the whole trip, we were badly pestered with swarms of annoying and aggravating sand flies. These pestiferous insects got into our eyes, ears, and nose, and the farther we went into the deep woods, the worse the nuisance became. A half-hour's crawling on hands and knees brought us within sight of some of the cows. Now we crawled on our stomachs. I held out my rifle before me as we moved, and warily watched for "Brigham." Knowing that we now must be very close to him, every move was well considered before making it. By this time I was nearly choking for water, as the dried raisins eaten at lunch seemed to clog my throat as if I had swallowed mucilage. Fifteen, maybe twenty, minutes went by, and yet we had seen nothing of the king. Then the old red cow walked out into a small valley that was covered with rich grass. It was tall and swayed in the breeze. We felt sure now that we must be quite close to his majesty. At last the Chief spied him to my left, and whispered that he was not more than forty yards away. "Shoot, and shoot quick!" he said. At this very particular and

important point, I was practically strangling, as one of the little sand flies had gotten down my throat and I was nearly paralyzed in an endeavor to keep from coughing. With my left hand pressed tightly against my mouth, and with my face closely hugging the ground, I *had* to cough, no less than three times (and it couldn't have been helped if all the moose in the country had been before me). And what think you happened?

His majesty heard the coughing and, with lightning-like speed, he gave the signal to his herd to run more quickly than I can write it, and not only he but every member of the herd was out of sight in a minute.

The Chief said some strong words in a very strong voice, and when I at last found my speech I said: "Chief, I don't swear myself, but I'll give you leave to swear as much, and as hard as you can, until you are once more at ease."

We picked up the trail of "Brigham" and found by his tracks and those of the others, that all of the herd had run away as fast as they could go; so it was useless to follow them. It was a discouraging ending to our three days' stalk. As night was upon us, we wended our way back to camp. Neither of

us had anything to say, but both did a pile of thinking. Surely under the circumstances "silence was golden." Yet "it's the unexpected that always happens."

CHAPTER VIII

A CHANGE OF BASE

"To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them. I have lived to-day."

ACCORDING to our program it was now time to commence a gradual journey to the outer world. The camp was broken up, and our pack horses were loaded with horns, antlers and dunnage. We crossed over a divide and struck an extended water shed with a large stream swiftly flowing through a wide valley. Deep caribou trails were seen in different directions; in one place they were nearly two feet in depth. Gophers were plentiful and so were the ptarmigan.

On this march I saw the only Wilson snipe that we sighted during the whole trip. We were now in close touch with another hunting party consisting of Mr. R. B. Slaughter—a famous hunter from Chicago—and Stephen B. Elkins, Jr., of West Virginia. The latter had experienced much trouble with

his cartridges. He was using an 8 Mil. Mannlicher rifle—the same kind of weapon that we were using. He had purchased American cartridges, and about every other one for some reason failed to explode. The Chief made a call at their camp and, finding out that Mr. Elkins was in need of cartridges, we were pleased to be able to supply his wants with some that had been made in Vienna, Austria.

It's a nasty thing to travel thousands of miles in search of big game and then to find the ammunition defective and unreliable, and more particularly where bears are to be hunted.

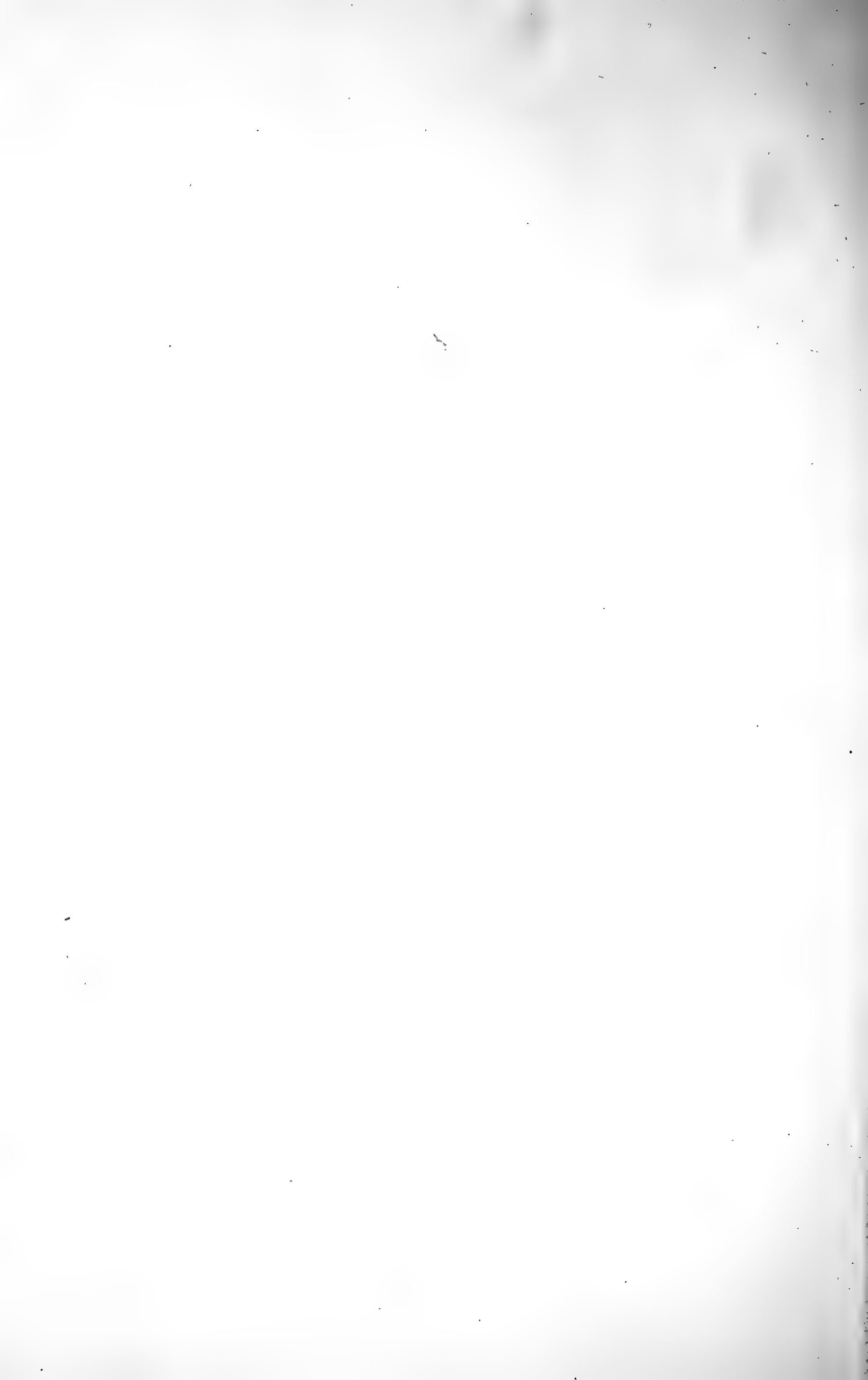
That evening we were in bed early, so as to have a good start in the morning. Our route for the new day was to cross another divide which required a long and torturous journey before we got to the summit. Once there, we lunched on its crest and from our high elevation took in the wonders of the glorious scenery. To the right of our line of travel, a goodly sized stream forced its way through a canyon with high, snow-covered mountains on each side. The course of the stream being at right angles to us and its path straight away without any turning as far as

we could see, the sight was a most beautiful one and long to be remembered for its grandeur.

Over the summit of a certain mountain to the left a snow storm was tearing along at high speed. On the opposite side of the canyon the sun was brightly shining and a rainbow could be seen in the distance. Where we lunched the sky was clear and everything was pleasant. Such are the vagaries of this marvelous land.

We were told that but fifteen miles away was the Alaskan boundary and some tall peaks which were pointed out a little to the left of the stream were in Alaska. The air was clear, with a gentle breeze blowing in our faces as we commenced the descent. On the left side of us was a long and savage range of mountains covered with huge broken black rocks, the slopes carved into canyons and precipices. I did not dream when I first saw it on that day, that I would have to climb it two days afterwards, as it seemed almost impassable. Here were spiral peaks with patches of snow, and as the sun shone on the massive accretion of scattered rocks and tall pinnacles, the variegated colors caused by the bright light falling upon such a conglomera-

A Hard Mountain to Climb



tion of broken granite and limestone made the vision a glorious one.

When we had descended a couple of miles, the route led close to a tall pinnacle to the right, and back of it was an extensive inclined plane of perhaps two and a half miles in extent, and a mile or more in breadth, leading up to another watershed. This inclined plane was well covered with white moss, the nourishing food that the caribou are so fond of, it being their principal food.

The end of this day's journey brought us down to a basin-like bottom where our tent was pitched, and the horses let loose to feed on the deep grass which was here everywhere to be found. Whichever way we looked from this camp it seemed that we were faced by a divide, north, south, east and west.

The first evening we spent here was one long to be remembered. Luminous banks of crimson clouds hung over the mountains, while dark and weird shadows were to be found in all of the depressions of the mountain sides, and the wonder of it all was the constantly changing light.

Here the ptarmigan was found in enormous numbers, and their hoarse cackle made a great volume of sound that could be heard from

every direction, both when in flight and when feeding. Their coat of feathers had turned nearly white, so as to be ready for the coming winter.

The following morning we were off in search of bear trails. We saw many sheep, but did not molest them. Still no signs of Bruin. That night we went to bed early and the next morning the Chief said we would climb the great mountain that we had passed two days previously. He averred that gophers would be there in abundance and at the crest bear ought to be found in the early morning digging them out. From our camp the distance was four miles. Nothing worthy of mention happened until we had climbed half-way up the big mountain and it was necessary to tether the horse and Billie, as they could not get any farther on account of the broken rocks. At this spot, on turning around to scan the horizon we noticed seven caribou cows coming down from the peak of the great inclined plane which has already been described. With the glasses we failed to see any bulls in the herd.

When the apex of the rocky mountain was explored we were much disappointed in our expectations, for neither gophers nor bears

were visible. All of the first named animals had gone into winter quarters, and not a single one was seen. Neither were any bears or even their tracks to be found. We then must needs retrace our steps. On the return we looked with wondering eyes on the herd of caribou which now had increased from seven cows to thirty-two head in all. There were twenty-seven cows, three "outside" bulls, one spike-horn, and the herd bull, which was quite a distance behind the bunch. They were all leisurely feeding on the inclined plane, and scattered about in every direction. At first the herd bull at the distance he was away did not look to be a very attractive specimen; but as we watched his descent from behind the shelter of the horses and as he came nearer and nearer, we discovered him to be possessed of a grand spread of antlers.

We had come out after grizzly bears, but as we had found none we could hardly be expected to allow this fine bull to go unchallenged. It was there and then we decided to stalk him, but how? That was the question.

From their actions it seemed as if the herd would cross through the canyon, come up our side, and over that divide. A good-sized butte was near us and behind this we led the

horses. Then we climbed the butte, and lay down to watch the doings of the herd.

Our first sight of the seven cows was at 8.26 A. M. It was 9.23 when we climbed the butte. Soon something happened. The bull must have given a signal to the herd to turn and feed back again *up* the incline, as one by one they commenced to go that way, while he kept on towards the bottom. Charley and Billie were unpicketed and we moved off to the right, then descended as fast as our animals could walk. We arrived at the bottom without having been discovered by the herd. Our animals were fastened in a secluded place. The Chief and I followed down along the bottom until we came to a tall pinnacle about nine hundred feet high, rising straight up from the canyon. This we climbed, and creeping on all fours came to the edge of the butte. The herd was well scattered and we found the old monarch lying down at full length directly beneath us. He looked the picture of a physically broken animal. My rifle had a strong recoil and I feared to try a shot at him from the peak, as I felt sure I would overshoot him, but the Chief insisted that by holding firm and shooting behind his body I would get him. I tried a shot, but as

expected it was a miss. Then such a scurrying to and fro, principally on the part of the cows, one cannot imagine, and the remarkable thing about it was that in some way the cows almost instantly surrounded the bull. No matter which direction he took, he always had a zealous body-guard from among his twenty-seven wives.

It may easily be surmised that their line of flight would be to the top of the inclined plane, and so it was, but they never seemed to think of going in a straight line; they surged from one side of the plane to the other.

In the interim I was doing some wild shooting. As the convoy of females always hung around the flanks of "the master," and in front and back of him as well, in order *not* to hit any of the cows, I was taking the finest sort of fine shots. I consequently made many misses. To tell the absolute truth, and that's what I always aim to do, I fired no less than fifteen cartridges, and the only harm done was to knock a small point off one of the big bull's antlers. Now my last cartridge was fired. It was necessary to go back to where Billie was tied, and get a fresh supply of ammunition. It was now noon. The caribou

were all up on the top of the plane, and we expected them to pass over and disappear down the other side. The Chief said we had better let the quarry alone for a while, build a fire, and get our lunch; then if the situation warranted we could follow them over the ridge.

We ate a hearty meal, and I lay down on one of Billie's blankets with the saddle for a pillow—which was my invariable custom every day—and slept just a few minutes. It seemed to me that in this strange climate I could sleep sound at any time of the day and in any position, even on the back of Billie.

Again we climbed the butte—of course keeping out of sight—and when the top was attained the herd seemed to be just about to drop down over the other side. Back we went to our mounts, and getting into the saddle we followed in the wake of the herd. The ground was soft, treacherous, and boggy, with an occasional piece of muskeag to look out for, so we made slow time,—yet, as things turned out, fast enough. We could not see the game from below, as we could from the butte, yet we went up very circumspectly for fear one or more of the herd might be lying down behind a small grassy elevation some-

where, and if they saw us the bunch would soon be away. At last from Billie's back I could make out the monarch's antlers, but I thought he was standing up, while in reality he was lying down. We jumped out of the saddles, tethered the animals, and commenced crawling on hands and knees towards the herd. As we got closer we found that the whole herd was feeding in an oblong depression made by some former little lake, now dried up. The next thing of interest was "the king." He was really lying down on a small embankment, while at each side of him were two cows, two facing up the inclined plane and the other two facing down. Both pairs seemed to be acting in the capacity of sentinels or body guards for "his highness." Working our way nearer, we approached a fringe of small willow bushes and behind these we were hidden. I was to the left, and in trying to see over this line of brush I raised my head a few inches too high. One of the sentinels on the left saw me. Just how she imparted her discovery to the others I cannot tell, nor even imagine. Suffice it to say that within the space of half a minute she had by some occult power conveyed the startling information to every other animal

of the herd that the enemy was upon them. "Run! Run! Run for your lives!" was the hurried admonition.

The old bull was on his feet in an instant, and at once he made a dash for the front, with one cow running on each side, close enough to be grazing his flanks, while another cow was close behind him. This made a very poor chance for an effective shot. The rear cow, however, seemed unable to keep up the pace, and dropped behind a little. This gave me a chance for a shot, and taking a good aim I fired.

"You've missed him again, and you'll never have another chance at him," said the Chief. "But look, he's staggering, the cows are running to and fro; something is about to happen. There, there, he's down at last!"

It seemed almost impossible that he was surely down, as he had been living a sort of charmed life in dodging bullets up to the previous moment. There was no mistake, however, and as we walked up to the fallen monarch we found him already dead. When we had taken off his scalp it was found that he could hardly have lived many days, as his neck and shoulders were black and blue from

the hammering the other bulls had given him, which they would deal out to him when he had tried one of his characteristic rushes at them because of getting too near some of his wives. On the right shoulder a small stream of puss was running down, showing that his injuries had been inflicted several days previously. There was not a particle of fat or suet on the back of his shoulders and he was as lean as the proverbial crow.

When the head and antlers had been securely strapped on Charley and some of the other portions on Billie, we looked around to see where the balance of the herd had gone. Not over four hundred yards away were the three bulls, and two of the three were already fighting to see which would be the new king, while the third presumably would wait to try it out with the victor.

But what of the twenty-seven wives of the "master of the harem"? They were in plain sight, calmly feeding as if nothing whatever had happened. There was not the slightest sign of nervousness or worry or fright. The old cry, "The King is dead; long live the King!" is true of animal life as well as of human life. The wives, that but an hour before had been so watchful in their care over

the king as to act as a body-guard for him, seemingly had now already forgotten him, and as soon as the mastery was decided among the other three bulls, they would cheerfully acknowledge the winner as their lord and master.

Verily, verily, nature is seen to be more and more wonderful the longer we live, and as we learn to understand her mysterious provisions for the guidance of animal life, and for the reproduction of the species.

This was all in all a most exciting day, from the first sight of the herd at 8.23 A. M. until we stooped over the fallen king at 4.28 P. M. With the exception of the time taken for lunch, it was an almost continuous period of keen excitement mixed with many disappointments. No doubt in the years to come, of all the soul-stirring and almost heart-breaking stalks that I have been in, this one of the great inclined plane will linger the longest in memory. I can recall it all—the sight of the herd feeding as it stretched out over the slope, the frequent battles between the youngsters and the old bull, the apparent affection of his wives, then the swift bullet going true to its aim, the short run, the final drop, and the stalk was finished.

CHAPTER IX

AN INTERESTING TRAIL

"I ne'er was a coward, nor slave will I kneel
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel."

WITH the desire to secure a bear, a journey was undertaken that for novelty and continued interest during its whole length warrants more than a passing comment.

The route taken carried us upward by a gradual incline until we saw ahead of us a long undulating mountain, stretching a mile or so in length, with a sharp razor-like peak on top. The sides of this mountain were exceedingly steep, and seemed to be nothing but an aggregation of small stones of varying sizes and shapes, most of them having sharp points. If a man were to slip over the peak, the stones would then start on a downward movement, carrying their human passenger with a constantly accelerating swiftness so that by the time the base was reached, there would be little if any life left in the unfortunate victim.

The route taken by the Chief led up to the crest of this peculiar mountain. Each man led his mount. The ascent was gradual until the top was in sight, and then frequent saddles or hogbacks were met with. The ridge of this novel roadway was so sharp that it was absolutely necessary to straddle it, and always to keep one foot on each side of it.

As we went ahead and led the horses, Billie jogged quite placidly behind me, occasionally reaching down with his long neck to pick a blade or two of grass on one side or the other of the sharp ridge. It was but poor picking, and he evidently became dissatisfied, not only with the want of grass, but with his master's speed.

The writer has somewhat of a reputation as a fast walker and as a man who had led many "Hikes," but walking on level ground is one thing, and on a knife-like mountain ridge with an abyss on each side, is another. Now without any preliminary warning, Billie rudely and swiftly butted me in the rear with his head, and with such force that I nearly fell to my knees. My position was such that it made it difficult to turn around and scold him, without losing balance, and therefore falling or sliding over one side or the other.

The danger was too great for me to experiment. The proper and only thing to do was to walk faster, and this I did.

Nothing happened until a steep decline confronted us, and I hesitated for a second or two before taking the first step. A sharp bump from Billie partly lifted me, partly shoved me, down this sharp descent, so that with one arm on each side of the sharp peak I slid about fifteen feet until another rise of the edge gave me a chance to get on my feet again. This novel trail led to a mountain covered with a few inches of snow, and where we first struck it, was a level plot of ground. Here we saw the mute and indubitable evidence of a tragedy that had been enacted on this plot not more than an hour before. The snow was beaten down, in a rude circle, by the claws of a large bird and the feet of some animal. Fresh blood was plentifully sprinkled on the snow, and some of the wing feathers of a large bird were scattered about. The feathers of a ptarmigan were also in evidence here and there.

Looking over to the left side of the mountain, the trail of a fox was found leading uphill to the scene of the conflict. The marks of the feet of the fox could be easily recog-

nized in the snow. He had a large, bushy tail which, trailing on the snow, left its imprint as he had cautiously and silently crawled up the mountain side.

The solution of the problem thus presented was easily made. The big bird was a hawk —probably a goshawk, who had swooped down on the unsuspecting ptarmigan, and, striking his cruel talons into the toothsome bird, had sailed up to the mountain top, the prisoner in the meantime making a hard struggle to escape.

Mr. Reynard, the fox, had heard the cry of the captured bird, looked up, had seen its struggles as the hawk flew away with it, and at once made for the top. His tracks showed that until he neared the summit he had gone up with good-sized jumps. Before the summit was reached he had crawled a portion of the way; then, getting close behind the hawk, he had made his usual spring,—catching the big bird by the wing. The hawk probably dropped his prey, and, tearing himself from the fox's mouth by leaving his wing feathers behind him, he had sailed away, leaving Reynard in full possession and with freedom to finish the ptarmigan.

At first we thought the fox had devoured

the bird of prey as well as the grouse, but we found no breast feathers of the hawk, while the snow was well covered with those of his victim. Thus the snow enabled us to see in retrospect the whole tragedy as if we had been eye witnesses of it.

Says John Burroughs: "A man has a sharper eye than a dog or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or a nose; the trained observer like most sharp-eyed persons sees plenty of interesting things as he goes about his work."

It has always been my habit—which seems to be an instinct largely developed in me—to use my eyes, ears, and sometimes nose, when, in pursuit of game, no matter where I may be hunting or what the character of the game may be.

In the wilderness of Maine in the year '94, I was early one morning following the fresh trail of a large bull caribou. The trail ran through a dense piece of spruce forest with a few pin-oaks scattered through. The ground was heavily carpeted with a thick and yielding moss. The path of the animal had been much traveled by a herd of caribou, and so there was no trouble whatever in following it. It was, of course, in the fall of the year; the

leaves were falling from the pin-oak trees and where they were to be found the trail would be littered with sere, sun-browned leaves. On passing one of these places I noticed that an oak leaf that lay on top of the pile had a spot of red on it. Reaching down and picking it up, I discovered the spot to be a drop of blood. I examined it carefully. The blood was from an animal that had been bleeding but recently, because it had not begun to coagulate. Being right in the center of the path, it might possibly have come from a wounded caribou. Of course, this suggested that some one had fired and hit the bull that I was following.

Carefully laying the leaf down again, and marking the spot with two sticks, I hastened forward on the trail. A close examination of it for a distance of a mile and a half showed that the caribou was traveling at a regular and steady pace and no other drops of blood were on the trail; that he had occasionally stooped to take up a mouthful of moss, eating it as he walked; that his footing was firm and regular so that he could not have been the animal that had lost that single drop of blood, else his movements would have shown haste or perhaps staggering. I then turned and

went back to the leaf, which now showed coagulation. Taking the trail backward, no other drops were discovered, so again to the leaf I went once more. I looked in all directions, but no blood was to be seen. Then I looked upwards. Overhead was an oak tree; a large branch from it spread out over the trail. Hanging from the middle of that branch I saw something waving in the gentle breeze. It seemed to be glued to the side of the limb, and it was in a perpendicular line with the bloody leaf below. The solution of the puzzle came quickly now. The waving thing was the tail of a red squirrel. Some carnivorous bird or animal—most likely a marten, the red squirrel's most deadly enemy—had caught the saucy little fellow by the back of the neck, had killed and eaten him, the blood flowing down the side of the limb. The tail had been caught in the blood which acted like mucilage to fix it to the limb, and one drop of blood only had fallen to the ground, finding a resting place on the oak leaf.

Now after this digression we must return to the story of our trail.

The snow-covered mountain was crossed, and it turned out to be a divide, so down we went to another watershed. The canyon at

the bottom was rocky, with a tempestuous stream racing through it.

