

The men dismounted within two hundred yards of our tent, and unburdened their horses from their packs and saddles. They were about to light a fire, when Bear Paw hailed them with an invitation to join him. "You fellows don't need a fire, we have a fire and grub to spare," he said.

The prospectors accepted Bear Paw's hospitality. They were going through the Crow's Nest Pass into the Kootenay country. They had specimens of brilliant-hued ore, streaked with red, green, blue, purple, iridescent, stratified with layers of native copper, silver and gold, said to assay in the thousands to the ton.

After our noon meal Olney gave the signal for departure for the falls of the middle fork of the Old Man river, about twelve miles distant. We bade farewell to the kind and worthy pioneer, Mr. Lees, after he had directed us on the best course, as there was no waggon trail to lead us. We arrived in good time and selected a sheltered place to encamp.

"We are going to see what a chinook is like," said Bear Paw, pointing to a bank of clouds in the southwest.

The tents were firmly braced down; stones were carried and laid closely together on the sod cloths, completely encircling the tents.

We had our evening meal in the calm and quiet hour of sunset, followed by the usual pipe.

"The wind may not reach us after all the precaution we have taken," said Brant. "We have carried enough stones to hold down those tents to go a long way to build a house."