

before we started to ascend the last 1,000 feet. The afternoon being well advanced a desire for refreshments was experienced which, alas, we had no means of satisfying. On we dashed, jumping over logs lying in the way, and forcing our bodies through almost impenetrable underbrush. Rain had fallen since we had left this place in the morning, and we proceeded but a short distance before we were quite wet. It seemed to darken quickly, although only about 6 o'clock, and fears were entertained of having to spend a night in the gloomy forest. The sportsman had his prairie chickens, and we felt that if it came to the worst we could endure till morning as far as food was concerned. Doubts arose regarding our course. It was evident we had entered the thicket at the wrong place. The botanist carried a compass, and telling us that he had taken repeated observations on the way up, we at once appointed him guide, and expressed our willingness to accept his decisions. We were now becoming weak with hunger. This can be readily understood if the reader thinks for a moment of the rough nature of the way we were travelling over, jumping, climbing, slipping and falling. We all owed much to gravitation in that descent, for it certainly gave much assistance to our wearied limbs. Two hours were now spent dashing desperately along, brush snapping beneath our feet, and scarcely a word spoken, save, "Are you sure your course is correct?" What a gloom of delight flashed our faces when we discovered an apparent opening in the dense mass of trees. Sure enough, it was getting brighter, and the darkness seemed to lessen. "Here we are again," shouted the carrier of the compass, "but we are at the east side of the muskeg."

With a feeling of relief we halted and looked around to find where we had entered this part of the wood in the morning. We eat greedily the crowberries which grew on the sides of the muskeg, and felt somewhat strengthened for the long walk that still lay before us down through the woods to the valley below. This muskeg contained about four acres, not a tree on it, but dense woods on all sides. It formed a sort of shelf on the mountain side. We now had hopes of seeing Laggan before darkness marbled our way, and were exceedingly anxious to reach the "crossing" as soon as possible. We resumed the march down the deep side which began a short distance from the muskeg, snapping branches, pushing through the underbrush, jumping over logs, forcing our way through a thicket which seemed darker and more impenetrable than the last. One hour and we reached the second clearance that marked another shelf on the mountain side, and also a small muskeg. We knew then that our next landmark would be near the crossing. By this time it was getting quite dusky, but we hoped to reach the rapids before darkness obscured our way.

This last march was a complete failure to strike our expected point. The roaring noise of the mountain torrent was heard long ere we reached it; but alas, when we came to the stream it was at a point far north of the crossing, and down the rapids. We certainly had no energy to dissipate in useless walking, but were necessitated to toil up along the seething stream to reach the natural bridge which spanned the turbulent waters.

The writer and huntsman readily passed over, and wearily sat down to await the attempt of the other members of the party. We were too tired to enjoy the scene which took place. Our friends crossed in the usual cautious, humble way, but with more difficulty. There was less strength in worming over the body of the one and in lifting the other by a series of efforts. We could not refrain from laughing, tired as we were, at the primitive mode of progression, and the moment all were across we moved on for the goal. Few words were spoken. It seemed as if our energies were numbered, and that every effort lessened the staying power of each. We were now nearly opposite Laggan, south about a mile, and high above the valley. The way was still through forest for nearly two miles, and after that one and a half along the track. Darkness was settling upon us rapidly, but we had reached well known landmarks of the previous day, and were soon on the hillside, where we picked the "morels" already referred to. It was too dark to see any now, and our