On the far side of the canyon the mountain went up with a precipitous face to an extreme height. At the very top was a ledge of rock jutting out some ten feet. On this rock a young ram stood gazing down upon our horses. The Chief said we were out of mutton for the table, and he would like to get that ram. It seemed an impossibility to get him at such a distance, but he said: "Lend me your Mannlicher—there's no telling how far that gun will carry, and I'm going to try to get him." So he aimed carefully and fired. The ram did not move, but seemed to be wondering whence the sharp, spitting noise came, as the bullet passed by him. The second shot had a similar result; the third likewise; and the fourth and the fifth. On the sixth he jumped, and ran to the extreme right of the rock, where he again looked down upon us. At the seventh he turned with his stern to us. At the eighth he once more jumped, this time to the left, yet he was evidently so entranced that he could not take his eyes from us or the horses. The ninth seemed to be a miss, as did the tenth, but at the eleventh shot he fell over the edge and rolled down

the perpendicular side to within ten feet of the bottom. The stream was deep and swift but not very wide, but the rushing water washed a large portion of the rock on which the ram had fallen. Taking a long rope with him, the Chief mounted Charley, swam him across the deepest of the water, and, when the other side was reached, managed to get him on the rock. Then he gralloched the ram, tied him to the saddle, got Charley down from the rock, heading him for the other side and jumped on the horse behind the sheep. Charley got across with both the sheep and the man without trouble.

The strangest part of the shooting was that when we took the hide off the ram it was found that no less than five bullets had hit him, but one bullet only had penetrated to a vital spot.

It is likely that the great distance, together with shooting in an almost perpendicular direction, deprived the bullets of their carrying and crushing capacity.

That night, which was a cold one, we slept out in the open, and over the wood fire, before sleep overtook us, we had much to talk about.

The reason the Chief did the shooting was

because we needed meat for the table and the young ram's horns were but partially grown and therefore would make but a poor trophy for the hunter. As the law permits the natives to kill game animals for food it was fitting and proper for the Chief to do the shooting and not one of "the sports."

CHAPTER X

THE EFFECT OF AGE ON WILD ANIMALS

"Youth must ever be served."

ANIMAL life has some strange phases. This is seen in studying the habits of the elk, the moose, the caribou, and the mountain ram.

Some years ago there was a famous moose on the headwaters of the Tobique River in Upper New Brunswick. He was an old moose that had been frequently shot at, and therefore he was more than ordinarily suspicious and cautious in his travels. On account of his age his hoofs were long and ragged, that is broken off at the sides, with portions entirely wanting. As an old man's finger nails and toe nails will break and crack and chip off, so will the hoofs of an old moose. This one was known by the title of *"The Big Moose of the Little Tobique."* In soft spots, in muddy or clayey ground, his tracks showed up so large that the hunters could not believe that they belonged to a

member of the moose family, and much discussion was caused by them.

When the writer first saw these famous tracks on one Wednesday evening, he said they were made by some huge caribou, but that night he lay out on the edge of a pond where the Big Moose of Little Tobique was accustomed to feed, and during that night and the nights of the Thursday and Friday following, he had the rare opportunity of watching him from a distance without being able to make a safe shot. A shot was finally made on the following Saturday morning when the first streak of daylight appeared.

A young bull with two spike horns, mated with a large cow, was also feeding there each night, and repeatedly, when the old bull would wander a bit too close to the cow, the young fellow would wickedly rush at him and chase him away. This was done several times during each night.

The old chap knew and realized the fact that his day of fighting had gone, and that the old adage "youth must be served" is true with a bull moose as well as with a human being. So he made no attempt at resistance; when attacked he simply ran away and that was all.

When we had skinned him that Saturday morning and taken off his feet, we found that one measured 11¾ inches from toe to heel. Each of the hoofs of the other three feet was broken and cracked at the edges, so that they did not measure as much. The average size of a bull moose's feet is 6½ inches.

When a bull elk has lived past his prime some day he will be attacked by a *pair* of his sons or grandsons—young chaps—agile and strong. One youngster will attack him and fight until he is exhausted, when he will step to one side and the other will take his place, while the first one will rest. When the second one is out of breath the first one again attacks his sire or grandsire, and so the fight is continued until the patriarch is finally killed. During all of this battle, the cows will feed on placidly without paying the slightest attention to the tragedy that is being enacted before their very eyes.

With the mountain rams almost a similar program is carried out; in reality confirming Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. The old rams are driven away by their sons or grandsons and compelled to associate with the young rams from two to three years old.

The horns of the decrepit old fellow may

be quite huge in size, but they are unstable and will crack or part easily in places; in other words they are *no good,* and are unfit for fighting with or for mounting.

This was the case with the one which I killed on the first day of the season. The Chief would not even consent to my taking the head out as a curiosity, and therefore I left it. So according to the game laws I had still two rams to get, and the following day after the seance with the four caribou bulls we were off early in search of a big ram. Nothing was seen but an occasional bunch of ewes and lambs until ten o'clock had come, when six rams were discovered feeding on a divide opposite the one over which we were traveling. Between us and the rams two miles and a half had to be covered before we would be near enough to shoot, and, as the ground was open and we would be in full view going down one side to the brook at the bottom and then climbing to the top of the far-off mountain, there was nothing to do but to watch and wait. We tethered our horses in the canyon on a good piece of grassy ground and worked our way to—and up—a tall pinnacle that rose high in front of the feeding rams, but two miles from the quarry.

There was still considerable snow on the high places. It was soft snow and we slipped easily and often. On the extreme top of the butte a sparce growth of young willow brush formed a screen, behind which I lay down in the snow for a while, until I found an opening in the rock at the left side where I could sit as if in an arm chair and watch from my point of vantage without getting wet with the melting snow.

It was about eleven o'clock by the time the Chief and I were comfortably fixed for a long vigil. The rams fed a while and then came down from the peak of the mountain and walked out upon a ledge, whence they could see what was going on in every direction. They cleared away the snow with their feet and the whole bunch lay down—four of them to sleep apparently, while the ram at each end kept an alert watch. With the noon-time came the desire for lunch, which we ate with zest. For a while afterwards I could not help going to sleep and thus kept company with the sleeping rams on the opposite side of the divide. When I awoke the sheep were standing up, right in the sun, and a more glorious sight it would be hard to see anywhere, their graceful heads and horns and their milk-

white bodies showing boldly against the green.

At 2.30 a flock of young rams appeared on the top of *their* peak and commenced to feed down the mountain. There were with them two old "banished" rams, who seemed to be nervously watching the six rams in front of us. The Chief said that when all of the youngsters should come in sight of the "big six," the old fellows would start a stampede, and the youngsters as well as the two big ones would run down and across to our side, and up over our divide. Then the "big six" would follow them at their leisure. This was done to the letter. The flock of youngsters and the two discarded rams numbered in all thirty-one. They came down and crossed the canyon, climbed up our side, and soon disappeared from view. The "big six" were now up and in motion. Soon they commenced to run down as the others had done. They hesitated, however, in the canyon, and we could not see them down there as we were not close enough to the edge of the mountain. So for a while we had to conjecture as to which way they would take in climbing past us. If they went to the left

Five Mountain Ewes

of us, we should lose them; if to the right, I might perhaps get a shot as they passed. But it was problematic.

There were three rams with good heads and three with smaller horns. One of the first three had an exceptionally good head, and, of course, that was the one I wanted. Considerable time elapsed before we saw them again, during which period we had crossed around the butte to the right, as that seemed the most likely route for them to take. On this side the willow brush was thick and the bushes were high. Before having either heard or seen any member of the bunch, two of the smaller ones had climbed up our side and stood right up in the brush and stared me in the face only ten feet off. Here they got my scent and it took but a few seconds for them to get away. The noise they made startled three more and they came running up the right side too, while the sixth and last one disappeared to the left, and we saw him no more. As the three were coming straight toward us, on the jump, I easily picked out the big one and, withholding my shot until he got to a level with the pinnacle we were on, I was fortunate enough to place a bullet

through his heart. He rolled down and down until he fell on the rock at the foot of the canyon.

It was four o'clock and, while the Chief went down after the ram to dress him, I built a fire and soon had water boiling for the maté. When the Chief returned we ate the balance of our lunch and drank a couple of cups of maté. Leading the horse and Billie down to the bottom, the Chief put the ram on Charley's back and we were off on our long journey to the camp, arriving at ten o'clock and finding all the others in bed asleep.

This day of all the days of hunting will be well remembered as a comfortable one, because, from the peculiar position we were in, we watched the rams for six hours in complete comfort. While the weather was indeed cold and the wind was somewhat high, we were well sheltered, and did not feel it. Above all else we had a splendid opportunity of closely observing these beautiful, rare and interesting animals for a whole half day, first feeding, next as they were lying at rest, and lastly when they were on the run.

CHAPTER XI

STILL ANOTHER CHANGE OF BASE

"How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavor."

THE morning after the successful all-day stalk of the big caribou, we packed up and left early for another section of this wide country where moose might be found. Our course followed a rushing creek where a portion of the journey was made on a tableland comparatively easy to travel.

At first the only vegetation of moment that was to be seen were patches of Willow brush. When we had eaten lunch and covered another mile or so, we came to a piece of well-timbered ground and saw many moose signs, but none of them at all fresh. The ground was a succession of fair-sized hills and valleys where rich grass was growing, with here and there a small lake. On the hillside leading to one of these beautiful sheets of water I sat

down in a piece of dense underbrush, where I could look out on the water without being seen. There I used the moose horn and called for an hour. During this time the peculiar sound of the horn actually seemed to entrance a cock ptarmigan, which came walking along from some little distance and strutted around in full sight of me, all the while giving vent to a guttural clucking sound. Once he made a complete circle around my hiding place; when he arrived in front again he stood still, looking at me, and turning his head from side to side as if curious to find out who and what I was.

Receiving no answer to my call from the animal for which the call was intended, we reluctantly left this most beautiful location, and found our way to the place where our men had in the meantime found a good camping location and had pitched the tents for the night.

The following morning we crossed a considerable elevation where there was much boggy ground and a fair piece of timber land mainly covered with balsam firs and spruce trees. Down the far side of this low mountain was a valley containing some little grass. The bottom land was well covered with vol-

canic pumice-sand, which shone white in the sun.

In our journeys to the different hunting grounds where we spent from one to several days, we frequently found places where the pumice-sand showed on the sides of the mountains, high up, where the light soil had given away from a snow slide or heavy rains and thus left the pumice-sand exposed. This was the first spot, however, where we found the bottom land partly covered with this volcanic deposit. On crossing the valley we saw the mute evidences of a fierce fight that had taken place between two large bull moose apparently during the preceding night. Each of the combatants had fought with all his might. When two human rivals become so bitter and vindictive as to warrant each one in saying "I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked," we can have some idea of the fury of the ensuing conflict. This was the sight we saw that morning in the latter days of September.

The white pumice-sand was splotched with blood. What little vegetation had been able to thrive on the thin covering of soil over the pumice deposits had been trampled to the ground or torn up by the roots in the fury of

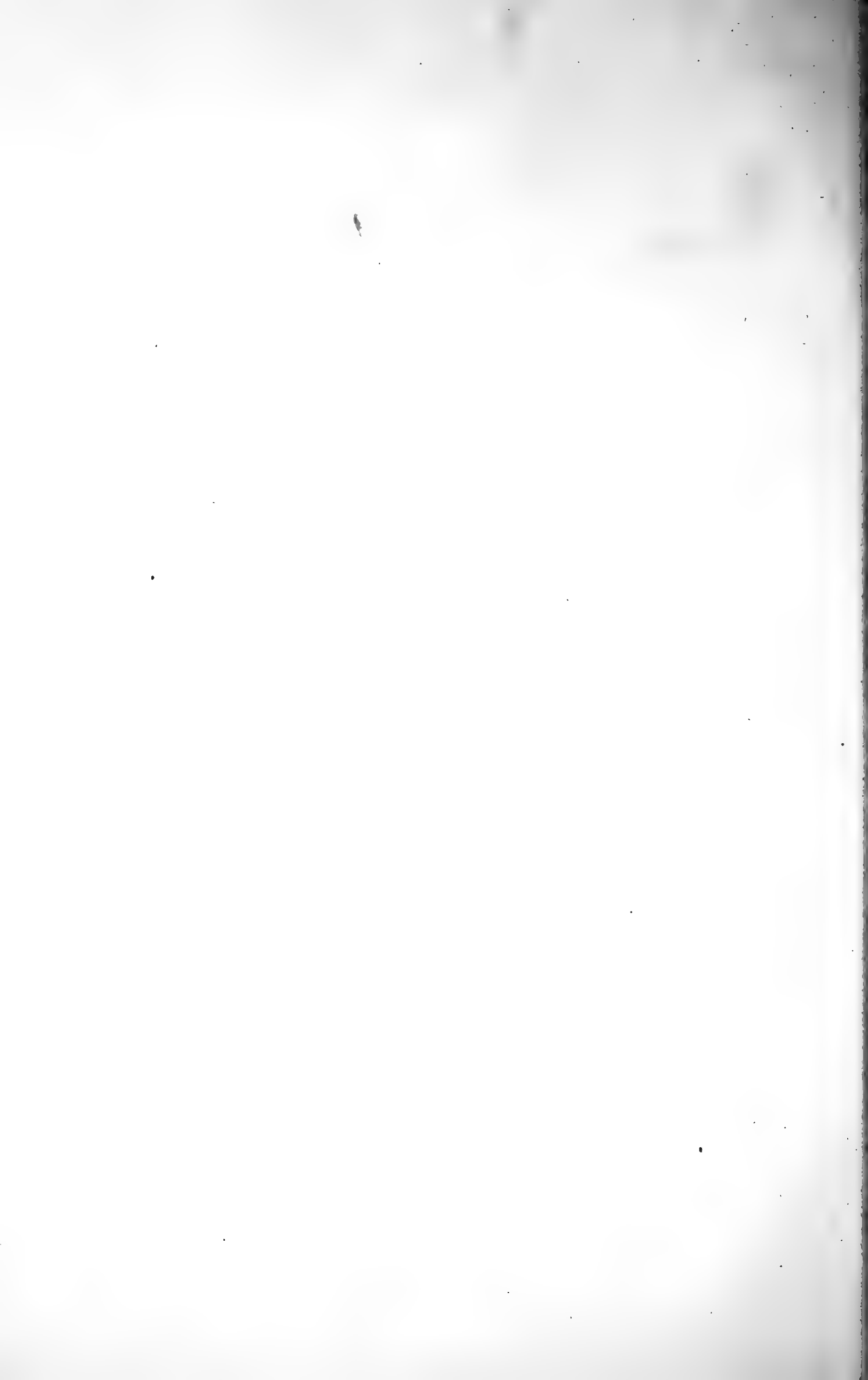
the contest. The signs of blood were everywhere to be seen.

Early on this morning, a few minutes before coming upon this moose battlefield, I had chided the Chief for wearing a pair of khaki trousers on a moose hunt, as the swish of the trousers when they rubbed against each other could be heard for a good distance away. He evidently remembered this, for, getting down on his knees, he rolled his trousers so high that they were silent as he walked. We must now be very close to one of the real giants of the moose family.

The trail of the largest moose led up hill into the big timber, while that of his rival led along the bottom land to the left. Naturally we commenced to follow the one that had gone into the timber. The trail was fresh and in places bloody. As soon as we entered the timber we dropped on our hands and knees and made haste slowly but surely. The trail showed that our bull was accompanied by one or more cows, and a small track showed that a young moose—very likely a spike horn—also was in the bunch.

We came to two balsam fir trees standing close together. I was on the left side of the trees; the Chief on the right. Here we

The Big Moose of Ethel Creek Killed by Mr. Martindale



rested a bit, looked, and listened. The Chief whispered: "There goes a cow to the right—there's another, an old one. She's just got up. There's still another cow and a spike horn." None of these had I seen because they were on the wrong side of my tree. The Chief motioned for me to rise up on my knee and to be ready to shoot. I now crept over to his side and hardly had I arrived before an immense bull moose rose up and started for the peak of the mountain. I did not see his antlers, nor the front part of his body, but I managed to get a shot into his left hip which smashed the bone. He seemed to possess a supernatural power for getting into shady places and keeping out of sight by swiftly dodging from tree to tree. The shooting was generally of the snap-shot variety as I was not able to see him in full until after I had heard the crash of his fall; then, I realized what a mammoth he was. The pursuit had been longer than we had expected, as the distance from where the first shot was fired to the place where he fell was over nine hundred paces.

When we were near enough to look him over, we discovered that his rival had driven the long point of an antler into *our* bull's

lungs, leaving an opening large enough for me to put my whole fist into. When the scalp was removed it revealed a dreadful looking mass of puss, while the flesh was hammered and bruised beyond belief. The removal of the hide the next day showed a similar condition of the lower part of the body, while another swipe of the antlers had penetrated the tough hide on his right rump and ripped it open for a length of thirteen inches. Unquestionably his rival must have had the best of the fight and yet he did not know it. This big bull would have had a sure but perhaps a lingering death in two or three days, as the tearing of the hide and the dreadful opening into the lungs would surely have finished him. As our bull came off with the three cows under his charge, he was in truth the victor, the battle having been made solely to determine which bull should control these three complacent cows and compel them to acknowledge him as their master.

This moose had a spread of antlers of sixty-one and a half inches, not nearly as wide as those of the young bull that was saved by a sandfly, whose spread we estimated as seventy inches. But there was no comparison when the size of their bodies was considered. This

one measured seven feet one and one-half inches from the bottom of his fore hoofs to the top of his shoulders. A modest estimate of his weight as he fell would be fourteen hundred and fifty pounds—so said the guides at any rate. Of course the cows disappeared from view, and presumably within a few hours when their appetites prompted them they would commence feeding again as if nothing had happened. The big bull would be forgotten, while his opponent of the night before would no doubt claim their allegiance. It would be interesting to know in what condition the new master of the harem would be in, as it is hardly to be expected that he managed to get away without a good hammering from his big rival. Who knows but what he might be ripped and torn as badly, if not worse, than our hero was, and if so he was greatly to be pitied. What a crashing of horns in the still hours of the night—what grunting and what a "blowing of bellows" there must have been while that midnight duel was being fought to a finish! To have been only a listener if not a spectator of this thrilling moose duel would in itself have been something to remember for years.

CHAPTER XII

"HOW MUCH WILL YOU BET THAT YOU'LL NOT KILL A BEAR TO-DAY?"

"A red-letter day.
One from many singled out.
One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

WE tarried two more days at this moose resort when my companion succeeded in killing a bull with a fifty-three inch spread, and the camp was once more taken down and a pilgrimage was made to another section where sheep abounded. We had need of mutton for the table, so this day the Chief and I managed to kill three young rams after a somewhat difficult stalk and we were thus supplied with enough fresh meat to last us about a week. It may be remembered that there were seven of us in all and it took good sized rations to satisfy our ravenous appetites, for in this bracing air and with the continuous hard outdoor work which was our daily portion we needed a liberal food supply. "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and

health on both" is a good invocation, but it was never needed by any one in our outfit. We had an undoubtedly good digestion, and, as for health, it often seemed to me while up there that I was back again in my boyhood days living on frugal fare, with plenty of hard work. In the west where the air is keen, pure, and bracing, with nothing to worry about, with an abundance of hope and "great expectations," I was light-hearted and happy, and the owner of a digestion that could make a feast out of a raw turnip freshly plucked from a farmer's field.

It is an impossibility to make the reader appreciate the beneficent effect of the rare atmosphere in this semi-arid territory so near the edge of the Arctic circle. You may well expect that it is exhilarating, that you would want to run, to shout, to whistle, and to play boyish pranks as of old. When you are finally settled down for a period of weeks or months, and all care is off your mind, you feel like saying: "I cannot speak enough of this content. It stops me here—it is too much joy."

The next morning the Chief said to me: "How much will you bet that you'll not kill a bear to-day?"

"A hundred to one," was the reply.

"Well, I have here two new clean pillow sacks, and I'm taking them along to hold the fat from the bear you are to kill this very day."

Of course I laughed at him, and told him he was but "kidding" me. We had looked for bear, watched their tracks, and seen where they had been feeding for many and many a day, yet but two animals of that species had been seen and neither of them gave me a chance for a shot. Now why so very confident this morning? The only answer was the old, old one—"Just you wait and see."

Our route for the day led up through a well-timbered section. On the very top of the highest point we passed an Indian grave that had been made years and years ago. Some trinkets were still adhering to the little cabin which covered the dead man's remains: a tin cup now rusted with age, an arrow with a copper point, an iron knife and some other little luxuries to help the dead brave on his journey to the land of "The Great Spirit."

From this modest burial ground our trail led down, and ever down, until we came to the bottom—a soft and boggy bottom, with tall willow bushes to bother us as we forced our way through. Then a mile and a half

more, and we came in sight of a wide river bed, with a stream on our side carrying a raging flood of water caused by a recent warm spell. There was a strong wind to help the current on, while on the far side of the river's bed, more than two miles across, still another stream equally large and equally swift forced its way down, the two streams finally enter the Yukon River and in that great river's embrace they at last emerge into Behring Sea.

When we came to the edge of the first channel, it behooved us to be wary in finding a fitting place to cross, as frequently in these swift-rushing streams quicksands abound. Having picked out a place that seemed all right, we slowly entered the water. With Charley leading, and Billie and I following, we got safely across, but the water having surged up around our legs we were just a bit wet.

Where we landed on the opposite shore was a little depression with some grass on the bottom. Here we dismounted, and the Chief, using Charley's back as a rest for the glasses, commenced to explore the river bed to see if any game was in sight. Presently he passed the glasses to me and pointed in the direction

of the farther side of the river to a moving animal that he took to be a wolverine, but that I thought was a bear. It proved that I was right, for it really was a silver-tipped grizzly. He was feeding on bear-root or wild parsnips. He would stop and dig for two or three minutes at a time, pulling up the roots with his claws, and then he would pass on to another bunch. He was perhaps two miles away in a direct line and a mile further down stream than we were. The wind was blowing crossways. If the bear followed his present line of travel, he would naturally keep on until he struck the river on our side, and swimming across he would head for the timber that we had just left. This was the Chief's judgment, and he was right. If the wind, which was blowing very strong, maintained its present course and the bear his line of travel, he would strike our scent about a hundred yards before he reached the river. Our only chance of a successful stalk was to work over at right angles to his course. So tethering our mounts, we kept a sharp watch on the bear's movements. We ran when he was digging, and then dropped down on all fours while he was walking. For three-quarters of an hour we made good

progress, then as he came nearer it was necessary to keep on our knees while he was digging, and flat on the ground during his walking periods.

In this way we came to a small stream running into the main channel, which was on our left. This brook we waded, with the water above our knees, and when across it we took to crawling on our hands and knees, behind the shelter of the slight embankment of the river, which consisted of nothing but loose stones and gravel. As may be imagined, the frail bank frequently broke down with our weight, not only making some noise but often rolling us into the shallow water at the edge of the river. This program was continued with as much celerity as we could acquire under the peculiar circumstances, the bear in the meantime keeping up not only his digging, but the straight line of travel on which he had started. A slight shift in the wind occurred that was bad for us.

"Now look out," the Chief whispered, "he'll get our scent in a few minutes, and at once he will rush for the river; we must then jump up and run as fast as we can, while he is swimming across."

At this time we were about five hundred

yards away. Not two minutes after the Chief's remark we saw that the bear had gotten our scent. Without looking to the right or to the left he bolted for the river, and how he did get over the ground! Now we ran as fast as we could, and the bear swam as fast as he could. He was not very long in crossing. A few seconds before he got to the bank I stopped and raised the three-hundred-yard sight of the Mannlicher and when he emerged from the water I took careful aim at his left hip. The bullet struck fair, crushing the hipbone.

The river bank at this point was four feet high, but with the left leg dragging he was soon on top of the bank. The next shot also hit him, and he at once rose on his hind feet, fell over on his back, and rolled again down the bank. He turned over, and with his fore feet dragged himself up the bank a second time, the third shot missing him as he now disappeared from view. Of course we felt sure that he was down for good, but it was necessary to travel back to where Billie and Charley were tethered (a distance of a mile), mount them, swim and ford the river, and then follow down, above the bank among the timber, on the other side. This took considerable time.

