

goat, which, after the fatal wound, following the peculiar habit of its race, went down over a precipice; we found it quite near to our intended camp 2. The meat of this very heavy buck, which the united force of our six arms was unable to lift, proved later on to be very good indeed, in taste like beef. It enabled us to remain longer in the valley than we had anticipated.

As the weather was uncertain, I stopped another day at camp 1, and then, on the 19th, we achieved the difficult task of getting the horses and outfit up to camp 2. The most difficult part of the way was in the wood, where we came upon an old trail. This we left to our right, ascending the steep slope in a zigzag through fallen timber and along the rim of a narrow field of boulders on our left. Crossing the latter, we emerged into a more open space, studded with small fir-trees, on the other side of which we camped (6320 feet). The situation here was most delightful. To the north rose the steep buttresses of the Emerald Range; to the south, Mt. Field, and to the southeast its neighbor, the massive mountain, carrying a small glacier on the platform under its summit,—a peak visible from all our later camps in North Fork Valley and called in the lack of other information, "Mt. Wapta." Over Emerald Lake we looked far down the valley of the Kicking Horse River, flanked on one side by the Ottertail Mountains, on the other by the Van Horne Range, and the Selkirks with Sir Donald (1691°) in the far distance.

From camp 2 the unsuccessful attempt was made to penetrate further up into the Emerald Range. We left our camp for this purpose at five o'clock in the morning, but were driven back by a severe thunderstorm, after two hours' climbing over difficult ground. The descent on the slippery rocks had to be made very carefully, and at nine o'clock I was glad to be back at camp, though wet through. Next day I started with Ralph to reconnoitre the way down to the North Fork Valley, while Fred looked for the horses, which had wandered away. Both parties returned successful. And so, on July 22, at 7.30 A. M., we left this delightful camp, sorry not to have been favored here by better weather. We managed to get our horses safe and sound down to the old trail, mentioned above. This we followed, reaching at ten o'clock a point (6030 feet) which may be considered