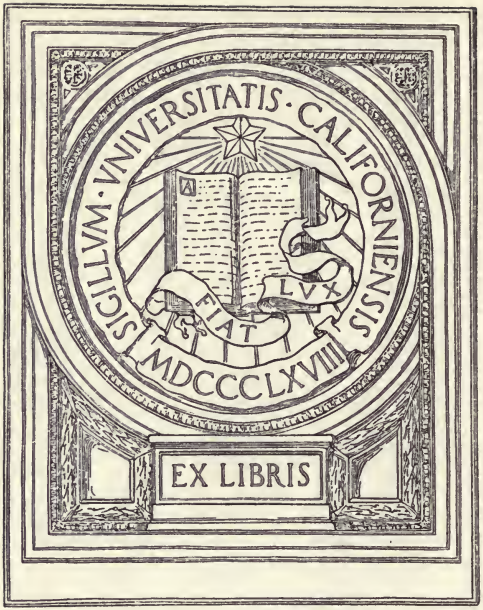
A HALF BREED DANCE

AND OTHER FAR WESTERN STORIES

By Randall H. Kemp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A HALF-BREED DANCE

AND OTHER FAR WESTERN STORIES

MINING CAMP, INDIAN AND HUDSON'S BAY TALES
BASED ON THE EXPERIENCES OF
THE AUTHOR

By
RANDALL H. KEMP

INLAND PRINTING COMPANY
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PREFACE

To the many thousands of pioneers, prospectors and others of the great West, whose struggles have resulted in making others rich, this volume is respectfully dedicated by one of the number.

I TIGHTENED MY ARMS AROUND HER WAIST

A HALF-BREED DANCE.

I had lived many years in the far west, and had seen frontier life in nearly all its many phases, before the incident here recorded took place, but there was one western feature that I never had the pleasure of enjoying, and that was a genuine half-breed dance.

I use the term "half-breed" so as not to be confused with war, scalp or other Indian dances, and for the additional reason that a dance of the kind of which I write much resembles and is patterned after those of the whites. Full-blooded Siwashes may attend these social gatherings on the outer verge of civilization and take part in the pleasures there to be found, but nevertheless the Indians of mixed blood are generally in the majority and always the promoters and managers of the affair.

It should be remembered that these experiences happened upward of twenty years ago. Conditions have changed wonderfully in the country since then, and it is difficult for the late comer to this land to realize matters as they were a fifth of a century ago.

The desire to attend a dance of this description had been uppermost with me for a long time. I longed to take it all in, write it up and allow the readers of some widely circulated journal to know just how it was in reality.

It was the month of July that a companion and myself were camped at Okanogan Smith's ranch, at the northerly end of that beautiful body of

water known as Osoyoos lake, near where the bustling little city of Oroville has been located for a number of years, but towns and railways were scarcely dreamed of in that section at that time. My partner and I had been traveling on horseback for several days, having ridden up Kettle river from the Columbia, then crossed the intervening mountain range, at a time when the mercury registered 110 in the shade, we had arrived at this cool, pleasant place and decided that we would take a much-needed rest.

During the evening of the day of our arrival Mr. Smith's herder, who managed to keep posted on the doings of other people for many miles around, informed us that there would be one of the dances that I longed to attend at Ingraham's ranch, on Kettle river, the following night.

To say that my partner and myself each had a mind to go would be drawing it mild; we determined at once to take in all the sport if it should be the last act of our pure and happy lives. We questioned the herder and ascertained all the facts about the intended jollification that was possible; our desire to be present on the occasion of so much mirth becoming stronger as the talkative cow puncher detailed to us the fun we would likely enjoy.

On the Road.

Bright and early next morning we were in our saddles, speeding along over the undulating country, but gradually climbing the divide separating the Okanogan and Kettle River valleys. We were on the great Colville Indian reservation, and were intent on sizing up the vast area of land

going to waste on account of there being only one Siwash to ten square miles.

It was a beautiful day, but quite warm, until we gained the summit and secured the benefit of the cool breezes that continually blow up or down the many gulches. In the early afternoon we started down the northern slope, following a stream called Terioda creek.

About 4 o'clock we met Mr. Ingraham and his klutch, he having one of the natives for a wife. Mr. Ingraham informed us that no dance would take place at his house that night, or at least he was not aware that any such affair would be given until his new house, which he was building, would be completed. Sadly disappointed, we proceeded on our journey.

In another hour we reached Kettle river, and then rode eight miles up that stream to Eholts ranch, the present site of Midway, British Columbia. This was the place where we intended procuring fresh horses to carry us to Ingraham's, five miles further up the river.

It was not long after disposing of our hearty evening meal and looking after our tired and jaded horses until my partner and I retired to the double bed we were to occupy. My disappointment was great. I had calculated so much on the idea of taking part in that which I considered one of the most interesting features of frontier life, and during the hot, long ride of the day I had been planning how I would write a description of the occasion and publish it, so that those within the borders of civilization could form some idea of social pleasures in the far west. So heavily did

the disappointment weigh on my mind that I feared that I could not sleep.

A Surprise.

But joy of joys. A messenger arrives at the ranch and brings the welcome tidings that the dance, a surprise party would go on. Everybody was invited, a splendid time was expected and if we desired to enjoy the fun all we had to do was saddle our horses, mount and go.

It scarcely appeared an instant until we were on our way, bounding over the prairie-like river bottom toward the scene of the festivities. I had ridden fifty miles that day to see what was to be seen and was determined to take it all in.

In due time we arrived at the Ingraham ranch, dismounted and, after promising each other to say nothing to our families about our interests in the affair, we were ushered into the room where the company were assembled.

It appears at this time almost impossible to describe the scene that met our eyes. A low room about twenty feet square, around the sides of which were rough benches on which sat persons of the different sexes, of, it appeared to me, every shade imaginable, from the pure white man and woman to the blackest Indian, interspersed with mixed blood of all shades of copper. All ages, too, were represented. The room was a perfect babel of sounds. Some were conversing in English, some in the Indian tongue, others were carrying on their conversations in Chinook, and in one corner two Chinamen, who had come down from Rock creek, were having a war of words, apparently, in their native language.

A HUDSON'S BAY FIDDLER

Hudson's Bay Fiddling.

Sitting on a chair placed on the top of a common table in another corner was a bald-headed man busily engaged in tuning an antiquated looking fiddle. "Hudson's Bay," remarked my com-

panion, pointing toward the musician. I did not know at this time the meaning of these two words in that connection, but afterward I thoroughly understood the meaning of Hudson's Bay fiddler, and, if the reader is patient, will endeavor to describe this backwoods disciple of Paganini.

A Hudson's Bay fiddler is one of the old fur company's employes with a taste for music which is only brought to the surface by an energetic use of the bow. They are as necessary adjuncts to a half-breed dance as the half-breeds themselves.

They can generally play but imperfectly a few old-style tunes. If a string on the instrument breaks, and there is not another within 100 miles, does the dance cease on account of the lack of music? No! Mr. Hudson's Bay fastens on a tow string, a piece of barb wire from the nearest fence, anything that will make a noise when stretched, and the fun goes on.

The Dance.

"Take your pardners for a quodrille," yelled old Hudson's Bay, as he drew the bow across the tightened strings of the fiddle, which appeared to be tuned to his satisfaction.

Instantly the hum of voices ceased, and there was a hurrying of feet on the puncheon floor. The first thing that I knew I was bowing and extending my left arm to the first purely native American lady I saw. There was no need of introduction. She accepted me as a partner, and we took our places in one of the sets that were forming.

"All ready," shouted old Hudson's Bay as he tucked the fiddle under his chin.

"Jeemeny whiz! Here's room for another

couple in this set," yelled a young white man. "Say, can't I cut a heifer out of that band rounded up over there and have a dance?"

The young fellow took a plaited rawhide rope from his belt, and dexterously lassoed a comely looking half-breed girl at the other side of the room and brought her to him by pulling the lariat hand over hand. Thus we were standing in waiting for the dance to go on.

"Turn on the water," roared "Gumboot Pete," from the placer diggings up at the mouth of Rock creek.

"All set, hist away!" piped "Hard Rock Sam," who was engaged in prospecting a copper ledge on Boundary creek.

"All rounded up," screamed the cowboy.

These exclamations came from the gentlemen, who with their feminine partners, composed the set in which I had taken a place. They were caused by the delay as old Hudson's Bay was again monkeying with the strings of his fiddle.

I put in my time examining the personnel of my companions in the set. "Gumboot Pete" was properly named, as he had a pair of rubber boots that reached as far up as boots could go on the inside of his limbs, flaps extended up over his hips and were held in place by the belt around his waist passing through the loops. A blue flannel shirt and slouch hat completed his ballroom costume.

"Hard Rock Sam" had on a pair of yellow hobnailed boots, drawn up over his blue overalls, a red flannel undershirt partly covered with a ragged vest, and a cap about two sizes too small for him, comprised his evening dress.

The cowboy had United States government

THE COWBOY GUMBOOT PETE HARD ROCK SAM

shoes on his feet, leather shaps on his legs over a pair of buckskin pantaloons, a vest of the same material, a calico shirt (very much soiled) and a sombrero on his head.

The females were one and all dressed in cheap calico and wore moccasins on their feet.

After taking the above inventory of the others, I turned to my lady so as to carefully study her features as well as make-up, but was startled by the hoarse voice of old Hudson's Bay with the request to "say-loot your pardners."

On With the Dance.

Then the dance commenced in real earnest. I do not know the name of the tune that old Hudson's Bay ground out of the fiddle, and I was too modest to inquire. What it lacked in melody was made up in energy and vim by the dancers.

The rubber soles of Mr. Pete's rubber boots

appeared to lift him up until his head nearly touched the ceiling at times, while the clatter of Mr. Sam's hob-nailed underpinning was not much unlike the thumping of stamps in a quartz mill. The cowboy patted the floor with the grace of an experienced clog dancer.

The ladies, with their moccasined feet, skipped nimbly about, while I, in the excitement occasioned by the newness of everything, soon noticed that I had neglected to remove the heavy pair of Mexican spurs from my top riding boots, and was making nearly as much racket as "Hard Rock Sam."

After the first heat I had more leisure to get acquainted with my fair partner, and I turned my admiring gaze upon her, when I was charmed to see that she was engaged in the pleasing pastime of sizing me up. It was not long until I concluded that I had drawn quite a prize in the lottery of fate. I had that which some term an affinity, in fact, I had snared a gazelle. My charmer was of a tarnished brass color, except for three dark, or, I should say, black spots, which were prominent on her face. She was about four feet in height and about two and one-half feet wide—in places. It is unnecessary to state that her hair was black as the raven's wing, but I will mention that it apparently had not been combed for some time. Her hands were very plump, but her fingers tapered the wrong way and there was enough real estate under the nails to bring her quite a stake did she have it located in the business center of Spokane.

Her admiring scrutiny of my classic features and gothic form caused my proud heart to palpitate with rapture, and for the first time in my

checkered life I realized that I had made a mash. However, we did not have much time for mutual admiration, as old Hudson's Bay screeched "Balance all," and we were soon again going through the merry mazes of the intricate quadrille.

A Conversazione.

Like everything else in this world, the maneuvers on the floor came to an end and I led my charming partner to the further side of the room and seated her on a sawbuck, that being the only vacant receptacle for her ladyship in the apartment. At her request I sat down on an inverted mackerel kit at her feet and we immediately formed a mutual admiration society with only two members.

In very poor English, fair Chinook and sometimes using the Indian language, she gave me an account of her history. I noticed that her nose was as flat as the proverbial pancake, and, like her cheeks, as mentioned before, had black spots on it, showing prominently on her brassy skin. Noticing that I had observed this disfigurement, she explained to me that when she was a little pappoose playing around the camp fire, while her mother, a full blooded Siwash, was frying venison steak, she had in some manner angered her maternal ancestor, who, in a moment of ungovernable wrath, seized the hot frying-pan by the handle and struck her on the face with the bottom of it, thus mashing her nose flat and leaving the black spots on her cheeks and nose, which I had before noticed. She informed me that her father, who was a white man, was engaged in the business of horse stealing, and pursued that branch of in-

dustry in British Columbia and the United States. I was startled by her remarking that if I would marry her I could make plenty of money by going into the agricultural implement business. On asking for information on the subject, she enlightened me by stating that the Indians from British Columbia and the states every year went to the agency of the reservation and drew wagons, harness, mowing machines, plows, hay rakes, etc., and sold them to the first customer for what they would give. I could buy these necessary articles for a song and dispose of them to ranchers for big figures and coin money.

The Mazy Waltz.

At this point old Hudson's Bay announced that a waltz would be the next feature of the program, and my charmer and myself were soon on the floor whirling in the maze enjoying that bliss only known to two souls with but a single thought. I gazed rapturously in the face of the smitten half-breed girl; her gleaming, bead-like eyes were fixed on mine; forgotten was the music and the other persons in the room. She looked to my distorted fancy like a veal cutlet breaded, and her breath smelled like the swill barrel at a summer resort. I stooped lower so as to more closely press her form to mine. I tightened my arms around her waist. She looked up into my face and said:

* * * * * * *

"Helen blazes! You have killed me sure." It was my male partner's voice I heard. I had crushed in two of his ribs, and he had kicked me out of bed on to the floor.

The half-breed dance was but a dream.

AN ORIGINAL BEAR STORY.

IN reading the newspaper accounts of the controversy between President Roosevelt and Dr. William J. Long, the nature writer, prompts me to tell of a little experience that a white man, an Indian and myself had with a few of the wild animals that these noted people are quarreling about. The story is given below and those interested are invited to investigate and prove the statements made to their own satisfaction.

Late in the fall of 1889 I made a trip to the Metaline mining camp, on the Pend d'Oreille river, in the extreme northwestern portion of Washington. While on this jaunt I met and became acquainted with several of the husky braves of the Calispel Indian tribe, a remnant of which yet live on the banks of that stream.

One of these young bucks, a lad about twenty years of age, and myself became fast friends. I had filled his capacious stomach with choice canned fruit several times, and from my experience I have always found that you can reach the Siwash heart in that manner if by no other. This young Indian informed me that his name was Kusote, and when I said "kla how ya" to him on the banks of the Pend d'Oreille, near the mouth of

the Calispel, late in the fall of that year I had little idea of ever meeting him again.

Imagine my surprise during the month of March, 1890, to have a call from my dusky acquaintance. How he ever found me in my lodgings in Spokane has always been a mystery to me, but it shows that the Siwash can trace one out, particularly when you can speak their language.

The Indian had not been in my presence long until I saw that he had something of importance to lay before me. He drew from his blanket a buckskin pouch and emptied the contents on the table. Examination showed that the substance was a peculiar form of natural cement, and on crumbling it with my fingers I noticed that it was well filled with native gold, some pieces as large as a pea, but the main bulk was much finer. Together the Indian and I proceeded to Fassett's assay office, where the mass was ground, panned out and melted. The little brick of gold that the assayer turned over to us weighed two ounces, and Warren Hussey, then a banker and gold buyer of the city, counted out four bright ten-dollar gold pieces for it, which my Indian friend stowed away in his buckskin poke.

In the seclusion of my room that day Kusote told me the story of how he came to secure this gold. A few weeks before he had been out hunting near where his tribe were camped when he ran onto a cinnamon bear, which had apparently come out of its winter quarters sooner than usual. He had taken a shot at the animal and wounded it in the side. The beast remained stunned for a few moments and then ran snorting up a gulch. On going to the place where the bear stood when hit,

THE COLONEL

he had found that his bullet had chipped the substance carrying the gold from the side of the bear. On trailing the animal up the gulch he had located its lair, as it had disappeared in a large hole in a big pile of rocks. Since then he had not visited the spot.

After hearing the Indian's story I concluded to go with him and ferret out this mystery. If there were a lot of bears roaming around the country packing heavy loads of native gold I was determined to have a share of it or know the reason why. The Indian agreed to pilot myself and a companion to the spot for a share in the profits, and I immediately set to work to find a suitable person with whom to divide the sport and also the possible dividends of the enterprise.

It was not long until I had my man, and he entered heartily into the spirit of the venture. This gentleman was a very particular chum of mine; he was one of the powderless colonels who had heard of the civil war, but not sufficiently to enable him to draw a pension. We were not long in arranging details, and in two days more the three of us were on our way with a light spring wagon and a complete camping and prospecting outfit.

Leaving Spokane early in the morning we traveled leisurely and camped that night on the Calispel river where it widens out into the broad valley, which in that day was covered with fine ranches. By noon of the following day we were on the bank of the Pend d'Oreille river opposite the old Hudson's Bay blockhouse, which was an ancient landmark, situated several miles above

the point where the Calispel empties into the Pend d'Oreille.