Silver Tip Grizzly Bear Killed by Mr. Martindale

We carefully made our way down stream on the other side and soon came to the bear. He was prone on the ground, but was still alive, and another shot was necessary to finish him.

The wind had now increased to a gale. We took the skin off and found that the second bullet had struck him under the spine, passing along for nine inches, and then coming out through the spine again, so that the spinal cord was cut in two places, thus paralyzing the hind legs.

The Chief produced his two clean, white bags, and the rich fat on the back and intestines of the bear filled them as full as they would hold. We found that the stomach was crammed full of the bear-root, a good bit of it being well digested; all in all he was in prime condition.

I was now reminded of my bet of one hundred to one against my getting a bear, and the Chief took much pleasure in "rubbing it in."

It need not be said that I was much pleased with the successful stalk made under such peculiar and trying conditions. Fortunately I had on the saddle a pair of dry shoes and socks, and, the wet ones having been exchanged for these, we made a fire, cooked our maté, and ate our lunch with rare appe-

tites. Strapping the two sacks of bear fat and the hide and head on Charley, we left the scene of action at about three o'clock, having been under continuous excitement for four hours, from the time the bear was first seen until the final shot was delivered. In the past we have read much of the ferocity of the grizzly bear and how he will attack a human being on sight. This might have been so in the time of the old muzzle-loading rifle, with black powder and a copper cap to explode the powder with; but now the Ursus Horribilis is a wise and cautious fellow. Instinct tells him to beware of the repeating rifle and its savage and destructive bullet. So at the scent or the sight of man he sprints for the tall timber and is soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XIII

"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS"

"For raging winds blow up incessant showers, and when the rage allays, the rain begins."

AGAINST the wind, now blowing a gale directly in our faces, we led the horse and Billie. We were passing through the piece of timber described in the chapter relating of the killing of the bear. We had gone perhaps a half mile when, coming to an open place, we had an unobstructed view of the river bed for a long distance. Some large animal of a reddish brown color, which we took for a cow, was seen off in the distance. It was walking in our direction and with the wind. It stopped and turned broadside to us and then turned completely around. We now made it out to be a very large female grizzly bear, and she was soon joined by two silver tip yearling cubs.

Having within the hour finished skinning one bear, and now seeing three in a bunch, we could not help feeling jubilant. We also felt

confident of success in getting the whole three, as the wind could not be better. They were, like the first bear, feeding on bear-roots. A small cove was found near by where we tethered our horses so that they would not give us any trouble.

We now got in among small willow brush, and away from the river bed. Keeping down on our knees we made fair progress towards the bears. The yearlings being black and the mother a reddish brown, it was the easiest thing to keep them well in view, by rising occasionally behind a tall willow bush.

When first seen they were fully three miles from us, and traveling at about the same speed towards us as the first one did which I killed.

The wind now became erratic, the sky grew dark, and it looked as if we were to be afflicted with a crashing thunderstorm. However, as quickly as this aërial storm had come, did it subside, and we had only a strong wind blowing straight down stream. The cubs were inclined to be independent in their feeding, as they fed far afield from each other. This propensity of her offspring to "go it on their own hook" bothered the old lady bear considerably. From what we could see of her

actions, she apparently would scold them, and then coax them to come nearer to her. On the whole, they took their time in search for that dainty dish—the bear-root—quite calmly, and seemed not to anticipate any danger whatever.

So we slowly traveled up stream by way of the timber land, and they down stream by way of the river bottom. We consequently were getting nearer and nearer to each other every minute.

But what is that? Something has happened. The mother bear has signaled the youngsters to come to her. They obey her orders, and join her. She leads them to the river bank, and there the three stand looking across the river, and not down it. Have they gotten a whiff of our scent?

"No," says the Chief; "the wind is all to the good. Maybe there's another bear coming up behind them."

We were now not over four hundred yards away. As I very much feared a sudden change in the wind, which might carry our scent to them, my judgment was to try to kill or wound one of the yearlings. If that was done it would hold the mother and the other cub.

The Chief seemed to feel sure that all was well, and was confident that I would get the whole bunch. Therefore, we kept on crawling on all fours. Without any foreknowledge we came to a piece of ground where a fire had swept it clear both of willow brush and of grass. This compelled us to lie down flat and pull ourselves along as best we could. This bare place was soon crossed and we re-entered the willow brush. On looking up now, we were astonished to find that the mother bear had led the cubs into the edge of the timber, where she was standing and looking down *our* way. Here I first became sensible of the fact that the wind had changed some, and once more my judgment said "shoot at one of the cubs." However, the Chief was still optimistic and satisfied that all was going well. Another fire-cleansed piece of ground confronted us, and another bit of crawling had to be undertaken. This having been crossed, we raised ourselves behind a couple of spruce trees and then spied out the land ahead of us.

Now what do you think we saw?

Nothing.

The bears were gone and gone forever.

Why had they gone?

Wait. The Chief is climbing a tree and

he'll soon locate them. Step by step from one branch to another he climbed to the very top of a good-sized tree, but no bears were to be seen. When he came down he was angry, nonplussed and mystified. We hurried along until we came to their tracks, and one glance at those told the whole story, for by the tracks we saw where they had started for the tall timber with a rush. The wind had undoubtedly turned just enough for the keen-scented mother bear to detect danger to herself and her offspring, and she had not stood on "the order of her going."

What a sudden transition it was from the calm confidence that possessed us of bagging the three to the despair of finding them gone! Oh, for a bear dog just now to follow their trail, and bring them to a halt! He would be worth his weight in gold. Such a dog we had, but she was in no condition to hunt and therefore had been left to travel with the pack outfit, which was miles away from us at this critical time when so much needed.

There was no need in moralizing; it would do no good.

We went back after Charley and Billie, and wended our way to the next camping place, which we did not reach until late in the night.

The Chief was taciturn and reticent all the long way to camp.

"A penny for your thoughts," said I.

"I have none whatever," he replied.

I tried to comfort him, but "from that spring where comfort seemed to come, discomfort swells," and he "would none of it." At such a time it is best to be left alone. So we silently went to supper and as silently crawled into our sleeping bags, and slept. On the morrow speech came back to him, and he candidly blamed himself for all of our bad fortune. But the incident was now ended, and I told him "the less said, the easier mended."

It's an old adage to "never count your chickens until they are hatched." For over an hour we had been supremely confident that we would return to camp with four bears in place of one, and I had imagined how proud I would be to lay down on the parlor floor at home four bear skins nicely tanned and lined and all secured within one afternoon.

CHAPTER XIV

NAZARHAT GLACIER

"On a mountain top where biting cold would never let grass grow."

INDESCRIBABLE with pen and ink or with camera are the great glaciers of the North Land. When we first crossed the divide which parted the watershed on which we had been hunting for many days from the glacier-fed stream across the range, we stood looking away off at Nazarhat—Nazarhat the glacier, Nazarhat the mysterious, Nazarhat the creator of strange superstitions and strange terrors among the Indians of the Ashiack tribe.

Our first sight of this notable glacier gave us the impression of an enormous deep bowl made of solid ice and running water. The moraine that was tributary to it was said to be seven miles long and from two to three miles broad. The dust of ages had settled upon this moraine, and vegetation was flourishing upon the scanty soil, covering the stately

masses of shifting ice. Grass was growing on many portions of the moraine, a few stunted trees on others, and some bunches of willow brush waved in the wind on top of the earthy covering of the ice field.

It is a wonderful thought and worth pondering over to know that a swiftly-running river has its birthplace in the secret recesses of this mysterious glacier. A lonely sight it is, no matter from what angle you view it. Nazarhat is like the other glaciers in this country. It is dying, not slowly like the majority of glaciers in Switzerland, but with a seemingly constantly accelerating melting of the ice and with the breaking off of large sheets of the frozen liquid. I gazed upon this natural wonder until the Chief became restless; he wanted to get to work; he never had much time for sight-seeing. I may as well say right here, as in some other portion of my narrative, that in all of my experience with guides and other husky, virile men who have been with me who were not guides, his equal for strength, quickness of decision, and an almost raving desire for hard work, I have never seen. He was indeed a born leader. His eight years' experience as a member of the famous Northwest Mounted Police had

given him self-reliance, and the ability to do big things with comparative ease that other men would falter at. No need was there ever to spur him on to work. I pity the man who might hire his services and then prove to be lazy and indifferent as to whether he hunted or not, and who would decline to go anywhere that would mean hard climbing or other rugged work. The Chief might give him a lecture that he would never forget.

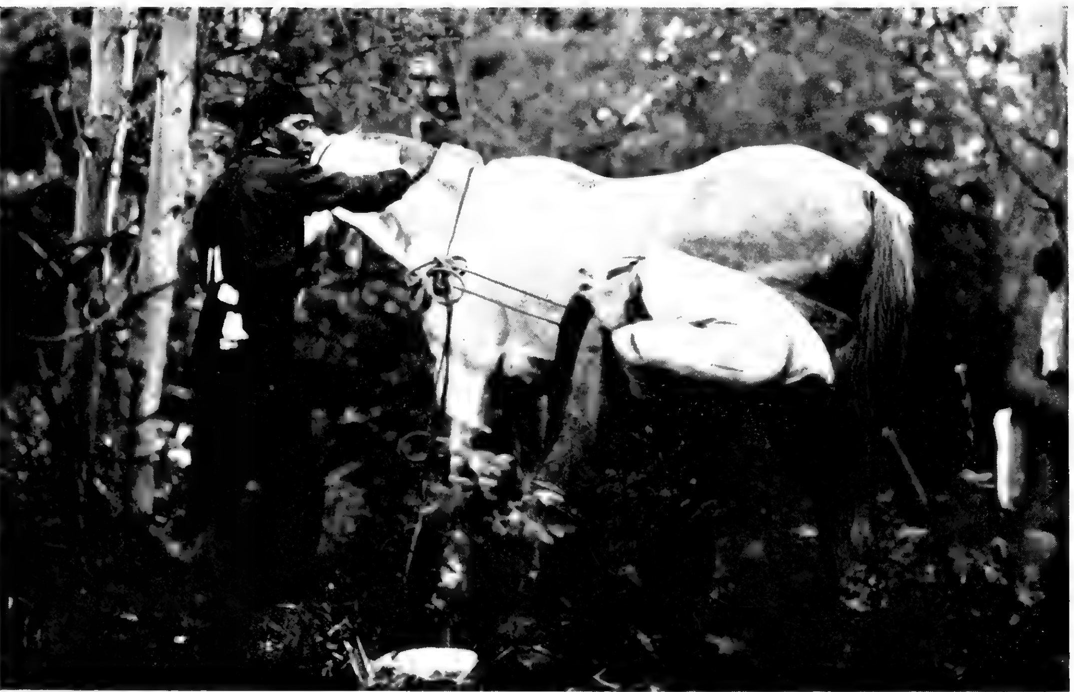
It is a comfort to hunt with a man who not only knows the ground but is familiar with every card and trick that can be played in hunting the different species of big game that make this country a unique hunting ground.

Still speaking of glaciers, we must not forget mentioning the Scolli Glacier which takes several days to cross with a pack outfit. Steps must be cut in the ice to enable the pack horses and men to reach the top. It is six miles wide. Crevasses are to be found almost everywhere on its surface, and therefore extreme caution is necessary in crossing it. Season before last three men were passing over it, when one of them slipped and fell a considerable distance into a crevasse. His companions managed to get a rope with a noose on one end down to him, and he suc-

ceeded in getting the noose around his body. The men above pulled and hauled, but the man was so securely lodged in among the ice sheets, that he would have been pulled in two if they had continued their exertions. They lowered food to him, and talked with him, as he could easily hear them. From below he told the men above to write down his last will and testament, and thus he advised them what to do for his wife and children and how certain matters had to be adjusted. On the second day of his imprisonment his voice gradually became weaker and the last thing he said was that he was "about done for," as he knew that he was practically frozen through. He is undoubtedly still lying in his lonely ice grave, and his body may never be seen again, as the Scolli Glacier is so far away from civilization that but comparatively few people cross it in a year's time.

The Slims Glacier, in whose icy depths the Slims River and the O'Connor River both have their source, is also charged with being the cause of a human tragedy.

Two years ago a young man on hunting bent visited this weird region. He was in pursuit of wild goats and had climbed to the roof of the glacier, and from there still higher to



Shoeing a Horse in the Yukon

a high mountain on the left. He was rather careless of where he walked. A dense fog "as black as Acheron" enveloped the mountain of ice, and the man paid no heed to the warnings given him by his guide to stay in *one place* while the fog lasted. He strolled on leisurely, and, all unconscious of impending danger, and without any knowledge of where he was going, he stepped over the brink of the mountain top and at once disappeared in the gloom of the fog. This was in the beginning of October, and his body was not discovered until the ensuing July. Upon his person was found a paid-up insurance policy for $20,000 in favor of his sister. By this means his identity was established. The natives, in talking about this catastrophe afterwards, deplored the fact that his rifle when found "was all broke to pieces." There was but little sorrow for the man, but much for the broken rifle.

I have already said the Chief was impatient to go on, so he led the way down to the bottom where we saw many caribou trails and in the distance several caribou, mostly cows or spike horns.

We also came to a small moose lake where two moose cows and a calf were quietly feed-

ing on lily pads in the water. Then we spied a good-sized bull caribou lying down in some long grass. We rode fast and very near to him. "Ain't you going to shoot?" asked the Chief.

"No, he's not big enough," I said, and rode on past him. He then arose from his grassy bed and bounded away out of danger.

Crossing the river bed and the main stream on the far side, we went close to the Nazarhat moraine, climbing up from the bottom to an elevation where we might search the whole landscape with the glasses.

Nothing was seen until late in the afternoon, when as we were turning around the base of a pinnacle, we suddenly saw a very fine bull accompanied by only one cow. He looked around and saw us, but before he could make a bolt out of range of the rifle, I had him sighted and quickly fired the bullet. It struck him behind the shoulder and down he went. This one was a fine specimen and very fat, as the mating season had then not yet commenced. It would be hard to find a fatter animal of any species than he was. When he was skinned ready for the pack horse and some of the fat was stowed away in the saddle bag, we commenced our return journey. The way

was long, and before we had climbed to the top of the divide, darkness set in. Giving up the guidance of the party to Billie, he led us down in safety past the soft places, where muskeag ground had to be looked out for, and avoided, then through a large stretch of timber to the river bank. This bank was high and precipitous, but Billie led the way to a trail down which we went to the bottom. The river was high and swift, yet without the slightest hesitation Billie waded into the stream, and, exercising his usual caution and good judgment, he worked his way across to the other side and brought us finally to the camp at half-past eleven at night. Of course all were asleep, but there was a wood fire burning and it needed but a few minutes to boil the water to make the maté and get a quick supper; then off to bed.

CHAPTER XV

HOMEWARD BOUND

"My affairs do even drag me homeward."

SEPTEMBER was nearly gone. We had been successful in bagging game of different kinds:—moose, white sheep, Osborni caribou, grizzly bears, Arctic hares, various species of wild ducks, grouse, pintailed prairie chickens, and a few fat gophers by way of a change.

The time had arrived for a shift to the country where the mountain goat was said to abound. The pack horses were loaded to their limit with horns, antlers, scalps and hides, together with our personal outfits. The pack train was set in motion and we were now homeward bound.

On the return trip, for a portion of the way a different route was taken than that we came in by. Following a creek containing many large boulders, which in several places diverted its course, we found on its rocky banks an unusual amount of volcanic ash deposit.

According to Dr. George M. Dawson, the geologist: "This ash deposit appears to be entirely due to a single period of eruption. It is homogeneous in character wherever seen, forming a single layer not divided by intercalations of other material, and has been spread everywhere in the entire area characterized by it. It is much more recent in date than the white silt deposits which are the last of those properly referable to the glacial series, having been deposited after the river valleys were excavated in the glacial materials, and at a time when the rivers had cut down nearly quite to their present levels—a fact rendered evident by the circumstance that it overlies the deposits of river and valley—gravels and sands in all cases, except in those low river flats where these deposits sometimes cover it a depth of several feet. In most places it is overlain merely by the surface soil with a depth of six inches to two feet, and in a few instances it was noted as constituting the actual surface of terrace of moderate height, the present forest being rooted in it. The ash appears to have fallen tranquilly, much in the manner of snow deposited from a calm atmosphere. The examination of scraped banks along the two rivers (the Pelly and the Yukon) showed it

to occur near the surface of terraces about 200 feet in height, as well as on lower terraces and river flats down to within about ten feet of the actual river level in August and September. It was also detected in some places on the sloping *fronts* of terraces.

"The thickness of the layer was no doubt originally pretty uniform, and it still retains this uniformity where it rests upon wide flat terraces. Its average normal thickness for the Pelly, as a whole, was estimated at about five inches, but this is somewhat exceeded along the part of the river immediately above the MacMillan River. On the Lewis (the Yukon) below Rink Rapid its normal thickness is about a foot, but above this point it becomes much less, and where last seen, at Caribou Crossing, is not over a half-inch thick and only to be recognized when carefully looked for."

Dr. Dawson is of the opinion that this volcanic eruption probably came from "Mount Wrangell, as it is the nearest known volcano," and that the extent of the eruption covered a radius of possibly 25,000 miles. As to its probable date, he says: "The rivers have not certainly cut their beds perceptibly deeper since the deposit occurred on their flood flats,

so that the period to which it belongs cannot be an exceedingly remote one."

I have quoted thus literally from Dr. Dawson's reports because I am of the opinion that it is perhaps because of this eruption of volcanic ash, with its wide-spread deposits, that vegetation is so sparse and irregular throughout the territory. There is comparatively little timber, and none of the forests seen by us showed any extreme age. The willow brush and alders are plentiful in many districts, and Jack pines in others, with moderate growths of spruce and balsam firs in a few locations.

When the creek above described had been left behind, a day's journey took us to the base of a mountain where we rested for the night. The next morning the Chief went ahead of the outfit to cut out dead-falls on the trail to the crest of the mountain. There were many of these and at best the trail was awkward and hard, the horses frequently loosening or turning their packs as they forced their way through between the trees.

By noon we had gotten to the top and shortly afterwards the trail led down to a canyon. After crossing the stream, an immediate sharp ascent was before us, which took some time and care to surmount. The lunch

was eaten, and our journey over a plateau that was everywhere soft and spongy was renewed. Nothing of note happened until Billie got into a nasty piece of muskeag ground. He behaved very well this time, making but three spasmodic jumps to extricate himself, which he succeeded in doing, and I also did well in not getting thrown.

That night we pitched tent in a slight snowstorm. There was some little wood around, which enabled us to build a fire and obtain a hot supper. Close to us was a small tent left standing, and under its canvas we counted nine sheep—rams—which a native had killed for his winter's food. Under the game laws of Yukon Territory the natives are allowed to kill what meat they need for food.

The distance covered on this day's march was but eleven miles at the most; some of the men said it was but nine and a half miles.

On the morning of the next day the pack train was again started early. More soft, spongy ground was encountered and for the forenoon's work less than six miles were made. At lunch time a dry piece of ground with some good grass for the horses was located. The saddles and blankets were re-

moved, and the horses and Billie were tethered. As was my custom when lunch was over, I rolled up in one of Billie's blankets with the saddle for a pillow, and was soon sound asleep. Awaking at the sound of a peculiarly strange and rasping voice, I saw a smallish man whom I had met and talked with on our way into the hunting country. He was a miner with a seventh interest in a gold mine near by. He was accompanied by three big husky dogs who walked around looking for a few stray morsels of food left over from our lunch. He was about finishing a yarn that he was telling to the listening men when he suddenly stopped in the middle of his story.

"Say, Tom," he said to the Chief, "isn't that Billie the Wild?"

"Yes, it is; do you know him?"

"Do I know him? You bet I do. How much will you sell him for?"

"I'll sell him for three hundred dollars."

"Well, Tom, if I had the money I would certainly buy him."

"Why? You don't want a mule—what could you do with him?"

"I'd do nothing *with* him, but I would do a great many things *to* him. I would keep

him just long enough to invent the most cruel way of killing him, and then make way with him. Do you know what he did to me?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you.—It was in the winter time, five years ago, with some two foot of snow on the ground, and I was walking into White Horse when I met a doctor coming towards me who had hired a sleigh with Billie to pull it, and as he was near his destination he asked me if I would drive the mule back to the livery stable in White Horse. Of course I would, for that was sure a cinch, wasn't it? Here was a free ride of fifteen miles, from where I was to the stable. The doctor got out, and I got in. Billie turned the cutter around himself when I told him to, and off we went. Say, Tom, but he's a good goer! He just made the snow fly in clouds as we sped along. We had gone over seven miles when all at once a buck Indian poked his head out through some willow brush. Billie not only scented him but saw him. Now all that I know after that can be told in a minute. Billie gave a spring, and broke one of the traces; he kicked up his heels and smashed the front of the cutter, and the next I knew I was sailing through the air;

then all was dark. When I came to, my head was cut and bleeding—just see the mark on it now—and Billie and the rig was gone. I had been thrown head first against a tree. The Indian had disappeared too. I bathed my head with snow and stopped the bleeding, then I trudged along to White Horse. On the road I found pieces of the cutter and of the harness, and when I got to the stable Billie was there eating as calmly as if nothing had happened, and all he had brought back with him was his collar. Do you wonder now why I would kill him?"

We resumed our journey some little time afterwards and I overtook the irate miner with his husky dogs. He was carrying a small pack, and, as he had come a considerable distance when I caught up with him, I asked if he was tired. He acknowledged that he was.

I then invited him to mount Billie, saying I would walk. The man was impressed by my kindly offer, but he said that it was so long since he had been on horseback that it would make him sore to ride. He was told that Billie was a very easy-going mule, so much so that his gait would remind him of a rocking chair.

"No," said he, "he rocked me once and he'll never get a chance to rock me again."

He eased himself by using some strong "sulphurous" words about the mule, and then quietly dropped behind in the procession.

That evening we reached the foot of the lake over which we had such a dangerous passage when we were coming in. The wind the next morning was blowing a gale down the lake. There was no boat to meet us, as we had expected. Much time was lost in starting a man on horseback, to go to the other end of the lake to bring the boat down with him, and still more time in starting a second man off with a bunch of pack horses also to go around the lake so as to be waiting for us when we finally arrived at the head.

In the meantime a rusty old shot-gun and some cartridges were found in the cabin, and I spent several days in bringing down a welcome supply of wild ducks, grouse, and prairie chickens. The wild geese had now commenced to fly southward, and many large flocks passed over us during our enforced stay. The pintailed ducks and butterballs were also headed in the same direction.

At the end of a three days' wait the man who had gone to the head of the lake for the

Loading the Boat to Cross the Lake

power boat returned with a small sail boat. Some one had tampered with the machinery of the power boat and it would not go; so he had to hire a man who had a sail boat and bring him along. The wind was still high, and we could not risk the small boat with such a big load as we had, therefore another day was lost. The following day the wind had calmed down enough to permit us to "line" the boat down along the shore. In other words, one man stayed in the boat to steer her, while three men with a long rope on their backs walked along the edge of the lake and thus towed her. This method was continued all the afternoon and a portion of the next day. The wind having now gone down, we were able to row the boat the balance of the distance. We landed about dark on the bank of a glacial river, whose great volume of ice-cold water emptying directly into the lake is solely responsible for that important body of water.

It is best to reserve the description of this glacial river for another chapter, as it fully deserves a big chapter all to itself.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SLIMS GLACIER

"That pure congealéd white, high Taurus' snow."

OUR tents were pitched near the shore of the glacial river. The ground hereabouts is soft and mushy. At the bottom of this river, as I have previously mentioned, quicksand is frequently found, and much care is needed in wading horses into or across it.

