

over. His quarters were in old St. Michaels,—a long distance from where we camped; so he came back and took me in the boat.

That was my last ride in the *Mary Ann*, for when the surgeon saw me he knew my trouble and took me before the captain, saying that I ought to be sent home and he, the captain, agreed with him. Lepage went after my baggage, and as the steamer *Roanoke* was about to sail he put me on board of her. They had quite a time getting me up over the high side of this boat. I shook hands with Lepage, who felt badly disappointed to think that he was left behind. He had been so kind and faithful to me, bringing me down sixteen hundred miles of river, that I felt sad to part with him. It was the last I saw of him.

I found myself in the steerage among a lot of sick miners—some from Cape Nome, and who had been up there all winter. One young fellow had a lame foot. He was very sick with it, suffering pain all of the time. Out of a party of fourteen but eight of them were left. There were no trees up there—only the driftwood to build the shacks and to keep warm with. Nothing but a low growth of willows grew on the marshy soil. Sickness and death were the outlook for the winter. "Is there any gold up there?" I asked. "No," he said, "there is none. I have a friend on this boat," he continued, "whom we found frozen nearly to death on the trail, but we worked on him and brought him around all right, without his losing leg or limb. There is no gold there."

This young man I felt sorry for. He feared that he would lose his foot. There was another man with his fingers gone from both hands. His name was Smith and he came from Dawson. Then there were a number of very sick men in the berths between decks—one of whom they had never expected to land in Seattle. The young man lent me one of his crutches and I could get around the boat to