

before they were stumbled against. Not a trace of water had been seen since we had forsaken the creek, and dinner without it was out of the question. We had seen no berries yet, but a little higher up found *Vaccinium parvifolium* in abundance. Its fruit, although refreshing, could be eaten in small quantities only, as at this altitude it was hardly ripe yet and far from sweet. By three o'clock we were both pretty tired, as we had not only been climbing steadily, but all our strength had to be exerted a great deal of the time to enable us to force our way through thickets of balsam or alder; and now we decided that water must be had even at the cost of losing some of the ground we had gained. We had been moving parallel to the creek, but had risen much more quickly than it, so that we were now nearly a thousand feet above it. Turning almost a right angle we began the descent, but so thickly grew the underbrush, and so many detours had to be made to avoid precipices, that it was five o'clock before we reached the water and found that we were just at the head of the canyon, half a mile from where we had been in the morning; supper was soon ready, and before dark we were quite rested. The canyon was now behind us, and we resolved that come what might we would not again leave the creek, nor did we, and although the road was far from smooth and there were rocks and logs in abundance to climb over, shortly after noon the following day we saw the snow glistening through the trees, and knew that we had not much further to go. A few rods higher the woods ended abruptly, and before us was a meadow (if a meadow may be formed of flowers instead of grass) reaching to the foot of the mountain two hundred yards away. This little flat is about one-fourth of a mile wide and two hundred yards deep at the centre, the hills rising from it in the form of a semi-circle, so that the meadow made an arc of a circle, a veritable amphitheatre. Just at the edge of the woods our packs were thrown down, and we hurried across the intervening level ground to the foot of the last steep incline that led up to the snow, and had hardly begun to ascend it when we were startled by a sharp, clear whistle not unlike that used by yardmen about a railway station. Almost instantly it was answered from all sides, and we saw scampering toward an immense pile of rocks at the foot of a cliff, a dozen or more Hoary Marmots, or "whistlers," as they are generally called, (*Arctomys caligatus*.) Arrived