A miner, who has a large and most comfortable cabin, lives here. He invited my companion and me to sleep in his cabin. As we were now so used to tent life we would have perhaps preferred the tent to the cabin, but his invitation was so earnest and kindly that we accepted it. This man was a giant in size and in strength. His cabin was clean and very orderly. The sides of the cabin were graced with twelve large pen and ink pictures showing Gibson's best work. He had a roomy stove set close to the floor to heat the cabin, a cook stove at one end, a couple of beds set end to end, some dishes, books, a

victrola, and a nice rug to cover the center of the floor.

One of our "wranglers" had to get up very early in the morning to hunt up some stray horses. Although there were seven of us, not one had a watch that was in condition to give us the time of day; so our host volunteered to wake him at two o'clock. The registering thermometer showed that it was 21 degrees above zero that night, and promptly to the minute the man got out of bed and coolly walked out in his bare feet and bare legs, and without a night shirt on, to the tent of the wrangler and wakened him. The distance he had to walk was equal to a city square. Although there was some little snow on the ground, he came back without saying a word and got into bed as if he had done nothing but what was a nightly occurrence with him, and he soon fell asleep and all was well.

This man had four heavy, husky dogs, and these he fed with white fish which he caught with a net in the lake near by. When the weather became cold enough to freeze the lake over, he would catch a couple of tons or more of these splendid fish and they would make food for man and beast during the winter. The huskies were used in carrying him on his

sled to his mining camp and back. When he wanted to visit White Horse, if the snow was good, they would average six miles an hour and thus get him there in a couple of days, making the round journey in from four to five days.

The morning after our arrival we were still minus three horses, and some time was lost in finding the bunch they were in, for there were many horses there feeding on the grass which was abundant and rich. It also took considerable time to "cut out" the three from the bunch. Having secured the stray horses, we followed the course of the glacial river until we came to the deserted mining village spoken of in a previous chapter. Here were plenty of well-built and roomy cabins, a road house, a large livery stable, a store house, and a bake house. The doors to the buildings were all open. Any one might take possession of one or all of them as he pleased, but, alas! there was nothing to warrant any one in occupying them.

The going was nasty, and the horses had to pick their way carefully to keep clear of muskeag ground. At noon we stopped for lunch on a piece of ground that was fairly firm. A fire made with willow brush soon boiled wa-

ter enough to make our maté. While eating our repast, the Chief saw right back of us on a very steep and high mountain a large mountain goat. He and the writer lost no time in undertaking the stalk to get within range of the goat. The route led for a distance through a piece of timber land, which was well choked up with a bountiful mass of dust to a depth of a foot. This had been blown through the immense gap formed by the dying glacier, whose melting ice is the fountain head of the river we were following. A quarter of a mile of this sort of going brought us out of the timber and to the base of the mountain. Here the goat could not be seen for obstructions in the way. The Chief said that he would be watching the horses, and his attention would be centered on them, so we need not worry about him. We commenced the climb, and, when in sight of the prey a fire was built to focus his attention upon the smoke and fire until I got near enough to shoot.

The climb then continued. It was without doubt the hardest piece of climbing of the whole trip. A most remarkable thing about it was that the goat was directly under the sun and without the glasses we could not make him out. The route we took was the only one

by which an ascent could be made, but we went as far as it was possible for human beings to go. Before us was a yawning chasm and back of that a sheer wall, and on the peak of that was his eminence, the goat. A peculiar sharp ridge ran across the edge of the chasm, and on this we stopped until we could breathe freely. The ridge was made up of small stones and loose soil. It would not bear our weight without straddling it, and as the goat was directly above me, and still in the sun, I could not see him at all without the glasses. Lying partly on my left side with one leg hanging over the ridge, I located him as well as I could with the glasses and prepared to shoot. It was guess work at the best, and when the shot was fired the bullet went at least a foot to the right of him, and in a second, as it seemed to us, he disappeared over the crest.

Nothing was to be done now but to get down to the bottom again, which we did with all the celerity at our command. While we had been up the mountain, our pack train had passed by the place where Charley and Billie were tethered, and as the ground was so very treacherous the Chief was anxious to catch up to them. We mounted, and away we went on

a gallop wherever the ground was hard enough to permit us to travel so fast. In an hour we came up with the pack. The men had not been able to find a path by which the horses could safely travel with their loads. The Chief took command, and walking his horse along the very edge of the river's bank he was enabled to clear the very soft places. The other horses seeing Charley leading, followed in his tracks, and all went well until a place was reached where it was impossible to go any farther. Then we were led up into the mountain, through the bed of a small creek well filled with immense boulders. The horses were taken carefully up this creek. At the top of it, we turned to the left, and followed a trail that ran through a thick grove of willow brush.

It was now dark, and we had our hands full in keeping the willows from swiping us off our horses. In time the trail led down the mountain again, and we came to a good camping place. The packs were removed from the animals, they were hobbled and let loose, and then it was discovered that one of the horses with a pack on his back was missing.

Two men went up the mountain with a lantern, and later came back saying the horse

could not be found. Then the Chief and another man went up. At about eleven o'clock that night they found the horse on the trail, with his pack caught between two trees so that he could go neither forward nor backward. Some projecting limbs had to be cut off before he could be released. He was soon led down to the tent, freed of his burden, and sent out to feed.

The following morning, being now in the so-called goat country, we were eager for the expected excitement of seeing and stalking them. A long and careful search at a high elevation failed to reveal a single goat, and that day was therefore a blank.

We were now completely out of meat and it was necessary for us to procure meat of some kind. A little before noon the Chief discovered five young sheep (rams) feeding low down on the side of a mountain. The wind was not very good, but by following up the near side of a deep canyon, it might be possible to get within range of them. This canyon was well filled with large granite boulders, backed up by sharp-edged stones. Many stones were even then sliding down the mountain sides, so whatever noise we made in climbing over the boulders was more than off-

White Mountain Rams

set by the noise of the occasional dropping stones. We had over a mile and a half to work our way up the canyon before getting within range, and for most of the time the sheep by reason of their location were invisible to us. When at last we neared them we came to a place where a long and deep landslide had plunged down into the canyon. This we crawled over and climbed around, and at its far end we were near enough to shoot. As it was meat we wanted, and that badly, the Chief used his 30-40 Winchester rifle, and the two of us started shooting. With the first two bullets two of the rams fell, the others running up the side of the mountain as fast as if they were traveling on level ground. They dodged backwards and forwards, now behind a rock and again above it, until another one fell. The ram that was running the fastest seemed to bear a charmed life for a while, but a bullet from my Mannlicher dropped him, and he rolled over, and down the side of the mountain. We had gotten four out of the five, and we were well satisfied, as we now had enough meat to last us until we arrived at White Horse. We dressed the sheep, had our lunch, and went back for the horses. Strapping the sheep on

their backs, we returned to camp, which we reached at dark.

It is now in order to say something about the glacier that we were so close to, and in which two rivers had their source, the waters of one reaching the ocean via the Yukon River and Behring Sea, and the other by way of the interior waterway in the Pacific Ocean.

This glacier is really an extension of Mount St. Elias, although that famous mountain is eighty miles away. Formerly the glacier was higher than the mountains surrounding it. Now it has shrunken so much by the melting of the ice that it makes a deep and broad gap, through which the warm south winds rush with immense force, carrying clouds of dust, which finally settles in the water of the river and sinks to the bottom, forming quicksands or bars. Some of it is carried by the wind up the mountain sides among the timber, and along the banks of the stream. The pressure of the glacial water is so great that it is forced up from the bottom of the glacier like a syphon. The current of water divides in two, and as before stated two rivers are thus created.

Dr. Dawson states that the ice flow, during the period of the great Cordillevan Glacier

or confluent glacier mass of the west coast, was included between the fifty-fifth and the fifty-ninth parallels of latitude, and that its well-defined movement was from the *south* to the *north.* Therefore at one time all of this wide stretch of country was covered with a moving mass of ice, crushing and breaking down everything within its path. "While the greater part of the area traversed is more or less completely mantled with glacial deposits, it will be observed that true boulder-clay was found in certain parts only of the southern and more mountainous portion of the region, while it spreads over almost the entire length of the upper Pelly and Lewis (Yukon) valleys, though not found exposed quite to their confluence."

Dr. Dawson attributes the presence of both the fine and the coarse gold which is found in the Yukon basin entirely to the grinding effects of this wide-spread glacial action.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WONDERS OF A NEW LAND

I HAVE been quoting freely from Dr. George M. Dawson, one of the greatest of Canadian scientists. He has carefully studied the rocks, mountains, glaciers, plateaus, volcanic deposits, fossils, and old lava—flows that occur in this comparatively new land passing under the name of the Yukon Territory.

Let me now quote from Rex Beach, the novelist, who has spent eleven years in this section of the country and has had a wide experience there.

"In one way the southern coast of Alaska may be said to be perhaps a million of years younger than any other land on this continent, for it is still in the glacial period. The vast alluvial plains and valleys of the interior are rimmed in to the southward, and shut off from the Pacific, by a well-nigh impassable mountain barrier, the top of which is capped with perpetual snow. Its gorges for the most part run rivers of ice instead of wa-

ter. Europe has nothing like these glaciers, which overflow the Alaskian valleys, and submerge the hills, for many of them contain more ice than the whole of Switzerland.

"This range is the Andes of the North, and it curves westward in a magnificent sweep, hugging the shore for a thousand leagues. Against it the sea beats stormily; its frozen crest is played upon by constant rains and fogs and blizzards. But beyond lies a land of sunshine, of long, dry, golden summer days."

Here we have a description that to my mind cannot be excelled.

On the Coast Range we have rain and rain for weeks, with snow, ice, and a host of other discomforts. And then sixty to eighty miles back of the great Coast Range we find just what this noted writer has characterized this inland country to be—"a land of sunshine, of long, dry, golden summer days."

It is in reality a semi-arid country. The atmosphere is so dry that you may cache meat out in the open in the early fall, and it will be good to eat all through the winter; but of course it will at that time be frozen.

Hang your wet clothes outside at night. In the morning they are dry. Dust, heaps of it, we found along the beds of certain rivers,

where it had been blown by furious winds, sweeping over the glacier. More than eighty miles away from this glacier the whirling, moving, flying masses of dust darkened the sun and made travel tedious and irksome, besides filling our nostrils, our hair, our clothes, and even our foot-gear with it.

This condition prevails only when the wind is due south. In the future, when this particular glacier has become entirely extinct, the conditions will be very much worse, as the gap will be just so much wider and deeper, thus allowing so much more air to pass through the gigantic funnel.

What a stunning change has come over this region "since the glacial-ice buried the entire great valley which separates Vancouver Island from the mainland, and discharged seaward round both ends of the island."

Our route was now to follow the river that by devious ways works its course to the Pacific through the Coast Range of mountains in Alaska.

The scenery along this glacial river was such as to be really indescribable. The cliffs towering above the river, or above some rounded lake through which the stream runs, were wonderful in their irregularity. One

of these small lakes was weirdly beautiful. A large mass of clear and transparent ice had fallen into it from the glacier. It was grounded on the bottom below, with its top twenty or more feet above the surface. For several miles the bank of the river opposite us made a sheer descent—from the ice caps above direct to the water. But no one can imagine the varied forms, colors, and shades that succeeded one another along this changeable wall of granite, sandstone, and shale, with here and there beds of lignite.

In one place what appeared to be basaltic columns, looking like the front of a cathedral tower, astonished us. This was immediately followed by a reproduction upon a large scale of a mystic House of Parliament. Then Turkish Mosques, Kiosks and Minarets came into view. Look where we would, the changing sunlight upon the mass of variegated rocks kept transforming the scene into a kaleidoscopic view, brilliant in color and of marvelous beauty of form. I cannot find words to describe the feeling of awe and wonder that followed each new scene of splendor. It is indeed a fairyland upon a gigantic scale, known unfortunately to but a handful of people—maybe less than a hundred. As far as

we know, no artist has seen or sketched it; no photographer with proper equipment has ever snapped it. Its glories must lie hidden and unknown until some wandering Oliver Goldsmith or some future Sir Joshua Reynolds shall find this treasure trove, and describe it in book form or picture it on canvas.

Finally the river broadened out to a mile in width, and the trail led to the other side. Willow brush became plentiful. Some distance farther on the trail led through a small forest of Jack pines. Here were seen many bear trails, fresh diggings, and evidences that one or more grizzlies had been there that very forenoon. The wind being with us would account for their disappearance.

Our two guides had been for many days discussing the good points of their horses, Charley and Mac. The discussions were principally about their speed. Incidentally I learned that on this route was a place where the river bed for four miles was level enough to serve as a place for racing horses, that the bottom was fairly clear of gopher holes (which are an ever-present danger in any horse racing in this section of country), and that this would be the place to settle all disputes about the speed of the two animals.

We were now jogging along at an easy gait, when both guides put the spurs to their horses, and not even saying, "Good-bye, we'll see you later," away they went.

Billie threw back his ears, and without any waiting or hesitation he started after them. Very quickly he settled down to a steady but swift gait. He did not seem to exert himself, nor did he become excited. Gradually he increased his speed, until I stood up in the stirrups and held him with a strong grip with my left hand. With the right hand I occasionally gave him a crack with a piece of willow brush used in place of a whip. We had thus gone perhaps a half mile, when Billie came up with the runners. Both horses were showing nervousness and both were sweating. The appearance of the mule alongside spurred them to greater exertions than ever, and a new spurt was indulged in with Mac in the lead, Charley next, and Billie sailing along in the rear. It struck me there and then that Billie was simply playing with them,—that he knew he could outrun them whenever he wanted to; but that if he beat them too easily, the race would be over and all of the enjoyment with it. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy it better than either of the two men, who were

now plying their willow whips and shouting to their horses with all their might.

Once more the mule, now still cool and collected, drew up along side of Charley, who was in a lather of sweat, and panting very hard. He, being nearer to me, was the only one I could take note of, although no doubt Mac was in equally as bad a condition. For a second time the two horses spurted, and once more we went to the rear, Billie cantering easily along with his glossy skin free from any sign of perspiration. The race having now covered over two miles, the horses were showing distress. Watching them carefully with those searching eyes of his, Billie evidently made up his mind that the time was ripe to show them how quickly he could put them "out of the running." I had no need to encourage or shout at him; he let himself out—it was just that and nothing more. With a stately and dignified pace he drew up to them, and easily passing them he sped on ahead, as if to show them what a simple thing it was for him to run them to a standstill. I was guiding and holding him with my left hand only, and we were at any rate ten yards ahead of the horses when Billie stumbled. His left front foot had gone down into a gopher hole. For-

tunately for him and for me too, I had a firm hold of the bridle and I thus kept him from going down on all fours and myself from going over his head.

This accident put a finish to the race. Billie showed no bad effects from it, but for myself I found something was wrong with my left side, which gave me considerable pain, and it kept getting more painful with each recurring day. It was finally discovered that the large muscle controlling the three lower ribs on my left side had been badly wrenched, and I was advised to let it alone, and time would bring about relief. This I did, but two months elapsed before the pain and soreness finally disappeared.

I did not, and do not now, begrudge having had this accident, although it might have been very much worse. This, however, I may say: I wouldn't have missed this long and unique race of a "wild" mule against two good horses, even had I known beforehand that the accident would happen.

A good camping place with lots of grass for the horses and plenty of wood for the fire was found early in the afternoon. The Chief now led the way across the river bottom to a mountain on the right-hand side, back of which

a roaring body of water was forcing its way through a canyon to the river itself. We had to pass through a wide clump of willow brush. With our eyes fastened on the mountains ahead of us, it was little wonder that, when a magnificent black fox jumped up and loped away in front of us into another bunch of willows, the Chief saw him not at all. While I did see him, and that very plainly, I was not quick enough with the rifle to get a shot, although I had already set the trigger and had put the rifle to shoulder before he disappeared.

The Chief asked what I had aimed at, and when told of the fox, he seemed to give it little credence. But suddenly the fox appeared again. For a second he was once more in sight, and both rifles were brought to shoulder. Yet again he was too quick for us, although we had a splendid view of him. His skin was jet black, and as glossy as satin. The Chief was much disturbed because the fox had gotten away, as he said his pelt would easily bring sixteen hundred dollars.

Previous to this I had personally seen three silver foxes, two young fellows and one full grown, which the Chief said if trapped in the late fall would average eight hundred dollars apiece. That black fox will have many traps

Starting on the Return Trip—Billie on the Extreme Left

set for him in the coming winter that he will need to keep a wary eye upon. In order to be out of their dangerous clutches he will have to use his wonderful scent as well as his keen eyesight. The Chief noted his route of travel, and he will surely have a line of traps strung along his pathway. To catch such a fine specimen of the Yukon black fox is like finding a gold mine, with all the rich gold in sight.

What an influence the vagaries of fashion have upon the animal world! One year mink is in demand and the prices soar, and the mink is then searched for and trapped all through British Columbia and the Yukon, Siberia and Alaska. The next year marten comes into vogue with a similar result. Then the lynx, the seal, the ermine, the wolverine, the beaver, the homely skunk, and even the muskrat each in his turn is in demand. Now it is the black fox, the silver fox, the blue fox, the red fox, and the grey fox. Anything as long as it is a fox, is wanted.

A few years back muskrats were worth only from fifteen to twenty cents a skin. They then came into fashion, and the price went up. In the city of London, Ontario, I heard of a man who had bought five thousand of these rather common little hides and had paid $1.05 a skin

for them. Alas for the purchaser; the fashions changed, the prices dropped, and goodness knows what he had to sell them for. Perhaps the price was once more but fifteen cents each.

The fur trade is always subject to violent fluctuations in price, governed by the sales from continent to continent. As fashion always fixes upon one fur to the exclusion of others, upon that caprice alone does the life or death of millions of fur-bearing animals depend.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

WE followed the glacial river bed for thirty-three miles and then overtook a four-horse wagon of ours which had gone on ahead of us. It was loaded with our spare dunnage and the horns, antlers, scalps, and hides that we had secured. As I had elected to walk most of the distance to White Horse, Billie was hitched to the wagon, with Beck, the lady mule, as companion, and two of our saddle horses as leaders.

It rained the night that we came up with our outfit, and that was only the second rain of the whole trip. Two snow storms and two gentle rains during the entire sixty-nine days in the hunting field—no one could ask for better weather.

Our next day's *trek* brought us to an Indian village, where most of the inhabitants were away on a hunting trip. One old squaw with tousled hair and grimy face showing the ravages of disease—a veritable old hag—ac-

costed us as we proceeded to unhitch the horses. She had with her a fierce Indian dog, and the wolf-dog that had followed us all of the trip and this Indian dog could not agree. She was asked in the Indian tongue by one of our men to go into her cabin and take her dog with her. This stirred up her anger, and she gave us such an outburst of talk as none of us had ever before heard. We had the carcases of three young rams on the wagon and the following morning the largest of the three was found on the ground with nearly half of it eaten. It was at first thought that the Indian dog had climbed upon the wagon and pulled the carcase off, but I imagine the old hag had done the climbing and the dragging, and after helping herself first, had then left the dog to get his share.

In the year 1892 I was with a trans-continental hunting party. We had a car built on the lines of a Pullman sleeper, in which we ate and slept. We stopped at different places where the hunting was good, and our car would be switched on to a siding. We spent a week in a reservation of the Cree tribe of Indians away out in the flat prairies of Alberta Territory. We had been successful with our hunt. We had a large number of

wild ducks, mostly mallards, hung along one side of the roof of the car. The other side was hung with prairie chickens, while from the rear end of the car were suspended thirteen antelopes.

The white tepees of the tribe dotted the prairies for a radius of several miles, and my son and I spent considerable time in wandering among these aborigines. We treated them courteously and did not attempt at all to pry into their domestic affairs, but walked along as if we were on business bent. We had learned from the man who was the station master, operator, ticket agent, and jack-of-all-trades for the railroad company, that some persons who had intruded into some of the tepees had been rudely handled. The Indian's tent is his castle, just as the white man's house is his. Occasionally a buck would stop and speak a few words with us and then go his way.

We had a baggage car with us and in it we carried several hunting dogs. Two of these were left outside at night to give warning if any one should come near either of the cars to steal the game. As the Indians seemed to pay no attention whatever to our stores of venison and wild birds, our vigilance was re-

laxed for one night. The following morning we discovered that the Indians had stolen seven antelopes out of the thirteen, and all of the wild ducks were taken, while the prairie chickens had not been touched. The reason for the chickens being unmolested was that the braves could easily secure these for themselves as they rode over the prairies, while no wild ducks were to be found nearer than twenty miles away. After this wholesale theft the dogs were kept on the watch every night.

It will be remembered that in a former chapter describing our "going in," I said we passed through an Indian village where all of the tribe but the old chief and his wife had left for a moose hunt. After breakfast the morning that we discovered the loss of the ram, my companion and I walked on ahead of the wagon in order to stop at that same village to see what the Indians might have for sale in the way of furs.

The members of the tribe were all there, getting ready for the opening of the trapping season. The village was bustling with activity, as much as Indians can bustle. I went into a trading store, and met a white man from New York state who had settled there.

He had married a handsome young squaw. Her three children—two boys and a girl—were healthy looking and apparently very happy. The morning was quite cold, the glass registering about twenty-two degrees, yet the youngsters had no hats on, and their clothing was very light. Their cheeks were rosy, their hair was nicely combed, and their faces were clean. I asked their father—the trader—if he had any "whistler" skins (skins of the whistling marmot). "No," he replied, "but I'll send my boy over to an Indian who has eighteen good ones that he'll sell." He spoke to the boy and off the lad went on the run. He came back with one skin, the price being a dollar. As this was twice what I was told they were worth, I took but the one to bring home as a sample, and then bought some articles of Indian manufacture as curios.

While paying for these purchases a loud shouting was heard, and on looking out I saw our wagon team of two mules and two horses dashing away in spite of the driver's efforts to hold them. The team was going up hill and the stiff ascent soon calmed them down. Running up to the wagon we found that a young Indian had come alongside of Billie to speak to the driver, and at once the noble

mule had become panic-stricken, and had tried to jump over Beck's back, causing all the horses to become frightened. This was the only incident in the whole of our home journey where Billie lost his equilibrium.

The village we had stopped at is quite a fur emporium, the surrounding territory being considered an excellent trapping district. As far as we could learn, the Hudson's Bay Company had never reached out into this far-western portion of the Upper Yukon, although they did have a fort on the head waters of the Yukon River itself.

An eloquent writer, Agnes Dean Cameron, has graphically pictured the usual starting scenes of the trappers for their winter's work:

"All through the Canadian north the Yukon rush of ten years ago has left an aftermath of derelicts, human boulder-drifts from the world's four corners, who, failing to find a fortune in gold, now tread the silent places seeking a bare living from the trade in peltries. The Indian hunters belong to many tribes, Crees, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Yellow-Knives, Slavis, Beavers, and Loucheux. They all trap and trade.

"In the ranks of the trappers one comes across strange workers. On the shores of the

Lesser Slave you stumble upon a London University graduate, who finds the search for fur more fascinating than integral calculus or conic sections.

"It is becoming usual among hunters and trappers to specialize, as doctors do, and so one hunter, bearwise, bends all his energies towards bearskins; another studies foxes to their downfall; a third hunts moose alone, that big-nosed Hebrew of the woods. Here as elsewhere the man who mixes brain with his bait, and makes a scientific art of a rude craft is the man who succeeds. His trapping is the highest product of nemoral science and not the cometary career of luck of the rule-of-thumb trapper. It is a contest of wits worthy the cleverest. The furbearers, as the years pass, become more, rather than less wary, and the days of the magenta string tying a chunk of fat to a nice new shiny trap are long past. The man who used to 'make fur' in that way is, like Fenimore Cooper's Indian, the extinct product of a past race that never existed.

