

plentiful, especially "fool chickens," a species of grouse, to which the name was given by prospectors, because of their stupidity in not making any effort to save themselves when hunted. Parody had often spoken of this species of grouse to his comrades, but they were not thoroughly convinced of the truthfulness of what he had told them, till he killed several of them with a willow pole, six or seven feet long. The "fool chicken" is brown in color, about the size of a pheasant, very plump, and splendid eating. The place of abode is among the willows and aspens of marshy places.

After a day's rest on Valley creek, the men felt in the best of spirits. The three men who had joined them on the Salmon, having been invited to unite fortunes, or misfortunes, as Providence might direct, in the search for the Sawtooth cave, were camped with the party. This just suited Parody, as they were strangers to him, and his credulous audience was increased by three. As usual, he told many unreasonable stories in the most earnest manner, at times impressing upon the minds of his hearers their truthfulness, by the strongest oaths in his vocabulary. Late in the evening, he sat for some time gazing up and down the raging Salmon, when Cornelius Dunks asked—

"Say, George, what makes you so quiet this evening? Are you contemplating the trip before us, or are you meditating over the fact that the cave is a mystical one?"

"No," said George, "I visited one cave myself, and it contained some rich gold and silver specimens. But," he continued, "I was just thinking of what happened right here, where we are, on the first wagon road we have seen for nearly three weeks."

The men were always ready to listen to George, and urged him to relate the

circumstance, which he did, after remarking that he did not expect to be believed, but was not particular about that, as he knew it was a fact, and that was sufficient for his satisfaction.

"There is a town some twenty or twenty-five miles to the southeast of us, over that high mountain, called Bonanza. It is on the Yankee fork of the Salmon, which we passed day before yesterday. There was an old man lived there, who had a daughter—I forget her name—who was terribly in love with a friend of mine, named Phillips. Well, as I was going to say, the old man put his foot down on the marriage, and I concluded to help the two young ones out, and outwit the old man. So, one day there was a team leaving town with an amalgamating pan for the Vienna mill, which is about eighty miles above here, on Smiley creek. We hid the couple in the pan, by covering it over with wheelbarrows and such truck, and the team started. Next day we reached this place, and right out there the wagon turned over. The traps on the pan fell off first and rolled down that mountain, into the river, but when the pan fell it turned upside down, with the lovers inside, and lodged against that big rock right yonder. Of course, the driver and I could not help Phillips and his girl, because the pan weighed a thousand pounds, and we didn't have any crowbars to turn it over with. So we struck out for Sawtooth, a town this side of Vienna, for help. We had to foot it, and did not get back till about 4:00 o'clock the next afternoon. When we started back, the relief party consisted of eight or ten men, and fearing that the girl's father might get onto the racket, we brought a justice of the peace with us to perform the marriage ceremony. Well, the most singular part of the whole affair was, that when we got back, the young fellow and his girl were sitting