would conduct the squaw to the bank or the

express office at Yale.

If one could get a seat outside with the guards and the driver—one who knew how to unlock the lore of these sons of the hills—he was lucky; for he would learn who made his strike there, who was murdered at another place, how the sneak-thief trailed the tender-foot somewhere else—all of it romance, much of it fiction, much of it fact, but no fiction half so marvellous as the fact.

Bull-teams of twenty yoke, long lines of pack-horses led by a bell-mare, mule-teams with a tinkling of bells and singing of the drivers, met the stage and passed with happy salute. At nightfall the camp-fires of foot travellers could be seen down at the water's edge. And there was always danger enough to add zest to the journey. Wherever there are hordes of hungry, adventurous men, there will be desperadoes. In spite of Begbie's justice, robberies occurred on the road and not a few murders. The time going in and out varied; but the journey could be made in five days and was often made in four.

The building of the Cariboo Road had an important influence on the camp that its builders could not foresee. The unknown El