"The Canadian trapper eats or dries every ounce of flesh he traps, from the scant flesh-covering of the skull to the feet and the entrails. As soon as the skins of bear and mus-

quash are removed, the bodies—so many skinned cats—are impaled on a stick of Jack pine and set sizzling before the fire.

"In the fur-land when the leaves fall, the beaver, giving over his daub-work and wattles, sets the family to work storing up the winter groceries. There is the challenge of frost in the air and the southward flight of birds. Some old primal instinct stirs the blood of the trapper; he hears the north a-callin', it is time to go. The factor of the Hudson's Bay fort gaily farewells him, glad to have him go; the priest, the old men of the lodges and the blind 'old wives,' little kiddies and lean, snapping dogs come out to bid him God-speed. Leaves will be budding on the birches when he returns. The curtain of silence cuts him off from the fellowship of the fort for many moons, once he lifts the curtain of that ghostly woodland. It is paddle and portage for days and weary weeks, inland and ever inland; then the frost crisps into silence, the running water and the lake lip. The grind of forming ice warns our trapper it is time to change birchbark for moccasin and snowshoe. The canoe is cached and the trail strikes into the banksian pine and birch woods.

"The door of the forest is lonely and eerie.

It no longer seems incongruous that, although Pierre wears a scapular on his burnt-umber breast and carries with him on his journey the blessing of the good Father, he also murmurs the hunting incantation of the Chipewyans and hangs the finest furs of his traps flapping in the tops of the pines—a superstitious sop to the Cerberus of the woodland Wentigo.

"If the trapper is married—and most of them are much-married—his spouse and dusky brood accompany him into the woods and frozen winter sees nomad families, each little group a vignette in the heart of the wider panorama, flitting over lake surfaces to their individual fur-preserves. In the woods, in tepee, tent, or rough shack the family fires are lighted, and from this center the trapper radiates. The hunter traps for miles and days alone, and an accident in the woods means a death as lonely and agonizing, as that of the animal he snares. Sometimes he goes insane and then the Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, another sentinel of silence, handcuffs him, saves him from himself, and takes him 'outside.'

"Possibly the trapper places 150 snares, and his line of traps may extend for 30 or 40 miles. Ere first snow flies he has all his traps

ready waiting for the tell-tale tracks in the snow, which shall point out to him each coign of vantage for the placing of a cunning lure.

"With blanket, bait and bacon on a hand-sled, silently he trudges forward. The northern lights come down o' nights and it is cold, but cold makes finer fur. Down far trails in gloomy forests, across the breast of silenced streams, he trudges from trap to trap. If he finds $50 worth of fur along the whole line of traps he is content. It is not this lonely man who gets the high price, madame, for your opera cloak of ermine.

"When Pierre is not 'making fur' or making love, he is eating. On the trail he may go hungry for two days with no word of complaint, just a tightening of the lips and of L'Assumption belt, and a firm set to the jaw but while the moose lasts, life is one long supper.

"Meat (pronounced throughout the north 'mit') is the great staple in the land of fur. On the trail one finds one's self assimilating helpings of 'deer mit,' and greedily gulping chunks of fat; the rations of the trapper would be the despair of Dickens' Miss Todgers, who could never bring the supply of gravy up to the demand. In the old days the H. B. Com-

pany allowed its men en-voyage five pounds of meat a day, while the kiddies were entitled to three pounds each from the community larder. In British Columbia and the Yukon the allowance was one salmon; on the Athabasca one wild goose or three whitefish; and up on the Arctic foreshore, two fish and three pounds of reindeer meat. This was the scheduled fare, but the grimness of the joke appears in the fact that the man had to run his breakfast to earth before he had it.

"During the last five years, furs the world over have been increasingly fashionable, with a corresponding advance in prices. To this end no one cause has contributed so strongly as the automobile. The quick, exhilarating motion makes necessary warm clothing of compact texture. This is a self-evident truth.

"Should the most valuable fox that runs be called a black fox of a silver fox? What is the highest price ever paid for a single fox skin? Don't try to get to the bottom of these innocent looking demands. That way madness lies. How old is Ann? pales before this.

"Canadian foxes present themselves patriotically in red, white and blue; there are also black foxes and silver ones. The white and blue phases of the Arctic fox *(eanis lagapus)*

are the winter dress of different animals not winter and summer coats of the same animal. In 1891 nine thousand white foxskins were sent to London by the Hudson's Bay Company. The white fox is found as far north as any animal life."

This tribe of Indians whose village we passed through twice, bear a striking likeness to the Japanese, so much so that it is sometimes difficult to differentiate between a Japanese immigrant and a native of this tribe. Learned ethnologists believe that in the remote past at least some of the Indian tribes of the Yukon came from Japan by way of Siberia, crossing Behring Sea on the ice and settling there to hunt and fish.

They have traditions that seem analogous to those that pertain to the Jewish race. They have one well-defined tradition of the flood which is well worth deep and earnest consideration. This is the story as given by an Indian woman, the wife of our Chief, who claims that it has come down from generation to generation among her own people.

"In the Yukon there were twelve large mountains that carried their peaks up to the very sky; one of them is even now called Jubilee Mountain. It is located near the center

of the space in which the other eleven are located. This towers above all the rest so that from its crest nearly all the wilderness world can be seen. Many ages ago a medicine man warned the people of our tribe that big rains would come and fill all the valleys. These big waters from the sky were to get deeper every day because the rain would not stop coming down, until forty days and nights had passed away. The medicine man said every brave, every squaw, and every boy and girl should climb to the top of the great mountain and take plenty blankets and meat along, and after the ground had been watered forty days the water would commence to go to its own home—the place of the big waters.

"This word was passed to all our people, and most of them obeyed the medicine man's commands. Soon were seen families of Indians coming from all over the country. They were told to bring their blankets which were to keep them warm and shed the rain from them during the forty days' downpour.

"They were warned not to kill any game animals but to help to drive as many as they could to the summit of Jubilee Mountain, so that when the rush of waters was over there would be enough animals left to take the

places of those that would be drowned. Then they were commanded to build a great raft and as the waters arose and drowned the animals who could not reach the mountain in time to escape, they should drag the animals on to the raft and use them for food. Under pain of death no Indian was to kill any animal whatsoever, but they should use every means to save them.

"A large number of the natives obeyed the medicine man's instructions, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain, but very many laughed at our people whom they called silly old women to believe in such a tale.

"But the rain came, even before the great raft was finished, and it took many days before it was all put together so that it would float. Then all kinds of birds and animals, the caribou, the moose, the mountain sheep, the goat, the fox, wolf, wolverine, bear, skunk, lynx, coyote, squirrel, gopher, whistling marmot, besides crawling insects of every kind, as well as those that could fly, commenced to run before the big waters. They were driven and helped up the sides of the mountain by our people, but those that were too far away to be saved were drowned. Their bodies were caught as they floated around, and put on the

raft and were used as food for all the people, and also for those animals, birds, and insects that had obeyed the medicine man's command.

"When the forty days had expired the rain stopped, the waters gradually ran away, and the animals which had lived in harmony with each other on the great mountain came down and departed to their various homes and feeding grounds."

The woman who gave us this version of a widely disseminated tradition of her race, also stated that when she was eight years old, her father made a pilgrimage to Jubilee Mountain, taking her with him. The great raft was then resting upon the crest, but covered over with thick ice, and very deep snow. It is said that traditions of the flood are to be found in the annals of many of the ancient Eastern countries, but this is the first that I have ever heard of an Indian tradition of the flood and it is just possible therefore that this one is of Japanese origin.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RETURN TO WHITE HORSE

"Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home. Is this a holiday?"

THE return journey had been an enjoyable one as the weather was cool and pleasant; and being hardened by our exposure to the elements we did not mind the few cold nights or the occasional high winds.

For my part, while I rejoiced to be within telegraphic reach of home once more, yet I felt reluctant at leaving a region that above all other countries that I have ever been in seemed most like a fairy land. Whether it was the exhilarating influence of the pure air, the glorious scenery, the continual daily changes of hunting grounds with the attendant excitements of the hunt, or the exuberant health which I had enjoyed, I know not; but I really felt deep regret when we finally pulled into White Horse at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the fourteenth of October.

I could not think of parting with Billie without emotion. The next morning after our arrival at White Horse I went to the stable where he was quietly eating his breakfast, and called to him. As soon as I entered he at once turned his head and I patted him on his forehead and put my arm around his neck while he rubbed his nose against my hand. I really cannot explain how the thought originated, but I felt he realized that we were to part forever.

Amid the rush and bustle of the following morning when we were trying to get things in shape to leave, I again opened the stable door and greeted him with a "Hello, Billie." How his glorious eyes did shine as he gave me a morning welcome! I spent with him all the precious minutes that could be spared, and walked away from him backwards so that he could see me and I him until a corner had to be turned and he was out of sight.

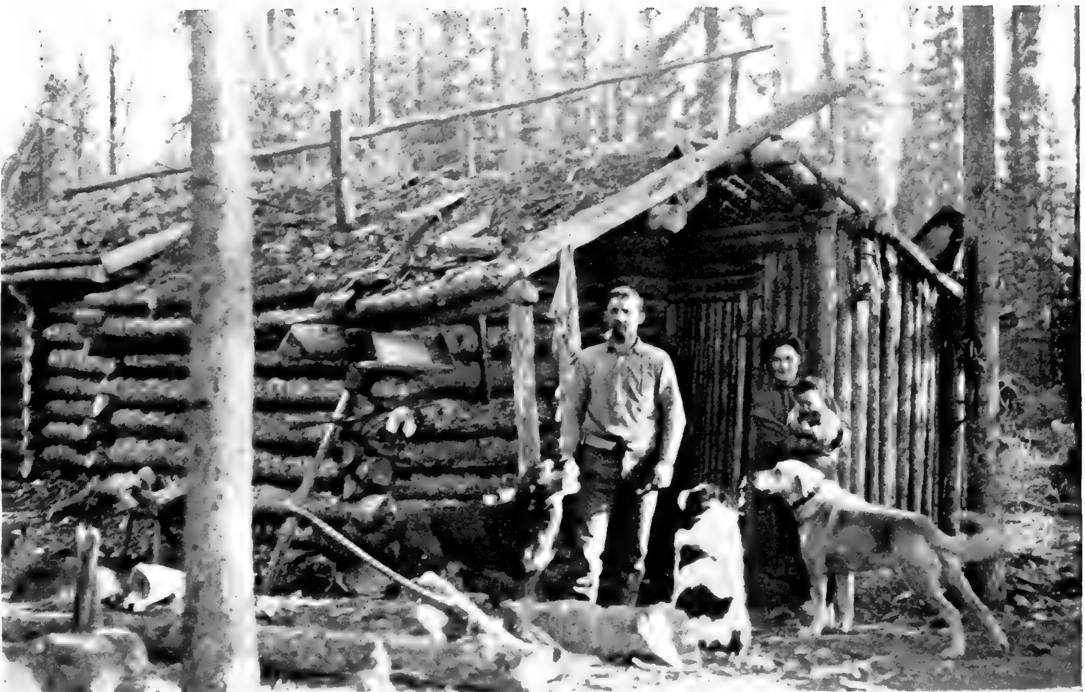
He had carried me on his back at least a thousand miles. He had jumped across chasms that most horses would not dream of taking. He had forded many streams with me on his back, had several times slid down steep declines with all his feet bunched together, and had safely carried me up moun-

tain sides that seemed impossible of ascent.

Once we were working down the side of a rocky mountain in order to cross to another one equally rough, when we came to a deep chasm with a little stream of water running through it away down below. To me it looked an easy jump for Billie. He, however, looked at the other side, and evidently made up his mind that the landing was bad. He turned abruptly around, and felt his way still further down that side. Then he stopped, looked at the far side, and perhaps noted a flat place where he could land in safety, for without any ado he gathered himself together and made the jump as easily as a bob-cat or a lynx could have done. Then without urging he commenced to climb the other mountain as if he knew just what was wanted of him.

On another occasion we suddenly came to a small brook running through a deep ravine with a heavy growth of willow brush on each side. He pushed through the willows and when he jumped he threw his head as far back as possible so that the willows would not strike his eyes.

To me he was always gentle and always ready for his work. One day while stalking



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Dickson's Cabin Home

a mountain ram, I had to leave him, so I pulled the bridle over his head and left him standing loose. We were gone over three hours before we came back, and on our return he was standing where I had left him—he had not moved a step.

Every morning when the horses would be brought to the camp from their feeding ground during the night, I would give him some pancakes that I had saved or a couple of mutton chops, which he always ate with relish, crunching the bones and swallowing them as well as the meat. Sometimes I would give him the half of a ptarmigan and to him that was a delightful morsel. When the fifteen head of horses would be seen coming, I would call out, "Billie; here Billie," and he would lose no time in running ahead for his pancakes.

I do not expect ever to meet with his equal again. In time I will no doubt gradually forget the many exciting stalks, the interest of the hunt itself, and the bringing to camp of the game, but never as long as life shall last will I forget Billie.

It will be remembered that we arrived at White Horse going "in" on the evening of the fourteenth of August. When we came

"out" we arrived back on the evening of the fourteenth of October. We had time to change our clothes and get a good wash before supper was announced at the hotel. We had been accompanied back by our Chief, the second guide, the cook, and his brother the wrangler. The Chief and Guide Number Two took their meals at our caravansary, and we had an opportunity to note what appetites these frontiersmen can cultivate when they reach civilization. It may seem an incredible story that I have to tell, but it is true. When our Chief sat down to his first meal, which was supper, he ordered two dozen raw eggs, and after he had stowed these away in the capacious folds of his stomach he ordered his regular supper. The next morning his first order was three dozen of fried eggs, fried six at a time, and then came his regular breakfast. We were told that eggs were worth one dollar and fifty cents per dozen and it is to be presumed that the balance of the food ordered would be equally high, so it can be easily seen that the high cost of living had no terrors for the Chief.

The next day was devoted to getting things shaped up so as to leave the following morning on the train for Skagway. Our licenses

had to be inspected and endorsed. Crates had to be made in which to ship the horns, antlers, scalps, and hides. This took a carpenter all of the afternoon and night, and he was still working when the sun arose on the morning of the sixteenth. We settled our bill with the men and with the outfitters who had attended to our supplies. It is but right to say that everything the merchants furnished was of excellent quality and the prices were very reasonable considering the high rate of freight which obtains for all classes of merchandise carried over the White Horse Pass Railroad.

When you know that the lowest rate for such things as potatoes, flour, salt, pork, sugar, etc., is 4½ cents per pound for the haul of one hundred and ten miles, you do not wonder at paying five dollars a bushel for potatoes and two dollars a gallon for gasoline a hundred and fifty miles in the interior.

A few prices which we paid for supplies may prove interesting:

450 lbs. Flour	$20.25
250 lbs. Sugar	25.00
200 lbs. Salt	12.00
50 lbs. Beans	6.00
58 lbs. Canned Butter	31.90
3 cans Dehydrated Potatoes	13.50

20 lbs. Lard	$ 4.60
48 lbs. Bacon	13.45
2 gals. Syrup	3.00
2 Cases Cream	14.00
1 Case Milk	8.25
3 lbs. Pepper	1.95
20 lbs. Coffee	9.50
5 lbs. Cocoa	5.00
6 doz. Baker's Eggs	7.80
2 Cans Dehydrated Raspberries	13.00
1 Case Canned Tomatoes	6.50
10 lbs. Evap. Apricots	2.50
40 lbs. Onions	4.00
100 lbs. Potatoes	7.00
40 lbs. Sugar	4.00
1 Case Eggs	14.00

The bill for all the supplies amounted to $378.65. In addition to this, one thousand nine hundred and seventy-three pounds of supplies had been sent in ahead of us in July. The hauling of this lot by wagon and pack-horses at 10 cents per pound amounted to $197.30, making the item of food supplied $575.95, which is a modest amount considering the high railroad rates and the fact that the quality of every single item was really first-class. The packing was so deftly and firmly done that there was practically no breakage.

I know not whether every one is treated as well as we were in White Horse. The chief

of the Customs Department, the hotel people, the cashier of the Bank of Commerce—who cashed our checks for several thousand dollars—and the lady in the post-office all treated us most courteously and kindly.

The morning that we left we went to the post-office to see if there was any mail. There was not. We had received a large bundle of letters and papers when we arrived in White Horse two days before, so were not much disappointed.

The crates were not finished until nearly nine o'clock, and the train was to start at 9.30. There was much hurrying to and fro. A consul had to be seen, many papers had to be signed, and during all this bustle I noticed the young postmistress in the station standing patiently, apparently waiting a chance to speak to me. So when I had an opportunity I went over to her. Two letters had turned up since I had been in the post-office, and she had put herself to the trouble of bringing them to me. As each missive was from a member of my family at home, you can imagine how much I appreciated her kindness.

Our precious crates had been loaded upon a car, but the train started without the car. There was another hunting party to come

down the following day, and we were told that their outfit and ours would both be placed in the same car. This would save the railroad company the expense of sending two cars where one would do as well.

The mountain scenery going down to Skagway was equally as grand as it had been on the trip up, but we had seen so many mountains and canyons in the meantime that were higher and grander in every way that the impression left on the mind was not so vivid as on the first trip.

Skagway seemed to be completely filled with people waiting for the Vancouver steamer, which was to leave that evening. Most of them were miners, business men or visitors from Dawson getting "out" before the Yukon River should freeze over. We were therefore unable to obtain accommodations on that boat, as every berth was taken.

A Seattle steamer was expected to arrive the next day, so a stateroom was secured on her and we waited patiently for her arrival. At noon her sonorous whistle announced her arrival. Her freight for Skagway took but little time to lift out of her hold, and the down cargo was as quickly stowed in the vacant space; so the vessel was soon ready to com-

Mrs. Dickson and Family

mence her return trip. Then it was announced that the train having the second hunting party aboard, and our crates as well, was reported four and a half hours late. In place of arriving at 4.30 P. M. she would not arrive until nearly nine o'clock. It was said that the captain of the steamer had orders not to wait, and there was much 'phoning and many trips down to the steamer, which lay a mile and a half away. The captain waited, however.

It would need the signature of the American inspector to pass our crates of horns, etc., and as his office closed at 4.30 P. M., I found out his home address. At about six o'clock I went to his house and hold him of our anxiety to get off on the steamer that night, and that our stuff could not go without his signature to the necessary papers. I found him to be a courteous and kindly young man.

He promptly and cheerfully agreed to be at the station to sign the papers, no matter what time the train arrived, and I hurried back to the station. On nearing it a great crowd of people was surging around it, and every one seemed to be wild with excitement. I was told that an exployee of the express company had been blackjacked into insensibility but a few minutes before, and seven hundred

operations and were closing up. We also brought the cannery employees along, most of them being Chinese or "Chinks," as they are called by the natives.

We made long stops at Juneau, the capital of Alaska, and at Katchikan, Glacier Bay, and other salmon fishing ports. Katchikan is a town built on stilts where a very large cannery is in operation. Here we took on a thousand or more cases of canned salmon and eighty-three cases of fresh halibut, each case weighing eight hundred pounds. This was billed through to China. Just imagine three hundred and thirty-two tons of fresh halibut being shipped all the way to the land of Confucius.

At Wrangle we stopped for a while, took on some cargo, and thoroughly investigated this quaint old town. Two days before our arrival at Seattle we awoke in the morning to find a steamer following behind us closely, and we saw that she was trying to pass us. It was the Steamer *Admiral Sansom* bound from Seward to Seattle. It was believed that she would have some hunters aboard of her from the Kenai Peninsula. A wireless message from our boat was sent to her asking if Mr. Wilson Potter was on board. A reply came back almost instantly:

"Yes, and several other hunting parties are aboard with him."

It reminded me of Puck's boast, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." It seemed strange to know that the man who had helped me to make all the arrangements for my successful trip in the Yukon was right here within talking distance of us, and in a few hours would meet me in Seattle.

Mr. Potter and his party, together with the other hunters sailing on the *Admiral Sansom,* had been in the Kenai Peninsula and had been taken on the steamer at Seward, Alaska. As the steamer makes only one trip a month to Seward, it behooved all of the hunters to be "out" in time to meet her. Each hunter had been successful in killing several bull moose and bears, besides a number of white sheep.

At noon of the day of our arrival we all met at a dinner in a large hotel as the guests of Mr. Potter, and a few of the experiences of each party were rehearsed.

CHAPTER XX

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW TERRITORY

"Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on without impediment."

THROUGH the courtesy of the Hon. H. H. Stevens, M. P. for the District of Vancouver, I have been fortunate enough to obtain copies of all the so-called old, and many of the new, surveys of the Pelly-Yukon River district.

It will surprise most people to know that the first prospector to cross from the coast to the headwaters of the Yukon River was one George Holt—according to the report of George M. Dawson, C. M. G., L. L. L., F. R. S., by all odds the most famous surveyor, geologist, and naturalist among Canadian scientists.

Holt's journey was made in 1878, so that at the present time the short space of thirty-five years only divides this now well-known territory from the oblivion in which it was involved prior to that year.

The intrepid George Holt was afterwards murdered by Indians at Cook's Inlet, Alaska, in 1885, seven years after his successful journey from ocean to river.

To quote from Dawson: "In 1880 a prospecting party of nineteen men under one Edwin Bean was organized in Sitka. Amicable relations were established with the Chilkat and the Chilcoot Indians who controlled the Chilkoot Pass. This pass was crossed and then they packed their stuff to Lake Lindeman—the fountain head of the Yukon. On July 4th the party, now increased to twenty-five men and having built boats, started down the then mysterious stream, the Yukon. They went as far as Teslin Lake and then they turned back after having found but a little gold on the river bars, equal to a yield of $2.50 per day.

"Dr. Arthur Krause, a German scientist from Berlin, made an exploration of the Chilkat and Chilkoot passes in 1881, reaching Lake Lindeman and the sources of the To-hi-ni River respectively.

"In 1883 Lieut. Schatka of the U. S. Surveying Corps crossed the Chilkoot Pass, and descended the Lewis-Yukon River to the sea, a distance of about two thousand miles.

"In 1886 coarse gold was found on Forty Mile Creek—a good distance below the now modern city of Dawson. This caused a gold rush, and a miner named Williams in bringing out the news was frozen to death on the Chilkoot Pass in January of 1887. At this time the miners were not content with less than a return in gold of the value of $14.00 a day. The estimated number of all the miners in the Upper Yukon Country in 1887 was not over two hundred and fifty."

In 1887-'88 William Ogilvie, D. L. S., another famous Canadian explorer, crossed the Chilkoot Pass with a heavy outfit, among which were two Peterboro canoes, each one strong enough to hold two men and 1400 pounds of freight. These boats made 1700 landings and did about 2500 miles of work on Lewis River, Porcupine River, Bell's River, Poplar River, Pells River and thence up the great Mackenzie River—a distance of 1400 miles. After all of this, they were left at Fort Chipewyan in a fairly good condition, "and," says Ogilvie, "with a little painting they would go through the same ordeal again."

This intrepid explorer built another boat, a large one, and with the three boats he started

down the Yukon to go as far as the international boundary line—about 700 miles. He found the much-dreaded White Horse Pass unsafe to run with the big boats. He sent two men through the canyon in one of the canoes to await the arrival of one boat and to be ready to pick up the men in case of an accident. Every man in the party was supplied with a life preserver, so that if a casualty had occurred they all would have floated. Those in the canoe got through, but would not try it again. The passage through the canyon was made in three minutes, or at the rate of twelve and one-half miles an hour.

There's a rock in the middle of the channel near the upper end of the carry, the one that makes the passage so difficult. In low water this rock barely shows itself above the surface. The distance from the head to the foot of the canyon is five-eighths of a mile, with a basin about midway in it of 150 yards in diameter. It is circular in form, with steep sides about 100 feet high. The lower part of the canyon is much rougher to run through than the upper.

