

ant of Daniel Boone. Urquhart had his frozen toes cut off by Dr. Carlyle, and Boone was ruptured on both sides and they were hobbling around their tent trying to keep warm. We hauled their outfit to the opposite bank of the Tatan, to give them a start. They were both plucky and said they would reach Teslin before Spring or die in the attempt. Boone never reached Teslin. He died at Long Lake and was buried there.

We pushed on to Cowkatsie Mountain. The trail was very steep in places, and we had to cut steps to pull up 100 pounds each. When we reached the top we were 50 miles from Telegraph Creek. The outfit with the machinery for the steamboat and saw-mill was 15 miles ahead. Some of the men knew me and Capt. McDonald came back with his dog team to meet us. He wanted us to leave our provisions on the top of the mountain and he would send it to the lake by Indian dog teams. He wanted us to work for him, ~~he wanted us to work for him~~, making a trail ahead of his outfit and we agreed. This arrangement was a great relief to us. We went to where the outfit was camped. Things looked blue there as food for the mules was getting low and they were very lean. We worked the outfit across the Neeline River, a branche of the Tackie. It looked as if the outfit would not reach Teslin Lake before the Trail broke up in the Spring. Capt. McDonald went back to Telegraph Creek and hired all the Indian dog teams he could get. We killed the mules for dog feed. He sent a number of us with four dog teams of provisions to put in the foundation for the sawmill at the lake. There was nobody there except one old Indian woman, one white man and two Indians. We got the mill ready for the circular saw and small boiler. We lived on fish caught through the ice which was then $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick,