

to Telegraph Creek, and the Indians were loading their canoes. Some tried to go up in small boats, but not being used to swift water they came back and went by way of Skagway. There was great excitement, even the Indian women wanted to go in with the white men, and one of them cornered me on the street and wanted to take her with ^{me} so she could get some gold. She was so persistent that I told her I had three wives and sixteen children coming up on the next boat and so could not take her. Here we got reports that there was no food in Dawson and people would have to come out. Steamers were going by loaded with people for Skagway and a party offered us \$200 to take two tons of their outfit to Telegraph Creek in our boat. We decided to go in over the Teslin Lake Trail, so we loaded their stuff in our boat with some provisions of our own, enough to last us to Telegraph Creek. We hoisted sail and ran out with a big wind thirty miles up the river and from there as it was getting swift we took the tow-line. We had not gone far when we met a boat coming down with a ship-wrecked man, who said that he and his partners were going up the river with their outfit, and when crossing the river at a point where the water ran swiftly the boat swung round and struck a deadhead or snag. The boat swamped, he lost his outfit, his partner was drowned; but he had hung to the snag till this boat coming down the river picked him up. Our round-bottom boat was a hard drag. Tibbits and Crats were of little good, but Albert Graff and I did the work. We got up 100 miles when the weather turned colder and slush ice began to run, so we piled the stuff on the shore and pitched our tent. We arranged that Tibbits and Crats should take the boat back to Wrangel and sell it and come up on the ice when it was frozen, and we would haul the stuff up to Telegraph Creek with sleds