

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE SHINING TRAIL

WHEN morning dawned it was a dreary sight which met the eyes of the tired watchers gathered about the smouldering embers of the fire upon the high bank. The waters had subsided, leaving masses of ice, trees, rocks and mud strewn around in every direction. Of the miners' cabins nothing remained; they had been swept out into the river.

Looking down upon the scene of desolation, the men realized the helplessness of their position; without cabins, food or blankets matters seemed serious enough. Most of them said nothing, but sat or stood watching the river flowing sullenly by. A few, however, broke into loud complaints. Of these Perdue, the saloon-keeper, was the most incessant in his lamentations.

"Only think," he wailed, "I've lost everything, saved nothing. My supplies and money are all gone."

"An' yer pizened whiskey, why don't ye say," replied Caribou Sol, turning fiercely upon him.