

visions and ourselves. For that we cared but little, as the sun was powerful, and we soon got dry.

Carefully examining the map and consulting the compass, we steered for Moose Mountain Creek, which we reached in the afternoon of the following day. While resting at the top of a steep ravine, leading down to the creek, we were startled by hearing a peculiar noise, which George said was made by a Moose deer. We at once made the horses secure, took our guns, and went down the ravine in search of sport. After a great deal of climbing we noticed the track of some animal which we followed for some distance, and found ourselves at the top of another ravine, when looking towards the north, we saw a tent in the distance, which caused us to at once give up the chase and make for the tent.

We found the occupant to be an old Californian miner, whom my brother had met at Emerson. He had come back to the wilds only a few weeks before to take possession of a section of land and make a new home, which by the way, was the nineteenth home he had started. He had some acres of land already ploughed, and a large patch of potatoes planted, besides many other steps towards preparing the house for his wife and family to join him after the country is more settled. Not far from, and right opposite his tent, was a striking object, the body of a dead Indian,