Here the Indian informed us that we would have to leave our horses and wagon, as we would be compelled to cross the river on a raft. After ferrying all our supplies across the swift stream we placed our team and wagon in the care of a rancher, telling the tiller of the soil that we were on a hunting expedition on the opposite side of the river and would be absent several days.

We made a comfortable camp at the mouth of a gulch near the Hudson Bay blockhouse mentioned above, as Kusote said that this would be the most convenient location for our operations. He also informed us that it was in this gulch that he had wounded the bear from which he had obtained the gold that he had disposed of in Spokane.

Scarcely had the sun peeped over the Cabinet range of mountains the next morning when we were astir. Armed with rifles and well supplied with prospecting implements, we proceeded up the gulch, keeping a sharp lookout for any members of the bruin family.

As the colonel and I stopped to rest at the mouth of a small side gulch, which the Indian said was the one up which his wounded bear had scampered, we were aroused by a shout from the Siwash. On looking up we saw a large cinnamon about 200 feet from us up the gulley. It was apparently in a hurry to get somewhere and was going in an opposite direction from that which we came. We all three fired simultaneously, but only had the satisfaction of seeing the animal stop for a second and then move on. We decided that one

of our bullets had hit the beast, but that we had done no serious damage.

As fast as we could travel we followed the bear up the steep gulch and saw it enter a hole in a ledge of loose rocks. Kusote said that this was the same place that he had lost track of the one that he had wounded some time before. On close examination of the aperture in which the bear had disappeared we found a considerable quantity of the same cement that contained the gold such as the Indian had shown me in Spokane. On crumbling this substance we found that it was heavily impregnated with the much admired yellow metal.

With the other supplies that we had brought with us was ten pounds of dynamite besides the necessary caps and fuse for exploding the same. We secured these from the camp, placed the explosive in the opening properly primed, then packed rocks solidly on top the charge so that none of the force of the dynamite would be wasted, lighted the fuse and hastily retreated, going up the hill instead of down, my experience as a miner having taught me that this was the safest method.

In a few moments there was a deafening report and the air below us was filled with flying rocks and dust. Then a rumbling and grinding noise, which lasted for a number of minutes. It did not require much time for us to discover that the jar of the explosion had loosened the large quantity of boulders and the mass had slid down the hill.

When we knew that all was safe down the slope we scrambled to see what we could find. All at once a huge cinnamon appeared on the down hill side of the rock pile. It was but a moment until

we had pumped the brute so full of lead that his mission in life was ended. The colonel and I were estimating the quantity of gold that was clinging to his shaggy sides when we were aroused by a cry from the Indian. On looking in his direction we saw the Siwash on top of the rock slide wildly gesticulating. On arriving at the point where he stood it was easy to see that which excited him. There was the remains of another bear, ground to mincemeat almost, by the action of the sliding rocks. This fact gave us some additional information as to the importance of our new source of wealth. The stomach and intestines of this animal were completely filled with the cement, and the cement, to use a miner's phrase, was lousy with gold. "By the sword of Bunker Hill," remarked my military titled companion, "I have heard bear stories, but when we get back to civilization and tell this one, no person can be found who will believe us, even when we show them the gold that will be cleaned up from this remarkable discovery."

By this time it was late in the afternoon, and as the day's exertions and excitement had wearied us, it was deemed best to return to camp and leave the process of cleaning up until the next day. That night as the colonel and I smoked our pipes by the camp fire we reasoned out the problem, which was very simple, as to how these bears were going around loaded with so much wealth. They had made their lair in a natural cement lead, this material being soft, it had clung to their shaggy coats. The fact of the internal regions of the animals being filled with the substance was also easily accounted for. Bears, while hibernating,

ESTIMATING THE QUANTITY OF GOLD

are inclined to swallow anything soft that is within reach, and as these had not yet left their den and consumed any food, the accumulations of the winter months were still in their interiors.

Next day was one of strenuosity. The three of us worked hard. It was a disagreeable and difficult task to collect the cement-laden gold from the rocks, and the colonel and I performed this job while Kusote skinned and dismembered the one that we had killed. Finally all the evidences of wealth were placed in gunny sacks and taken to our main camp. By diligent work with a gold pan all the noble metal was collected and stowed in an extra large buckskin poke that we had brought with us. We had no scales to weigh the gold, but the colonel, as he hefted the sack, said: "I lost everything that I had in the Spokane fire except my military title and my war record, and I'll bet both against a peanut that these bears will assay $1,500 each." In this the colonel was about correct. He took the metal to the United States assay office at Helena, and our net returns were a little in excess of $3,000. From one cause and another we have never returned to the scene of our peculiar find, but we are now arranging to spend our summer vacation there, when we may slaughter a few more loaded members of the bruin family and exploit the lead of gold impregnated cement.

In the meantime should President Roosevelt or any other noted naturalist desire to join the party, they have my permission, and I believe that I can vouch for the colonel, as he is yet very much alive and heavily charged with good nature.

MADE AN ODD CLEAN-UP.

It was during the winter of 1878-9, if my memory serves me right, that the events here recorded happened. I had been assayer for the Big Gun Mining company, a concern that owned a group of silver mines and a large stamp mill in what was known as Goose Neck canyon, in the state of Nevada. The operations of the company had been reasonably successful, but as the concern was new, and the manager had failed to lay in a sufficient quantity of supplies for the winter, and in addition to this the snow fell to an immense depth in that locality, it was deemed advisable to close down the mines and works until the following spring, when operations would be resumed.

When the final arrangements were made, a watchman and myself were to be the only persons to remain at the works, a lonely and desolate place, during the long and dreary winter which was then coming on.

The watchman was a trusted employee of the company. He had been the retort man, a responsible position, as all the amalgam from the twenty-stamp mill, amounting to thousands of dollars a month, passed through his hands, as well as the metal after it had been freed from the quicksilver that had collected it from its matrix in the large amalgamating pans.

Jim Boyd was the name of this person who was to share my lonely life in the canyon until the snows had disappeared and the manager returned

with a crew to resume operations. Jim was a fairly well educated fellow for a workingman, and was of a very observing nature. I saw in the beginning that he and I could get along very well together for the many months that we expected to be alone. We had provided ourselves with plenty of reading matter and had fixed up a temporary gymnasium in the mill for the purpose of taking exercise when we felt in need of the same.

As the office of the company was a roomy structure, we easily arranged our living quarters in first class shape, having one room for a kitchen, another for a dining room and still another equipped with two beds, which was our sleeping compartment. As I had been out prospecting often and had acquired the art of cookery to quite an extent, and being finicky on the proper (to my mind) preparation of foods, I assumed the duties of cook, leaving Jim to perform the less professional work of washing dishes and cleaning up generally.

Of course all these arrangements were made after the manager and the men who had been employed in the mines and mill had left. About the time we had everything in first class shape and were completing our plans to pass the long months in the best manner possible, we were surprised to have visitors unexpectedly. The snow at this time was about three feet deep and quite soft, hence we thought that it was impossible for people to travel.

However, one evening about nine o'clock, while a strong wind was blowing outside, there was a loud rap on our door and we both hastened to open it. In filed three roughly dressed men. They

IN FILED THREE ROUGHLY DRESSED MEN·

were not long in explaining how they came to be there. According to their story, which we never afterward had cause to doubt, they had been on a prospecting trip several miles farther up the canyon then we were located. They had gone there by another route during the past summer and had struck some healthy appearing mineral

veins which they desired to thoroughly prospect before going outside for the winter. Finally when they saw that the snow would soon come, they had been prevented from starting on account of the illness of one of their number, who was not a healthy man at any time since his companions had known him. Consequently they had remained in the rough cabin that they had erected until shortness of provisions and the possibility of starvation had compelled them to move on. As the route down the canyon would bring them to a lower altitude sooner than by traveling in any other direction, they had come our way; now could we put them up for the night at least? To add to their hardships, the sound men had had to almost carry their sick companion, the soft snow not permitting them to draw him on a sled even if they had such a convenience.

Jim and I soon assured the travelers that they were welcome to the best we had, and soon a smoking hot meal was set on the table for them. All ate heartily except the sick man. His appetite was poor and he had but little to say. It was evident that he was quite ill, but the cause of his affliction none of us knew at the time, we little dreaming of the surprise in store for Jim and myself when we alone would come to a full realization of his malady. Jim hustled out to the mill through the deep snow and soon returned with all the blankets that he could carry, as a number had been stored there by members of the crew who did not wish to take them along when they left for the winter. Our guests were soon made as comfortable as ourselves, although they slept on the office floor, and, after smoking a few pipes and getting

better acquainted, we all retired to our different beds for the purpose of surrendering to the drowsy god. Except for an occasional moan from our sick guest, nothing disturbed us throughout the night.

The next morning we found that there had been another heavy fall of snow and realized the impossibility of our new friends traveling that day, hence they went to work making snowshoes out of material that Jim found somewhere in the mill building.

For three days they remained with us, the afflicted man growing more and more ill each day, but he bore his trouble uncomplainingly. If he had anything to say it was to express his appreciation of our efforts to relieve him and to tell us that he hoped he was not a burden to his friends. On the night before they were to leave, we held a council and decided, for humanity sake, that the man should remain with Jim and I, as his condition was such that he should not be exposed to the elements. Thus it was decided that there would be three of us to share that lonely vigil in the wilderness, and perhaps one would never live to see the bare ground again.

How often I have thought afterward of the difference between the afflicted out in the wilds among his fellow men and in the congested districts of civilization. With the rough miner, the sick and the helpless have every care and attention that can be bestowed, but in the cities, and perhaps in smaller places as well, those in distress are left to shift for themselves or depend on cold charity. The wilds, in my experience, do not bring out the savagery, but rather the more divine quali-

ties of man, except, perhaps, in rare instances.

With snowshoes firmly strapped to their feet and with ample provisions and bedding, after a frosty night when there was quite a crust on the snow, the two men, after hearty farewells, started on their journey and were soon lost to view around a bend in the canyon. The three of us were alone to make the best of circumstances.

Jim and I had many private talks about our companion and the disease, or complaint, that appeared to be sapping his life away. I noticed that Jim studied the man continually, and often I would see a peculiar expression on his face after he had been scrutinizing the invalid for some time. Finally one evening, when the sick man was dozing in his chair, Jim came over to me and whispered, "He is loaded as sure as I live." I was about to ask Jim for an explanation of his meaning when we noticed that the sleeper was waking, so all conversation was stopped for the time being.

The following day Jim had some work that needed looking after in the mill. As I needed some exercise, I went out to the works. As soon as Jim saw me he came up and said: "Now I can tell you what I meant last night when I said that that fellow was loaded. Why, he is simply full of quicksilver. He tells me that he has worked in the Almadan quicksilver mines for years; then he has been retort man at any number of quartz mills, so that he has absorbed enough mercury to kill a half dozen men. Now if you watch him closely when he sits down he appears to drop like a gunnysack filled with some soft material."

From my own experience of years around amalgamating works, I knew that retort men and

others often absorbed the fumes of quicksilver and as a rule retained the metal in their systems, causing them to suffer more or less throughout the remainder of their lives. Jim now brought up the argument that when a man absorbed large quantities of quicksilver, he would at the same time take into his system more or less of the metals that had an affinity for the mercury. He clinched his argument, to his own satisfaction, by saying he believed that he would assay quite high in gold and silver himself were he sampled and tested.

As the days passed by we could not help but notice that the sick man was growing weaker, and we fully realized that his remaining days on earth were few. Every time I would mention to Jim that we would have to make arrangements for giving the poor fellow decent burial, Jim would tell me to have no uneasiness on that score as all matters could be settled without difficulty. I did not ask him for any explanations.

Two days before Christmas, about noon, the invalid breathed his last. Prior to his death he had told us of his history. The story of his life was so similar to that of many others in the far west that it is not necessary to repeat it here. The only thing of importance to us was that he had no relatives living to his knowledge.

We moved the body to the mill building and properly prepared it for its last resting place. Then the question of a grave being uppermost in my mind, I mentioned the matter to Jim. He answered quickly that we would neither need a grave or a coffin. On asking for an explanation, Jim then unbosomed himself, as it were, and expressed himself something as follows: "I have

told you all along that this fellow was loaded with quicksilver, and there is no telling how much silver and gold there is in him. Now my idea is to cremate his body and see what we will find." As I had always been in favor of cremation as a means of disposing of the dead, when Jim informed me that either of the large retorts in the mill would easily hold the body, I considered that perhaps after all this would be as humane as any other method of disposing of the remains. The thought of recovering any precious metals from the body I would not allow to enter my mind. Jim said that he would attend to all the details of the cremation; all he asked of me was to assist him in placing the body in the retort.

Early in the morning of the day after Christmas we deposited the remains in a six-foot retort and Jim carefully luted the door and lighted the fire in the furnace underneath. I returned to the office, feeling that all was done that could be done under the circumstances. Jim stayed at the mill closely, and one time during the afternoon when I went out to take exercise I found him busy adding more fuel to the fire. In fact, except to come over for his evening meal, I did not see Jim again that day, but he was asleep in his bed when I awoke the next morning.

It was nearly noon when Jim arose. He had some breakfast and said but little, soon going out to the mill. About 3 o'clock he came in and laconically said: "All is ready; can you come out and see the job?" I immediately followed him and we went direct to the retort room. The door of the retort in which we had placed the dead man was open. At Jim's suggestion I looked inside

and noticed a long, thin slab of some material which at the time I did not realize its nature. Jim seized a steel rod and turned the substance over; then I realized that it was metal. "Just as I told you," said Jim, "that poor fellow was full of metal as well as quicksilver. Now, you, as assayer, will have to determine how much we have made by this cleanup."

We carefully removed the contents of the retort and separated the ashes of the dead from the metal. The dust of our departed guest we placed in a receptacle and the metal we carried to the office. This entire proceeding so worked on my nerves that I did not have the heart to do any more that day.

Next morning, however, I decided to get through with the job. The bullion melting furnace was fired up and the mass of metal melted and poured into a mold, allowed to cool, weighed and assayed. The weight of the entire mass was a trifle over 60 ounces. On making a bullion assay the results obtained were that the brick of metal contained 41 ounces of pure gold and 18 ounces of silver. In figuring our profit, we calculated gold at $20 per ounce and silver at $1; consequently we were ahead $838, less use of material which we would settle for with the manager when that individual returned in the spring.

WANTED: A PARTNER.

Few people appear to realize that that which they may be looking for may lie close at hand. If they could grasp this fact, probably a number would not go chasing off to Alaska, to Mexico and other out of the way places for gold and many other metals.

It is not reasonable to suppose that everyone will believe the following account of a peculiar gold discovery made within a day's horseback ride of Spokane, but it is not improbable that many will put money into a company if one is formed to harvest the yellow metal that this account is written to tell about.

During the year 1891, as many who are yet living in Spokane may remember, I was a resident of this city, and took quite an interest in the development of the mining resources that surround Spokane on all sides. I sometimes made journeys to distant points on business relating to mines and mining, and for some unaccountable reason always had the feeling that there was something nearer home that I would fall up against.

It came about that in the early summer of the year named, an old Colorado friend of mine came to Spokane and we renewed a friendship of many years before, when we had been employed in the same assay office for a big silver reduction company in the Centennial state. We visited several mining sections together and I was glad to know that he was pleased with the outlook and many of his predictions as to the future development and output of the country have been verified.

My friend's name was Charley Baird, or at least that is the name I will give him in this story. He was thoroughly up to date on assaying and metallurgical chemistry, and always carried with him on trips chemicals for testing and determining any substance that might strike his fancy. I have been associated with a number of chemists in the many years that I have lived in the West, and I believe that Charley Baird was one of the best.

Having some spare time during the hot months of the summer, we decided to take an excursion, or roughing trip, for a time and see what we could find. In 1889 I had been out to the east of Mount Carlton, between that mountain and Newman lake to examine some copper finds, and I proposed to Charley that we hide ourselves away in the jungles of that unexplored region for a time. The copper claims had been abandoned, but as I had found that that metal existed there in small quantity, although the discoverers had believed it to be gold, there was a possibility that we may stumble onto something.

Accordingly in August, with a riding horse each and two large pack horses loaded with all that they could carry in the way of provisions, bedding and the few tools that we might require, we left the city behind us and headed for Mount Carlton. The first night we camped at Phillips meadows and the next day at noon were on the summit of the peak which is about the loftiest point visible from Spokane of any of the surrounding mountains.

We came down on the south side of the mountain and made our camp for the second night,

amusing ourselves until asleep in watching the lights of Spokane away in the distance. Even in that day the city lights showed up well, but it must be a far grander view now with the immense increase of population, of business houses and homes.

