

creek breaks over the rocks and plunges down five hundred feet. Up the front is the glacier—first brown and covered with débris, then gray and blue, creviced and bored like a honeycomb, then whiter and higher till it shades off into the clear white of the mountain side. Above all is the old mountain itself, rising in its pure, shining whiteness higher than the winter's sun.

The road soon turns up again, and after a thousand feet of upward windings, passes the timber line on the base of the mountain. There we made our permanent camp; walls of sod with the tent for a roof, a few scrub firs furnishing us with wood and a snow bank giving us water. It was Friday night when we were ready to turn in on our bed of fir boughs. Two weeks was the time calculated for the ascent, but that evening, as we threw on the biggest logs for our night fire and sat around waiting for them to light up, we were happily confident that before our next night fire was lighted we would have explored the summit.

Saturday morning, bright and early, we started up, one carrying a small axe and aneroid barometer, another the lunch, and the third one hundred feet of light rope. Each had a good ash alpine-stock, steel pointed, and six feet long. Unfortunately we had come without ice-creepers, but had logger's corks (nails an inch long) in our shoes. There was first a short grassy slope and half a mile of rocks to climb, then came the snow. This snow was hard, having thawed every day and frozen every night for weeks, and so made quite easy walking when at all level, and on the slopes was no more difficult than rock climbing. In the fresh of the morning we took the ascent very bravely, but by degrees it became rather monotonous lifting one foot above the other, even when the snow was an easy slope and we did not slip. Then crevasses began to appear. We did not quite understand them at first; we would walk up near them, try the snow all about with our staves, then creep up gently and, holding our breath, peep over and gaze down their depths with greatest awe. But how familiarity breeds contempt; within three days we would with the utmost nonchalance walk up to their very edge, poke down pieces of snow, contemptuously spit into the abyss, and discuss the idea of jumping across when not more than twelve feet wide. These crevasses are all through the sides of the mountain; they are made by the snow contracting by the cold or sliding down a little. They vary from a few inches to a hundred feet in width, and are the depth of the snow. Often hundreds of feet of their walls of cold blue ice can be seen, with seemingly no bottom. They are a great hindrance to the climber, and frequently it is necessary to go half a mile to get around one, then often to find the way blocked by another. But they were not our greatest difficulty that first day. We had marked out a course over the long snow incline between two rock peaks, up a rocky spur, then by a depression of the main cone to the top, very nearly straight up the north side of the mountain. We had climbed the first rocks quickly and plodded up the long fields of snow, though our feet did not pick themselves up quite so briskly as at first.

Noon had passed before the barometer told off ten thousand feet, but we clambered up the highest spur of rock to eleven thousand feet, when we were brought to a sudden halt by finding ourselves on the verge of an immense abyss. What we had supposed to be simply a protruding ridge of rock was the rim of a great crater basin, and instead of being on the main mountain we found ourselves cut off from it by this valley five hundred feet deep, terminating in almost perpendicular walls of rock thousands of feet in height. As far as we could see on either side it was the same, save in one little ravine, where the snow lay at an angle of about seventy degrees, but seamed with ugly looking crevasses. Everywhere else were walls of black, forbidding rock. The lawyer managed to cross over to the foot of the main dome, in search of a point where these walls could be scaled, but turned back without discovering a spot offering the least encouragement. After shivering awhile on the sunny side of the rocks we returned to camp, satisfied that it was next to impossible to make the ascent from the north. That evening as we sat about the camp-fire, and the huge white mass of mountain loomed up in the moonlight, our admiration of its beauty was accompanied by a respect for its ruggedness we had not the night before possessed.

Sunday was a much-needed day of rest. We slept late, enjoying the pure, light air and the restful stillness. These mountain tops are by no means an uninhabited desert. The hundreds of park-like valleys furnish pasturage for elk and deer, and the mountain goat follows the melting snow to crop the freshest herbage. Almost every open space contains the burrows of the marmot, the mountain woodchuck, and their shrill whistle as they dart into their holes sounds much like a man's signal call. As we came down the mountain Saturday afternoon we passed within easy shot of a flock of ptarmigan, on the rocks way up among the snow. They are a species of grouse, twice as large as the ruffled variety, almost pure white, and a native of the higher latitudes. Saturday evening about dusk a flock came down by our camp, and I missed an easy shot at one trying to take his head off. The whole flock lit on the snow a couple of hundred yards away, and we all tried our skill on them with our only weapon, a Winchester rifle, but with no other result than to frighten them away. Sunday morning I was up early and busily chopping kindling wood when there came trotting over the snow drift toward me what at first seemed a huge collie dog, but which I was soon satisfied was a wolf. He was a great gray fellow, twice as large as a Newfoundland dog, long and lank. As he came up within about fifty feet he grinned savagely, showing his long white teeth. I called to the boys, who were still in bed, to hand out the rifle quick. As they came crouching up the wolf ran off about eighty yards and turned, when I fired quickly at his shoulder, feeling perfectly certain that his skin was ours. But the ball must have struck too far back, for he doubled up and started with his tail between his legs on the keen jump down the snow drift. There were no more cartridges in the rifle so I could not shoot again. We expected at every jump