

Dyea and the chain of lakes. Here is Mr. De Windt's thrilling narrative of his passage of the Chilcoot, which, by the way, is 4,000ft. high:—

"The tramp from Dyea to Sheep Camp, at the foot of the pass, can be avoided by riding, but the trail is terribly rough. At Sheep Camp we stopped four days, the Indians having struck for higher wages, which we were compelled to give them. Here we passed three parties of miners who were returning to Juneau, having failed through lack of provisions to reach the Lakes. A stiff climb of two hours from Sheep Camp brought us to Stone House, the limit of the tree line; and from here the hard work commenced in grim earnest. For the first few hours, the way lay over a succession of snowy 'plateaus,' which, broken away beneath by numberless water-courses, formed a kind of crust, 15ft. to 20ft. above the ground. The travelling here was extremely dangerous. There was absolutely no path or trail to guide one; and huge crevasses, where the snow had fallen in upon some roaring torrent, appeared here and there. There are seven or eight of these 'plateaus,' which increased in steepness until, midway up the last one, we were scrambling painfully up the slippery ice-slope on our hands and knees. Here a dense mist overtook us, and we lay shivering (at a very uncomfortable angle) for three hours, until it cleared away and disclosed the rocky, precipitous peak of the Chilcoot towering another thousand feet above us. The cold was intense, and we were not sorry to resume our journey. The last part of the ascent was terribly hard—in places literally perpendicular. There is no path of any kind, nor would it be possible to make one, for the rocks are loose and insecure, and the passage of a man will often dislodge a huge boulder, and send it crashing down, to the deadly peril of those below. The ascent of the peak occupied nearly three hours. There were two or three places where a slip must have meant certain death, notably one about

thirty yards from the summit, which we reached at about 5 a.m."

The photo. here reproduced shows Mr. De Windt and his companions on the summit of the Chilcoot Pass. All the party are wearing "goggles" to prevent snow-blindness.



MR. DE WINDT AND HIS PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS.  
From a Photo. by Winter & Pond.

"I have roughed it," said the explorer to me, "for the past fifteen years in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Chinese Tartary, but I can safely describe that climb over the Chilcoot as the severest physical experience of my life. A blinding snowstorm barred our way for nearly an hour, and we then descended a steep ice-slope of about 500ft., which brought us to Crater Lake. From here, at 7 a.m., began an exhausting tramp through deep snow-drifts, gradually thawing to half-frozen slush, knee-deep, as we gained the lower ground. A rocky ridge of hills and three small streams were then crossed. One of the latter, swollen by recent rains, carried one of our party off his feet, but he was, with some difficulty, rescued. From 10 a.m. till mid-day, heavy and incessant rain fell, but by 2 p.m. we stood dead-beat, bleeding and exhausted (but safe), on the shores of Lake Lindemann, the journey having occupied nearly fifteen hours. Then we had to wait ten hours longer, drenched with rain and perspiration, and sick with hunger, until the Indians came up with provisions."

The photo. next shown depicts the miners (Mr. De Windt in the foreground) descending to the lakes.

The head of Lake Lindemann, the first of a chain of five lakes, is about nine miles from the summit of the pass. If you think that, having regard to what you have already endured, all will now be plain sailing, you are