

a thick growth of black pine. Parody, not being able to escape so easily, ran through some undergrowth and hid under the root of a fallen tree, in a good sized stream that emptied into the main river. Here he remained all that afternoon, and until after dark, up to his neck in the cold water. Indians passed back and forth, crossing the creek on the log above him, and at times, cold as he was, his cheeks would burn when the thought flashed through his mind that the object of their search was none other than himself, and that, should one of the blood-thirsty fiends think to look under the root, his scalp would in five minutes be dangling from the belt of a dusky savage, and his body ready to be devoured by wolves at night. He thought of his mother and sisters at their dear old home in Chicago, and, for the first time in many years, prayed earnestly to God for protection. He had been in many Indian fights, and had been driven through mountains by the savages, but never having before been so closely cornered, always gave vent to his feelings in strong oaths. But circumstances alter cases, and this was one instance.

It was some time after dark, and several hours after the savages had passed on down the river, before Parody summoned up sufficient courage to leave his hiding place; and when he did, was so cold and stiff, that to walk was a great effort; still, with his undaunted courage, he commenced to climb the high mountain in front, all the time thinking of his companions, and wondering whether the Indians had overtaken and murdered them. Before daylight, he had gained the summit, and commenced the descent into a canyon, which ended at the river below where the party had been attacked, but, at the time, he thought he was going straight ahead. The descent was very rugged, and the bottom of the canyon was not reached until daylight.

He passed cautiously down through the brush and rocks, sometimes starting bowlders down the hillside, or stepping on a small twig, causing a shudder to pass through his frame. It is astonishing how loud the breaking of a twig will sound, or the rumbling a small rock rolling down a hillside will make, under such circumstances. A man, when he thinks savages are skulking around hunting for him, imagines that his breathing could be heard a quarter of a mile. Parody had not traveled far, when he suddenly found himself in the camp of his companions, and was in high glee on seeing that the number was increased to six, by the addition of three old prospectors, and all armed with repeating rifles. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, the party resumed their journey up the Salmon, after ascertaining, by the tracks in the sand, that the Indians had passed on down the river, and seeing no signs of their return. They were another week in reaching the mouth of Valley creek, where they camped one night.

The journey of three weeks was an exceedingly rough one, as the party was continually passing over high and rugged mountains, or through deep and rocky canyons. But the scenery was grand, being varied by the foaming or tranquility of the river below, beautiful plateaus, covered with majestic pines and firs, in some places smooth mountains covered with evergreens of various shades, and in others perpendicular—or almost so—cliffs standing against the clear, blue sky, to the height of thousands of feet, with streaks of snow filling the ravines, or crevices, from which issue beautiful little creeks, clear as crystal. These were filled with speckled mountain trout, the most delicious food of the finny tribe.

Valley creek afforded a splendid place for a day's rest, fish and game being