

It was a glorious morning, and as a waggon road formed the first ten miles of our journey, we made such good time that the pack-train was overhauled before we had reached the end of it. At last it terminated abruptly, and a sudden turn to the left made me feel a trifle creepy, as the horses had to pick their way, *via* two logs, over a yawning chasm, in the bottom of which a mountain stream roared and plunged as it did centuries ago, when the work of carving that chasm through the solid granite first commenced. Then we went up-hill and down-hill, across more logs, stumbled over "corduroys," waded through mud, jumped fallen trees, scrambled around rocks, but always getting higher, until a plateau of some extent was reached from its farther end. The first range we had to cross stretched heavenward, and once over them we looked down on a mountain hotel, thousands of feet beneath us. The descent was so steep that we dismounted and let the horses pick their way down the treacherous trail, while I led and Mansfield brought up the rear. After an excellent lunch for horses and men at the hotel, we pressed on again, but had proceeded but a little way when a drizzling rain began to fall. It increased in volume steadily and drenched us to the skin. Then, as we got higher we got out of the rain, to pass into snow, which stuck to our wet clothes with an unrequited affection. The trail all afternoon lay through forests of immense pines, but progress was slow on account of the softness of the black soil, and it became apparent that we could not make our camp that night. It was growing quite dark in the heavy forest before we struck the abrupt rise that would take us over the second summit.

Finally the trail commenced to zigzag up the steep mountain side. The higher we got the colder it became, and in our wet condition we were in anything but a comfortable state. I had an excellent pair of long water-tight boots—so water-tight, in fact, that the rain and snow that had dripped in at the top from the bushes we

swept through remained in the feet, and as it was reinforced constantly with snow, remained in a frigid condition that chilled me to the marrow. Having the surplus room in your boots filled with ice-cold water as you ascend a bleak mountain side in a raging snow-storm is no pleasant experience, I can assure you.

The ascent was rapid, and as the sure-footed horses picked their way along the narrow path, the knowledge that one slip meant instant death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below us distracted our attention, but not pleasantly, from our bodily discomforts. But presently we rounded a towering bluff that brought us to a level, and revealed ahead of us in the fast gathering gloom the narrow pass through which lay a mining camp that would provide a night's lodging.

But what a sight! That sudden turn brought us into the region of peaks. It was August, but snow lay everywhere on the ground. A small lake, with its intensely green water lashed into angry whitecaps, dashed spray at us as our horses picked their way along the shore. Around the peaks, to the right of us, to the left of us, behind us and before us, the snow-laden wind whirled and twisted and turned as it cruelly stung our faces and froze the saturated clothes until we were encased in an icy armour. But we felt like intruders. It was the home of the god of storm; we had no right to complain, for the lower regions were made for the habitation of man, and this was where the god called the four winds of the earth to disport with those mighty monarchs of the mountains that lifted their heads above the clouds. He sang to them love songs in the wild, weird tones of Boreas and Euroclydon. He snatched the crown of snow from the brow of one kingly giant, broke it into a million particles, and scattered the fragments in the valleys below, with a long triumphant shriek of laughter, which ended in a repentant wail, as he plucked another diadem from a mountain side and placed it on the uncrowned head.