

and ourselves followed the Indian who was carrying our tent came along, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, after some time spent in settling affairs with our packers. The endurance of these people is shown by the fact that they made this very fatiguing trip, with loads averaging over a hundred pounds each, in the same time as ourselves who carried little or nothing.

These Indians all have some English name, which they have got from the mission, where they hang around when there is anything to be got by it. I find in my notes "Tom" credited with carrying one hundred and ten pounds of meat, and "Jim" with one hundred and sixty-one pounds of sundries. Tom's original name was Kuk-shon, and he claimed to be a chief of the interior, or Stick, Indians. He spent his spare time during the short space of my acquaintance with him in daubing vermilion around his left eye. Before starting across the pass he painted the rest of his face black with soot and grease, but carefully left the red around his eye; and this ornamentation, together with a smile, which I think he meant to be engaging, and which he offered on all occasions as a substitute for conversation, made him a particularly villainous-looking personage. Among the packers were also a number of women. These were mostly ugly old hags, and many of them plainly suffered greatly from fatigue; yet their patient endurance was remarkable. It seems to fall to the lot of the old women, among these people, to do the hardest work; but men, women and children are schooled to carry heavy burdens. We met on the trail a whole family packing, carrying out a sort of contract with some of the miners. The man carried one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, a boy of thirteen carried one hundred pounds, and the squaw and little girls had heavy loads. Even the dog, about the size of a setter, carried forty pounds, with which he waddled along patiently enough.

We had some very slight perplexity in settling accounts. One woman, who started across the pass as Jenny, turned up as Sally at Lake Linderman, having evidently made up her mind to change her name on the way; and as she understood no word of English we had a

momentary difficulty in identifying her. She and her friends seemed to have some inkling of political principles, for they all wanted to be paid in silver, and distrusted gold, while it was with difficulty that they could be induced to accept bills. Nearly all of these people on being paid started immediately back over the trail, without resting, intending to travel all night, and be in Sheep Camp in the morning; and this after they had already been twenty-four hours on the road.

Wiborg had succeeded in obtaining for us a boat already built, which saved a great deal of time, as it takes about two weeks to whipsaw lumber and build a boat, as miners usually do.

The next morning, therefore, we loaded our outfit and sailed down Lake Linderman with a fair wind. The boat was a small, double-ender, flat-bottomed craft, fifteen feet or so in length, and open to sun and rain alike. For a sail we used our tent-fly, an article which was put to many important uses in the course of our trip, but never to that for which it was originally intended.

De Windt's party followed us in a similar boat; and with De Windt came the priest whom we had encountered on the *Scrambler*—a genial and cultured gentleman, whose light heart kept him from being long affected by the physical discomforts we were all obliged to undergo. To complete the flotilla, there was a small scow, of rather shaky construction, which had just been completed by a party bound for the American mining camp of Circle City; this party was remarkable for containing one of the fair sex, who seemed as well fitted as the men to make the journey successfully. In after days we met the party repeatedly as we all floated down the river, the lady always sitting in the front of the scow and six or seven men behind, all wearing flowing veils as defence against the mosquitoes, and waving branches for the same purpose; and we likened her to Cleopatra, in her barge. Just after starting, Cooper, a frontiersman who was with De Windt's party, sighted a mountain-goat close to the shore, and shot at it, but failed to bring it down.

The lake down which we sailed is only a few miles long; at its foot it connects with a larger body of water, called Lake Bennett, by a short but rapid and danger-