Early on the morning of the third day we were on the march. Our endeavor was to push eastward toward Newman lake, which could be sighted from our camp, but we could see that the whole country was covered with brush and fallen timber which would cause traveling to be extremely difficult. As we had two sharp axes in our outfit, and we knew how to use them, it was decided to push on our way no matter if progress would be slow and tedious.

Cutting brush, chopping our way through fallen logs and helping our animals over dangerous places, kept us busy for two days, and by the second evening after leaving our camp on the side of Mount Carlton we estimated that we had made 12 miles.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when up on the side of a low hill, we saw quite a distance below us a small lake. For a long distance from the shore on the side of the lake next us there was no brush, only large trees far apart, while the ground was covered with a carpet of luxurious grass. In fact, a beautiful natural park was there and for that spot we bent our energies so as to have plenty of fodder for our animals, who were beginning to show signs of giving out on account of their hard work.

It was late in the evening when we reached the shore of the small lake. We soon had the saddles

and packs off our horses; the animals were not hobbled or roped in any manner, as we knew they would not stray from us. We noticed that when our horses went to the lake, instead of drinking, they sniffed at the water and then walked to a small stream a short distance away, where they quenched their thirst. This action caused us to investigate, and we found that the water of the lake was extremely salty. As there was plenty of fresh water in the brook as well as in several convenient springs, the fact of having found a salt lake did not discommode us. After a hearty meal and a few smokes we rolled up in our blankets and were soon in the land of dreams.

Next day Charley and I put in the time prospecting. We found any number of small stringers of quartz, all carrying free gold but not in sufficient quantity to make paying mines. These "splinters," as Charley called them, were in the soft granite formation and each one we could easily trace into the lake. In our investigations we traveled the entire circumference of the body of salt water and noted perhaps a hundred of these minute fissures, all ending at the water's edge, as far as we could determine.

That night as we sat by the camp fire Charley was in a deep study and had scarcely anything to say. I presumed that he was thinking out some problem and did not molest the thread of his thoughts by asking questions. Finally, when bed time came, he said: "It is barely possible that we have stumbled onto a wonderful discovery, and tomorrow I am going to satisfy myself whether an idea that I have is correct or not."

HE HAD HIS CASE OF CHEMICALS OUT

Next morning when I awoke I found that Charley had been up for some time. He had his case of chemicals out and was intent on an experiment that absorbed his entire attention. I saw that it was water that he was working with, and naturally surmised that he was testing the fluid from the lake for some purpose; in this theory it developed that I was correct.

As we had brought two rifles with us and had also revolvers and plenty of ammunition, I proposed to Charley that I put in the time looking for game, as we had noticed that there was plenty of all kinds in that out of the way place but we had been so busy with our explorations that we had not given any attention to securing fresh meat for our larder. Consequently I left Charley alone at the camp and strolled off into the hills.

I was not long in finding out that the woods were alive with all kinds of game that are found in this section of the country. I saw both black and white tailed deer, elk, caribou, and nearly all varieties of bear—in fact, in all my years of roughing it, I had never been in a section that was better supplied with game of all kinds. After several hours of rambling, I sized up a fine white-tailed deer which I concluded was about the weight that I cared to carry back to camp, and I brought him down with a shot from the rifle. Early in the evening I was back with Charley preparing our supper of venison steaks and bannocks.

Charley was in a brown study all the evening, but just before time for us to roll up in our blankets for the night, he loosened up his conversational powers and remarked: "I have been busy the entire day experimenting with that salt water and I find that it averages a little over one grain of gold to the cubic foot. I have taken samples from several places in the lake and find that the values are uniform. I have precipitated quite a quantity of the gold and find from tests that it can be recovered about chemically pure. Now in the morning I want you to help me measure the lake so that we can arrive at the number

of cubic feet that it contains, and after that a simple calculation will tell whether there is enough of the metal in solution to justify us in providing ways and means for its recovery."

After breakfast we began our labors of measuring the body of salt water. We found that the average length was 1,300 feet; width, 450 feet, and depth, 10 feet. To secure this last measurement it was necessary to construct a raft, but this was not difficult, as we had axes and there was plenty of timber handy.

When evening came again Charley became absorbed with figures. After a time he announced the results of his calculation and said: "I find that there are 58,500,000 cubic feet of water in the lake. As I have thoroughly demonstrated that there is one grain of gold to the cubic foot, and as there are 480 grains to the ounce, consequently there are 121,875 ounces of gold in solution in that lake. As this gold can be recovered pure, I will figure it at $20 an ounce; this gives a total value of $2,437,500 which is ours for the taking."

It was some time before I could realize that I was all at once worth one and a quarter million dollars nearly, for I was entitled to a half interest in the find. While thinking on this sudden windfall of riches, Charley interrupted my thoughts by saying: "Now the question is, how are we going to recover this wealth? The proper agents for precipitating are not at hand, and it would be next to impossible to get them in here as there are no roads and the quantity required is so great that I will try and figure the problem out after I go to bed."

Early the following morning I was awakened by Charley shouting, "I have found it." "Found what?" I asked, as I rubbed my eyes in an endeavor to become thoroughly awake. "Found a way to precipitate that gold," replied Charley as he bounded out of bed and began to light the camp fire. While we were eating our breakfast, Charley unbosomed himself as follows: "You know that the metallurgist who has charge of a smelter must go to nature for his chemicals, while the assayer, who smelts ores on a very much smaller scale, can procure his reducing agents at a drug store. In this proposition we are like the metallurgist at the smelter—we must look to nature for the means to get this gold into the form that we can handle it.

"If we could find a body of the sulphate of iron within reach, and dump that into the lake, we could precipitate the chloride of gold in metallic form, but as we can't very well do that, we must do so with sulphureted hydrogen. This will precipitate the gold in the form of a sulphide, and that will necessitate the refining of the product and the transportation to a smelting center to have this work done, yet as there are about two and one-half millions in gold now in the lake, and as the salt water is continually taking up more of the metal from these small stringers of gold that run into the water, I figure that it will pay to build a road into this country and we will keep from starving by raking in a million or so a year from our harvest of gold."

Then I butted in and said, "But, Charley, how are you going to generate your sulphureted hydrogen?" "Oh, that's dead easy," remarked

Charley. "Haven't you been telling me that the country hereabouts was full of game? Don't you remember enough about your chemistry to know that the decomposition of an animal body will generate sulphureted hydrogen? Why, we will start in and slaughter a few hundred of these bear and other large animals; we will let them rot here by the side of the lake and when the decaying process is at its height, we will tow them out and have them located at different points over the water so that the sulphureted hydrogen that they give off will do our work and the gold will settle to the bottom."

After talking the matter over thoroughly it was decided to try the experiment. It was an easy matter to slaughter the animals, but the question of getting the carcasses down to the lake must be taken into consideration and be provided for. In the first place, harness was a necessity so that two of our horses could be utilized in hauling the animals that we would kill. We went out that afternoon and killed two large grizzly bears, which we skinned, and their hides, cut into strips, made two fair sets of harness—hence one difficulty was overcome. Charley advanced another idea which was acted on at once. We killed three deer and placed their carcasses across the lake opposite our camp; these attracted the bears at night and we had great sport shooting the huge beasts by moonlight without leaving the comfortable quarters that we had provided for ourselves by this time.

Between the animals that we killed during the day while out on our hunting trips and those that responded to our rifle shots at night, in a week we

THE STENCH HAD BECOME UNBEARABLE

had sufficient meat, according to Charley's calculations, to precipitate all the gold in solution in the lake.

Any one who has ever sniffed sulphureted hydrogen, knows that the odor is the same as that of a badly decomposed egg. As the weather was now getting very hot, and the stench from our harvest of wild animals had about become unbearable, we began to plan the finish of the job for the time being. To escape the offensive odor, we moved our camp to a bench about a quarter of a mile from the water's edge and thus avoided the unpleasantness during the night time.

One evening after Charley had been thinking for some time, he said: "There is one matter that has been giving me some concern, but I believe that I have found a solution to the problem. If we were to dump our meat into the salt water, it would become pickled and the effect that we are after would be spoiled. Now I propose that we tie each carcass to a log so that it will not sink, and while we are absent the work of reclaiming the gold will be going on." I immediately acted on the suggestion and commenced to cut a number of deer hides into strips for the purpose of fastening the carcasses to the logs.

It required two days of hard work to cut and float sufficient logs, then two days more to anchor our novel generators over the lake so that each portion would receive its proper amount of sulphureted hydrogen. By watching a few of the carcasses as they were at rest, we noticed the clouded effect in the water and knew that the soluble gold was settling to the bottom of the lake. As this job was a disagreeable one on account of the

strong odor, we were very glad when it was finished.

Preparations were then made to return to Spokane and raise capital to build a wagon road to the lake, dig a ditch so as to drain off the water, collect our gold sulphide and transport it to a refinery. We figured that the business of recovering gold from the lake would be a perpetual occupation, as after one batch was cleaned up we could dam up the discharge and set the process in motion again. In the meantime we would endeavor to find a quantity of iron sulphate and precipitate the gold from its solution in metallic form. In making our calculations as to expense, we saw that we did not have the finances to carry out our plans. It would be necessary to enlist one or more persons who would advance the necessary money. Besides all this, it was necessary to secure title to our find to prevent others from encroaching on our rights. With these matters fully discussed and thoroughly understood, we returned to Spokane, arriving here in the latter part of September.

We were not in this city long until it became evident that we could do no business. A wonderful real estate boom was on, and no one would talk anything else but acreage and town lots. Every man we approached wanted to sell us an acreage tract, a town lot or a plot in the nearest cemetery. We soon saw that there was no use of wasting our efforts against such odds, and as we did not wish to divulge too much about our find, we soon ceased making any effort to secure assistance from others, and would try to rustle the money ourselves.

About the time we had come to this conclusion, the world was startled with the announcement that rich silver-lead mines had been struck in the Slocan district, in British Columbia. As there was really no danger of any one molesting our latent wealth, out to the east of Mount Carlton, we decided to await the advent of spring, hie ourselves to the Slocan and make a stake; then we could develop our gold-laden lake and be independent of every one.

In the early spring of 1892 Charley and I joined the rush to the Slocan. For a time we prospered in a reasonable manner, and had our plans so well along that we felt confident of making quite a cleanup by the middle of 1893, but unfortunately the panic of June of that year came along and swept us off our feet in a financial way, the same as it did thousands of others.

In the changes that were brought about, Charley and I became separated. In the quest of a livelihood and the desire to make the long desired stake, so as to return to our find and reap our reward, we drifted far and wide. Some years ago a brother-in-law of Charley's died in an eastern state, leaving Charley's sister a large sum of ready money. The lady, who was an invalid, sent for Charley to manage her affairs. As he was getting well along in years, and the possibility of accumulating anything of value in mining ventures looked uncertain to him, he gladly accepted his sister's offer, and has since been touring the world in search of pleasure and health.

Recently, from a noted resort in the old world, on the banks of the beautiful Mediterranean, came a letter from my old friend Charley. This letter

informed me that he felt the years that had been creeping on, and that he realized that his end was not far off. He had no kin that needed assistance from him, and that I was sole heir to his interest in the gold-filled lake in the jungles that lie to the east of Spokane's majestic mountain peak.

The story has been told. The second chapter is ready to be commenced. Who is going to share with me in the wealth that now only requires collecting. Unfortunately, I am still poor. The means to recover all this gold are still lacking. Who will be the first to provide the sinews of war that this golden stream may be diverted to our pockets and coffers? I am open for suggestions and offers. The only request that I have to make to the investing public is that all do not apply at once. When the second chapter of this history is written, who will be the one that has his share of that two and one-half millions that only awaits a claimant?

WEALTH IN A GLACIER.

To fully comprehend the following story, it is necessary to carry you back a few years and relate some incidents which, although strictly true, have but a small bearing on the subject.

It was on the first day of August, 1904, that I disembarked from the ocean steamer Santa Clara at the town of Seward, in Resurrection Bay, Alaska. Here the passengers found a beautiful townsite eighteen miles from the grand entrance to this historic harbor, said to be the finest on the

Pacific coast and, although new to us, had been the point where the Russians had built some of their largest ships one hundred and thirty-eight years before.

One short year previous to the time of which I write, a "native" family had been the only permanent residents of the bay for eighteen years, their nearest neighbors being ninety miles distant overland. This family consisted of Mrs. Mary Lowell, an Alaskan native who had at one time married an American coast trader of that name, and her family of two sons and two daughters, the daughters having been married some time before this, and it is of one of this lady's sons-in-law that this narrative has to deal.

It may be well to state that the cause for the existence of the town of Seward was the fact that it was the southern terminus of the Alaska Central railway, whose promoters had planned to build from that point on the Northern Pacific ocean to the Tanana river, something near 500 miles distant. The possibility of this railway opening up new mining fields, was the real cause of my casting my lot in that faraway spot, and I afterward installed an assay office there, but as an introduction to the country while awaiting development, I carried with me a complete newspaper plant and had the satisfaction for one year of having the only newspaper in a region six hundred miles wide by fifteen hundred miles in length.

It was while collecting data for my publication that I met, and became acquainted with Herman Switzer, my companion in the experience of which this story tells. Mr. Switzer was a son-in-law of Mrs. Lowell, the pioneer lady spoken of. He told

me his story. He was born and reared in Germany; had the advantage of a splendid education, but was of a roving disposition. He had emigrated to the United States and followed the Star of Empire until he reached the Pacific and had then drifted north. For a long time he had worked in the gold-quartz mines around Juneau, and finally joined a crowd of prospectors who investigated the mineral possibilities of Resurrection Bay without success. All of his companions had returned to civilization except two, and the magnet that held them in the wilds was their marriage to the two daughters of Mrs. Lowell. Herman was a loyal husband to the eldest child in this isolated but naturally bright family.

Before the onward march of civilization in that region began, Herman, like a number of others had established the business of raising foxes for their fur, and had taken possession of an island out in the ocean westward of Prince William Sound, where he established several families of these animals and once a year gathered his harvest of blue fur, blue being the color of the foxes that he raised. It was but natural that Herman would ask me to accompany him on one of his trips when he visited the island to feed and look after the welfare of his charges. To navigate the salt water of the bay and open sea, Herman had provided himself with a serviceable sloop, about forty feet in length, with six-foot beam. At this time the vessel was propelled by sails, but he afterward added steam power. The boat was known as the Biana, possibly named after some old sweetheart.

It was a bright, crisp morning about the middle of October, when we set sail and started with the out-going tide down the bay. We must make eighteen miles and pass through the narrow entrance before chancing our lives on the open sea in such a frail craft. The entrance to the harbor was on the extreme end of the Kenai peninsula, and once outside there was no shelter for many miles, should a storm overtake us, unless we found a snug harbor along the rugged coast.

With the tide aiding us, we made rapid progress down the harbor and on account of Herman's skill in tacking we passed through the narrow passage safely and were soon sailing on the deep blue waters of the ocean with our prow pointing toward the island, but our objective point was not in sight, as it was fully fifty miles away. "I don't like the looks of the weather," remarked Herman; "I am afraid that we will have a blow, and it may be too much for our boat." Not being a sailor, I allowed him to use his judgment on the matter of navigation, although I was at the tiller while he handled the sails.

As the wind was blowing out of Prince William Sound, we were compelled to beat against it and our tacking often brought us dangerously close to the treacherous rocks that jutted out from the shore. Finally, after heading the vessel away from the coast Herman said: "I believe I will chance it," and he shook out the reefs in the canvas and our craft almost leaped toward the distant horizon. We had progressed probably twenty miles from land when, without the slightest warning, a huge squall struck us and for a time it appeared as though we would become subjects of

old Neptune, but by following closely Herman's instructions and handling the tiller properly while he furled the sails, we managed to keep afloat although we were tossed about as a chip would be in that rough sea. Happening to glance ahead I

HURRAH, WE ARE SAVED

noticed two black objects on the crest of a monster wave and called Herman's attention to them. "Hurrah, we are saved," he cried so loudly that I could easily hear him above the roar of the tempest, "those are native fishermen in their bidarkas, and if we can turn and follow them they will lead us to safety." It was but a few moments until the two men in their moose skin boats were passing us and waving frantically with their paddles for us to follow in their wake. Fortunately we turned on the crest of an immense wave and, keeping the two Russians in sight, within an exciting hour, the wind being in our favor, we drew our

breath easier in a quiet harbor where there was scarcely a ripple, while the waves were mountain high out in the open.

