

that we had with us. As I saw the boat go round the first turn I told Albert that that was the last we would see of them or the boat. We knew it would be a long time freezing up hard enough for us to haul on the river, so we built a log cabin and cut 25 cords of wood for the big rush of steamers that would come up in the Spring.

After it froze sufficiently we hauled the stuff in relays to Telegraph Creek. There were hundreds of men who went over the several routes to the Yukon in ninety-eight that had no experience and knew nothing of this kind of life. Many were drowned, some froze, some died of scurvy. We ran the outfit up to Telegraph Creek and got the \$200 (the hardest money I ever earned). There were two trading stores for Highland's and Colbrath's. They had pack trains which carried freight to Dease Lake and the old Dease diggings. A number of men were waiting to go over the Teslin Trail in the Spring, the most conspicuous figure being Hector McLaine, a tall, lanky halfbreed. He wore a cartridge belt around his waist and a forty-four Colts revolver on his hip, and he tried his luck on McPherson, a wood-chopper from down the river. Dr. Carlyle took me up to see him and we found him lying on the floor in his cabin with a bad gash in his neck, the main artery, while laid bare, was not cut. Dr. Carlyle was from Philadelphia and he played the part of the good Samaritan, he doctor'd the sick, patched up the wounded and cut toes off frozen feet.

Albert and I were anxious to go on, so we sold our cordwood on the Stickeen, bought 1200 pounds of provisions and two hand sleighs and started on the Teslin Trail. When we came to the Taltan, a small stream which cut through a high bench, we met two sorry looking men, one Alex Urquhart, and the other a man by the name of Boone, who claimed to be a descend-