

hardihood of the other, and it is of my little personal impression of the Klondike that I have to speak before them. I was no pioneer. I counted, I believe, as the twenty-seventh thousandth person who went over the passes last year. The trail was already beaten for me; means of transport were organised; there were stopping-places where food could be obtained; and last, but not least, I went as a woman, to whom everything was, in consequence, made easy. Every man who has acquaintance with rough travelling will know how much easier it was for me to do such a journey than it would have been for a man in my position. I was usually the only woman of the party, and where a man would have had to make way for himself, my way was made by a common consent of kindness in the men around me. The best that there was was always at my disposal. Generally I had my tent; but if, sleeping out of doors, one stone was softer than another, it was mine; if food was short, there was always a portion for "the lady" that some one declared himself not hungry enough to eat; if streams were deep to ford, there was always a hand ready to pull me through; if one place in the boat was drier or more comfortable than another, I found myself surely in possession of it. The rough edge of adventure of which men carry the remembrance to the end of life was turned for me. I had no adventures, and if I am to speak truly of my own experience in the Klondike, I can only say it was so simple that, while it was going on, I felt as if it were merely the natural life which in civilisation we forget to live.

I had been warned before I went in of terrific hardships, of hunger, thirst, perpetual fatigue, sickness which hardly could be avoided, and dangers resulting from an undisciplined society, in which it was necessary not only to carry a revolver, but to be prepared on occasion to "shoot quick." I found none of these things. There was neither starvation nor brutality. Travelling quite alone; walking as other people walked—fifteen or twenty miles a day—over trails which, but for the passing prospector, were the exclusive haunts of wild animals and birds, I had not been three days in the country before I realised that a revolver was about as likely to be useful as it would be in Piccadilly. In the presence of untamed nature all humanity is friendly.

The walking was at times very heavy. If rain had lately fallen it was through pure swamp. Sometimes ankle deep, sometimes knee deep, one was forced to wade along the valley bottoms, the summer sun beating hot upon your head. At times a rocky shoulder of the hill would project itself across the way, and then