After taking his bearings, Herman remarked: "Well, if this isn't Days Harbor. I did not think of this as a shelter after we left Resurrection Bay." Then I remembered of hearing of Days Harbor while studying the geography of the country. It is a large bay extending a long distance inland; its entrance being about fifteen miles southeast of Resurrection Bay. As we were safe for the time being, and the Russians who had so kindly piloted us to this haven had landed on a beach a mile or more from the point where we had dropped our anchor, we went into our diminutive cabin and prepared a meal. All day long we could hear the waves lashing the rocks on the outside and we decided to spend the night where we were.

Next morning while we were at breakfast, Herman, who appeared to be in a brown study, said: "I have put in several years in this part of the country and have prospected considerable without finding anything of value, so I propose we spend a day or two in this bay and see if we can locate anything." As I had bought an assay outfit from C. M. Fassett of Spokane and was quite anxious to cover everything of a mining nature that had any possibility of being a mine, I was only too well pleased to do as my companion suggested. We seated ourselves in the small skiff that was tied to the after part of the sloop and rowed to the shore where we put in the time for an hour or more but did not find any indication of mineral. Then we returned to the vessel, raised the anchor and

sailed up the bay. We were both awed by the majesty of the immense live glaciers that we passed on our way. Huge, towering masses of ice rising hundreds of feet above the water and some of them being several miles in extent along the shore line. Although there were glaciers in plenty on Resurrection Bay, and we had grown used to viewing them, yet they were not so grand and majestic as those that we were passing. As we saw a number of small icebergs ahead that had at one time been a part of a mammoth glacier that we were approaching, we decided to anchor near the shore and spend the night where we were.

Early the following morning we were up and ready for business. Our craft lay quite near the beach and at the edge, as it were, of one of the large glaciers. On account of the bergs tumbling about we towed the Biana to the lee of a small cape jutting out into the bay. Then we entered the skiff and crowded the small craft among the floating masses of ice until we came to a point about the center of the glacier where it towered several hundred feet above our heads. On looking upward we noticed that this great mass of solid ice, weighing tens of thousands of tons, overhung the water. If a plumb line was dropped from the top it would strike the water at least twenty-five yards out in the bay. This fact caused us to have a creepy feeling, but we controlled our emotions and kept on with our explorations. Finally we landed on a shelf at the water's edge and proceeded along the ice on foot; in a short time we came to where two tunnels had been excavated by the action of the waves for at least fifty feet into the body of the glacier. While I was casting my

weather eye toward the entrance to the bay for fear a storm might overtake us, I was aroused and startled by an exclamation from Herman.

"My God, look here," he exclaimed. "Did you ever see so much gold?" I hastened into the

MY GOD! LOOK HERE! DID YOU EVER SEE SO MUCH GOLD?

tunnel where he had gone and gazed in the direction that he was pointing. Was I dreaming? I pinched myself to ascertain if I were awake. Frozen in that mass of eternal ice was a windrow of gold nuggets, varying in size from a pea to a loaf of bread. After we had recovered from our astonishment we traveled the length of the tunnel and found that this channel of virgin gold continued. We estimated the width and height of the deposit, and allowing for the refraction of the light magnifying the mass of metal, we calculated that there were three car loads in sight.

Coming out of this tunnel we entered the other one about twenty feet distant and from this opening we could also view this wonderful mass of wealth.

How to recover these millions was the uppermost question in our minds. We climbed to the top of the glacier and found that a huge crevasse existed running parallel to its face. This was the cause of the great volume of ice overhanging the water. To explode only one charge of dynamite would cause the millions of tons to drop into the bay and it would probably carry all the precious metal with it.

To cut the story short, we spent two days at the scene of our find endeavoring to figure out some method whereby we could recover the enormous riches that fate had allowed us to gaze upon, but no solution to the dilemma could we find. However, we agreed to keep the matter a secret until such a time that fortune might favor us. As the Biana floated out into the bay and the sails swelled with a favoring breeze and we were at last homeward bound, I thought: for a third of a century I have been searching in the wilds of the far West for gold and now that I have found it, when will the time come that I can grasp and enjoy its blessings?

It has been over two years since last I was in Alaska. Herman has regularly made lonely pilgrimages in the Biana—now a steam sloop—to our gold-laden glacier. A letter from him just received gives the cheering intelligence that at last the overhanging mass of ice has dropped into the salt water of Days Harbor and that our stupendous deposit of wealth is intact and only waits us to gather it. So loyal is he that he will not disturb

an ounce until I join him and we together collect the millions that fate had stored in that strange treasure house for us for centuries. So back to the frozen Northland again I must go on the next steamer, and when I return from the journey I trust that those who are now my friends will continue to be such.

UNDERNEATH SPOKANE.

That there are stranger things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of, will be manifest to the readers of the narrative which follows when they have finished its perusal. That the knowledge of the wonders that exist under our feet here in the city of Spokane, and also under a considerable portion of the surrounding country, have been known to the writer for two decades, but few are aware.

At the time the explorations told of in the succeeding chapters were made, Spokane was but a straggling village compared with its present population. At that time it would not have been the best part of wisdom to organize a company and develop a show place which would be one of the wonders of the world, and the greatest attraction that the Inland Empire ever had, or any other place for that matter. Now that the city has a large population, that it is a great railway center, and that the surrounding country is well settled and connected with the city with steam and trolley lines, those who have the matter in hand deem the time opportune to prepare the public for that which is coming.

About all the old-timers of Spokane are aware that the writer first made his advent in that which was known as Spokane Falls over twenty years ago. In those days publications were not so plenty in the overgrown village which aspired to be a city as they are at this time, and writers were scarce. However, the Review and the Chronicle were morning and evening dailies, though not so large and prosperous as at this date.

The writer at the time alluded to was city editor of the evening publication, and as the town was small, naturally had about the entire population on his acquaintance list. With this explanation it is not to be wondered at that he heard many strange stories of the country from those who had been here long before he came.

One evening while resting in my room from the labors of the day, as city editors at that time acted as reporters, telegraph editors and did the "heavy" work when the chief was under the influence of the ardent, I answered a knock at my door and a perfect stranger entered. After the usual civilities, the stranger stated that he was aware of my position and had learned that I had a reputation as a descriptive writer and he desired to enlist my services in a project which would be of material benefit to both of us. I replied by telling him that I had recently come from the Coeur d'Alene mining region, and as I had only been moderately successful there, I was open to any proposition that gave a reasonable show of reward as long as it was honorable.

"You are the man I want," said the stranger, "and if you will give me your time, I will explain

the business in detail, but first I want your promise upon honor that you will keep secret that which I tell you until such time as I give you permission to write or talk."

"I must know something more about your business before making any promises," I replied.

"Well," continued the stranger, "I have found one of the most wonderful caverns here at Spokane Falls that was ever heard of."

"Cave stories are old and worn out," I answered, "and I don't see how I could write anything on that line that would interest any one, so if you have nothing better to offer perhaps we had better end the interview." My companion deliberated a few moments and then remarked: "If you will give me your attention for a reasonable time I am satisfied that I can convince you that you will be interested in that which I have to tell."

Placed in readable shape, following is the narrative as told me by the person whom I had never met before that evening:

"I am a Scotch-Canadian. My grandfather and father before me were factors of the Hudson's Bay company. You are no doubt aware of the history of this old trading concern, which was chartered in England in 1670 and covered the western portion of North America with their trading posts, and are in existence to this day in the far north as fur gatherers and in more settled portions of British America in the general mercantile lines. At one time, previous to the forty-ninth parallel being settled on as the dividing line between this country and Canada, the Hudson's Bay company had posts and settlements as far south as the mouth of the Columbia river. This

information will aid you in believing that which is to follow.

"While my grandfather was in charge of a post on the Columbia river upward of a century ago, he frequently made trips up in this section of the country for the purpose of buying fur from the Indians. Somehow he became very friendly with the Spokane tribe, acquired their language and always had their confidence. It was on account of this friendly feeling that one old chief told him of a legend that had been handed down in the tribe from time immemorial regarding a wonderful cavern that existed under the spot where this city is now being built. My grandfather transmitted this information to my father, and he in turn to me, with the promise that I would some day investigate and ascertain exactly what the facts were. As you are no doubt aware, we children of the old Hudson's Bay factors are always well educated, no matter whether our mothers were white or red. My mother was a white woman, however, and I have attended the best schools in Canada and in Europe, and I might add that my profession is that of geologist. I decided on this profession for two reasons; one is that it appealed to me and the other that it would aid me in the search for the wonderful cavern that had so interested my forbears.

"It is now about one year since I came to this place, and beside studying the geological formation and conversing with the Indians, I have been searching for the entrance to the cavern. In my geological research the task has been very easy; the subsidiary formation of all this section is granite. At one time, ages ago, there was an

immense flow of lava. To find the crater puzzled me for a time, but I finally located it as the bed of Coeur d'Alene lake. This outflow of lava filled the Spokane and other valleys to a great extent, and when cooled the water flowed on top of the basalt—as this form of lava is called, and the erosion and scoring process of time has left the surface as it is today. This flow did not all come at once, however. There may have been ages between the eruptions of the volcano which is now hidden by the waters of Coeur d'Alene lake. One mass of lava would have plenty of time to cool before another came, hence a portion of the old flow would be eroded away in the meantime. As this point is about 30 miles in a direct line from the location of the crater, the lava had cooled considerably before flowing that distance. Evidently the action of the water had scooped out an immense cavity here, and when subsequent flows came, in the process of cooling, a wall was built around this cavity, finally covering it and greatly by this agency the cavern of which I have been speaking was formed. Still other masses of lava came, increasing the thickness of the roof, and finally the greater portion of the waters pouring out of the lake flowed over the surface of the basalt, and the falls of Spokane were cut out of the formation on account of the material being softer here.

"In my association with the Indians of the Spokane tribe I have only found one who has entered this cavern that exists under our feet. This Indian was with a party who partially explored these subterranean regions when he was a mere lad, all the other members of the party having passed away.

He was born on the north bank of the river on one of the benches below where Monroe street crosses the stream. As it is customary with Indians to name their progeny from some incident, this child is known as "All-The-Time-Roar," suggested to his parents, no doubt, by the sound of the falls. I have arranged with this Indian that he is to accompany us on the journey of exploration." Then I broke in with the remark that if we were to have a companion with such a lengthy name that we would change it to a single word and suggested "Jim" as a substitute, to which my companion consented; hence throughout this narrative our dusky partner will be known by that title.

After absorbing all that the Scotch-Canadian had told me, I informed him that I would undertake the trip provided there was reasonable assurance that we would not get lost and perish in this underground cavity.

"Oh, that has all been arranged," he assured me; "I have made a study of electricity and, with the help of Mr. Fiskin of the electric plant here, have constructed portable electric lights which each of us will carry. The storage batteries are of sufficient strength to last for all the time that we will be under ground. We can easily carry all the provisions and bedding that we will require, I have made out a complete list of everything necessary.

"Now, as it is practically arranged that you are to accompany me on this trip of exploration, or discovery, whichever it may be termed, I will give you a little information," added the Scotch-Canadian. "I spent many weeks in an endeavor

THE STICK MET WITH NO RESISTANCE

to find the entrance to this cavern. Jim, as we have decided to call him, remembered that the opening was on the stream west of here called Hangman creek, the exact spot he could not locate. In my search I always carried a shotgun with me as small game was plentiful. One day late last fall when the first snow was on the ground I shot at and wounded a rabbit, tracing the creature by its trail of blood in the snow, I found that it had taken refuge under a fallen tree. In trying to dislodge the animal by poking with a stout stick, I noticed that the stick met with no resistance after being shoved under the log about three feet. The next day I returned with a pick and shovel and inside an hour had made an opening large enough to admit me to that which I had been so long seeking. With only a candle for a light, I explored the cavern for some distance and I can assure you that you will find much of interest in the journey which you propose to take with me."

Before parting for the night we made out a list of supplies that would be necessary for the trip which we decided would last at least a week. This list included blankets, provisions, tobacco—as all were inveterate smokers—two pounds of candles, in case our electric lights failed us; a revolver each with plenty of catridges, and, in case of accident or sickness, a full quart of fine brandy was added. This quart of liquor figured conspicuously in two thrilling episodes that will be told of in succeeding chapters of this story.

A few evenings later Mr. Macleod, as that is the name of the gentleman who was to be my white companion on one of the most interesting experiences that I ever had during over a third of

a century's life in the far west and north, again called at my lodgings and brought with him our Indian partner. The Siwash did not object to his change of name and, as both of we white people spoke the Chinook jargon fluently, we had no difficulty in getting along with the aborigine. It might be stated in passing that Jim is a familiar figure on the streets of Spokane to this day and, although nothing could induce him to unseal his lips regarding the experiences of we three persons, yet he always greets the writer with a pleasant " Kla how ya" and a knowing nod when we pass on the street. Many wonder how old Jim manages to exist; perhaps when this story is finished those who have watched this shambling figure on the streets day by day will be wiser in this regard.

At 10 o'clock one night in the early summer of 1888, the three of us left my lodgings and boarded a horse car on Riverside avenue. There were no other passengers except a young man and woman, and as these two persons were apparently so wrapped up in each other they paid no attention to us. In due time we arrived at the end of the line in Browne's addition, where we scrambled down the steep hillside and after traveling what appeared quite a distance on account of the darkness, the roughness of the ground and the underbrush, we halted and, as Mr. Macleod had cached the pick and shovel nearby, we soon cleared away the dirt and gravel and entered that which will now soon become one of the greatest attractions for people of the world that anyone ever dreamed of. We banked up the entrance from the inside with loose earth so that no possible passerby

"JIM," A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON RIVERSIDE AVENUE

would notice the opening. As our electric lights were all aglow and lighted up this subterranean vault beautifully, we at once set out on our voyage of discovery. We could sleep when we felt like it, darkness was easily brought about by extinguishing our lights, the sun did not penetrate to those depths. We were, to a certain extent, as far removed from our fellow men as though we were at one of the poles of this earth.

CHAPTER II.

Naturally it took us some time to become accustomed to our surroundings. For my part I had been far underground in many of the large mines of the west, but the cavernous depths of those were caved out by the hand of man. In this it was different, nature had performed this stupendous work and, although I could not fully realize its extent, yet there was a feeling of vastness and uncertainty that could not be overcome.

Soon we took up our line of march. The way led down a gradual slope over sand and small boulders. In silence we proceeded for perhaps a half hour, when the floor became level. Then Mr. Macleod said: "We will now camp for the night where I have stored the other part of the outfit that we are to take with us." Turning sharply to the right, we soon came to a heap of goods that reminded me of the necessities that a party collects when preparing to go out on a prospecting expedition.

"Here is a sectional skin boat and a paddle," said Mr. Macleod. "We are liable to find bodies of water and a vessel will come handy." There

were extra blankets, provisions in condensed form and other articles which added to that which we had, caused us to be thoroughly equipped for quite a long journey. Before retiring for the night we separated the stores and made them up into three different bundles so that each man would carry his share. Then we rolled up in our individual blankets, extinguished the lights and prepared for sleep.

It was sometime before I could come under the influence of the drowsy god. The strangeness of the surroundings and the possibilities of the discoveries we might make on our expedition kept my brain active until well along into the night. Finally when I did give way to slumber I was filled with strange dreams.

Next morning we were awakened by Mr. Macleod's voice, telling us it was time to be astir. He had only his electric light going, but had prepared us a cold breakfast. As there was no water except that which we had in our bottles, we did not have the luxury of a wash. When the simple meal was finished each man took his pack on his back and we began another stage of our odd journey.

Taking his compass, Mr. Macleod started on a northwest course. We had not traveled far when we began to hear a distant rumbling. "The falls," remarked our guide as he pointed to the left. As we proceeded farther the sound grew more distinct until it became a roar and we had to speak quite loudly to be heard. At times we halted and held our lamps above our heads endeavoring to see the roof of the cavern, but at no time was it in view. Until 10 o'clock we traveled over comparatively level ground covered with a fine sand

or dust, but came to a slight declivity. Following down the slope a few yards our journey by foot was stopped by a body of water which stretched out before us as far as our combined lights extended. "Now for the boat," exclaimed Mr. Macleod as he proceeded to place the three portions of the craft together. Inside of thirty minutes the vessel was launched. We stored all our outfit in the boat and took our places, Mr. Macleod in the bow, Jim in the stern and myself with the paddle in the center. After paddling quite a distance from the shore and finding no current, we decided that it was a lake on which we were afloat. However, we kept on a direct course and in about three-fourths of an hour landed on a gravelly beach on the north shore. About midway of the lake the roar of the falls to the west of us was nearly deafening, but by the time we landed the noise was more like a distant rumble, showing that our route was away from them.

After having removed all our effects from the boat, Mr. Macleod informed us that we would make this spot a camping place for the remainder of the day on account of the water. Jim could remain in charge but we two white men would continue on with our explorations.