"The White Horse Rapids proper are only about three-eighths of a mile long, and are the most dangerous rapids of the whole river.

At the foot of the channel it is only thirty yards wide, and here there is a sudden drop and the water rushes through at a tremendous rate, leaping and seathing like a cataract. The miners have constructed a portage road on the west side and put down rollways in some places on which to shove their boats over, and they have also made some windlasses to haul their boats up hill, at the foot of the canyon.

"The next great obstruction in the river is the Five Finger Rapids. These are made by several islands standing in the channel and backing up the water so as to raise it about a foot, causing a swell below. For two miles the rapids are very swift, but nowadays steamers 'buck' these rapids and with the help of a cable they do fairly well."

All of the above is quoted from Prof. Ogilvie's Report of his Surveys in 1887-'88. In the same year Dr. G. M. Dawson made a journey from the Stikine River, in British Columbia, to the Yukon, following the Liard, Frances, and Finlayson rivers.

In the early winter of 1893, Warburton Pike crossed from the Liard River to the Pelly Lakes by way of Frances Lake and Ptarmigan Creek. When the spring opened

he descended the Pelly and Yukon rivers all the way to Behring Sea. Warburton Pike started in on his long journey from Lac La Hache—"the lake of the axe." This lake is about a hundred and twenty miles from Ashcroft on the C. P. R. R. He was alone and his pack contained fifty pounds of flour, a slab of bacon, some matches, candles, salt, cartridges, clothes, shoes, etc., and this with his axe and rifle enabled him to spend a whole year in making this remarkable trip of over two thousand miles.

The year 1897-'98 saw a wonderful hegira of excited men and some women all rushing pell-mell to the Klondike gold fields. Of the thousands upon thousands of people who made the trip or attempted to make it, thousands died. A host of men undertook to reach the fabled country by way of the Mackenzie River Valley. We quote now from Prof. Joseph Keele:

"Of the latter, was a party starting from Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River in the month of November, 1897. Hauling their outfits on sleds under the guidance of one Indian, they followed an Indian trail to the Gravel River and went up the Twitya River to the divide. They then followed one of the

branches of the Hess River, reaching boating water on this stream in April, 1898, and descended the Hess and Stewart rivers to the Yukon, thus taking six months in all on the trip."

The dreadful hardships of such a journey can be imagined by any one who will think for a few minutes of the extremities they must have been put to in getting enough food to satisfy their wants on a trip lasting half a year and most of it in the winter months, when the thermometer frequently goes to 60 degrees below zero.

Then think of the swarms of men that perished from overwork and exposure in climbing the Chilkoot and Chilkat passes. Men who perhaps had never done any real hard work in their lives were suddenly called upon to bear the burden of a pack weighing from sixty to eighty pounds or more, a distance of eighteen miles from Skagway (the coast) to Chilkoot Summit, and then twenty-two miles to Lake Lindeman. This they had to do before they could float their supplies and themselves, by boat or canoe, down the stream, and through the dreaded White Horse Rapids. When once in the broad Yukon it was easy going to the Klondike. Is it not a won-

der that any of these men ever pulled through?

Think of the fatal snow-slide on Chilkoot Mountain when the men who were crowding up to the top—in spite of the warnings given them that the snow was not safe—were in the twinkling of an eye carried down by an avalanche, and sixty-nine men speedily found a grave amid the sliding, rushing, deadly snow.

Think also of the men who lost all, who pawned their spare clothes to buy food, who searched for gold and found it not, who couldn't get work because they had no trade and were physically unfit for the hard work of digging gold in the mines.

Many blew out their brains, more died of starvation, others went insane. For every eighteen men who succeeded, eighty-two other men either fell by the wayside, or returned home in a crippled condition, financially as well as physically.

It is true that since then an enormous output of gold has been yearly shipped away—as much as $25,000,000 in one year, but this huge sum has been made mostly by wealthy companies operating the mines under skillful management and with up-to-date machinery. The Rothschilds and the Guggenheims, and others

of their class, have been the men to gather in the rich deposits of gold. The poor man only occasionally made a hit. The rich companies took few risks; they knew what they were about; they had the money, the machinery and the men to get the most of the mineral wealth out with the least possible cost.

In a little less than two years the city of Dawson became one of the most talked-of cities of the world. In this young city there were "revels by day and revels by night." There was gambling that in its fury of excitement eclipsed Monte Carlo itself. The dance halls were dens of vice that in point of extravagance, brutality, and indecency, the Bowery in New York in the palmiest days could never equal. The city was overrun by the painted women who usually follow the vicissitudes of gold-mining rushes.

Thus it was that Dawson became famous. Thus it was that the people of the outside world came to know that there is a wonderful Yukon River two thousand miles long that flows north, then northwest, and finally south, and empties into Behring Sea. They learned that it drains a great country rich in minerals of nearly every kind—a territory studded with high snow-capped mountains and icy glaciers,

with wide rivers whose beds are paved with stones of volcanic origin; that the volcanic pumice-sands stretch in certain districts for hundreds of miles. They learned that it is a country abounding in big game; that the streams are alive with fish (particularly the grayling) ; that there are birds of many kinds, some of them excellent game birds; that the soil is rich, and consequently there is a rich vegetation in several districts. They learned that this country is called "The Yukon Territory," and that it *is not* in Alaska, but belongs to Canada and not to the United States. It may be truly said that, as far as the outside world knows, this territory was only discovered in 1898—or fifteen years ago.

On the steamer from Vancouver to Skagway, in the long interior waterway of one thousand miles, were many passengers who had recently arrived from Europe. Two of them were men famous in the development of the Yukon Territory. Their stories of the "early days" as narrated by them from day to day were full of unique experiences, and we sat night after night spell-bound listening to them.

No one can keep from admiring the pluck, persistence, and heroism of the "Argonauts

of the Upper Yukon." Those whom Fortune —the fickle goddess—smiled upon, were well remembered by these men, while those whom she frowned upon were soon forgotten.

The world always loves and extols a winner, but has no time for a loser. Excuses do not help—it matters not how good they are. The world is rushing on, and cannot stop to listen to apologizers.

Since the experiences of 1849 in California, nothing has approached the almost fabled history of the Yukon, and the more it is considered, the more wonderful it becomes. In the years to come the legends of the sufferings and privations of the first comers, their successes and failures, will be featured in poetry, in fiction, and in history, and the time is even now ripe for such a literary awakening.

CHAPTER XXI

THREE NOTABLE MEN

"He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so."

IN 1887, ten years before the beginning of the Klondike gold rush in the Yukon, the Canadian Government appointed Dr. George M. Dawson as head of an exploiting and surveying expedition called the Yukon Expedition.

Dr. Dawson was assisted by R. G. McConnell and J. McEvoy, of the Geological Survey, while W. Ogilvie "was entrusted with the conduct of instrumental measurement and the astronomical work in connection with the determination of the position of the 141st meridian."

This expedition was undertaken for the purpose of gaining information of the vast and hitherto almost unknown tract of country which forms the extreme northwesterly portion of the Northwest Territory. This tract is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean,

on the south by British Columbia, on the west by the eastern line of Alaska, and on the east by the Rocky Mountains and the 136th meridian. It has a total area of 192,000 square miles, of which 150,768 square miles are included in the watershed of the Yukon River, a distance nearly equal to the whole of France or three times that of the New England states.

It will be realized by all that for such a stupendous task the men selected must have had great physical strength, endurance, pluck, perseverance, good judgment, and the best scientific knowledge.

As I have already made mention of Dr. Dawson, I now want to write a few lines about Mr. Ogilvie and his work.

William Ogilvie

In an article in the *Canadian Courier,* Henry J. Woodside fittingly calls William Ogilvie "the Great Pathfinder." He says:

"This great man was first discovered by Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier of Canada for many years, who sent him on various important missions affecting Provincial and Dominion boundary lines, and this in time led up

to the Yukon Expedition named above. It was he who completed the determination of the 141st meridian which established the boundary between Alaska and Canada and which was accepted by the United States for twenty years.

"By reason of the extensive territory he had to cover, and the total lack of transportation facilities, he was compelled to abandon most of the proper but weighty instruments for astronomical observation, but his tactful adaptation of local aids was so well utilized that two clever astronomers, F. A. McDiamid and W. C. Jaques, who made observations in 1907, twenty years afterwards, showed that this line was only a few hundred feet out. Ogilvie was compelled to do some of his fine work with his small instrument clamped on a tree stump, clinging to a slope, which persisted in shifting slightly with varying temperatures. Many of the observations were taken at night in a temperature of 20 to 55 degrees below zero, when after hours of tense and motionless work, alternately watching stars chase each other across the hair wires of his telescope, and the flying second hands of his chronometer, his own hands were usually paralyzed with cold. He had only one chronometer and

there were five ticks to each second, and each tick meant a difference of about a thousand feet. With his crude appliances and the remoteness from telegraphic connection twenty-five years ago, we cannot but wonder at the accuracy of his observations and deductions.

"After completing his work on the 17th of March, 1888, he left by snowshoe, and later by canoe, on a great trip of over 2,500 miles down the Yukon, across the divide to the Mackenzie River basin, up the Mackenzie to Edmonton, Saskatchewan, and later to Winnipeg and Ottawa. The most of this journey in the great primeval land was through a section *unexplored* and *uninhabited.*

"Once more he was sent to the Yukon in 1895 to prolong his international line. He remained there until 1897. Then the gold on Bonanza Creek was discovered, and thousands—some say forty thousand—poured into this section as rapidly as the natural difficulties of the trip would permit.

"The Northwest Mounted Police at that time were seventy miles away and few in number. Ogilvie had gone up to the Dawson townsite (now the capital of the territory) to lay it out. Numerous quarrels over claims broke out among the miners, bloodshed was in

Kibbee's Indian Huntress in Her Cabin

sight, chaos reigned, and claim-jumping was much in fashion. A petition signed by one hundred and thirty men was sent to Ogilvie asking him to survey the Bonanza Creek. This he did in mid-winter when the thermometer was practically useless, the temperature being so low.

"For this valuable and risky work he made no charge either directly or indirectly. He was warned that he might be shot if he interfered with the claim jumpers, but he was a fearless man and went on with his work as if it was an every-day pastime.

"The quarreling men became convinced of his honesty and efficiency and his decisions were accepted without demur. There were no homicides, although in one case he surveyed a temporary host off his jumped claim.

"He could have made a fortune if he had so desired, as he had a host of chances to get the very cream of the golden field, but he would neither profit himself by the expert knowledge that he obtained through his work, nor give his friends a single tip which might have made them rich.

"What wonder when a Governor—or chief-commissioner, as the executive was titled—was needed in the turbulent times of 1898, that

this brave and honest man was selected to fill this high position?

"Please imagine, if you can, what a bubbling, boiling cauldron of chaotic conditions would and did face him when he took possession of the governor's seat. He held the exalted position for three years and never did a Canadian administration have a more perplexing, strenuous, and trying position than fell to the lot of William Ogilvie. It goes without saying that under his sway chaos gave way to order, fear to a sense of security, law and order were enforced, and honesty of administration in all the departments of the government was insisted upon. During his time of office Dawson, the village, grew to be a famous city. The chaff was separated from the wheat; the evil ones, both male and female, who always follow in the train of a gold-mining rush, were either kept under close surveillance or driven out of the territory altogether.

"All of this work needed and demanded the powerful help of the famous Northwest Mounted Police, numbering at that time in the Yukon one hundred men.

"It must be remembered that in the wake of the 25,000 or more gold hunters in and around Dawson—men who came from all over the

world—there was a small army of gamblers, dancers, prostitutes, blacklegs, and crooks of all types and kinds, chafing at the enactions made necessary to guarantee law and order.

"Yet under Ogilvie's administration a man's life was as safe and a woman's person was as secure day or night as in any city of the continent.

"Ogilvie resigned in 1901. About a year ago, while at La Pass near the mouth of the Saskatchewan, he suffered from what he believed to be ptomaine poisoning. He returned to Ottawa and there submitted to an operation. He resumed his work, but in the Winnipeg River district he was again taken ill and was removed to Winnipeg. It was too late, however. He died on the 12th of November, 1912."

A grand range of mountains in the Yukon is named after him, and many trails also, which will keep his name and memory fresh for ages to come.

This distinguished man left no estate of moment. His faithful wife is still living. I feel sure that the Canadian Government, when this condition is explained, will see that a modest pension is bestowed upon Mrs. Ogilvie,

and that a suitable monument is erected in Ottawa to perpetuate his memory.

Frank Kibbee

In my hunting excursion to northern British Columbia in 1909, our head guide was a man named Frank Kibbee. He was born in Montana forty-seven years ago. He early took to trapping—his father was a trapper before him—and he soon learned to shoot well and to ride a horse fearlessly.

Leaving his home he drifted to Bear Lake, upper British Columbia, where he started trapping. As Bear Lake is but twenty-two miles across the mountains from Barkerville—the largest gold-mining field in the Province—his yearly catch of fur always brought him good prices. Besides this he usually has one or more hunting parties each season to look after, so that he is prospering fairly well.

Since I last saw him he had made up his mind that he must get a wife and, as women are very scarce in that section, it was hard to find one. Hearing that advertising when "properly" handled always brings results, he thought he would try it. Kibbee is a man with a good bit of humor, and he has an odd way of saying things. He drafted his "ad" in his

own style and sent it out to the nearest local paper in Ashcroft—a town on the C. P. R. R. —over three hundred miles from Bear Lake. The "ad" was so earnestly and oddly written that it attracted the attention of some of the big magazines, who voluntarily published it for the sake of its humor. In response to the "ad" he is said to have received in all sixty-five answers, out of which he picked two that he "was willin' to pay the freight on," to use his own words, and in the course of time one of these two was finally accepted. She is an English woman, and came a distance of several thousand miles to meet him.

According to the testimony of all those in Barkerville who have seen her, she is a complete success as a wife, and she is very much in love with her husband, as he is with her.

Kibbee, to my mind, and from my personal knowledge of him, is a wonder of strength, endurance, agility, and nerve, as most of the men who "make good" in these far northern sections are.

The following letter written to me by Mr. F. J. Tregillus, an English mining engineer, under date of December 26, 1912, will give a better illustration of what privations and

hardships the men of the northwest can endure than anything I can write:

"There is a wagon road now to within seven miles of Bear Lake which will be completed to that point next season. I took my wife and youngsters there last September and spent three very pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Kibbee. She is a countrywoman of yours (and mine) and although she was scarcely ever outside of a city, she is very much at home at Bear Lake and makes an admirable wife. Another tribute to 'the power of the Press.'

"Kibbee was very anxious for us to stay a few days longer, as he had a bear trap set about a quarter of a mile from the house, down by the river, and he wanted the women and 'kids' to see a grizzly tied up alive. I was to photograph all hands—and the bear—whilst Kibbee covered the 'works' with his rifle.

"About a week after we left the trap turned up missing. Kibbee did not discover this for three days, but as soon as he found it out, he started on the trail. The bear had been hung up several times by the log or 'toggle' attached to the trap, but had chewed himself loose each time, so when Kibbee came up with him he

was a mad bear all through, and had only a short piece of 'toggle' left.

" 'Twas on a steep side-hill about a mile back of his house,—the bear above and close to the trapper. Kibbee opened fire and mortally wounded him, but didn't stop him. They had an awful fight, bare hands against claws and teeth; finally the bear walked away and died, but not before Kibbee had taken another shot (an aimless one) at him.

"Considering the mauling he'd had, that last shot was a rare exhibition of grit. During the scuffle, Kibbee's efforts were mainly directed toward keeping the bear (who had him down in the first round) from chewing his throat, so his hands were covered with tooth marks that entirely went through in a number of places; both his arms, especially the left, were badly mutilated, but his head got the worst punishment. The right half of his face, including the teeth, was torn away and the scalp was fearfully lacerated.

"Kibbee walked home and at once a man was sent from a surveying party camped on the beach for the doctor, twenty-two miles away, who immediately set out on receipt of the news. When the doctor arrived—at 4.30 A. M.—Kibbee could not articulate on account

of his cheek being open. As soon as this was stitched up, he commenced telling the doctor how it all happened and described the fight 'by rounds' in such an original manner that he kept the doctor laughing all the time he was working on him, and that was the best part of a day. The doctor had grave doubts as to his recovery during the first week, as he had a bad clout in the ribs, probably from the bear trap, which caused much pain, besides the passing and bringing up of considerable blood —also from the fear of blood poisoning. However, five weeks later he was in here to get some pieces of bone taken out of his jaw. He had already been up to Sandy Lake with a load of grub, etc., but couldn't rest for the pain in his face. He wasn't fit to travel, but having made nothing all summer and gone into debt a bit, he was very keen to make a big catch of furs.

"On account of his condition he got a partner to trap with him for the winter, and a woman from here to stay with his wife at Bear Lake, as he would be most of the time away.

"They got their last load to Sandy Lake on the seventeenth of November, and started to work next day. On the twenty-second Kibbee was returning from a short five-mile trapping

Kibbee and the Bear

line, and was crossing a beaver pond, about a mile from camp. The pond was frozen, but the water had receded and Kibbee went through. His revolver, which was tied to his belt *without* a holster, was discharged into his leg. The string must have got over the trigger—'tis a self-cocker.

"When his partner got home that night from a long trapping line to Little Lake, he found Kibbee in his bunk (he had crawled home) with a badly swollen and discolored knee and in great pain. Medical aid being out of the question, they decided to operate at once with a jack-knife, Kibbee making the first part of the incision over the spot where he thought the bullet lay. Then his partner dug down, located the lead, loosened it, and hooked it out with a piece of rusty wire. 'Twas a .38 special Smith & Wesson bullet. One side of the missile was shorn flat from having slid along the bone. His partner then left him for two days, bringing back three other trappers to move Kibbee to Bear Lake. It took the four of them five days to make the trip—partly on a stretcher, partly on a sleigh, and down Bear Lake by canoe. You can imagine what Kibbee suffered, as they had to camp out three nights, and to make things

worse they broke through the ice several times.

"The doctor went out from here as soon as we heard about it. He thinks Kibbee will get the use of his leg again, but it may not be for several months. We intend moving him into Barkerville in a day or so, as we think his health and spirits will recover more quickly with more cheerful surroundings."

Following this letter came one from Mrs. Kibbee describing in detail her husband's sufferings and his cheerfulness, and another one still later from a miner stating that the man who was so nearly torn to pieces was mending nicely and would soon be at work again. The nerve, endurance, and patience of such men as Kibbee make us exclaim, "Heavens, what a man is there!"

Bishop Bompas

For many years past I had read much about a famous Episcopal Bishop who ministered to the people of the Northwest Territory, and whose domain of influence, exercised over both white men and red men, extended from the Arctic Circle to the basin of the great Mackenzie River and of the Yukon as well.

Our Chief was very proud of the fact that he not only had been well acquainted with this great man, but on several occasions when he was on the mounted police force had been "honored" by the Bishop's enlisting his aid in rescuing destitute families, in keeping surveillance over unruly districts, and in keeping "tab" upon certain people whom he was using his best endeavors to lead to a better life.

There were many anecdotes about him and his almost superhuman work, for his flock was scattered over a country a million square miles in extent. "He came from England as a young Cockney curate in 1865, and as the wild geese were flying southward he was passing to the north to enter upon a work which was finished only by his death in 1906—forty years of earnest, strenuous, efficient, kindly, and unselfish work."

Perhaps you yourself may have heard of him; his name was Bishop Bompas. Let us listen to Agnes Dean Cameron's tribute to this grand man.

In her brave journey from the Athabasca River down to the delta of the Mackenzie River, she came in frequent touch with a large portion of the people he ministered to, and

she was able to gather incidents in his life work at first hand:

"We are told that Bishop Bompas's father was Dickens's prototype for Sergeant Buzfuz. A new vista would open up to the counsel for Mrs. Burdell could he turn from his chops and tomato sauce to follow the forty years' wandering in the wilderness of this splendid man of God, who succeeded, if ever man succeeds, in following Paul's advice of keeping his body under. Bishop Bompas was one of the greatest linguists the mother country ever produced. Steeped in Hebrew and the classics when he entered the northland, he immediately set himself to studying the various native languages, becoming thoroughly master of the Slavi, Beaver, Dog-Rib, and Tukudk dialects.

"When Mrs. Bompas sent him a Syriac testament and lexicon, he threw himself with characteristic energy into the study of that tongue. There is something in the picture of this devoted man writing Gospels in Slavi, Primers in Dog-Rib, and a Prayer Book in Chipewyan, which brings to mind the figure of Caxton bending his silvered head over the blocks of the first printing press in the old almonry so many years before. What were

the 'libraries' in which this Arctic Apostle did his work? The floor of a scow on the Peace River; a hole in the snow; a fetid corner of an Eskimo hut. His bishop's palace when he was not afloat consisted of a bare room twelve feet by eight, in which he studied, cooked, slept, and taught the Indians.

"They tell you stories up here of seeing the good Bishop come back from a distant journey to some isolated tribe followed at heel by a dozen little Indian babies, his disciples for the days to come.

"There is one tale of this man which only those can appreciate who travel his trail. An Indian lad confides to us:

" 'Yes, my name is William Carpenter—Bishop Bompas gave me my name; he was a good man. He wouldn't hurt anybody. He never hit a dog—he wouldn't kill a mosquito; he had not much hair on his head, and when it was Meetsu, when the Bishop eat his fish, he shoo the mosquito away and he say: "Room for you, my little friend, and room for me, but this is not your place. Go!" '

"Entering the little church at Fort Simpson, we see the neat font sent here by Mrs. Bompas, 'In dear memory of Lucy May Owindia, baptised in this church January, 1879.' Owin-

dia was one of the many red waifs that the good Bishop and Mrs. Bompas took to their big hearts. Her story is a sad one. Along the beach at Simpson, Friday, an Indian, in a burst of ungovernable temper murdered his wife and fled, leaving their one baby to perish. It was not until the next day that the little one was found, unconscious and dying. The Bishop and Mrs. Bompas took the child into their loving care. To the name Owindia, which means 'The Weeping One,' was added the modern Lucy May, and the little girlie twined herself around the hearts of her protectors. When the time seemed ripe, Owindia was taken back to England to school, but the wee, red plant would not flourish in that soil—she sickened and died. Hence the memorial and inscription we read this July day.

"Much history of militant energy—much of endurance and countless chapters of benevolence did the good Bishop write into the history before, on the Yukon side in 1906, God's finger touched him, and he slept."

This good man was doctor and surgeon as well as bishop. Old David Villeneure, of Fort Providence, told us of the time that a fish-stage fell on him, and seriously crushed his leg:

"I didn't pay no notice to my leg until it began to go bad, den I take it to de English Church to Bishop Bompas. He tole me de leg must come off and ax me to get a letter from de priest (I'm Cat-o-lic, me) telling it was all right to cut him. I get de letter and bring my leg to Bompas. He cut 'im off wid meat-saw. No, I tak not'in', me. I chew tobacco and tak' one big drink of Pain-killer. Yes, it hurt w'en he strike de marrow."

"Heavens, didn't you faint with the awful pain?"

"What—faint—me? No. I say, get me my fire bag—I want to have a smoke."

It will be seen by the above narrative that the Bishop was careful not to antagonize the missionaries of the Roman Catholic church, as he always worked in harmony with them as they did with him.

Around White Horse the store-keepers and other business men have a fund of stories to tell about him. When his race was about run some one in England left him a legacy of 170,000 pounds—nearly a million dollars. I am told that he expended the most of it in bettering the condition of the Indians. After his death, when his will was opened, he had left instructions that he was to be buried in

the Indian grave-yard and under no account should his body be sent to England.

