

Next was Petengill, the jeweller. We called him "Pet," because we loved him much, for he was our cook. Early in the mornings he arose, and while the rest slumbered and slept, made hot biscuits and coffee and fried trout. A man of quiet meditative turn of mind was he, who loved to smoke his pipe in peace, yet could growl considerably when things went wrong with him. Sometimes, while he was getting breakfast, he would for some unaccountable reason get mad at us poor innocents asleep in the tent, and would come snarling around, disturbing our rest and grumbling about having to do all the work. Then we thought him a heathen; wished he had never been born, and that the plaguey breakfast might be swept away by the rushing stream or devoured by buzzards. But he was relentless and we had to get up, heaping, as we did so, all our bedclothes upon Cassidy, who was always the last to rise. But when we emerged from our tent and saw all the good things steaming on the stove, we concluded "Pet" an angel, and not a heathen after all.

Next came Davis, the preacher. He did not preach much in camp though. I fear he was the worst and wickedest of us all, but I presume that was but natural, since for a whole twelvemonth he had faithfully sustained the dignity of his calling and carried a heavy family besides. Incessantly "yarning" and cracking jokes, he was the very life of our party. An able camper is Davis. Having swung the axe in his youth in the backwoods of Michigan, he naturally took to the business here and kept our camp fires well supplied.

Next came your humble servant—in the order of age, you know—whom they irreverently dubbed "Silly old Boy." He faithfully filled the honorable office of dishwasher. Last, was Will Lockwood, a boy of seventeen, son of a good Canadian. We two were the "tenderfeet" of the party, as all the inexperienced are called out here. But our feet soon became hardened, I assure you, and I should like to see the feet that wouldn't with the climbing ours had.

Our journey from Boulder, a distance of about forty miles, was one of never failing interest. The scenery was ever changing. Our road was so winding and our view so limited, shut in as we were on all sides by mighty hills, that there was always