

to see him roll over, but he went down the drift at an angle of forty degrees, leaving a crimson trail as he ran. Over the rocks and across the valley he went at full speed till we lost sight of him a mile away.

After a late breakfast we started out for a ramble, each in a different direction, I passing down a valley to the northward. Those mountain valleys, how delightful in the quiet morning, warm in the sunshine, sheltered from the wind, the pure, light air crisp and exhilarating; rills of cool water everywhere, fresh from melting snows; green pastures of softest spring grasses; crystal lakelets born of a snow drift; and through the meadows and along the rills, even against the snow, singly and in banks, the most lovely flowers, scores of varieties and hundreds of shades, buttercups and soft white cowslips, astors like our marguerites, but with pink and lavender petals, red daisies and yellow daisies, violets and lilies, and multitudes of those beautiful flowers found only among high mountains! After going the length of this valley I crossed a low divide to the east and there found a glacier, the source of the Carbon River. It was my first experience with one and I advanced with extreme caution. These glaciers present an odd appearance, much resembling a dried worm with its skin all cracked open, only on a somewhat larger scale. This one is about a mile wide and fifteen long. Unlike water one of these ice rivers cannot widen out after being confined by rocky sides, but maintains nearly the same form throughout. Striking it below a narrow gorge, I had to climb up a hundred feet to reach the surface. The lower end, reaching far below the snow line, was almost entirely covered with rocks and sand from the continued slides and avalanches it had encountered along its course. The upper surface of a glacier is full of crevasses, its profile being much like a saw. Where the top surface is convex these cracks are more open, but where it is concave they are closed. I first tried a convex surface and found it practically impassable, the ice ridges being sharp and the chasms very deep; but going up further there was a concave surface, where there was not much difficulty in crossing by jumping some crevasses and going around others. Crossing here and going up the little mountain opposite, I had a view of the eastern slope of Rainier, and could see what appeared to be a possible way of ascent. Then recrossing the glacier by quite an easy path I returned to camp. The surveyor was already there. Coming home over a high ridge he saw an immense bear down five hundred feet in a valley, and as he had the rifle with him he concluded to give him a shot. He started down, but after descending about half way came to the conclusion that the bear ought not to be so rudely disturbed, and struck out for camp. We never could determine whether the fact that it was Sunday, the depth of the valley, or the size of the bear, was the most instrumental in bringing him to this conclusion. The lawyer came in about two hours later, as we were at supper. He looked pale and tired, and I never before saw a man so glad to see friends again after so brief an absence. He shook hands all around, said the camp seemed so

home like, and smiled all over. We finally got it out of him that he had been on the glacier near its head, where it lay in a valley, with icy sides. He found it pretty hard going down, but coming up he had a terrible time. He fell into a crevasse and had to climb up two hundred feet through a hole in the ice, where hanging masses kept falling, threatening to immolate him, and he did not expect to get out alive.

Monday we started to change our camp around to the northeast side of the mountain, across the Carbon glacier, so as to ascend from the east. We were crossing over the snow fields on the base of the mountain when, coming around some rocks with patches of young grass, we surprised a large mountain goat feeding. I had the gun and had been watching a pair of ptarmigan ahead, and did not see him till he went galloping across in front of us. I had always longed for hunter's laurels, mostly in vain, and a goat was just what I had been hoping for. My nerves were all on end in an instant, and my heart in a flutter. I was trying to get a good aim; how the gun shook! could I shoot with the pack pulling my shoulders back? would I lose him as I had the wolf? there he goes behind a rock, but out he comes again going more slowly; crack goes the gun, and he changes his course but does not increase his speed; crack again, and he comes toward us to the edge of a precipice. He is a perfectly dead shot now, and I shoot for his heart. Then his head goes down and he struggles on the snow, and we all three are running toward him; but as soon as he is off his feet he begins sliding, and before we can reach him over he goes. It is only a very steep snow slide, and we are after him full tilt; and there he lies at the bottom, not bruised a particle, but with bullets in his shoulder, neck and heart. We judged that he weighed considerably over three hundred pounds. His body and neck were very thick, legs short, and head almost as long as that of a horse, so that he had a very awkward lumbering gait. If chamois shooting is much like goat hunting, it seems to me that cow shooting in a big pasture might be as difficult, and the romance of the brave chamois hunter suffers severely. We took off the skin and short little horns of our goat, as it was impossible to carry him along. The rings on his horns showed him to be of a venerable age, in fact a patriarch. He was what is vulgarly called a "billy," of a very pronounced order, the kind Virgil speaks of in the "Eclogues." Both of these facts appeared very plainly when we tried to eat him; for though we took his tender porterhouse steaks, and tried them boiled, fried and roasted, and all three together, still the billy taste and the seventeen-year toughness were there. But his skin is a beauty, pure white, with long soft hair.

After our little affair with the goat we skirted along the base of the mountain, down across the Carbon glacier, then up again through flowery fields and scrubby fir to a spur of Rainier, where the last wood could be found. Here again we pitched our tent, gathered a bed of boughs, spread our blankets and made our last camp, as only three days' provisions remained. Our camp was very near the edge of the glacier, and that night, as soon as the sun