

conceivable way, and dried for winter's use. The Indians' habits not being very clean, the entrails are thrown about their camping-grounds in every direction. Everything smells of salmon, their persons, their clothes, their huts—the very air is polluted—salmon—salmon—salmon—everywhere—on the water—on the land—and on the breeze! In this region they paint their faces hideously, black, red, and brown—a prevention, it is said, against the sun and flies. The women indulge principally in black, from a little above the eyebrows to the mouth, and have the appearance of devils incarnate, if there be such creatures. At this time the tribe was away hunting, and two lone squaws were in charge of the domain.

Sentimental scribblers are wont to write a great deal of romantic nonsense about the dark maid of the forest—but truly, the most striking characteristic she possesses, next to the extraordinary locomotive power of the lower jaw in chewing gum, is the disregard of soap.

The eye, however, is dark and expressive, and the voice low and musical. The elder of the two guardians of the salmon sheds was fat and paunchy, the younger amazonian in size, with a low forehead, high cheek bones, large mouth, and broad face, rendered slightly unattractive by the profuse use of a dark coloring, making the tawny red more tawny. With the most utter indifference to the presence of strangers, she murmured and chanted a listless air of a somewhat plaintive character, which, as translated by our interpreter, seemed not inappropriate to the place, standing as we were amid the primeval fragments left when Creation closed its work.

Though old and blasé and embittered by the disappointments of a wasted life, the spirit of earlier years swept back upon me, and I reduced to words, the Taltan maiden's creed.

When chaos first to order sprung,
And Light was born as Beauty's bride,
The exulting spheres in chorus sung
And "Love" the echoing hills replied.

Lo! rushing to their billowy home,
Old Ocean's waves caught up the strain,
Soft rose the music from their foam
And "Love" was murmured o'er the main.

E'en Death that moment's power confess'd,
And bade to worlds this mandate fly,
By Heaven's host, by Earth caress'd,
"Love, love and live, Love not and die."

If anything could make such an unearthly spot endurable at all, it certainly would be the gentle passion to which the maid referred; but it would be far more endurable if the maiden were a Saxon fair, with a white face, and a little less of the fragrance of—salmon!

The next day produced nothing remarkable, the trail simply continuing, after leaving the Lava District, through a succession of lofty mountains, ascending and descending continually by winding ledges along the sides, but in some instances by zig-zags of frightful character. The most striking perhaps is at the "Second North Fork," and may be taken as illustrative of the whole. The Second North Fork, like the first, runs into the main river, through a canon of great height, but not of lava formation, the fissure showing the mountains to be of gravel and clay. The sides are almost perpendicular to the Fork—on the south side as we approach and descend covered with trees and shrubbery; on the opposite, bare and rugged, showing nothing but sand and gravel, from which slides must occasionally take place, as the trail had been diverted. As these mountains cannot be turned, and there is no winding round, the ascent can only be by zig-zag directly upward. Viewed from either side, the trail looks like a narrow moulding, on which a bird could scarcely rest; to overcome the height the turns have to be made at the most acute angles—in some places very short, every eight or ten yards, and at the summit eight or ten