At noon we disposed of a hearty meal, washed down with the clean and palatable water from the lake. At one o'clock Mr. Macleod and I again started toward the northeast. Finally the noise made by the mighty falls of the Spokane river practically died out so that we could converse with ease; then Mr. Macleod outlined his plans for the afternoon. "North of the Spokane river," he said, "you have no doubt noticed that there is an

immense bed of gravel and boulders, south of the gravel bluffs about two miles north of the river there is a depression about one mile in width. This depression was at one time the bed of the Pend d'Oreille river when that stream flowed from the lake of that name down the Spokane valley, but its course was diverted by some convulsion of nature and the outlet to the Columbia changed to a point where the forty-ninth parallel crosses that stream. I have panned the gravel and sands on the surface of this deposit left by this ancient stream, but have never found any gold. I have a theory, however, that vast quantities of gold will be found on the granite bed rock, and it is to demonstrate this theory that we are now making the trip this afternoon."

As I could offer no objection we continued on our journey. About two o'clock a wall of basalt stopped further progress. We were at the north side of the cavern evidently, but we turned and traveled in an easterly direction until a rapidly flowing and wide stream caused us to again stop. "This creek comes from that gravel bed," said my guide. "If we can only walk along its bank I can soon find out if there is any placer gold deposited which it has brought down from the main body of gravel."

By careful examination we saw that this stream had burst through the basalt wall which separated the cavern that we were in and the ancient bed of the stream. Although the task was difficult, and many were the close calls that we had from tumbling into the rushing water while crawling over and around boulders, we finally came to where a quantity of gravel and sand had lodged

on a rim of the stream. Mr. Macleod produced a small prospecting pan and immediately began washing the gravel. When thoroughly washed he glanced in the bottom of the vessel and holding it up to me shouted, "Eureka, we have found it." I examined the contents and from my extensive experience around placer mines was thoroughly capable of making an estimate. There was fully fifty cents worth of gold in the pan. Then we took turns in washing. After two hours or more we had what afterward proved to be over $20 worth of dust and small nuggets. "Probably this is one of the most extensive placer deposits in the world," remarked my companion. "Just think," he continued, "we haven't washed a cubic yard and there must be an ounce in this poke."

As it was now getting late in the afternoon we decided to return to camp and rest for the night. We stopped a while at the point where the creek entered the main cavern and panned some of the wash, when we were rewarded by finding a number of coarse and fine colors. Then following our trail we made for the spot where we had left our Indian friend and outfit. We came to the lake but saw no signs of a light. Hunting around for a time our lamps shone upon the pile of effects and the boat pulled up on the beach, but where was Jim? A little further search and we had him located. He was sound asleep. His lamp, though still burning, was buried some inches deep in the sand; our brandy bottle, half empty, lay beside the Siwash. The truth dawned upon us: Jim was gloriously and hopelessly drunk.

JIM WAS GLORIOUSLY AND HOPELESSLY DRUNK

That evening as we rested Mr. Macleod outlined many of his plans for the future should our explorations develop as he anticipated. Said he, in part: "Spokane some day will be a wonderful mining center. At nearly every point of the compass, but in many cases miles distant, there is every evidence of great mineral wealth in gold, silver, copper, lead and no doubt many other metals. As new people settle here they will ascertain the value of and develop these resources. No one now would believe that mineral riches of unknown quantity exist beneath the feet of those who tread the surface over our heads. In my explorations I have found evidences of cassiterite, or tin ore oxide, east on Moran prairie, and before we leave this cave we must see if the veins extend down to these depths. By some means the gold deposit that we found today will be worked but I have not yet figured out whether it will be advisable to sink from the surface and hoist the material or to extract the metal by sluicing operations down here. There are possible complications to be looked into. Surface rights may cut a figure, but eventually these matters will be taken care of."

Next morning when we arose Jim joined us but the effects of his debauch were plain to be seen. As Mr. Macleod drew the brandy bottle from a pocket in his coat and poured out a couple of tablespoonfuls in a cup and handed it to our dusky companion, I realized two things: the Scotch-Canadian would see that Jim and the brandy were not left alone again and that this small portion was for Jim to sober up on. Jim gulped down the spirits and remarked: "Pi-ah chuck hy-as

kloshe," which is Chinook for "Fire water is very good." Little then did I dream that Mr. Macleod's action in taking care of our brandy would be the means of saving our lives and aiding us in returning to the bright sunlight of the outer world.

Once more we all embarked in the boat and paddled along the north shore of the lake. When we came to the point where the stream that we had encountered the afternoon before emptied into the lake it was necessary to keep well off the shore so as not to be swamped by the choppy water. At this point Mr. Macleod produced a hook and line and some bait and tried his luck at angling. The result was that he caught several fish that resembled mountain trout. On examining them closely it could be seen that they were blind, or at least had no eyes. As we were without means of making a fire to cook them, they were thrown back in their native element. Finally a landing was effected on the south side of the lake where a rest was enjoyed and a lunch eaten. "We are now not far from where those tin deposits are," said Mr. Macleod. "I propose that we put in the afternoon exploring in this neighborhood and see what we will find." The three of us started off in a southeasterly direction and made fair headway, although we frequently had to go around both granite and basalt boulders. Finally the basalt gave out and only granite was to be seen. Eventually the whole floor of the cavern was of granite formation and we began to look for indications of tin ore. Our efforts were rewarded and we discovered a ledge fully fifty feet wide on which we worked with the pick and shovel that

Jim had carried with him at our request. A number of samples were taken which afterward gave surprising returns when assayed.

"In time," said our guide, "some one else will also find this ore on the surface and the growing town of Spokane Falls will have a great tin mine practically at its back door." We now made our way back to the boat, and it being late, we decided to rest for the night, after extinguishing two of our lights, as they were giving evidence of becoming dim, and to be caught in these subterranean regions with nothing but a dozen candles to illuminate our way back to daylight was not a pleasant prospect.

That evening as we smoked our pipes we talked over the plan for the next day's explorations. "You can notice that there is quite a draft here," remarked Mr. Macleod. "There surely is another opening to this cavern some where east of Spokane Falls. If our electric lamps do not fail us we had better follow up the lake or the stream that empties into it and see if we can come out at some other point, but I must confess that I am a trifle uneasy about the lights holding out." Little, indeed, did we have a premonition of the hair-breadth escape that we were to make from these underground regions when the lights did fail us, but that exciting experience will be told in its proper place.

At nine o'clock next morning we were again afloat on the lake. Proceeding slowly up the south shore we finally heard the sound of running water, and it was no great length of time until we came to the point where a large stream emptied into the lake. It was soon determined that the water

was too swift for us to navigate, hence we crossed the lake and landed on the north shore. Here we made an almost fatal error by not pulling our boat far enough up on the beach.

Taking a light lunch with us, we took a northerly direction and started on another voyage of discovery. After traveling for an hour the blank wall of basalt again shut us off. Mr. Macleod examining closely, we followed this wall in an easterly direction for quite a distance when we came to an opening which much resembled a tunnel. Into this Mr. Macleod darted and after a while slowed down and began paying the greatest attention to the formation. For my part, having worked in foul air in Colorado mines, I soon noticed the effect of poisonous gases and called Mr. Macleod's attention to the fact. He then announced that we would return to the main cavern and recover from its effects.

The bad air did not have as much effect on Jim as on we white men, and for a time we suffered with a headache, but Mr. Macleod produced the brandy bottle—which he had not parted with since we had the experience of Jim's failing, and a teaspoonful in some water which we carried with us soon dispelled that inconvenience. Mr. Macleod, who had been unusually silent for some time, then began to talk. "I firmly believe," he said, "that we have stumbled onto one of the most wonderful discoveries of this or any other age." My curiosity being aroused, I questioned him on the subject and then he told the following story:

"All during my life I have made a study of diamonds. Unless my judgment is greatly at fault there is the greatest deposit of these valuable

stones in that tunnel that human eyes ever rested upon. There is every indication pointing to this fact. The most expert chemist cannot tell exactly how the diamond is formed, but he does know that it is crystallized carbon. The most illiterate charcoal burner performs one of the greatest chemical feats, but he does it mechanically and cannot realize the agency. He carbonizes wood, and could he go a step farther and crystallize the carbon in a piece of charcoal the size of his head, he would produce a larger diamond than has ever been found. I believe that the common bootblack on the street corner comes very near to showing us a method of crystallizing carbon when he polishes a shoe. The blacking that he uses is composed mostly of carbon. By rubbing briskly with a brush electricity is generated and the small particles crystallize into crude but extremely minute diamond crystals which give our footwear its polish.

"Then there is every evidence that diamonds fall from the skies in meteoric showers. My opinion is that these we have discovered have come down in that manner. People do not realize that the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies are the same as this earth and that the same process that creates a diamond in a meteor has equal power here. Iron acts as a solvent, so to speak, during the period of creation in this instance, and in the lapse of ages it dissolves by the action of air or water and the diamond remains. I have visited the diamond fields of Kimberly, in South Africa, and those of Devils canyon in Arizona, and am of the opinion that we have more wonderful deposits here."

Enthused by this information we again entered the tunnel and despite the foul air, which by the way did not effect our electric lights, we plodded along. Soon Mr. Macleod seized the pick and vigorously began breaking an extra hard substance which surrounded us on all sides. Without saying a word he gathered the samples together and we hastily left the foul air of the chamber behind us. It is well to say here that these samples have been cut and polished by the best lapidaries of Europe and the United States, and no superior stones of the kind have ever been seen.

Weary with our exertions, and each of us suffering with a severe headache, we slowly made our way back to where our craft should have been. But the boat was gone.

CHAPTER III.

We were all nearly overcome by this loss. Then Jim's light began to weaken and soon completely died, we examined the two remaining lamps and were horrified to see that they were weakening and might become extinguished at any moment. "All our candles are in the boat with the other stuff," said Mr. Macleod; "we had better concentrate our energies on finding it. I see that the water has risen and that accounts for the boat floating away." We ran up and down the beach and peered out over the black water by the gleam of our fast dimming lights and would not take the time to realize the horrible plight that we would be in should we be left in utter darkness and be compelled to suffer a lingering death in the blackness far removed from our fellow men. To swim the lake and find our way back to the entrance

would be an utter impossibility, we were doomed unless something of the unusual occurred. Finally Mr. Macleod's light gave out all at once and in a few moments mine did the same. Can the reader imagine our feelings as we sat there and the horror of our situation impressed itself upon our minds? Mr. Macleod and myself showed our nervousness, but Jim endured the strain with stoic indifference.

"I must take to the water and try and find the boat, that is our only chance for deliverance," remarked Mr. Macleod. I was about to enter a protest when a happy thought struck me: "Hand me the brandy bottle," I cried, quivering with excitement. Silently Mr. Macleod passed me the flask of spirits, I removed my overshirt and saturated it with the liquid, then feeling my way to the top of the bank I called to my companions to be ready, that I would make a flash light and for each to look sharply out in the lake and see if the light would reveal the craft that held so much for us, even to life itself, perhaps. Striking a match and applying it to the cloth a bright light illuminated the surroundings. We gazed out over the water, each ripple appearing to gather the rays and carry them farther. "Ni-ka nan-ich ic-tas" shouted Jim; our knowledge of Chinook caused us to realize that Jim's perfect vision had discerned the boat as the translation was—"I see the things." "Where?" ejaculated Mr. Macleod. Jim pointed in a southwesterly direction, Mr. Macleod without giving utterance to a word, plunged into the chilling water and struck out as the last ray of our light flickered and expired. In breathless excitement I listened to the sound of

A BRIGHT LIGHT ILLUMINATED THE SURROUNDINGS

the swimmer as he manfully struggled away from us. Finally the welcome but faint sound came to us, "I have found the boat."

Is it possible for any one who has not been similarly situated to realize our feelings during these thrilling moments? I stood at the water's edge and at intervals lighted a match to guide our brave partner in fortune, or misfortune, to the shore. So frail was the vessel and so precious to us its contents that Mr. Macleod made no effort to climb into it, he took the painter in his teeth and swam to the shore towing the boat and its priceless cargo and in that which appeared to be an awful length of time, chilled and almost completely exhausted, reached the shore, where Jim and myself soon had him stripped and rolled up in all the blankets that we had with us. As there was still quite a quantity of provisions, we ate a hearty meal although we would only use one of our candles while assembling the various articles of food. Mr. Macleod's clothing Jim and I wrung out and by bed time was sufficiently dry for him to again wear as he kept wrapped in his own blankets.

As we sat around in the inky darkness we speculated on the best method of getting out of the cavern. "Well, I will sleep on that problem and give you my opinion in the morning," said Mr. Macleod as he prepared to settle himself for the night.

I was awakened by a light flashing before my eyes and was informed by Mr. Macleod that it was time to get up and that breakfast was ready. The candle was extinguished and we began eating our meal in the total darkness. On inquiring

of Mr. Macleod his opinion as to the better course to pursue, he said: "I have given the matter considerable thought, and on account of the draught through this cavern I am of the opinion that there is another entrance east of here and that we could find it in much less time than to make our way back to Hangman creek. Of course we have chances to take. There may be streams to cross and other obstacles that cannot be foreseen, but if you are willing we will chance it." I assented and we were soon on our way with only our provisions and bedding, thinking that the boat and tools were of no use to us and we would not be hampered by carrying any unnecessary load. Fortunately the three of us kept our revolvers and ammunition, or this story would never have been written, as will develop later on. Mr. Macleod went ahead and carried one candle, which was kept alight with difficulty on account of the strong draught.

Stumbling over boulders, fording shallow streams, bruised and cut by coming in contact with sharp and jagged rocks, we struggled on in the dim and flickering light, often having to stop and relight the candle which the current of air or an unlucky fall would put out, we continued on our journey buoyed up by the hope that the outlet would be found and once more we would have the exquisite pleasure of viewing the glorious sunlight and breathing the outside air again. One by one our candles began to disappear which gave us some concern for fear that we would again be in darkness and have absolutely nothing to fall back upon. It was about the middle of the afternoon when Mr. Macleod halted and exclaimed: "We

are all tired out and I propose that we rest and hold a council of war, as military people would call it." Accordingly a few eatables were gotten together and in the blackness of night again nourishment was taken. "From all signs it cannot be far to a vent or some kind of an entrance or outlet," said Mr. Macleod. "All we can do is to keep going and take the chances of making our exit when we have found the place." We felt over our hoard of provisions and ascertained that by the utmost economy there was not enough to last more than another day. Surely our condition was getting more and more desperate and the time could not be long until our fate would be decided. Slowly we puffed our pipes and endeavored to solve the difficult problem that confronted us.

After a time we all arose at once, the candle was lighted and once more the journey was begun. "I hear a sound like air rushing through a confined space," remarked Mr. Macleod, who was in advance. Acting on this information our pace was quickened and within half an hour our farther progress was impeded by a huge pyramid of broken basaltic rock. Up this mass we climbed. It was utterly impossible to keep the candle burning on account of the rush of the air, but hopes of seeing daylight kept us stimulated. "Aha, a glimmer," shouted Mr. Macleod. Jim and I soon joined him on the top of the massive rock pile and there above us through some small crevices we could distinguish the light of day. No one can imagine with what joy we gazed on this sight. So overcome were we with what we saw, that no thought of breaking the hard rock that stood between us and freedom had as yet entered our

minds. Finally, at the suggestion of my white companion, we climbed down over the broken rocks to the level of the cavern and became busy with our thoughts.

As the outlet consisted of a couple of narrow crevices, and only about two feet of rock was between us and the outer world, yet the task of removing that slight barrier was a stupendous one. Our pick and shovel had been left behind at the lake. We had no heavier implements than our revolvers. How to break the rock was a puzzle. As I remembered my experiences as a miner the thought of the powder in our cartridges flashed into my mind. But how to apply the powder so that it would do the work, that was another problem. Oh, yes, it again came to my mind that in the days before dynamite was invented we miners made cartridges out of paper which was well soaped when necessary for holes drilled upward or in wet places; yes, that problem was solved. How about fuse? That could be made by the same process. Then I explained my plan to my companions. The last candle was lighted and placed in a safe position, Mr. Macleod and Jim began opening the metallic shells with pocket knives while I was busy with the manufacture of the cartridge and fuse which were made out of the remains of heavy paper which came with the goods we had purchased. As our last candle died down the job was finished and we had as fine an outfit for a heavy blast as could be provided under the circumstances. All being tired and nervous, the task of exploding the blast and gaining our freedom was put off until the next day.