In the forty years of his ministrations this great man made more trips to and from the Arctic Circle than any other man that has ever lived. He had the Indian's instinct for travel —for finding his own way all alone in safety to any point or section of country that he wanted to reach. It goes without saying that he often suffered from want of provisions and prolonged hunger, that his resting place at night was frequently in a snowdrift. It is said that several times he had to eat the tops of his leather boots to keep from starving. Yet there was no complaining; he was cheerful at all times, with a kind word and a happy smile for the white man, the Indian, or the Esquimaux.

No wonder then that his name is now held in high honor and reverence on the watersheds of the Mackenzie, the Peace, the Pelly, the Macmillan, the Liard, the Red, the Porcupine, and the Yukon rivers. Had he been of the Roman Catholic faith it is altogether likely that in time he would have been canonized and known as the "Martyr of the Northwest Territory."

CHAPTER XXII

THREE NOTABLE WOMEN

"This is the law of the Yukon
That only the strong shall thrive,
That surely the weak shall perish
And only the fit survive."

IT was intensely interesting to listen to the life histories of the men of the Yukon, to stories of their ups and downs, and of their fierce struggles to succeed against the unexpected obstructions that are so often met with in this far-off Canadian territory. I emphasize the "Canadian territory" because the majority of the people of the United States think the Yukon Territory is a part of Alaska. It is in reality a great wilderness in northwest Canada through which flows the mighty Yukon River. Roughly speaking, the upper half of the river flows through Yukon and the lower half Alaska. The boundary line is quite close to the mouth of the White River, which flows into the Yukon several hundred miles below Dawson.

With the coming in of November each year,

a stranger will find double windows on what few houses there are in White Horse. Then the days are short and the nights are long and the cold may be severe. Before November there is a genuine hegira of men and women rushing out to escape being "frozen in"—and this is so particularly from Dawson. The route is by steamer to White Horse, where they get rail transportation to Skagway, and from that port the crowd will take the first steamer either to Vancouver in Canada, or to Seattle in Washington. When the river is tightly frozen over, the men who are left in the interior have practically but two occupations before them—mining and trapping. It's "Hobson's choice" with them. Either occupation means exposure to an extremely low temperature, with high winds, at times deep snows, and frozen ground. In either of these two occupations the severe climate soon weeds out the feeble ones. The Yukon is no place for the weakling. The man with timid heart or flabby muscles had better stay at home. To survive they must be

"The men with the hearts of vikings, and the simple faith of a child,
Desperate, strong, and resistless, unthrottled by fear or defeat."

So it has come to pass that those men who are left are either giants in stature and physical strength, or lightly built men with nerve and grit, and muscles tough enough to cope with all sorts of hard work.

While this is true of the men, it is equally true of the few women that are to be found in this territory. It is said that of every one hundred white men in the Yukon but ten are married, and of that ten but two are married to white women. The story I am about to narrate will feature two white women and one Indian woman, each one in her own sphere being a heroine of the far northwest. All of them are so highly spoken of, and thought of, by the men who are fortunate enough to be acquainted with them, that they are almost worshiped. Let any man, white or red, say ought against any one of the three, and he will be so roughly handled by his fellows that he'll never make such a gross blunder again.

The White Housewife

A portion of our long journey covered a distance of one hundred and fifty miles over a good trail, which reached from White Horse to the head of a large lake about forty miles long. We arrived there late at night at a lit-

tle hamlet lying close to the sandy margin of this lake. We were conducted into the cabin of our head guide, whom we called the Chief. The floor was covered with bear, caribou, moose, fox, and wolverine skins, and on these we laid our sleeping bags and soon were in the land of Nod.

In the morning the writer was awakened by the sweet and melodious voice of a woman who was talking to Gene, our cook. Hastily dressing, I looked into the kitchen and saw the "lady fair" just leaving for her own domicile, which was across the trail from ours. She had brought a basket of fresh vegetables out of her own garden for our delectation and nourishment. There were radishes, lettuce, carrots, turnips, etc. We heartily enjoyed them. Our cook told us her name, and also some of her life history.

He said she certainly would not take any pay for what she had brought us, because that was only one of the many ways that she had with which she rejoiced the hearts of all who met her. However, I called upon her, and happily having some little household necessaries with me which could be spared from our outfit, I prevailed upon her to take them, and then she asked me to sit down and tell her

the news of the outside world. What I had to narrate was made as brief as possible, so that I might learn from her own lips the story of her experience in this far-off region. She was the only white woman to be found within a radius of forty-five miles.

Formerly this settlement had been the scene of a gold-mine rush, and there are many empty cabins still standing to attest to that exciting time. At the present writing there are but four of the cabins inhabited. This lady is the mother of two children, a boy of ten and a girl of six. Her cabin is large and roomy, and, like the other cabins in this country, contains but one room. It was, however, well filled with suitable furniture and furnishings. The big stove was sunken down through the floor so that the bottom of the stove would be on a line with the floor, to keep the heat as close to the ground as possible. An iron railing around the stove protected the children and "grown-ups" from stumbling against it. In a corner of the cabin was a well-filled library, and this with two beds set end to end took up most of one side of the cabin. A place for cooking, another for a dining-table, another for cooking utensils, a corner for washing clothes and dishes, with a reservation

for the entertainment of visitors, completed the equipment of the house.

The woman's husband goes by the title of "Doctor," although he doesn't hang out a sign, nor does he pretend to be a practitioner. Yet he always has a generous stock of medicines on hand in case of need. He is a game-warden and is known also as a prospector. At any rate, the neighbors say that he is very often months and months away from home. In the meantime, the wife looks after the children and her household duties, besides acting as the manager of a road house at which an occasional traveler may sometimes ask for food and shelter. She does the cooking, the washing, and the sweeping up of that establishment, and with all of this care and work upon her hands, she is light-hearted and apparently contented. Moreover, if any one should be taken suddenly sick, she would be importuned to visit personally one of her own sex, or to prescribe to the best of her judgment from her husband's medicine case for one of the opposite sex. Asked when she had last visited her mother's home in Minnesota, she replied, "Not for many years, but I am going home when my husband returns." Sure enough, when we were on our way "out,"

we saw the tracks of her husband's horse and wagon on the trail going back to bring her. No doubt she is now with her mother in the lovely city of Minneapolis.

One would think that this earnest woman would be lonely and that she would bemoan the fate of being shut up in a region where she was the only white woman within more than a day's journey in any one direction. She seemed to me to be particularly pleased at being able to do good to others. She had a kind and courteous word for all—for white men or red men, for white women or squaws. She gave advice graciously and helped wherever she could. Travelers, trappers, and prospectors, one and all, sing her praises. "Is she not a heavenly saint? No—but she is an earthly paragon." She is truly one who hath a "cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

The Indian Woman.

At the foot of this lake—a distance by shore of forty-three miles, but much less by boat—lives Thomas A. Dickson, the man who acted as our head guide. He is a white man and was born in Ontario, Canada. He has a fair edu-

cation and was for eight years a member of the Northwest Mounted Police—that most famous of all mounted police forces in the world. It goes without saying that the man who "makes good" in this crack corps for that number of years *must* be rugged and strong and *brainy* as well. He is now in his prime, being forty-six years of age. He married an Indian woman who is without question the handsomest woman of her race that I have yet seen. She is an adept with the rifle, is skilled in trapping, in tanning hides, and in killing big game for use on her own table. Her husband is immensely proud of her, as he may well be. There were few days—if any—that we hunted together, that he did not speak in high praise of her many good qualities. Being invited to take dinner at his cabin, we accepted with alacrity. Having listened to so many encomiums of his wife, we naturally were curious to see her. Their cabin was built on the same lines as the cabin we have previously described belonging to the white lady at the head of the lake. There was this difference, however. The Indian woman had no library and no store of medicines. She is a very robust woman with a fine figure, is sturdy and strong, and has a most pleasing

face. Five children call her mother; the eldest one, a girl, was then at an Episcopal college two hundred and thirty miles away from her home. The other four we found to be very quiet and respectful in their manners. She spoke to them in the English tongue in a low and musical voice, and her orders were promptly obeyed. The dinner was prepared by her without any undue hurry or excitement, and the meal set before us was nicely cooked and deftly served. The dinner being finished, I talked some with her about her hunting exploits, and about the dressing and curing of hides, all of which work falls to her lot. We were shown some caribou hides that she had dressed and tanned herself. The skins were beautifully tanned, but they were full of round holes, and this made them look anything but attractive. She explained that the holes were caused by the caribou fly. This fly appears about the first of November. It bites and then burrows into the caribou's skin around the neck, and down the back. After biting and cutting a tiny hole, the fly deposits an egg in it, which in due time hatches out and the young fly proceeds to feed upon its most unfortunate foster mother—the poor caribou—until it is a full fledged fly,

when it takes its departure for parts unknown.

We were informed that caribou which were killed before the month of November would be free from fly bites, and therefore the tanned hides would be more attractive.

I was the recipient at the hands of this fair woman of a beautiful pair of caribou-hide mittens, resplendent with beads and highly colored embroidery; also of a large bow with several arrows, the points of the arrows being made of pure native copper.

The husband having stepped out of the cabin for a few minutes I took the opportunity to compliment her upon her cooking; also upon the respectful and courteous behaviour of her children, and their very healthy and robust appearance. As in case of illness the nearest doctor would be nearly two hundred miles away, and to send out a messenger and bring the doctor back with him would take about eighteen days if the going was good, I asked the woman what she did when the children got sick.

"They never get sick," she answered.

"What, were they never sick?"

"No, they have never been sick."

"What about you yourself?"

"I have never been sick in my life."

"But what do you do when the babies come?"

"I bring them myself."

"Had you no woman to come in and help you?"

"No, I bring them myself,—all alone."

The husband corroborated this statement, and he also said that he was away trapping when the last two children had been born, some three weeks having expired before he arrived home to welcome the last baby. At that time the cold was intense, the thermometer registering nearly sixty degrees below zero when the child came into the world, so that his wife was *compelled* to keep the fire going in the stove so that the other children as well as the new-born one and herself would be saved from freezing.

The calm confidence that this woman possessed as to the future health of herself and her children was surely inspiring.

Most of the men in this territory give unstinted praise to the Indian women for their extreme care of and their great affection for their children. The Chief often entertained me by accounts of his wife's great love for their offspring. He would also interest me by stories of his wife's skill in shooting the moun-

tain sheep, the caribou, or the moose, and of her ability to trap fish and to shoot wild geese. When the snow was deep and he couldn't cover all of his trapping lines within a reasonable time, she would take her husky dogs and the sled, and cover one of his trapping lines nearest the cabin, say a distance of nine miles out and nine miles back, thus making eighteen miles in all. She would then take out of the traps whatever animals might be caught in them, re-set and bait the traps, bring the captured carcases home on the sled, and promptly skin and cure their hides.

Our other guide, who is a well-read white man, a native of Montana, also married an Indian woman, but we did not see her. On being asked *why* he had married a squaw, he said: "For many reasons the Indian woman is better than the white woman." Some of the reasons he gave were quite startling. Now listen, you marriageable girls, and hear what this man has to say in favor of the Indian wife.

"My wife doesn't wear corsets, and therefore her body isn't crushed and bent out of its natural shape. Neither does she wear high-heeled and small-toed shoes. The coming and going of fashions do not interest her,

neither does she run to the stores to see the latest styles in hats. She is *always* well, and so are our children, and thus we have no need of a doctor. Her three children she brought into the world by herself. My wife doesn't want to go out to play five hundred, bridge-whist, or euchre, neither does she gossip her time away with other women. She attends to her housework, and takes great care in the training of her children. This, together with the out-of-doors work that she has to do, takes up all of her time. Last of all, the Indian woman can be trusted better than the white woman."

We have already remarked upon the fact of there being so few married men in this country. This condition of things is due to there being so few marriageable young women in the territory. It takes a long time and a lot of money to go out to the States or to British Columbia to hunt up a wife, and so the men doggedly jog on, week after week and month after month, until the time comes when they *must* go out to White Horse to bring in supplies for the winter. There they will see more or less of the fair sex, but according to what several of the men have told me, there are but few marriageable young

women in the town, which at best contains but about five hundred souls during the summer months and three hundred in winter. This marriageless condition of the majority of the men in the territory is producing the inevitable result of driving a number of them into a morbid condition, which after gradually becoming more and more pronounced sometimes ends in insanity. Four men were taken out to an asylum for the insane from this cause the very week that we went in.

Now to return to our Indian heroine. She wore "no beauteous scarfs" or other fashionable finery, but she was neatly and plainly dressed in a becoming black gown. Her feet were incased in well-fitting leather shoes with common sense heels. Her hair was nicely and naturally done up, and it was clear of "rats" as far as we could judge. Moreover, her house was clean and showed the earmarks of an energetic housewife.

Now, good reader, do you not think I do right in giving this good woman a strong mead of praise, even if she is the daughter of Indian parents? Don't you now realize why her husband is so proud of her as to have her in mind every spare minute during his enforced absence from her? This red woman,

like "Laughing Water" in Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha," has to endure

> "The long and dreary winter,
> The cold and cruel winter;
> Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
> Froze the ice on lake and river;
> Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
> Fell the snow on all the landscape."

Yet she is ever busy, ever cheerful, with her hands and mind both at work to help her children and her husband. Well may the men of Kluana Lake sing her praises.

The Business Woman.

Some time in the latter part of the year 1897, a man died in the far West, leaving a wife and three young sons. After the funeral, a revelation came to the sorely stricken wife when she found that no money of any moment was left her, but that mortgages aggregating thirteen thousand dollars covered the property that was now hers by reason of her busband's death. The interest was due and she had not enough money to meet it. Besides this, five horses were left as an additional asset to augment her troubles, for there was no work for the horses and they had to be fed.

The bereft widow was a tall, well-built, fine-looking woman who was—and is even now—possessed of a rugged constitution, and best of all she has a stout heart. For several weeks after her husband's death she was in a dazed condition hardly knowing which way to turn. She might well say:

> "My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred,
> And I myself see not the bottom of it."

One day a neighboring woman came to make a visit of condolence to the widow. After a mutual interchange of opinions as to what *might* be done to bring some revenue into the family's coffers, the visitor ventured a suggestion. It was a startling one at first thought, but the more it was considered the better it looked. It was nothing more nor less than this: that the widow, being of an unusually strong and robust build, should make a journey to a far-off place in Alaska called Skagway—a town over a thousand miles from where she lived—and there see if money could not be made by working at something, but what that "something" might be, time alone could tell.

The suggestion, although laughed at when first made, took hold of the widow's imagina-

Mrs. Harriet Pullen

tion so firmly that she raised the money to pay for the long journey, and off she started full of hope and yet equally full of uncertainty.

Arriving at Skagway, which is the doorway to the Upper Yukon, her eyes beheld a sight that will stay within her recollections as long as she lives. Here were thousands of men outfitting at this noted town for a hard and hazardous trip on foot over the Chilkoot Pass, and thence to White Horse where they could take boat or raft down to Dawson, nearly four hundred miles distant, where the great gold-mining craze was then in full swing.

It should be known that Skagway is at the end of the famous interior waterway which stretches from Seattle and Vancouver to this far-famed town. And here came many men. There were old-time prospectors; youths looking for excitement, adventure, and experiences; the poor man hoping against hope that luck might now come to him; the strong man and the weakling; merchants, and men who were willing to act as pack-horses for the good wages that were being paid. All, every one of them, had to pay tribute in some way to the town of Skagway.

There was a trail of eighteen miles before

the hard climb up to, and through, the pass began.

Our heroine, the widow, soon saw where she could win out. She sent for her boys, for the five horses, and for a strong, serviceable four-horse wagon and harness. Her plan was a simple one. She would haul supplies at the rate of two and a half cents *per pound,* to the foot of the mountain eighteen miles away, where the climb over the pass had to start. She had been promised all the freight that she could haul. In due course of time the boys, the wagon, and the five horses arrived. It did not take her long to get loaded up with all that the wagon could hold, and at 4.30 A. M. the next morning she mounted the driver's seat herself, cracked the whip, and off she drove amid the cheers of the populace and of the would-be miners. This program she continued day after day as long as the hegira lasted. In order to make time and save her horses, she was compelled to be up at 3.30 every morning to see that the horses were well fed and curried. Her boys helped her eagerly; but *she* was the driver, she was the contractor, she was the wage-winner for the family. As long as there were supplies to haul, she never failed to take up her load, rain

or shine, through that dreary and weary haul of eighteen miles.

She told me with her own lips that she averaged a clear profit of $25.00 per day while the excitement continued, and this profit enabled her to pay off a large part of the mortgage on her home.

When the summer season waned and a touch of winter came, the rush dwindled away, and the brave-hearted woman had to look out for something else to keep the pot boiling, for both she and her boys had to live.

A restaurant was the next venture, and, while attending to that, a man who had built a new and then modern hotel in Skagway called upon her and asked her to manage it. She told him that she had no money to risk in renting a big hotel, neither did she have the necessary experience to run it. The man insisted that she should go with him and look it over, and he would take care of getting the guests to fill it. The building and its appointments were carefully examined and approved. It turned out that the owner had already canvassed the families who were living in Skagway and who were anxious to live in an up-to-date and modern hotel and had secured enough tenants to fill the house.

Mrs. Harriet Pullen—that's the name of this heroine—at once leased it, and she has been successful in it ever since. With pride she showed me through every room in the hotel, including the kitchen. I hardly need say that everything was as clean and as bright as human hands could make it. Nor need I say that Mrs. Pullen is easily the most famous personage in this section of Alaska—and this applies to the men as well as to the women.

In the meantime her sons were growing up. As they were patterned after their mother as to physique and courage, they also attracted much attention, and in time her fame, the story of her brave work, and of her fine boys reached the ears of President Theodore Roosevelt. He, with his usual forcefulness, lost no time in investigating and confirming the tales that had reached his ears. Then he acted without delay. He sent for the eldest son, and being captivated by the boy's modesty, dignity of manner, and his splendid physique, arranged for his admittance into the West Point Academy. The youth, being a born athlete, soon forged to the front in athletics. He was elected a member of the famous football team and later on became its captain. He was also captain of the baseball

team. More than this, he easily became one of the first scholars in his class, and finally when he graduated he did so with high honors. He is now a Lieutenant in the United States Army. The proud mother showed me a large album filled with clippings from newspapers throughout the country commendatory of his work as a student and as an athlete.

The second son was educated as an engineer and he has also been successful. He is famous too, and an other album contains a great mass of clippings about his masterful work in college.

When Mrs. Pullen had finished the story of her two elder sons, she commenced to talk of her "baby boy." Then her voice trembled and the big, strong, noble-hearted woman broke down completely. By bits I learned that just one month to the day before my interview with her, which was on the eighteenth of October, 1912, this young man, then twenty-two years of age, had been found dead under a wharf. A plank had been removed and he had apparently fallen through. As he was of exemplary habits, the heart-broken mother believes that his fall was not accidental, but that he was sand-bagged and thrown down

through the opening made by the removal of the plank, which was purposely not replaced so as to hide the frightful crime. The mother wept as she told me that now, as her "baby boy" was gone, she felt as if there was nothing more to live for.

She is an accomplished horsewoman and she pleased me very much by insisting upon my acceptance of a photograph showing her mounted upon her famous horse with her equally famous St. Bernard dog by his side.

If any of my readers should ever journey through the ever-changing and beautiful scenery of the wonderful interior waterway that reaches up to and ends at Skagway, ask any employe on board your steamer, let him be the captain or the steward, the chief engineer or one of the firemen, a waiter or a common sailor, if he knows aught of a Mrs. Harriet Pullen, and the man whoever he may be will eagerly tell you of the great things she has done—of her worth—of her charity—of her boys. And long before your boat ties up at the wharf in Skagway Bay, you'll be as anxious as the writer was to see her, and if possible to have the honor of conversing with her.

But now for many a day to come her brave heart will be grieving for her lost boy, for his

"death lies on her like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower of all the field." Yet even for her "I see some sparks of better hope which elder years may happily bring forth."

To her I would say:

"There will come a glory in your eyes,
There will come a place within your heart,
Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,
Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.
You will know that you have played your part!
Yours shall be the love that never dies!
You, with Heaven's peace within your heart.

Gentle reader, think of this brave woman and her trials and her successes, and you may find in her history something that will by the force of example help you to be brave, cheerful, energetic, kind, and considerate of others as she always has been.

CHAPTER XXIII

AN INTERESTING TRIO

"Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear."

EACH human life has its own peculiar history. The great majority of men, however, pass through their earthly journey in such an uneventful way that they may be said, when the end comes, to have drifted along through the shoals and the rapids of life unconcerned and unmindful of the fact that they should have left some tangible record behind them of some work done in the cause of helping humanity or of uplifting themselves.

We had three men with us who deserve more than a passing notice. Each of them was gifted with the ability to do with ease severe and continuous work. With us they were ever obliging, cheerful, and uncomplaining.

Our head wrangler is a man that in handling his outfit of horses, numbering in all fif-

teen, could one minute swear at them as loudly as a Mississippi pilot, and the next be as tender in talking to his charges as a child playing with her doll. Listen for a few minutes to the modest history of the struggles and triumphs of this energetic man.

Louie Jaquotte was born in Alsace-Lorraine, once a province of France, but now by the Treaty of Paris held under the rule of the German Empire. He says that their German conquerors are bitterly hated by the inhabitants of this fertile and thickly populated province. Long before he came of age he was possessed of a strong desire to leave his native heath, and so with many others he resolved to emigrate to the "promised land." He had heard that a big, silver dollar was as easy to get in America as a Kreutzer is in Alsace. His father, when appealed to for advice, told him that he thought he was able to do for himself. As the family was large, and the income small, it was decided that it was best for him to go. When the time came to start, the father gave him his blessing, and bid him God-speed to the land said to be full of gold, where there was plenty of room for the industrious youth to work out his own destiny.

The boy, like thousands of others, started

alone for the great unknown, equipped with hope, ambition, youth, health, strength, and a good appetite—all of these attributes being of service in helping him on to success. Having at home learned the trade of pastry cook, he was not long in getting a position in St. Louis. From there he went to Chicago, next to Winnipeg, working a while in each city. He earned good wages and saved his money. He was frugal in his ways, and his wants were few, so he soon had a tidy balance in bank. He was offered a fine position on a through dining-car of a train-de-luxe running from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, but he would not accept it until he could bring out from Germany a younger brother—Eugene by name—to take his previous place. This youth was also a pastry cook, and ten years younger than Louie.

Eugene arrived at New York in due time. Before leaving his home, a friend had begged of him to look up a relative who had been last heard of in Philadelphia, and so he went to the Quaker City in search of a man whom he had never seen.

It is ever amusing when talking to foreigners in any of the old countries to be asked if you ever met a nephew, cousin, brother, or

The Husky Dog

other relative of theirs in America. You ask what part of America. They say that they're not sure, but they *think* he might be in California, or in New York, or in Philadelphia. They have no idea whatever of the distances in this Western Hemisphere of ours.

So Gene started upon his hunt for his countryman in Philadelphia. We will let him tell his own story in his own words:

"When I arrived in Philadelphia I went to the Post Office, but no record could be found of the man that I was in search of. Then I looked through a directory of the city, but it contained no name at all like his. Now how could a stranger find another stranger and both in a strange land?

"As the man was a weaver, I hunted up the district in that great city where the big manufactories are located. I then called on factory after factory, first finding the man who had the pay-roll under his charge, and then going over the names of the employes with him. I asked each one the same old question—Is my friend working here?—But a long search failed to find any trace of him. Day after day went by, but I still kept up the search from early morning until late at night.

