

and so Kelly spouted. When he first came on board he said there was no gold in Alaska. Now he knew where there were fortunes, and this was kept up until we arrived at Seattle.

Harry was quiet after he met me and kept sober. We had a fine run down to Cape Flattery, and were all on deck when we entered the Straits of Juan DeFuca. We saw the Olympia mountains, covered with snow, and old Mount Rainer loom up in the distance, with its white cap above the clouds. It was a very pleasant sail up to Puget Sound, where we arrived in the first part of the evening. A floating dance hall, with a band on board, came to meet us. It was all lit up with Japanese lanterns, and the music sounded grand on the water, as they played "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

We went in to the pier, which was jammed and crowded with people. The whole city was there, some looking for absent friends, while others were looking for news from the gold regions. I stayed on board, as I was not able to go on shore. I felt that morning would be the time for me to venture forth and find a boarding-place. I tried to sleep, but could not, so as soon as it was light I went on shore. There were no restaurants open, but I saw a large building with "Miners' Hotel" in large letters, and as the location suited me, I went in and engaged my room, paying in advance.

The proprietor was a Minneapolis man. I got my baggage from the boat and ate a good breakfast, and lay down to rest. I was very weak, but with a crutch got around very well. I concluded to stay in Seattle until I was well enough to stand a ride across the continent. One of the men who came down on the boat with me was stopping at the hotel. He was a good, honest fellow, and came from Dawson. He generally kept company with me whenever I went down town.