

that we went out to Burnt and John Day's rivers the first time, but there was quite a difference in our numbers this time—besides the fourteen who discovered the mines on Granite Creek there were upwards of two hundred men going back with us to the mines. On the next day we continued on our old trail and camped at the crossing on John Day's River, twenty miles from our morning camp. We had scarcely got our animals unpacked and turned out before a large elk came in among them and was shot by one of the company. Every person in camp got a share, which we relished very much, along with wild onions, which grew in abundance along the flats of the river.

On the following morning, many were in great haste to get away in order to locate a claim before the crowd arrived, and we had to bridge the stream instead of swimming our animals over as we did before, and pack our things across ourselves, so the company went to work and cut timber and carried it to the stream, and were not long in bridging it over, besides making a good roadway over the wet bottom lands, so we got our animals across without trouble, and went down the stream to where Granite Creek entered the river. We then turned up the creek toward the mines.

There was a great scramble as to who could get there first. A number of men who were eager to get to the mines before the company could reach them, set out before daylight to cross the spur of the mountains which divide John Day's River and Granite Creek, when they came upon our trail which we had made on our way out, followed it, and instead of being first at the mines, landed themselves back at Auburn and it was more than a week before they got to their companions. It having rained the greater part of the day we got our clothes completely soaked, but after reaching our old camp we set up our tent and started a big fire. Between the two we managed to dry ourselves, but there were many in the train who were not so fortunate, for they had no tents and had to lie down under the trees to sleep at night. While we were out at Auburn another excitement was up about new diggings on the north fork of the John Day's River, and as there was a company going there my partner and I thought it best for one of us to go there and secure claims if there were any good ones there. So he went and I returned to Granite Creek, and in about two weeks he returned satisfied that all the reports about new gold fields were not true. We went to work clearing the timber off one of our claims and making ready for sluicing. On the third and fourth of July it rained and snowed all the time, which was anything but pleasant at that time of the year, but as we were high up in the mountains we could expect nothing else, for there was snow on the creek which had not yet melted since it fell in the winter. We paid at the rate of two hundred dollars per thousand feet for lumber and sixty-five cents per pound for nails. When we got our sluices made and set we hired three men at five dollars per day each, and worked in claim No. 1 until the seventh of August, when I sold out my interest, and about a week later sold my interest in claim No. 2 and made ar-

rangements to return to California.

Having five horses to take out I had to get some persons that were going out to the Dalls to help me. So in a day or two I found two men who were going out and gave them a horse apiece to ride and we packed our things on the other animals. I left my partner on Granite Creek and set out by the new trail over the Blue Mountains, passing among very rough hills covered with timber, and reached Grand Round River late in the evening, a distance of twenty-one miles. There I sold one of my pack horses to a party going to Salmon River mines. We left camp very early next morning, going up a steep trail along the mountain side, and when we reached the top we had the grandest view which it was ever my fortune to behold in that country of vast mountains. There are times when we look upon the landscape that language fails to describe the feelings which throng the mind, and such was the position in which I was, when looking from the lofty mountain top, as the eye rested upon the scene before it, when you see the lofty pines and cedars upon the mountain side beneath, and the waters of the river winding through the valley as it stretches to the foot of the mountain; beyond, mountains rising gradually, with alternate groups of trees and open land covered with abundance of food for the wild game which abounds in that country.

On the following day we crossed Birch Creek, and from that to Butter Creek, the greater part of the way without a trail, the country being without timber, we took Mount Hood as a landmark for our guide. On the next day we passed over rolling country, without timber, to Rock Creek, it being dark before we reached there, and men and animals being both done out. Here we baked bread without salt or yeast, mixing the flour with water, using the side of a bag to mix it on, and then clapping it on a rock by the fire to bake and winding it on a stick and turning it before the fire until it was baked. Such was the way we cooked our supper on Rock Creek that night. We rested ourselves among the rocks all night and when the morning came we were able to see what the place looked like, for it was dark before we reached the creek. It was well named, for it was a very rocky place. After travelling a number of hours we reached John Day's River and forded it where we ferried it before when on our way to the mines, and late in the evening we crossed Des Shutes River and camped three miles beyond. On the following day we arrived at the Dalls, being five days on the way and making from twenty-five to forty-five miles per day. In a day or two I sold my animals and took the river steamer Idaho to the five-mile portage and crossed the portage on horse cars, for the road was now nearing completion, and, while waiting for the boat for Portland, a sick man was carried in blankets to the landing to be taken down the river. Not a single person in the whole company knew him, but he was carried on board and his wants attended to, so there was some good Samaritans in that country as well as elsewhere. At Portland we went on board the steamer Oregon and the same evening left the wharf and anchored in the stream until