

On Dr. Collie's map, one has but to follow a plain red line, which turns to the left of the "Cabin"; and the Baker Pass seems the easiest thing imaginable. In reality, the Blaeberry is followed for two miles further after passing the second cabin (we never saw the first one), when the trail turns sharply to the left and winds up a hill-side. This emerges shortly on a very bouldery river-bed, which is to be crossed at the traveller's discretion, when Baker Pass with its trials and tribulations begins. Again I quote from my diary. "Quite ignorant of distances by this time, our horses having had but little feed for the last three days, and having already come ten miles since morning, we with only our saddle-animals pushed ahead with the injunction to stop for camp at the first sign of grass." It was quite noon, and we hurried along. The trail lay over a steep moss-covered slope, so steep there was no thought of riding; so steep, that place after place the horses would spring one and two feet to reach a bench above; so steep and continuous, that they were forced to cling to the hill-sides while resting.

Pack and saddle-horses were all soon in a dripping perspiration. Occasionally a call would come from behind, "Is there any end to it?" There seemed none. The way was clear and well blazed, we must be on the trail and on we climbed—climbed till we reached timber-line at five o'clock. Not a mouthful of feed had we passed since leaving "Trapper's Cabin"—blueberry-bushes and moss, no more. Were we even on Baker Pass, and if so, why had we climbed to this high point? We could have camped anywhere, it was our starving horses to whom our thoughts turned.

W., who had pulled us out of so many straits, went off to investigate; the time seemed interminable as we watched the slowly descending sun, now almost at the horizon. Mt. Mummery looked down upon us in icy indifference from across the valley, we stood clinging to the half frozen hill-side, while the weary, hungry horses, with drooping heads, tried to retain a foothold on the slippery, sliding mud. No one had had a mouthful of food since breakfast (we had come fully twenty miles), darkness would soon be upon us, we were 7200 feet above sea-level, and under the circumstances, no one could honestly say he felt cheerful. Then W. returned with the good news that though he was not positive we were on the right track, he saw a slough in a valley below, with indications of feed, and he thought we might reach it before dark. We forgot hunger,