

do not take to the civilizing processes in force around them, and are great vagabonds and beggars, frequently wandering off with their dogs, ponies, squaws, and lodges to camp near some town and subsist on what they can pick up. They are as eloquent in begging as Italian lazzaroni. One of them expressed his feelings to the agent's wife the other day by saying plaintively: "My throat is thirsty for sugar, and my heart is hungry for fifty cents."

The Jocko Valley is one of the prettiest of the minor valleys of the Rocky Mountain system. It was all a green, flowery meadow when I traversed it in the month of June. Its width is about ten miles and its length perhaps thirty. Low, wooded mountain ranges surround it. That on the east is broken by the main branch of the stream, and through the rift can be seen the main chain of the Rockies—a mighty mass of crags and cliffs and snow-fields thrust up among the clouds. For thirty miles after the Jocko joins the Clark's Fork of the Columbia, called by most people in this region the Pend d'Oreille River, the main river is bordered by narrow green bottoms and broad stretches of grassy uplands rising to the steeper inclines of fir-clad mountains. Herds of horses are occasionally seen, and now and then the log hut of some thrifty Indian or half-breed, or the canvas lodge of a family that prefers the discomforts and freedom of savage life to the comforts and restraints of a local habitation. The first night out from the agency was spent at the hut of one of the queer characters that hang about Indian reservations,—a shiftless white man, who pays for the privilege of ferrying travelers across the river by taking the Indians over free. He lives in a dirty one-room hut. In response to a suggestion about supper, he declared that he would not cook for the Apostle Paul himself, but added that we were welcome to use his stove, and could take anything eatable to be found on the premises. His bill next morning was seven dollars—one dollar, he explained, for victuals for the party, and six for ferriage. A wagon-box offered a more inviting place for a bed that night than the floor of the ferryman's cabin. In the evening, after the old man had put a party of strolling Flatheads across the river, grumbling all the while because they paid no toll, he sat on a log, and, encouraged by the gift of a cigar and a cup of whisky, told of his adventures in the Far North-west when he was a Hudson's Bay Company's man, and had a squaw wife in every tribe he visited.

Another day's travel brought us out of the Flathead Reservation, and at the same time to the end of the wagon road and of the open country. The road did not, like one of those

western highways described by Longfellow, end in a squirrel track and run up a tree, but it stopped short at a saw-mill on the river's edge, where a hundred men were at work cutting logs and sawing bridge timber for the railroad advancing up the gorge eighty miles below.

In that day's journey we passed the Big Camas Prairie—not the one Chief Joseph fought for; that lies far to the west, in Idaho, across the Bitter Root Mountains. There are many camas prairies, big and little, in Montana and Idaho, and they all resemble each other in being fertile green basins among the mountains, in whose moist soil the camas plant flourishes. This was, perhaps, fifteen miles broad by twenty-five long—all magnificent grazing land. We passed an Indian village of a dozen lodges, the doors of the tents shaded by arbors of green boughs, under which sat the squaws in their red, green, and white blankets. On the plain fed herds of horses, and among them Indian riders galloped about seeking the animals they wanted to lariat for the next day's hunting expedition.

With the end of the wagon road came the question of further transportation. Between North-western Montana and the settlements in Northern Idaho and Washington Territory there is but one road—the old Mullan road—and that is impassable before the middle of July, because of the high water in the mountain streams. The most practicable way of getting to the other side of the huge wall of the Bitter Root Mountains and the Cœur d'Alenes, their northern extension, is to go around them by following Clark's Fork down to Pend d'Oreille Lake. This is the route surveyed for the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose engineers sought in vain for a pass that could be surmounted, and reluctantly turned the line northward, making a considerable détour. A trail runs through the dense forest along the river from the little saw-mill town of Weeksville to the end of the railroad, working southward up the valley from Pend d'Oreille Lake; and getting over it is only a matter of rough riding with a pack-train and three nights' camping in the solitudes of the woods. In some places the mountains, walling in the swift river, are too precipitous for even a bridle-path to cling to their sides. Then you scramble up to their summits, dragging your beast after you; but the climb is rewarded by magnificent views of the snowy ranges to the westward, the somber forest of pines, firs, and larches filling all the narrow valley, and the winding river far below looking like a canal, so regular is the outline of its banks.

The great Pend d'Oreille forest stretching