Without stopping to breakfast in the dark next morning we climbed up the rocky slope and for the first time since setting out on our odd journey we ate by daylight, although the sun's rays were few that filtered through those narrow spaces. By piling up rocks and standing on top of them the powder and fuse were shoved well up in one of the crevices and small rocks wrapped in pieces of blankets were pressed around the precious explosive, using one of our revolvers for a tamping iron. When the fuse was ready to be lit I asked Mr. Macleod for a match. He reminded me that since his swimming experience in the lake as his had been ruined by water he had been getting matches from me. When Jim was asked for a "piah stick" (match) he answered "halo" (none). As I had used the last one in my possession, I thought that this was the last stroke to our misfortunes, but happily my pipe was alight. So, telling my companions to scurry for safety, I lit the fuse from the burning tobacco, scrambled and rolled down the declivity and had just reached the bottom when there was a loud report and the sound of falling rocks.

It was with joyful anticipation that we again climbed that pyramid of jagged basaltic rocks. Heaven be praised! There was an opening large enough for a horse to pass through. Jim and myself boosted Mr. Macleod and he afterward pulled us to the surface. The glare of the sun was almost blinding to us for a time, but when our eyes recovered we looked toward the south where a broad valley through which a river and railway track were wound around in sinuous courses. "That settlement is Trent, ten miles east of Spokane

THERE WAS A LOUD REPORT AND THE SOUND OF FALLING ROCKS

Falls," said Mr. Macleod. Examining the closer surroundings, we found that a clump of trees hid the opening that we had escaped through, and as there were a number of loose boulders lying about, we closed the aperture so that no one would discover it unless they gave the ground a minute inspection. After going down the hill to the river where we white men had a refreshing wash, we gave Jim a dollar and sent him to a farm house for some cooked food and a bottle of milk. When the Siwash returned with these necessities we had a hearty meal and then kept hid for the remainder of the day on account of the condition of our clothes. Toward evening we followed the railway track and sometime after dark separated, each to go his way, at the Northern Pacific railway freight depot in the, at that time, small City of the Falls.

Why has this story never been told before? the reader may ask. The reason is plain: Shortly after the experiences here related Mr. Macleod was called to Scotland, and there he has been detained, thinking year after year, as this city grew, that he would return and we would together make known to the world and prove that which existed under our feet. But it appears that he never will return. Spokane needs more attractions to call attention to its possibilities, and while old Jim still tramps up and down Riverside avenue, greeting all old timers, and I am getting too advanced in years to endure many hardships, I, by this means give to the world at large the knowledge which I acquired over a fifth of a century ago. What to do with the wonderful discoveries that we made on our thrilling trip I do not know, but I am open to suggestions.

THE ENCHANTED VALLEY.

"We are sorry that you gentlemen did not arrive one day sooner," said Roy Dudley to my companion and self as we entered the frontier store on the Pend Oreille river near the mouth of the Calispel one day late in the fall of 1889. "Why?" we both answered. "Oh, there was the strangest old man here yesterday. He came down the Pend Oreille in a canvas boat and purchased a lot of provisions from me and among the outfit were six gallons of syrup." "What became of him?" we asked. "He loaded everything in the boat and proceeded on down the river," replied Dudley, "but he was the queerest creature that I ever saw. I cannot imagine how old he was and he would answer none of the questions that I put to him."

To understand the strange story of happenings that are to follow in this narrative, it is necessary to go back and give a few details of the reason that my companion and I had for being in this out of the way place at that time of year. I was the mining engineer for a new railway that was building from Spokane to the north. It was my duty to examine everything of a mineral nature in all places that the main line or any branch of this railway would possibly reach. The president had instructed me to inspect the Metaline district. My companion and guide was Arthur M., a well known business man of Spokane, who was also an extensive owner in mining claims in that, at the time, isolated camp and he accompanied me on the trip. As Arthur, as I will call him in this recital, has passed to the great beyond, he is not

here to substantiate the experiences which we passed through. We had left Spokane some days before and at Chewelah had secured an Indian guide and packer to land us at Herbert Jones' store, where the above conversation took place.

In answer to Mr. Dudley's information regarding the strange old man, I informed him that in due time I would unravel the mystery and present him with the facts. At the time I had made up my mind that we would overtake the old man and by some means secure his history. We hired a large row boat from Mr. Dudley which was to carry us down the swift stream to the mining settlement where I was to attend to my duties.

The next morning Arthur and myself loaded all our supplies in the roomy craft and proceeded on our way. As we floated down the beautiful winding river, which at that time was but little known and for miles no white persons lived along its banks, I outlined to Arthur my plan of meeting the old man and making a story out of him as I was of a literary turn of mind. To this Arthur acceded and promised me all the assistance in his power. I kept scanning the banks as we glided along, looking for the smoke of a camp fire or any evidence of our man.

Along toward evening, while Arthur was leisurely pulling at the oars, I noticed a thin column of smoke curling up behind some bushes on the right bank of the river. On informing Arthur of this, I deftly steered the craft into a small cove where we landed. It did not take us many minutes to unload our outfit and pitch camp for the night. We ate a cold supper as we did not wish to disturb our mysterious neighbor by making a

I NOTICED A THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE

noise. We wished to introduce ourselves to him when too late in the evening for him to take to his boat and leave us.

As darkness began to settle down Arthur and myself carefully made our way in the direction of the stranger's camp. We found that he had a large fire going and was reclining on his unrolled blankets, enjoying a smoke from an old pipe which appeared to be of his own manufacture. "Good evening," was our salutation as we attracted his attention. He look up at us unconcernedly and greeted us with the same words but added, "Come on, boys, make yourselves comfortable." We advanced to the camp fire and seated ourselves on a log. In sizing up our man we noticed that his appearance tallied with the description given us by Mr. Dudley, so we knew that we were on the right trail.

As conversation appeared to drag, Arthur addressed the old man with the remark, "Are you traveling far?" To this inquiry our entertainer knocked the ashes out of his pipe and replied: "Yes, I have been on a long journey, but I am now getting near home. I have not associated with my kind much for many years, and when I do meet any of the human family they appear to view me with such curiosity that I avoid them, but as it happened I felt lonesome this evening I must admit that I enjoy your company. I was on the river bank when you landed, and thought you had seen the smoke of my fire and kind of longed for you to pay me a visit."

These words broke the ice, as the saying goes, and Arthur and I were pleased that an obstacle we feared was overcome. After refilling his pipe,

the old man leaned back in his blankets, closed his eyes and delivered himself of the following, which I repeat as well as it can be remembered: "I am now an old man, and my remaining days on earth are few. My history has been a singular one, one that not one man in a million in this age can duplicate. As I feel the effects of advancing years, it occurs to me that I should mix more with my fellow kind and transmit to others the knowledge that I possess in the hope that it will be of benefit to others. I am, as I said, returning home from a long journey. I like the looks of you boys, and if you have, say a week, to spare I will take you with me to a place that I accidentally discovered, I will not say how many years ago, and you can see for yourselves many wonderful sights that you would not understand, and would doubt my word were I to tell you of them. Can you go with me?"

Arthur and I talked the matter over for a few moments and decided to take the risk if it were possible.

Before leaving our new found friend for the night, it was decided that we would first attend to our business in Metaline and then join the old man as per arrangements. We were to meet him in eight days from the following evening at a point on a high mountain some miles to the northwest of Metaline. He rapidly drew a map of the country which, by following there was no doubt but that we could find the dim trail. After this we bade each other good night, when Arthur and myself retraced our path to our camp and retired.

On calling at the old man's camp next morning we found he had been gone for a long time as his fire was out. We loaded our effects in the boat

and were again on our way to our destination. The next day we arrived at Metaline where about a half dozen prospectors were holding onto their claims and making a grub stake by rocking gold out of the gravel at the mouth of and along Sullivan creek. It required a week of diligent and hard work for me to make my examinations and take samples, then we were ready to go through the never before heard of experiences that are recorded in this narrative. The evening before we started we informed the boys in the camp that we were going out for a day or two on a hunting and prospecting trip and assured them that they need have no fear for us as we were both old and experienced mountaineers.

Before the few inhabitants of the small mining camp were out of their blankets the next morning Arthur and I had long left the place behind and were struggling up the steep grade of Flume creek which empties into the Pend Oreille some distance below Metaline. On account of the absence of any defined trail, and the primative condition of the country, our progress was very slow and extremely tiresome. At last, however, we gained the summit and started off in the direction which our map showed us was correct. By evening we had come out on a high mountain and by the land marks sketched on the map we knew we were at the place of meeting. A search of the surrounding section showed us that some human being had evidently been there recently, but no one was within sight or hearing, apparently, as we called a number of times and received no answer. Finally we found a spot on the side of the mountain where a spring bubbled from the ground and there made camp for

the night. At an early hour next morning we were awakened by someone saying: "Well, here you are." On opening our eyes we saw our friend, the old man, standing near us. Noting our look of inquiry, he remarked: "I have been busy packing my stuff into the enchanted valley, and as I have a secret trail from the river to that wonderful and lovely place, I did the work alone, as I have done for years. There is another entrance to the valley, but this time I preferred to enter by this one." Our friend decided to breakfast with us on our invitation and we had a hearty meal, as he informed us that we would need to be fortified for the day's exertions.

Arriving at the top of the mountain again, the old man led us to a fringe of small firs which bordered the north side of an open space where we were. Parting the bushes and passing through, we came out on a sheer precipice. Words fail me in giving an accurate description of that which met our view. In the bright light of early morning we could see that an immense circular valley must lay many hundreds of feet below us. In a circle probably two miles in diameter were towering mountains of about the same altitude as that on which we stood, their sides toward the valley being so steep that no human or animal could attempt to get up or down without being dashed to death many hundreds of feet below. It was impossible to see to the bottom of the abyss as a misty cloud hung over the entire valley several hundred feet below. "These clouds are the vapor from hot springs," said the old man. "When we get down there we will scarcely notice the vapor." "But how are we to get down?" both of us asked.

"Oh, I will show you the way, but you must brace your nerves as the trail is quite rough and extremely dangerous."

Coming back into the open and proceeding to the east a few rods our friend again squeezed through the brush; we followed and saw that a shelf about three feet wide led down and along the side of a precipice, at an angle of about twenty degrees. "This is the beginning of the trail," remarked our guide, "now we will all fasten our packs on tight so they will not slip, and be careful that you do not miss your footing." It was then that I began one of the most perilous journeys that I have ever taken in the mountains and have had experiences in this line from Colorado to Alaska. "Keep your nerve and do not look down except when absolutely necessary," said our guide and the decent was begun.

Is it possible for me to describe the experiences of that strenuous day's work as we made our way down that mountain side? For perhaps a half mile the trail led as described above, then an immense rock slide was met with and down this at an angle of forty-five degrees we were compelled to carefully make our way, as the slightest jar might start the whole mass and we would be hurled to death over a cliff that showed up far below. Finally we reached a point where another shelf led us away from the loose boulders and along this we traveled for some distance when we came to a spot where the shelf had broken away and for at least one hundred feet there was no semblance of a trail except a ledge not to exceed six inches in width. A rawhide rope was stretched across this chasm, each end being fastened to a

THIS IS A GREAT TRIAL TO YOUR NERVES, BOYS

small fir that had found footing in crevices in the rocks. Looking below we were appalled. Far as could be seen was a sheer precipice. Arthur and I drew back, but the old man, noticing our disinclination to trust our lives, said: "This is a great trial to your nerves, boys, but when you see me cross safely your courage will return and you will follow." Thereupon he seized the rope, pulled it taught and again fastened it to the young fir, then holding onto the rope and carefully planting his toes on the narrow ledge he slowly worked his way across the frightful place. Arthur, without a word, took hold of the rope and did likewise; then was my turn. I had noticed that my friends kept on the outside of the rope. Calling to them to again tighten it, I dismissed every thought of fear from my mind and, concentrating only on reaching the other side in safety, I started on the side of the rope next the rocky wall and soon joined my comrades on the other side. But here the reaction set in and for a half hour Arthur and I could only rest and recover from the strain.

When asked how he managed to stretch the rope across that place our guide stated that he carried it with him when he came down the same route that we had traveled together, he fastened one end to the small fir and tied a rock to the other, then taking a swift run along the ledge he hurled the rock with great force between the fir on the other side and the rock wall, the impetus would wind the rope several times around the small tree and hold it tight until he could cross. "I have worn out a number of ropes there since I first came here," he continued.

Again we started on our downward path. Within an hour we came to a steep gully down which we climbed for several hundred feet, using the utmost care that our toes were firmly fixed in a crevice or our feet braced against a projecting rock before taking the next step. In the early evening we had reached a bench covered with grass and our guide told us that the hazardous part of our trip was over. Crossing this bench and looking below and beyond us, our eyes met a vision that it is best to describe in detail in the next chapter. With lighter hearts we hurried down a grassy slope, and at the command of our guide dropped our packs near a pile of burned rocks where we were informed camp would be made for the night.

While undoing our packs Arthur and I kept an eye on the old man. He went to a roughly built cache of stones and brought out a frying pan, coffee pot, some tin dishes, knives, forks and spoons; then he walked over to another pile of rocks, lighted a match, threw it on the rocks and jumped back. There was an explosion and flames shot up around the stones in the heap. "Isn't that a fine kitchen?" he remarked with a smile. It was not long until we had hot coffee, fried bacon, canned goods and hastily baked flap jacks. Being worn out with the exertions of the day, we prepared for sleep. The old man first took a pail of water from the near-by spring and dashed it on the fire. There was a cloud of steam for a moment and when it disappeared the fire was out. "The only way that I know of to extinguish natural gas fire is by steam," remarked the old man, in answer to our inquiry as to his action.

CHAPTER II.

At one time in the night I was awakened by some kind of an animal scampering about the camp; I also heard the old man talking in low, soothing tones and a noise which resembled a cat lapping milk in a shallow dish. However, this did not disturb me much and I was soon again in the land of dreams.

It was a bright, glorious morning that greeted us when we arose from our blankets spread on the luxurious grass that covered the ground. Arthur and myself both noticed how well we felt and remarked on our bouyancy of spirits. We realized that there was something in the air that gave us a feeling of new life. Far above us was the misty cloud that we had noticed from the heights above the morning before, but the mist did not appear to shut out the rays of the sun, which was shining with all the splendor of that beautiful orb of day. Breakfast was soon prepared and swallowed with relish, it being cooked on the gas fire the same as our supper the night before.

We climbed to a higher elevation on the slope and feasted our eyes on the entrancing panorama that was spread out before us. As we had seen from the summit of the mountain, the valley was nearly round and about two miles in diameter. A clear stream several rods in width wound along through the center running from the south to the north. Along its banks were small trees of deciduous growth, while at different points on the comparatively level plain were groves of beautiful evergreen trees. At one spot of several acres

VIEW OF THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

on the opposite side of the valley were a number of trees of smaller size in regular rows which had the appearance of an orchard. Some distance to the right and on a bench we saw a beautiful white dome on the top of which the dazzling rays of the sun reflected so strongly as to affect our eyes even at that distance. We also observed several groups of animals grazing but could not make out their species. In the extreme northwest side of the valley a cloud of steam told us that the hot springs of which the old man had spoken were located there. "I have been to a number of beauty spots in this world; to the National Park and the Yosemite Valley," remarked Arthur, "but I have never yet seen anything to equal this."

Joining the old man at the camping place, we found that he was preparing to start, but, placing his fingers to his mouth, he gave three shrill whistles. As we did not know the meaning of this we waited for developments. Soon across the plain from the direction of the white dome came bounding an animal. As it reached us we were puzzled at its appearance and to this day I can not classify its species or mixture. This strange creature began to lick the hand of our guide and show every evidence of affection. "This is my friend and companion and his name is Jock," was the only explanation the old man made as he stroked the animal.

The beast was about the size of a yearling bear; his coat much resembled an animal of that kind, but his head was more like that of a human being and he carried it upright similar to a man. His feet appeared to be a cross between a bear and a sheep or goat, as he had hoofs and also claws.

The creature did not become familiar with Arthur or myself but apparently considered our presence as a matter of course. His master proceeded to his cache and brought out a can of syrup. He poured out a small quantity which the animal greedily lapped. "It is for Jock that I always keep a large supply of syrup on hand," said the old man. "He is very fond of it." When Jock had finished his favorite sweet, the old man caressed him a moment and, pointing across the valley toward the white dome, said "go," and the creature was soon bounding in the direction indicated.

Turning to the left we walked briskly for perhaps a mile, when the stream impeded our progress. "Come down here, I wish to show you something," said our guide. We followed and when at the level of the creek he pointed out a bed of gravel and sand eight or ten feet in height and said: "Here is where I get my gold; how is this for a placer mine?" As we did not have a pan with us, Arthur and I scooped up the material in our hands and were astonished at the number of small nuggets and the quantity of dust that was visible. "This gravel will average several dollars a cubic yard and there are millions of yards of it," said the guide as we forded the shallow stream. Turning still more to the left we came to a steep wall, one of the sides of the mountain that hemmed in the valley, and we had pointed out to us a vein of gold quartz about ten feet in width between slate and quartzite walls which was literally filled with metallic gold. We were prepared for unusual sights, and were not excited at that which had been shown us, so when our guide again

started on his way we followed, wondering what would be next.

