

to be rather proud. We advanced about thirty feet in this way in an hour, and were then on the undulating surface of the glacier. Three miles away in the middle of it Mount Kitchener reared his lofty head—the very highest point in that vast territory of peaks. It was bitterly cold, but our extreme exertion was keeping us warm, and we felt in splendid trim as we set out for the peak. The hard crust made it excellent snowshoeing, and with occasional slides down slippery hills, our progress was rapid. Often we came to long crevasses that had been formed by the glacier cracking up above when it settled at the edges. These crevasses were hundreds of feet deep, and as we looked into some of them we saw nothing but walls of that intensely green ice. Long detours were necessary to surmount these obstacles, but we arrived at the north side of the peak in a very short time. A huge drift of snow, reaching half way up the peak, made it impossible for us to ascend on that side, so, leaving our rifles stuck in the snow, we passed around to the south side, which was so steep that snow would not stick on the steps of rock. We sheltered ourselves from the biting wind behind a hummock of ice, lit our pipes and had a good rest before we made the dash.

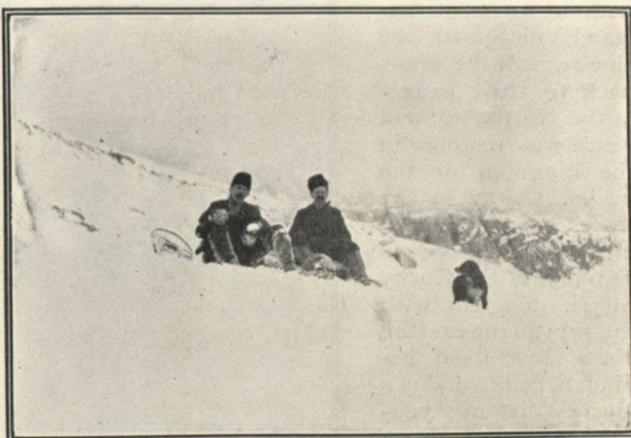
At such an altitude, 10,000 feet above sea level, breathing is very difficult, and this was the most serious obstacle that we encountered as we scrambled from ledge to ledge, for we had to stop at every few steps for breath. We had many



A BIT OF A STIFF CLIMB

narrow escapes, for a slip at any time would have meant instant death. Once we stopped and asked ourselves why under the sun we were going up the mountain anyway. In lieu of any satisfactory solution we continued to ascend, Mansfield declaring that if he ever got down alive he would devote himself thereafter to climbing prairies. But in two hours from the time we knocked the ashes from our pipes we were on the highest rock.

Then were we rewarded for the dangers we encountered and the exertion we exercised. No pen in the world and no brush could do justice to the scene that met our eyes. In one of his essays



A FEW MOMENTS' BREATHING SPELL