"One morning I overheard a baker in the

street talking to an employe with an accent exactly like that of our natives in Alsace-Lorraine. I asked him if he knew my friend (because the baker was indeed a native of my country, and so if the man was really there, he might know him). He said very quietly, as if my hunt for him amounted to nothing at all: 'Oh, yes, I know him well; but he's working now; I'll show you where he boards, and you can see him when he gets back from work.' When night came I easily found him, and delivered my message. I spent a couple of days with him in going over the news of the home country. In all I lost a full week, but I didn't begrudge the time I lost or the money spent, because of the joy it would give to his people in Alsace.

Then I hastened away to Winnipeg in Manitoba where Louie, my brother, was. We had a joyful meeting, and then we got to work. We both worked hard. We received good wages and saved our money. We were not too anxious to quit when the clock struck, as most of the other men were, and we were always on hand a little before it was our time to go to work. Both of us have cheerful and willing dispositions to labor as hard as we could and we made friends wherever we went.

So time galloped along, and the great Klondike discovery set the northwestern country wild, and we were sort of swept into the whirlwind of a gold-mining excitement. We gave up our jobs and started for the Eldorado.

"We 'mushed' it from Skagway to the foot of the Chilkoot Pass and packed our stuff over the divide. Then we mushed it over mountains and down canyons until we reached White Horse, and oh, what a trip it was to be sure! Then we got a boat to take us down the Yukon River to the Klondike—the scene of the great rush. We got employment at once, and made money right along by doing anything that we could find to do that would pay us good wages. We prospered beyond our expectations. When the excitement began to subside, we bought up a number of horses at bargain prices. We took up some gold mining claims on Canyon Creek near Kluana Lake. These we work in the spring, summer, and winter, and hire ourselves out in the fall to hunting parties—Louie as a wrangler or caretaker of horses, and I as a cook; at the same time we rent our horses out in the fall to do the pack work. So we are prospering finely."

So runs the story of the immigrant. Such

tales are always interesting and instructive as showing how the assimilation of foreign races is accomplished.

The third member of the trio went by the name of Pete, although his real name is Ernest Petrel. When a boy of fourteen he ran away from his home and birthplace in Racine, Ohio. After a wandering experience that lasted a year and a quarter, he returned to his home. Five years rolled by, and at twenty he left his home for good, and now at forty he has passed through much excitement and enjoys a great store of experience.

His first journey was to the Indian Territory, where he became a cowboy and a herder of cattle. He is of such a dark complexion that his comrades affectionately call him "Nigger," and he doesn't feel hurt at the name. He has reached the time of life when he believes that it is "not good for man to be alone." He's searching for a mate. By night and by day he's thinking; first of the white woman and her city ways, her refinement, and many clothes, then of the maiden fair of Indian birth. "She's so good and can cook so well—so affectionate—so good with the rifle, and the bow and arrow—so handy in making fires and in helping with the trapping," he says. He is

indeed beside himself, and if he doesn't make up his mind soon and take unto himself a wife, his loneliness may prey upon him so hard as really to drive him insane.*

"Yet ever in the far forlorn, by trails of lone desire,
Yet ever in the dawn's white leer of hate;
Yet ever by the dripping kill, beside the drowsy fire,
There comes the fierce heart hunger for a mate.
There comes the mad blood clamour for a woman's clinging hand,
Love—humid eyes—the velvet of a breast;
And so I sought the Bonnet Plumes, and chose from out the band
The girl I thought the sweetest and the best."

Now these three men, when they finished their work with us and left us at White Horse, took to the wilds their food supply and other necessaries for the winter and settled down to nine months of hard, slavish work in the gold mine of which each man owns a third interest. Here they work in the frozen ground, thawing it as they dig ever deeper. It's a hard life and a lonely one, but to be a miner means a hard life.

* Since writing the above, Pete came to his home in Ohio to see his parents and to hunt a wife, but the man who had withstood the low temperature of the Yukon, took cold in Ohio. Pneumonia developed and in a few days he was dead. Thus passed away one of the most genial and loveable men that ever came to the Yukon.

CHAPTER XXIV

AN ACCOMPLISHED MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

"Being a woman, I will play my part."

WHEN we reached the foot of the big lake on our way "in," while waiting for the arrival of the pack horses, we were joined by a man named Ed Benson, who had traveled from the mouth of the White River, which empties into the Yukon considerably above Dawson. He is a bright man, a mining prospector, and a good hunter. He is well read, and is an interesting companion.

While on the White River he had met Miss Dora Keen, of Philadelphia, returning from her famous climb of Mount Blackburn in Alaska. She was held up for some six weeks at the mouth of the White River waiting for a boat to come along to take her and her outfit up to Dawson. The boat did not come, but a man did. This man had a whip-saw, and knew not only how to use it, but, when the timber was sawed to the proper thickness, length, and breadth, he was able to put it together in the form of a boat.

On this boat, made in this crude way, Miss Keen and her party were able to make the slow and at times tedious journey to Dawson in safety. Since then I have met Miss Keen on two occasions and have heard her lecture to a large audience. Her lectures are interesting and instructive, and as she has many very good lantern slides, the audience can, through their help, get a vivid understanding of the plucky work she did when making her two expeditions up this hitherto unclimbed mountain.

I have been featuring some women of the Klondike, and think it but right and fitting to say something about this modest-looking, brave, energetic woman of Pennsylvania, who in the years to come will be known as "the conqueror of Mount Blackburn."

Miss Keen had one great advantage in the fact that she had a ripe experience to help her, having scaled some of the noted peaks in Switzerland. She was, therefore, better fitted for her two ascents of Mount Blackburn than possibly any one else in the whole of Alaska.

It is nevertheless remarkable that she, with her seven men, had the rare courage to start alone, determined to win the summit of this

rugged mountain, no matter what hardships she had to endure, nor what amount of money she would have to spend in getting her equipment together. Of the seven men who accompanied her, five lost their courage and left her. two men stood by her until she was within 500 feet of the top, then the sixth man slunk away, leaving only one who was brave enough to go with her to the finish. This man was G. W. Handy, a German, living at Cordova, Alaska.

Her first attempt to scale the mountain was made in the previous year, 1911. She undertook this journey in August, but her outfit being entirely insufficient, she was compelled to beat a retreat, having reached a height of 8700 feet.

The next year, on April 22, 1912, she left civilization at Kennecott, Alaska, the end of the Copper River Railway. This year the dangers and hardships were worse than they had been in the previous year, but she had a better equipment. Above the base of the mountain all of the outfit had to be carried on the men's backs. On the fourteenth day out, three of the men turned back and left her at a height of 8700 feet, and six days later two more men, including the leader, left her.

The chief danger after the last desertion

was from sliding avalanches which compelled the little party to abandon their tents and dig out caves in the snow on the steep slopes for safety. A continuous snow storm raged for thirteen days, which left no means of drying anything, and compelled them to sleep in their wet garments. At last the ascent was undertaken. It took a week, and had to be made entirely at night because of the soft snow and the now constant avalanches, three of which all but caught the party. With only two men left, and with deep, soft snow and no freezing at night, only food and bedding could be taken, so they had to leave tents and stores behind. It was necessary to depend on candles to melt water for making soups. The temperature ranged from 40 degrees above to 6 degrees below zero.

Miss Keen's was the first mountain climbing expedition in this country to use dogs and snow caves, the first to be led by a woman, and the first to succeed without Swiss guides.

William Lang, a Canadian, is the man who turned back when within 500 feet of the peak. The summit was reached on May nineteenth, and its height was taken as 16,140 feet.

I verily believe that there is not another woman in the "wide, wide, world" that could

be found who would be fitted by reason of her physical condition, experience, determination, and courage even to make an attempt to climb Mount Blackburn, let alone accomplish it, without the help of some companion in whom she might put her trust, and whose society and encouragement would give her additional mental strength. Miss Dora Keen has done what very few men could do and what none have even attempted to do.

CHAPTER XXV

THE MORAL

"O Lord, that lend'st some life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."

THIS is an age when books of fiction are the popular and current literature of the day. Their long-drawn-out tales of unrequited love, and of the final circumvention of the "hoary-headed villain" are largely featured among the "six best sellers of the month." The author believes that the truthful narration of the incidents of a hunting campaign in a section of the north-land that is but little known will serve to give the brain a rest from the reading of novels, and at the same time prove to be instructive and interesting. He has endeavored to feature life in this almost fabled section rather than to give his whole attention to the stalking and killing of game. The people he met, their aspirations, habits, and achievements are to him a never-ending source of interest.

After all, real life is the one great thing that

finally appeals to the heart of every one, and makes the most lasting impression. In the language of David Grayson, "How little we know—we who dread life—how *much* there is in life." My heart is "replete with thankfulness" that I have been permitted to visit and to hunt in so many sections of this good old world where comparatively few men have had the opportunity to go. I am also thankful that so far I have always been permitted to come back in safety, renewed in health and strength, and thus better able to cope with the complex demands of a modern business life.

My writings in the past have always been addressed to the man or men who can, if they want, take some time from their work or business to spend in the open air, for their own betterment as well as for those who are dependent upon them. The man who keeps himself in robust, vigorous health benefits not only himself but his family, and the people with whom he comes in business contact. A feeble, sickly man can bring no happiness to any one, only worry and trouble.

"He sits and mopes in his study chair,
While others toil in the open air.
He quaffs iced drinks through the sultry day,
Electric fans on his person play.

'I feel despondent,' he murmurs low;
'I lack the vim that I used to know;
My liver's loose, and my kidneys balk,
And my knee joints creak when I try to walk.
I'll call Doc Clinker and have him bring
His Compound Juice of the Flowers of Spring.' "

In recent years the developments in the study and cure of disease have been wonderful in extent and in practical results. The unselfish work of numbers of scientists who have given their lives to original research is to be largely credited with these results. But neither in the past, present, nor future will these investigators ever find a panacea for the business or professional man which will enable him to have a sound body, a strong heart, firm nerves, clear, bright eyes, good digestion, and a kindly disposition, when he works all day and every day at his office, and perhaps in addition burns the midnight oil. When this man does take a vacation of a week or two he is almost sure to eat heavily, loaf around a hotel or on board ship, and take no exercise. His muscles become feeble, his resistance to disease but slight, his nervous system is apt to give way, and he becomees irritable and petulant. He feels himself that he is "not fit." His family suffers from his condition,

and his business is generally affected by it. This is not a fanciful picture, but one that is unfortunately too true, as the vital statistics year after year inevitably show.

Therefore, my apology for the writing of this book—if one is needed—is that I hope by picturing the manifold blessings of an outdoor life, if indulged in even for a brief period of time, to stir my readers to a realization of the truth of the adage:

"Heed now this maxim, lest you go astray,
Put not off till the morrow—work to-day;
And be you well assured in life's great hurry,
That the hunt will cure the ills produced by worry."

The Englishman, F. C. Selous, the most famous hunter in all the world, has this to say about hunting: "Ten thousand years of superficial and unsatisfactory civilization have not altered the fundamental nature of man, and the successful hunter of to-day becomes for the time being a primeval savage—remorseless, triumphant, full of a wild exultant joy, which none but those who have lived in the wilderness and depended on their success as hunters for their daily food can ever know or comprehend."

The Reverend W. S. Rainsford, who is

noted as an African big game hunter, confesses: "I think I can truthfully say I have always enjoyed hunting apart from mere killing—the distinction is important. I learned to enjoy and value it for the knowledge it gave me of a thousand and one useful things, and for the opportunities it afforded of studying them. On the great western plains I spent many months as far back as 1868 when no white man came, and the whole country swarmed with game. I have hunted in the forests of New Brunswick and on the barrens of Nova Scotia and Quebec, and therefore have had much experience."

It is worthy of note that the hunters, the naturalists, the trappers, and the missionaries are the first men to open up the wildernesses of the far-off lands where big game abounds. The hunter inevitably will be in first, followed by the trapper and then by the naturalist; then comes the missionary, the priest, and the bishop. It was the faculty of observation combined with the hereditary instinct for the open that gave us John Burroughs, Walt Whitman, John Muir, and many other naturalists, whose writings and experiences are destined to become classics in literature.

If you would follow the innate instinct

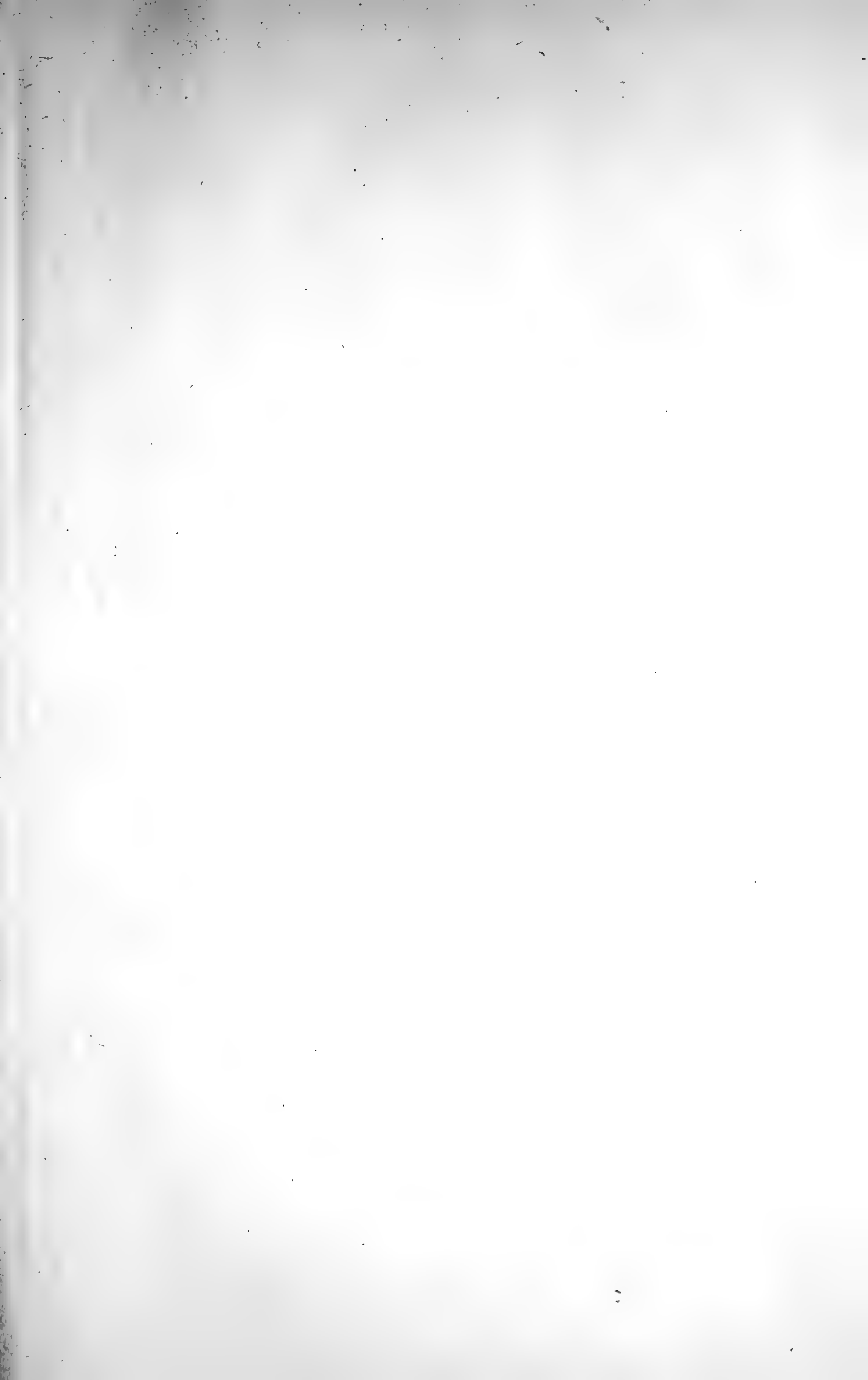
that has come down to you from the generations of long ago, and travel over the thousands upon thousands of miles that the writer has hunted over in great areas of the yet virgin country—

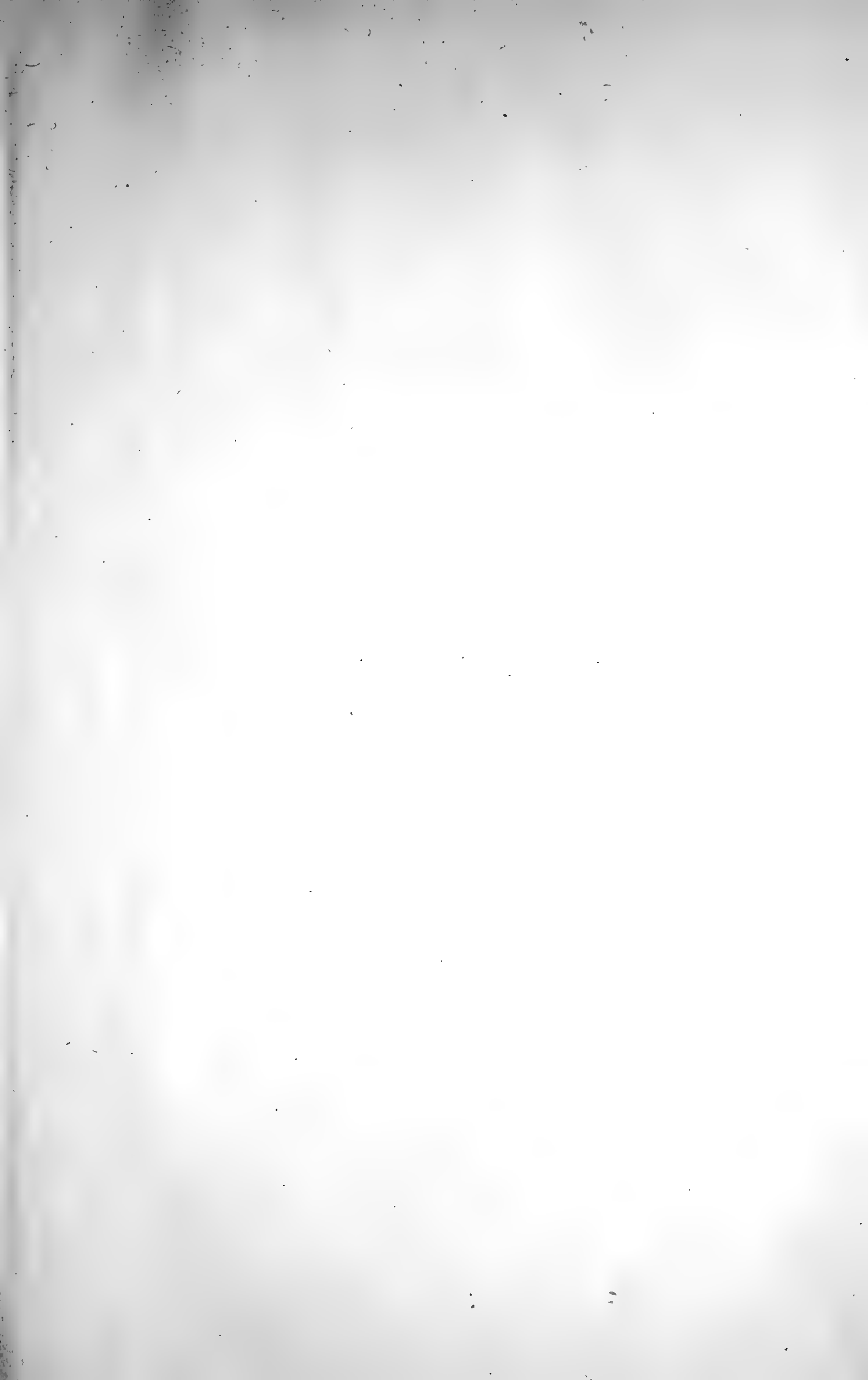
"I think you would hear the Bull Moose call
And the glutted river roar,
And spy the hosts of the Caribou, shadow the shining plain;
And feel the pulse of the silence,
And stand elate once more
On the verge of the yawning vestitudes that call to you in vain."

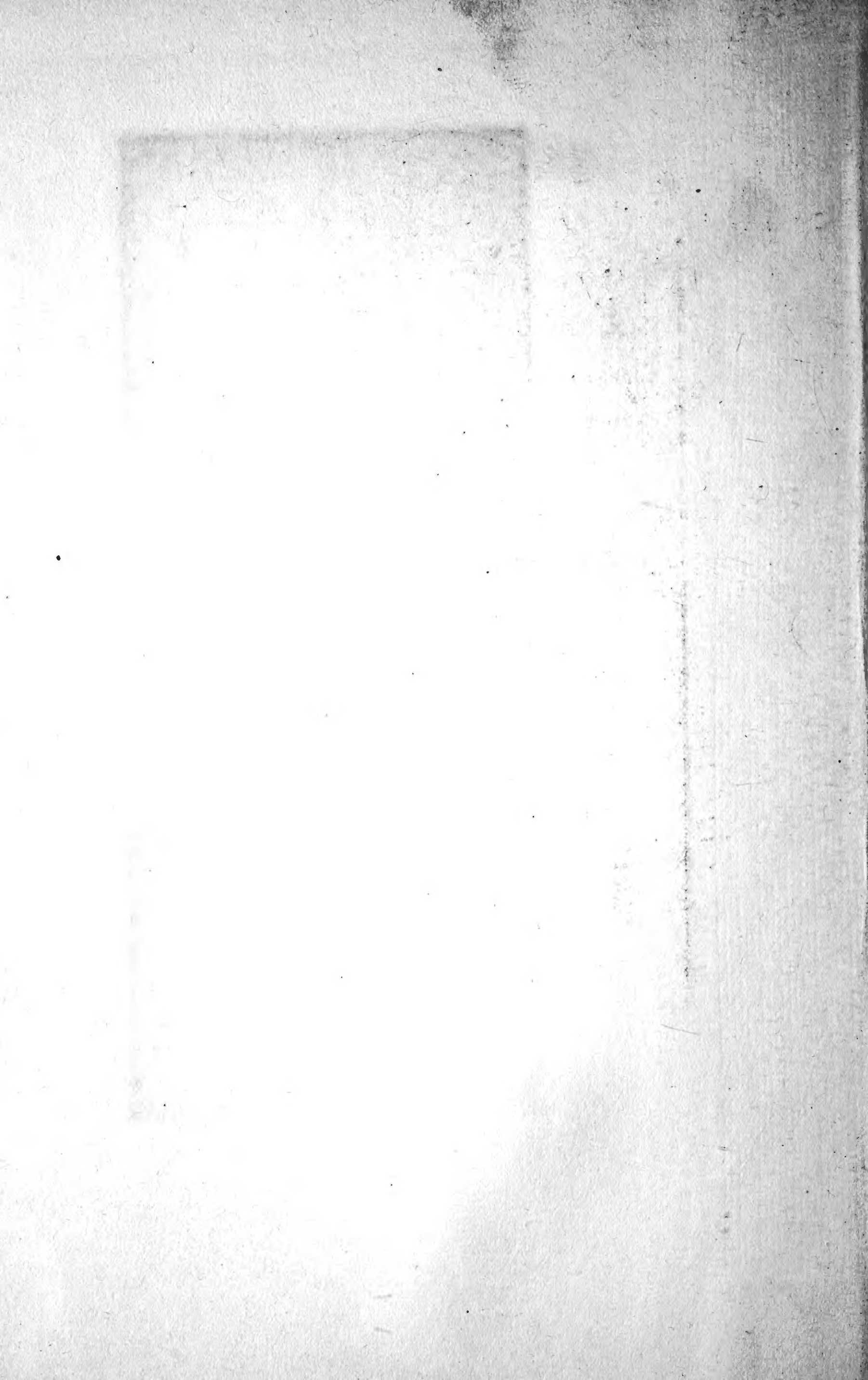
My story of "Hunting in the Upper Yukon" is finished. I trust that something I have written will act as a spur to you, whoever you may be, so that you will take to heart the great lesson to all business men—

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty"; yet what a fool is he who neglects the great and imperitive necessity for some genuine re-creation at least once a year.







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