Our route led around the west side of the valley, and as we stopped to admire some beautiful flowers that were blooming there at that late season we asked how it was, as all vegetation outside the valley had been killed by the frost. "Oh, frost is really unknown here," was the reply from our guide. "This valley is hundreds of feet lower than either the Columbia or Pend Oreille rivers. The hot springs that we will soon see keep the valley warm in winter. I have always been puzzled as to the outlet of the stream, but as it disappears under that north mountain, its outlet must be far down the Columbia river." "What variety of animals have you here?" I asked, as my thoughts recurred to the groups of wild creatures we had seen the evening before. "Well," answered the guide, "there are bear, elk, goats, mountain sheep, caribou, moose, black and white tailed deer and all kinds of small game indigenous to the northwest; besides this there are many ducks and geese in their proper seasons and in the summer all kinds of birds make their home here. I have always treated these wild creatures kindly, although I slaughter one occasionly for food, yet they do not fear me to any great extent."

By this time we had arrived at the hot springs, a number of circular and oblong depressions in some of which the water was boiling and in others the temperature being about blood heat. "You will find all degrees here," remarked the guide, "from cold to boiling. That one over there is salt, and from it the animals and myself secure

our supply." As we passed up a fairly wide ravine, our guide brought us to an oblong basin filled with liquid that resembled water but on testing it we found that it was much more dense than that element. "This is the fountain of youth," exclaimed the guide, as he dipped up a cup of the water, "to constant bathing here I owe my long life." "Would you mind telling us your age?" we asked. "I was born in 1739," he replied with an amused smile. "What?" we ejaculated. "Yes, I am one hundred and fifty years old. For over a century this enchanted valley has been my abiding place and to this healthy spot, bathing in that spring and living the simple life I owe my longevity."

Arthur and myself were astounded at this statement, which could not be disputed, and we naturally asked for additional information. "It is now lunch time," said the guide, "and while resting I will give you a brief account of my history.

"I am a Scotchman by birth. When about thirty years of age I entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and came to America. You no doubt remember that this company was established in 1670 and has had trading posts over the northwestern portion of this continent ever since. I was employed as a trapper by this company for many long years, and have covered the coast from the mouth of the Columbia river to beyond the Arctic circle. About a century ago I was sent to Fort Hope in the interior of what is now the province of British Columbia. While there the factor's daughter, a beautiful and accomplished lady, and myself became enamored with

each other, but her father bitterly opposed our proposed marriage and the factor sent me out on a trapping expedition. According to the strict rules on which the business of this old concern was then conducted, there was nothing to do but obey, consequently I started out one spring in an easterly direction and in due time crossed the Columbia river. While working eastward of that stream searching for favorable places to set my traps, I accidentally stumbled onto the southwestern entrance to this valley. This entrance you have not yet seen, and I will not show it to you at this time, but for fear that such a possibility might occur that we may never meet again I will say that this entrance is west of a stream now called Deep creek. Crossing the western divide on Deep creek about ten miles from the Columbia river a small stream will be found that runs toward the Pend Oreille. The water of this creek disappears in a thick clump of cedars. By looking closely the entrance to an underground passage will be found and by following it you will come out in this ravine about one-half mile above where we now are.

"After I had made a home here; had brought in pairs of nearly all the animals now in the valley when they were young; planted an orchard and made other improvements, I returned to Fort Hope and secretly married the factor's daughter. Having provided myself with a couple of swift Indian ponies, my wife and I eluded all pursuit and finally reached this beautiful place, where we lived happily for a number of years."

As there was a noticeable tinge of sadness in the old man's voice when he spoke of his wife, we

asked him no questions, and for some time after finishing his narrative our elderly friend was silent. Eventually he arose from the grassy knoll where we had been sitting and started toward the north. "It is the pure air, and frequent bathing in that wonderful chemical spring that I believe is the real fountain of youth that has kept me so young in looks and feeling," said our guide as we skirted the base of the northerly mountain. "Look, there is my orchard," he remarked, as he pointed to the rows of trees that we had noted the evening before. "I have an abundance of all kinds of fruits every season. There are fruits there that grow in California and other warm countries. They do well here on account of the low altitude. Every tree in that orchard was grown from seed, as it was planted long before there were any nurseries north of California."

Again fording the large stream we came to the foot of a grassy slope and here the old man dropped down on the beautiful green carpet and said: "Now there is one more sight for you to see and you must excuse me from accompanying you. When you return to me here you will have seen that which will explain all that I have not told you." Placing his fingers in his mouth, he again uttered that shrill whistle and in a moment the strange animal Jock came rapidly down the slope. After caressing him and pouring out on the grass some syrup from a flask that he had with him, and the animal had greedily licked it up, the old man pointed up the hill and said "go" to the creature and motioned to us to follow.

Arriving at the top of the slope Arthur and I took a look around. It was a lovely view that met

our eyes. The bench that we were on was irregular in shape and contained probably four acres. It was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass that gave evidence of having been carefully taken care of at some previous time. In the center of this stood the magnificent white dome that we had seen from the far side of the valley. If this mound of marble whiteness looked beautiful from a distance, its beauty was a hundred fold enhanced by a nearer view. We gazed on its handsome lines and symmetrical form for a number of minutes and then approached it. Before stopping we passed entirely around the pyramid and found it to be a form of lime that had been deposited in that shape by the action of water forced up from below. The water was heavily charged with the material and had crystallized when exposed to the air.

On the side next the valley we found two narrow openings, but from the water trickling down it could be seen that the process of crystallizing would soon close these entrances. We passed to the interior and groped around until our eyes became accustomed to the dim light on the alabaster walls. We soon could see almost as well as though we were outside. The stalactites and stalagmites formed by the lime in solution were grand beyond description. At intervals slender pillars rose from floor to roof. The grotto was about fifty feet in diameter and was neatly divided into several chambers by the pillars and arches, which were attached to the roof.

While I was taking in these details Arthur kept on examining other portions of the interesting grotto. Finally he came and took me by the arm.

THEY WERE SOLID STONE—PETRIFIED

I turned and gazed into his face and could see by his expression that he was very much agitated. Without speaking he pulled me along and we entered another apartment. Can I find words to express to the reader a faint conception of that which met my eyes? The apartment had all appearances of having been used as a living room, but the furniture was composed of the same material as the grotto. Lying on a lounge was the body of a beautiful woman, her classical features as perfect as though life yet remained in that perfect form. Kneeling beside the couch we saw the figure of a little girl, the face turned toward that of its mother. For a long time we looked upon this strange but sad scene and then reverently approached and for a second allowed our vandal hands to rest on the heads of the two figures. They were solid stone—petrified.

Slowly, and without a word, we turned and left the grotto. "His wife and child," murmured Arthur as we reached the outer air. "Yes," I answered, my emotions being too strong for further conversation at the time. Down the slope we went and joined our friend. "You have seen all?" he inquired. We nodded assent. "They have been as you see them for many, many years," he added. "One fall it was necessary for me to make a trip to Fort Colville. I was detained on account of an unusual fall of snow. When I returned to the valley I found them as you have seen. Now all the time, day and night, they are guarded by Jock, who never leaves them. It will be but a year or two until the precipitation from the water will forever seal them in their tomb,

there to remain for all time unless it is opened by artificial means."

The three of us crossed the valley to our camping place of the night before. None of us felt much like talking, consequently the evening was spent in comparative silence. Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, Arthur and myself cordially wrung the hand of our friend and began the terrific labor of retracing our steps out of the valley by the same route that we came.

Such is the story of the enchanted valley. Nearly twenty years have passed since the foregoing experiences were gone through. Arthur's mortal remains lie in their last resting place way back in the state of Maine. I never again met the strange old man and as far as known, although the country is well settled, no one has found and entered that magnificent and beautiful spot that we explored. Whether the old man breathed his last in the grotto, and sleeps eternally with his loved ones or not is a question that will be settled when the valley is again entered. When this account reaches the enterprising people of Colville, the county seat of Stevens county, it is probable that they will open up the valley and cause it to be one of the health and pleasure resorts of the world.

FOUND AND LOST A FORTUNE.

Tales of huge nuggets of gold from Nevada and immense chunks of native silver from Cobalt have been going the rounds for some time and naturally cause people to believe that there are wonderful riches of that nature in those sections.

To show that the mining regions tributary to Spokane are not behind other sections as far as colossal pieces of the much sought yellow metal is concerned, the following narrative is given of a find made by the writer and three companions some years ago on the shores of Kootenay lake, in British Columbia.

It was in the early spring of 1892. With many others I had joined the stampede to the great silver-lead strikes in the Slocan district, and had arrived at Kaslo too early to get into the Eldorado on account of the heavy snows of the previous winter not yet having disappeared, thus making it impossible to transport supplies into the scene of the discoveries of the fall before.

Having nothing to do, and not wishing to be idle, I purchased a small rowboat and began investigating the mineral resources of the country bordering the shores of the lake.

It so happened that I finally camped for a time at the head of Crawford bay, which is really the east arm of that large body of water. Here I fell in with two young Englishmen who had preempted and were improving a ranch at that point. These young men kindly invited me to make myself at home and were prodigious in their hospitality.

After being at this point a week or ten days, where, by the way, we were many miles from any other human being, our little circle was augmented by the arrival of another person, who, like myself, was extended the hospitality of the camp. This party, whom I shall call Joe, will be described farther on in this narrative.

There were now four of us, each eager to improve his fortunes and anxious for an opportunity to make an honest dollar, if not a competency, could we find the opportunity.

The personnel of the crowd was as follows: The two Britishers will be designated as Bill and Jim, and the new arrival I shall call Joe in the recital of our experiences that are here given.

Bill had been educated as a chemist in the old country and was always experimenting when not otherwise engaged, as he had a large stock of chemicals on hand. Jim was a mathematician by nature and was always figuring on some proposition, and no problem that could be solved by figures was too complex for him to demonstrate. Joe was by choice a prospector, and had followed his calling from Mexico to Alaska. The fourth member was the writer, whose extreme modesty and strict regard for truth prevents any allusions to his accomplishments.

At the time of which I write the smelting plant was building at Pilot bay, about eight miles from us by water. Bill had gone by rowboat to the store at the works for supplies. On his return he had brought the news that a couple of beef steers purchased for meat by the manager had strayed away and that a reward of $40 had been offered for their return, dead or alive.

'EARLY ONE MORNING WE STARTED

Here was a chance for us to increase our capital $10 per, and we all resolved to locate this bonanza of beef and earn the reward, hence preparations were at once made for our rough trip into the hills.

We decided that while we were hunting for cattle we would also do some prospecting, and with that end in view we carried with us tools for the purpose.

Early one morning we started. It had been decided to first explore the peninsula between the main lake and Crawford bay, consequently we took two rowboats—Bill and Jim in one, while Joe and myself occupied the other. We pulled down the bay about four miles, when we landed, secured our boats and commenced our search. All day long we hiked over the hills peering into thickets and exploring gullies, but we did not get a sight of the animals nor did we see a track.

It was 5 o'clock in the evening when the four of us came out on a long, narrow cape that extended out in the main lake and was surrounded on all sides but one by water. Being tired, we all dropped down under the shade of a tree to rest.

While talking over our non-success of the day, I, prospector-like, was digging in the ground with my small poll pick, when the point adhered to some metallic substance. On making an examination it was easily seen that the substance was really metal. On calling the attention of the others to this we soon scraped away the soil and found that the chunk rested on bedrock. It was not much of a task to clean the object and examine it thoroughly. Bill, who had a small bottle of nitric acid with him, soon made a test, and pronounced the metal gold. Jim in the meantime had

not been idle and had measured the nugget with a pocket rule and began figuring.

We all were so dumbfounded with the magnitude of our discovery that we were in a measure speechless. Finally Jim spoke up and said: "Boys, that hunk of gold averages 27 inches long, 12 inches wide and 14 inches deep; the total number of cubic inches is 4,536; there are 10.45 ounces to the inch, hence the nugget weighs 47.401 20-100 ounces or 3.950 troy pounds and 10 ounces."

This statement almost took our breath away. We were so staggered with the knowledge of suddenly acquired and great wealth that it was some time before we could collect our senses. Finally the nugget was covered over carefully and we sought our boats and silently rowed back to camp.

After the evening meal Bill and Jim were busy. Bill made tests of a sample of the gold that he had chipped from the chunk with the camp ax, and Jim was busily engaged in figuring. Bill announced his result first. He said: "That gold is fully 900 fine and is worth $18 an ounce." Jim, after a few rapid strokes with his pencil, remarked: "And its value is $853,221.60, and as there are four of us to share in it, our individual interests amount to $213,505.40."

With upward a quarter of a million dollars in sight for each of us, we naturally began to discuss ways and means of getting this treasure to market, and our fingers actually itched as we thought of the royal times we would have in spending at least a portion of the money.

Soon we began to tell each other of the many things that we would do with our suddenly acquired wealth. Bill would return to England and

on the strength of the money would satisfy the ambition of his life by securing an introduction to the Prince of Wales. Joe proposed to gather up all the worn out burros from Mexico to the far north, build an immense corral and stables and care for these creatures the remainder of their days. I had begun to tell that I would establish a home for old and disabled prospectors, when practical Jim suggested that we secure our gold before we spent the money that it would bring us.

After talking the matter over it was decided that we would place a heavy false bottom in the largest rowboat and in that small vessel transport the nugget to our camp, where in time it could be cut to pieces by the aid of chisels until small enough to be handled and transported to the United States assay office, from which the cash would be forthcoming. As we feared that some roaming prospector might accidentally stumble onto our find, caused us to be in a hurry to get the nugget under our control.

The sun was scarcely up next morning when we were all at work strengthening the large boat. We made it as staunch as we possibly could with the limited means at hand, and, taking the two boats as we had done the day before, the quartet of us were soon pulling the oars lively and speeding for our fortune.

For the purpose of sizing up the chances of loading our treasure we rounded the cape in our boats. We found that the cape terminated in a cliff fully 12 feet high, and to place the nugget in the boat it would be necessary to slide the chunk of gold down on skids. The large boat was anchored under the cliff and we climbed up to the scene of

CRASH—OUR BOAT WAS A MASS OF KINDLING WOOD

our discovery and were pleased to find that the precious lump had not been disturbed.

To roll the heavy piece of metal to the edge of the cliff it was necessary to strip the surface down to bedrock for the purpose of having a solid foundation. This was an easy matter, as we had brought all necessary tools with us. Two stout skids were cut and placed so that the lower ends rested in the boat and the upper ends against the top of the cliff.

By the aid of a cant hook and two hand spikes we turned the heavy mass over and gradually worked it toward the skids. A heavy rope was fastened around the chunk and a convenient tree was used as a snubbing post. Carefully we poised the weighty mass on the brink, tightly Jim held the rope around the tree; the nugget slipped over the top of the skids—Crash—our boat was a mass of kindling wood and 400 feet of the blue waters of Kootenay lake hid our beloved nugget from view.

The rope had parted.

A POT OF GOLD.

There are several hundred people now in Spokane who resided in that portion of North Idaho known as the Coeur d'Alene country during the winter of 1886-7, and all will remember that it was a winter for unusual snow. When spring did at last arrive, stories of new and fabulous strikes were of daily occurrence.

Libby Creek, in Montana, on account of its nearness, appeared to be the objective point for many prospectors, as the report of rich gold diggings there created no little excitement.

With a great many others, I had spent the winter in the then lively camp of Murray, and like all who follow the fortunes of a miner, was anxious to make for the best diggings as soon as the snows of winter disappeared. Accordingly, April, 1887, my partner, Bill Dawson, and myself, took the stage running from Murray to Thompson Falls, in Montana, traveled to the latter place and outfitted for the new Eldorado. We purchased a good strong cayuse, on which we packed our bedding, cooking utensils, etc., and a whipsaw, as it was necessary to cut our own lumber for sluice boxes and other purposes. After a hard tramp of upwards of a hundred miles, we arrived on the stream for which we were bound. Then we searched up and down its course for a favorable point to locate a claim and begin operations. As many white miners and Chinamen had preceded us, we had to act promptly and stake out some ground if we wished to try our fortunes in the reputed rich placer deposits of that section.

