

gallantly against frying pan or kettle as they rode, and these paladins of pelf were, to do them bare justice, as full of fight as any soldiers who ever wore their country's colour.

"Part of the way I happened (having a duty just then to be performed in a quiet, non-official way) to join such a party as I have described going from the Forks of Quesnel's down to Williams's Lake. These two points are some hundred and fifty miles apart, and thirty miles a day in the woods was very good travelling. Slow it was, but not monotonous. If there were a monotone, it was of the dark and sombre twilight of the constant ceiling of pines through which the sun and upper air reached us arrow-wise. Below, there was a variety of travel: here a wet bottom of mud, deep enough and thick enough to pull an animal's shoe off: there a big fallen tree across the trail, to be negotiated with cattle which could fly as soon as jump; and these would be relieved by a red-wood tract of cedars, with a slippery carpet of needles so clean, so sweet, and in all weathers so dry, that it used to seem a shame not to off saddle and camp then and there instead of leaving it. At times the road would climb over a hogsback, or divide, and the travellers would toil and struggle up hill, to emerge in time upon some bare scalp of mountain—granite, syenite, or metamorphic rock—where the berberry or kiinni-kinnick enamelled the white quartz with its scarlet berry and glossy leaf, or where the sole vegetation the snow-water had to trickle through was composed of peat and patches of moss-hag. There was no game, nothing to shoot at here; unless, which Saint Hubert forbid! foul murder were done upon the chipmunks, a friendly gracious little race of striped squirrels, who frisk and flirt, and play at hide-and-seek with the human traveller along the wayside trees, or upon the whisky-jacks, portentously tame birds in Prussian colours of white and black, in size between a magpie and a wag-

tail, who enjoy all the immunities of our robin, and will perch on a man's knee while he is eating his dinner. No: there is nothing for the sportsman on these trails. What game there is listens to the freeborn accents of the white man, and shrinks deeper within the forest shades, and no traveller has leisure to seek it there.

"Well, we got down in time to Williams's Lake, a broad valley with two ranches or farms, about a mile apart, where onions, at fifty cents apiece, and milk (those two anti-scorbutic longings of the man of pork-and-beans) were to be obtained—a foretaste of the luxuries of the lower country. The houses were both well filled with guests, for other mining-districts were swelling the downward stream of travel. I will spare you a description of the manners and humours of these caravauserais, and go on to say that, having secured a tolerably promising corner for my blankets, I had rolled myself up in them, with my saddle for a pillow, and was well in the first dreamless sleep of the tired man, when—it was only about ten o'clock—a galloping horse suddenly pulled up outside, and loud cries—'Oh, Williams! you've got the judge there! We want the judge!'—waked me up. In that country it doesn't take much to open the weariest man's eyes, nor, on the other hand, is undue excitement fashionable among Anglo-Saxons; so, while the slight discrepancy between night and day dress was being rapidly adjusted, the whole story was told in a few curt sentences to this effect.

"At the other house a little difficulty had occurred—a shooting scrape. The victim was not dead yet, but as the manner of it—a felon shot from behind—had alienated the sympathies of the boys, it had resulted in the offender being 'corralled' and detained, and the judge, who was reported to be at the other ranche, being sent for.

"The interior of the other house, which was soon reached, to eyes fresh

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