

against logs and stones, or its roar as in little cascades it falls over obstructions to its course, is all the company the dipper asks, and all day long never resting, never wearying, it moves from place to place. It walks under water as if on dry land, and seems almost as much at home there as anywhere else; it knows of but one way of getting behind the waterfall, where perhaps it has built its nest, and that is to go straight through it. Its song is described as "exquisitely sweet and melodious," but although I have seen many of them I have never heard one sing.

We decided that we could follow the creek no further, and after a short rest began the ascent of the shoulder. As we left the low, dark woods of the creek valley a mountain chipmunk (*Tamias Asiaticus var. borealis*), the smallest of the squirrel family in America, ran chattering across a ledge of rock above us. This tiny animal possesses to the full the characteristic activity of its family and is seldom at rest; it is to be found everywhere in these mountains, and one soon grows to feel lonely when none happen to be near enough to make their presence known by their merry chatter. No more industrious animal is to be found anywhere; all through the last weeks of summer and the short autumnal days, before the first heavy fall of snow drives him into winter quarters, he is employed in gathering and storing away roots and seeds for use during the winter. With his fore feet he fills the pouches with which nature has provided him—one on either side of his mouth—and returning to his snug little home beneath some stump or fallen tree, packs his harvest away in his store-room, for not satisfied with making the chamber he is to occupy warm and comfortable with moss and leaves he stores his food in another apartment than that in which he is to doze and dream away the long winter.

After leaving the creek we forced our way through a dense growth of small fir trees and underbrush until we were out of the creek valley and about 500 feet above the water. We were now between two creeks and on a ridge that seemed to extend to the summit, and up this we toiled for three hours. The whole mountain side had a few years before this been burned over, and the second growth timber was as yet very small; the dense undergrowth effectually concealed the burnt logs with which the ground was strewn, and which could seldom be seen