Finally we located a twenty-acre claim on the stream at a point where white men had taken a claim below and a gang of Chinamen above. The other prospectors had allowed this particular ground to lie vacant from the fact that there were more boulders there than at any other point on the creek. I was in favor of giving the place the go-by and looking further, but Dawson argued that we would be more liable to find coarse gold there than at another place where the creek wash was

all gravel and sand. I gave in to his superior wisdom, as he had been for many years a placer miner, while my experience in that branch of mining was limited.

We were soon busily engaged in whipsawing, and in a week had sufficient lumber for a respectable string of sluices. We then ran a drain ditch to bed rock on the lower end of our claim, set our boxes, and commenced mining in real earnest, by the method the placer miners term ground sluicing. Every time we put in a new box we cleaned up, and in a short time had quite a little pile of gold dust and nuggets between us. This lasted for a few weeks and then our pay streak gave out. I was in favor of quitting at this stage of the game and looking for a healthier prospect, but Bill was obdurate, and claimed we would yet strike it richer than ever if we would but keep on. Therefore day by day we toiled in the water, shoveling sand and gravel, and rolling heavy boulders, the only reward being a few fine colors.

Thus matters progressed until the middle of June. Then began one of the worst rain storms it was ever my fortune or misfortune to see in the mountains. For three days it poured, and so incessantly did the water descend that we could not step out of our tent an instant without being drenched to the skin. The creek was running bank full, and we realized that our development work was obliterated and our sluice boxes washed away. I must confess I did not feel as discouraged as my partner, as I had lost faith in the claim and was desirous of getting away from it.

The day after the water had subsided, Bill and

I took a stroll up to the diggings to see the extent of the damage. As we expected, all our hard work had been for naught. Our sluices were washed away, and our long cut filled to the top with boulders, gravel and sand. We walked to the upper end of the claim and were much surprised to see one place where the water, with its terrible force, had scooped out all the wash, leaving the bed rock bare. We climbed down into this excavation to find if we could any of the yellow metal on the bed rock. Two large granite boulders attracted our attention, and we simultaneously peered between them. Could we believe our senses, or were we dreaming? There, wedged tightly between these massive boulders, either of which would weigh a ton, was a gold nugget as large as a peck measure. We each gave a subdued cry, then looked at one another, rubbed our eyes and again gazed on this lump of virgin gold. We pinched each other, walked around and came back for another look in order to satisfy ourselves that the existence of so much wealth was a reality, then the delicious truth began to dawn upon us that it was ours, all ours, and we were entitled to it by every law of our country. We realized that we would be at once lifted from the direst poverty to affluence. Rich! We had never known the meaning of the word before. As soon as we could transport that mass of gold to Helena, and receive its value from the United States assay office there, our names, as the discoverers of the largest gold nugget ever found, would be heralded to the uttermost parts of the earth. Rich and famous, all in an instant, as it were. Is it any wonder that we poor, ragged, and I might truthfully say, hungry

EXERTED ALL OUR STRENGTH TO MOVE THE BOULDERS

prospectors, were lifted up into the seventh heaven of delight?

When we finally recovered from the joyous shock sufficiently to realize that we must be doing something towards getting our treasure away from its rocky bed, we procured a couple of handspikes, and exerted all our strength to move the boulders. Our efforts were futile, neither could we loosen the rocks nor the lump of gold. At last we decided to resort to other means to secure the wealth that good fortune had so considerately placed in our path. As no one knew of the nugget but ourselves, we concluded to keep the matter a secret between us until we decided the important question of transportation to the railroad at Thompson Falls. We covered it with rocks and sand so that no passer-by would see it, after measuring its dimensions as near as possible so we could figure out its approximate value. Then we wended our way to the tent, there to consider the method of transportation.

At the tent we made our calculations, based on the lump being equal to a cube ten inches square, estimated its value at $16 per ounce and obtained the result of $168,800, which was the very least the assay office in Helena would pay us for it. Then we suggested different plans for transporting the heavy mass to the railroad. We arrived at its weight on the basis that one cubic inch of gold weighs 10.55 ounces, which would bring our chunk up to 880 pounds. Finally we adopted the plan proposed by Bill whereby I was to remain at the camp and he would take our pack animal, proceed to Thompson Falls, purchase drills, a striking hammer and powder, and a number of

chisels. With these we would blast one of the large boulders, then cut the nugget up into smaller pieces, put them into sacks with samples of ore, and have the whole cargo packed out on Dan Hires pack train, which made semi-monthly trips.

That night I lay awake a long time thinking of the sudden turn of fortune in my favor. I could take the hatchet from the camp and in an hour chip from that lump of gold an amount equal to that which my old father had toiled forty years to save. I wondered what effect it would have on the dear ones at home whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century when they heard first through the dispatches that I, the wanderer, had at last struck it rich. Is it any wonder that my plans were made for the future? When at last I did fall asleep my dreams were all of the rose-tinted kind.

Dawson left early the next morning, expecting to return in a few days with everything necessary to carry out our plans. I was left alone at the camp with my day dreams and visions. The fact soon dawned upon me that I, the possessor of over $80,000, needed a change of underclothing or vermin might begin their troublesome career on my person. On account of being kept so busy we had been having a Chinaman named Sam Sing do our washing. Sing lived in a cabin two claims above ours, eking out a living by washing out gold in a rocker and doing laundry work for the different miners who chose to patronize him.

Early in the day, therefore, I walked up the creek to Sam's cabin, stopping to see that our nugget had not been disturbed. When I reached the cabin I found the door open. I stepped inside

and found Sam lying on his bunk with an opium layout beside him, enjoying a pull at the pipe. The fumes of the drug were sickening, but I managed to ask the heathen about our washing. Same arose, came to the door, as I had sought relief on the outside, and remarked, "No washee leady; heap lain; cleek laise, takee way kettle; no heatum water; no ketch um kettle yet."

I understood from this that the sudden rise in the creek had carried away Sam's kettle—a copper one—which I had noticed before that he had used for heating water for washing purposes. Hence I took our clothes back to camp with me, calculating upon washing them in the creek.

Somehow I did not feel so exultant as formerly since making our rich find, but I attributed my feelings to the reaction that generally comes after having one's hopes raised to their highest pitch. I went about my chores for the day and when night came retired to my bed in the tent. I soon fell asleep and must have slept soundly, for when I awoke with a start, lit a match and consulted my watch it was past midnight. A horrible fear appeared to have possession of me—some presentment of coming danger or disappointment. I tried to sleep, but could not. Finally a thought struck me. I sprang from my bed and hurried on my clothes; lighting a candle, I seized a pick, and was soon speeding up the gulch. I arrived at the large boulders, placed the candle between them where the wind would not extinguish it, scraped the dirt from the nugget, raised the pick as high as I could and brought it down on the nugget with great force. The point of the pick went through half way to the eye and was only stopped by the

HIS WORLDLY POSSESSIONS IN A FLOUR SACK'

vessel being packed full of sand. I had found the Chinaman's copper kettle.

* * * * * * *

Five days later a solitary individual approached the Northern Pacific station at Thompson Falls. He was softly treading on his uppers, and had his worldly possessions in a flour sack on his back. It was me.

I did not wait for Bill to return, and the last I heard of him he was whacking bulls in Montana.

HEE-HEE STONE.

On the high divide between the Okanogan and Kettle rivers, and on the northern slope of Bonaparte mountain near the head of Tonascut creek, which flows into the Okanogan, and the source of Myers creek, which empties its waters into Kettle river, is a spot that has been historic with the Indians of northern Washington and southern British Columbia, perhaps for centuries.

For ages this place has been the mecca toward which the aborigines have bent their steps, traveling on cayuses or on foot.

Even the early day white man, whether he be squaw man, stock raiser, prospector or general adventurer, appeared to absorb the belief of the nomads who roamed over the country, and they, too, would visit this peculiar shrine, and like their red companions would offer sacrifices to the unknown.

The spot is that which the Indians term a "hee-hee stone," or a lucky stone. "Hee-hee," in the

Chinook jargon, or Hudson's Bay trading language, is equivalent to something ludicrous, or funny, hence if the term is taken from the Chinook, it is not a proper one.

Legend of the "Hee-Hee Stone."

The Indian legend connected with this stone is that, in long ages past, a beautiful Indian maiden journeyed from the far north on foot for the purpose of meeting her lover who lived on Mount Chapaca, back of Osoyoos lake. She crossed the Kettle river valley and climbed the divide by following up what is now known as Myers creek. After she had reached the divide and rounded the northerly base of Bonaparte mountain, she gazed across the Okanogan river valley, when all at once Mount Chapaca, which was the home of her lover, belched forth great volumes of fire and smoke.

This action of the mountain so frightened the young girl that she turned and ran swiftly in the direction from whence she came. Finally she stumbled and fell, and, the legend goes on to say, turned into the stone which forms the basis for this story.

The young woman was carrying a small sack of camas roots, which was her food for the journey, but as she fell and turned to stone, the camas kept on going and finally fell to the ground in a large level piece of country in what is now known as the state of Idaho, and has always been known as Camas prairie since the country has been settled by whites. The Indian tradition is that by this means this succulent root was first planted in that portion of Idaho.

FINALLY SHE STUMBLED AND FELL

Bible students can trace a resemblance in this story to that of Lot's wife in holy writ.

A Pioneer's Experience.

"It was about August 1, 1889," said an old miner last evening, "that I heard this legend. At the time I was sojourning at Hiram (Okanogan) Smith's ranch at the lower end of Osoyoos lake, which is a widening out of the Okanogan river, on the boundary line between the United States and British territory.

"I had reached this ranch by traveling horseback up Kettle river, crossing the divide by going up Rock creek past where Camp McKinney is now located. I found that I could reach Kettle river again with my horse and pass by the famous lucky stone.

"Mr. Smith furnished my companion and myself with a guide, so early one fine morning in August we started up Tonascut creek and by two o'clock in the afternoon had reached the goal.

"Imagine our surprise to find that the famous 'hee-hee,' or lucky stone was but a mass of argillite slate protruding from the ground in a slight depression on the divide. Poles cut from the surrounding timber (the stone was in an open place), had been jammed into the crevices of the rock. On these poles were tied all kinds of garments that an Indian buck, squaw or pappoose wears. Hair from horses' manes and tails and from human heads as well were there in great quantity. Our guide informed us that in his time he had seen Hudson's Bay flintlock muskets, cooking utensils, etc., piled up around the stone, but evidently the roving prospector or white trapper,

who had use for these articles, had disregarded the Siwash belief and carried everything useful away. The guide also informed us that one of the wealthiest white cattlemen of the Okanogan had left something of great value at the stone and immediately his luck changed for the better and after that time he accumulated his fortune.

Defer to Superstition.

"Not that we had any faith in the stone, did my companion and myself decide to contribute to the strange god or goddess of fortune, but we began to search our pockets for some kind of an offering. We happened to have a quart bottle that contained a little whisky; the liquid we absorbed in our own persons and the empty bottle I fastened on a twig on one of the poles. A few old keys of trunks long since worn out I also sacrificed on the altar of fortune and wished for happier days.

"By the cruel irony of fate, when this took place it was on the 4th day of August, 1889, and when we reached civilization it was to learn that the business portion of the beautiful city of Spokane Falls had been consumed by fire. Later I learned that all my effects and the accumulations of years had been entirely consumed in that great conflagration.

"The 'hee-hee' or lucky stone is a fact, and it may respond to the desires of the Siwash, but in my case it would not work with a white man."

HE WOULD TAKE A CHECK.

A story was told at the time of the sale of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine in 1887, which, as far as known, has never appeared in print.

S. G. Read, since dead, but at that time a wealthy citizen of Portland, Ore., was the purchaser. The consideration was $1,500,000, one-half of which was cash. This cash, amounting to $750,000, was paid out to the owners through the First National bank, which at that time occupied a building on the site of the Exchange Bank building, at the northwest corner of Riverside avenue and Howard street. James N. Glover was the bank's president and Horace L. Cutter was the cashier.

Among the parties transferring the property to Mr. Read was Jacob Goetz (Dutch Jake), Harry Baer, Phil O'Rourke, Alex Monk, O. O. Peck, Dr. J. B. Cooper, Con Sullivan and perhaps one or two others.

The distribution was made without a hitch and no one had any objection except Con Sullivan, after whom the Sullivan claim of the group was named. Mr. Sullivan was an Irish-American prospector, intelligent and bright, but this was the first time that he had figured as one of the principals in a large financial transaction, and he desired to be extra cautious.

As the story goes, "Con" went to "Jim" Glover, the bank president, and stated that he was not posted on securities, drafts, certificates of deposit, etc., and would demand his share of the proceeds in cold, hard cash. "All right,"

responded Mr. Glover, "you can have it as you wish." Mr. Glover sent a message to the nearest transfer office and soon a heavy truck was backed up to the sidewalk in front of the bank and employes of the financial institution began carrying out boxes of gold coin and loading them on the conveyance. When Sullivan gazed on the heaped up wealth which was all his own and realized the care and worry that he would have in looking after it, he turned to the bank president and said: "Mr. Glover, I believe that I'll take a check."

THE BARREL WAS NOT EMPTY.

All old-timers who were in the Rossland (B. C.) boom about 10 years ago will remember that a well known old-time mining man was the manager of the Center Star. As names will not be mentioned in this story, the manager will be referred to as Mr. D.

Mr. D. was not a drinking man to any great extent, but when he did go against the ardent he was a stayer and always managed to absorb sufficient liquid hardware to keep him on the water wagon for some time afterward.

During the development of this mine, which later on sold for $2,000,000 cash, it was necessary to sink a shaft or a winze. After attaining a certain depth a flow of water was struck which retarded developments until such time as means could be provided for removing the surplus fluid. The foreman reported these facts to the manager and it was finally decided that an empty whisky

barrel would answer the purpose when properly ironed, rigged up and connected with the hoist.

To save time and secure the barrel, the manager, Mr. D., immediately started down town. Patiently the foreman waited all day long for the return of Mr. D. or to see a team drive up and unload the longed for whisky barrel. Another day passed and neither Mr. D. or the barrel were in evidence.

Finally, on the morning of the third day, as the foreman could wait no longer, he started in quest of his chief and the empty barrel. After making inquiry as to Mr. D.'s whereabouts, that individual was located at the ——— hotel, a popular hostelry kept by a much widowed lady well known in Rossland at that time. Mr. D., when the foreman found him, was lying fast asleep on a lounge in the parlor. On being awakened and when the errand of the foreman was made known to him, Mr. D. rubbed his eyes and said: (Hic) "Been three days trying to empty barrel (hic), not emptied yet (hic), when empty will send up to mine (hic), lesh take a (hic) drink."

WAS MISTAKEN FOR DEPEW.

Every one who knows Colonel N. E. Linsley, who has been a resident of Spokane for a number of years, is aware that he very much resembles Senator Depew of New York.

A few months ago the colonel went east for the purpose of presenting the silver service set to the officers of the armored cruiser Washington, being

chairman of the committee appointed by Governor Mead.

While in New York Colonel Linsley was a guest at the Waldorf-Astoria, and at the same time there was quite a delegation of politicians down from the upper part of the state. As every one of these people were hungry for office it can be imagined the button-holing that the Spokane man was subject to and the promises that he was forced to make.

One party in particular, who desired a treasury job down at Washington, and who had the assurance of the supposed senator that the matter would be fixed with "Teddy," is probably now cussing Messrs. Roosevelt and Depew plenty because the promised position is not in sight. How many bottles of wine and the number of two-bit cigars that the colonel consumed on account of the strong resemblance he is too modest to tell.

THE PRINCE WOULD NOT KNOW HIM.

All old-timers know Phil O'Rourke, one of the discoverers of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines at Wardner, Idaho. They also know the late George B. McAuley, who was a character among the miners of the Coeur d'Alene and British Columbia. Phil was Irish and George was Scotch and when these two met there was generally some fun for those within hearing distance.

The pathway of both these pioneers of this section was not so strewn with roses in the early days of the Coeur d'Alene as it became after

transportation reached the different camps and capital began to flow in to the mines, and often it became necessary for them as well as others to take any kind of a job that was offered. McAuley had, it appears, at a previous time in his mining experience, made quite a stake in Colorado, after which he returned to his native land and proceeded to cut a wide swath as a mining king. In some manner he became introduced to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward the VII. George never neglected to inform all whom he met of this honor.

There came a time in the early days of the Coeur d'Alene when Phil, George and a number of the boys were glad to accept the job of digging a placer ditch on the North Side. George, on account of his lack of strength as compared with the others, was the water boy of the outfit. One blistering hot day as he laboriously toiled up the steep mountain side from the creek below, with two heavy pails of water for his thirsty companions, Phil O'Rourke, as he stood leaning on his shovel remarked so that all could hear him: "Say, George, the Prince of Wales would not know you if he saw you now, would he?"

A Half Breed Dance and Other Far Western Stories

KEMP