

my word to remain with them and keep faith, and one morning, about two weeks after my arrival, Ben pulled a prayer book out of his cupboard, told us to stand up, read the marriage service to us, and declared us man and wife. Immediately after the ceremony, I pulled out my pocket book and presented him with a couple of \$10 Bank of British Columbia bills, as his parson's fee. Then and always, we were short of flour; the furniture was all home made, and the only stove in the house was a sheet iron affair, but the good supply of articles easily carried had induced me to believe that my friends were anything but hard up; therefore I was surprised at Ben's evident delight in receiving the bills and at his eager enquiry if I had any more. I found afterwards that it was the shape and not the value of the money that pleased him. For nearly three years I was quite contented. English was a foreign language to Lizzie, for her mother had spoken only her own Indian dialect and a little of the Chinook jargon, and the habit of conversing in that way had been continued. She could read, though, after a fashion, and was not more ignorant than many white girls are in the old country. Of course, I began to educate her, and she made wonderful progress. Although I never accompanied Ben on his occasional trips to the 'store,' I always met him at the landing, and between my help in packing in supplies and my bank bills, we had more of the things we were compelled to buy or do without, than had been the rule before my arrival. But with fish and grouse abundant, and a fine garden and chicken yard, we did not suffer much hardship in the eating line.

Towards the end of my third winter—the hardest we had—Ben slipped on an icy spot and broke one of his legs. Then I heard the rest of the story. There had been a row on the ship when Ben ran away, and he thought he had killed the second officer. That was the reason he kept away from civilization at first, and that was why he was afraid to return when he found nuggets enough in a 'pocket' on the mountain to make him a rich man. He had, from time to time, sold enough of the gold to buy such things as they needed, but was always

afraid that some prospector would observe him and follow him up; hence his joy at getting my bills, which he could use without attracting attention.

After that, I had to be buyer for the firm, and then I began to be discontented. On one of my first trips, I visited New Westminster, and making cautious enquiry, found that our canoe had been stolen by somebody before Harry reached it, and as it was afterwards found bottom up with a valuable shot gun lashed to a thwart, it was concluded that I was the thief, and that I had been drowned, as it was argued that Indians would have taken the gun. Poor Harry suffered a good deal in getting back and died of typhoid shortly afterwards. I have been Tom Morton since I heard that.

"The oftener I visited the towns, the more my discontent increased. But I was man enough to resolve that I would keep my word, and that I would stick to my wife, whatever happened, for I held her to be just as much my wife as if we had been married in church. I had, under his own directions, made a tolerable job of setting Ben's leg, and before the next winter set in he was able to get about with the aid of a stick, but he never got over the shock to his system, and when I had been a little more than four years in the valley he died. Lizzie and I then resolved that we would leave the place, but for some months the weather was so tempestuous that we were forced to spend most of our time indoors, and Lizzie's education made rapid progress, for I was anxious that she should pass muster when we returned to civilization. Our plan was that I should transport our gold to Victoria [it was a longer trip than to New Westminster, but I was nervous about going there] carrying each time as much as I conveniently could in the stout 'grip' I had bought for the purpose. My third trip was made early in February. One more I was to make alone, and then Lizzie and I would bid the valley farewell. The keenest frost of the winter set in the day before I got back, and I had quite a job to get my canoe into the little stream which led to our landing, so thickly had the ice formed on it. This kept me behind time, so that I was not surprised, considering how cold