AT THE RAINBOW'S END

was not his kind.

BY JACK LONDON

T was for two reasons that Montana Kid discarded his "chaps" and Mexican sours and shook the dust of the Idaho ranges from his feet. In the first place, the encroachment of a steady, so-ber and sternly moral divilization had destroyed the primeval status of the Western cattle ranges, and refined society turned the cold eye of disfavor upon him and his ilk. In the second place, in one of its cyclopean moments the race had arisen and shoved back its frontier several thousand miles. Thus, with unconscious foresight did mature society make room for its adolescent members. True, the new territory was mostly barren; but its several hundred thousand square miles of frigidity at least gave eathing space to those who else would

have suffocated at home. Montana Kid was such a one. Heading for the seacoast with a haste several sheriffs' posses might possibly have explained, and with more nerve than coin of the realm, he succeeded in shipping from a Puget Sound port, and managed to survive the contingent miseries of steernge seasickness and steerage grub. He was rather sallow and drawn, but still his own indomitable self when he landed on the Dyea beach one day in the spring grub and outfits and the customs exactions of two clashing governments, it speedly penetrated to his understanding that the northland was anything save a poor man's Mecca. So he cast about him

Between the beach and the passes were scattered many thousands of passionate These pilgrims Montana Kid peded to farm. At first he dealt fare in a pine board gambling shack; but disagreeable necessity forced him to drop a sudden period into a man's life and to move on up trail. Then he effected a coron horseshoe nalls, and they circuinted at par with legal tender, four to a dollar, till an unexpected consignment of a hundred barrels or so broke the market and forced him to disgorge his stock at

After that he located at Sheen Came organized the professional packers and jumped the freight 16 cents a pound in a single day. In token of their graitude the packers patronized his fare and roulette layouts and were mulcted cheerfully of their earnings. But his commercialism was of too lusty a growth to be long endured; so they rushed him one night, burned his shanty, divided the bank and headed him up the trail with empty pock-

Ill luck was his running mate. He engaged with responsible parties to run whiskey across the line by way of pre-carious and unknown trails, lost his in-dian guides and had the very first outfit confiscated by the mounted police. Numerus other misfortunes tended to make him bitter of heart and wanton of action, and he celebrated his arrival at Lake Bennett by terrorizing the camp for 20 straight hours. Then a miners' meeting took him in hand, and commanded him to make himself scarce. He had a wholesome respect for such assemblages, and he obeyed in such haste that he inadvertently removed himself at the tail-end of another man's dog team. This was equivalent to horse stealing in a more mellow clime, so he hit only the high places across Bennett and down Tagish, and made his first camp a full hundred miles to the north.

Now it happened that the break ing was at hand, and many of the ncipal citizens of Dawson were traveling south on the last ice. These he met and talked with, noted their names and possessions, and passed on. He had a od memory, also a fair imagination; nor was veracity one of his virtues.

Dawson, aiways eager for news, beheld Montana Kid's sled heading down the Yukon, and went out on the ice to meet him. No, be hadn't any newspapers; didn't know whether Durrant was hanged yet, nor who won the Thanksgiving game; hadn't heard whether the United States and Spain had gone to fighting; didn't know who Dreyfus was; but O'Brien? Hadn't they heard? O'Brien, why, he was drowned in the White Horse; Sitka Charley was the only one of the party who escaped. Joe Ladue? Both legs frozen and amputated at the Five Fingers. Jack Dalton? Blown up on the Sea Lion with all hands. And Bettles? Wrecked on the Carthagina in Seymour Narrow 20 survivors out of 200. And Swiftwater Bill? Gone through the rotten ice of Lake Le Barge with six female members of the opera troupe he was convoying Governor Walsh? Lost with all hand and eight sieds on the Thirty-Mile. Devereaux? Who was Devereaux? Oh, the courier! Shot by Indians on Lake Marsh. So it went. The word was passed along. Men shouldered in to ask after friends and partners, and in turn were shouldered out, too stunned for blasphemy. By the time atana Kid gained the bank he was surrounded by several hundred fur-clad min-crs. When he passed the barracks he was the center of a procession. At the opera-house he was the nucleus of an excited mob, each member struggling for a char to ask after some absent comrade. On every side he was being invited to drink. Never before had the Klondike thus opened its arms to a che-cha-qua. catastrophes had never occurred in its his-tory. Every man of note who had gone south in the Spring had been wiped out. The cabins vomitted forth their occupants. The cabins vomited forth their occupants. Wild-eyed men burried down from the creeks and suiches to seek out this man who had told a tale of such disaster. The Russian half-breed wife of Bettles sought the fireplace, inconsolable, and rocked back and forth and ever and anon flung white wood ashes upon her raven hair. The flag at the barracks flopped dismally at half-mast. Dawson mourned its dead. Why Montana Kid did this thing no

man may know. Not beyond the fact that the truth was not in him can explanation by hazarded. But for five whole days he be hazarded. But for live washing and sorrow plunged the land in walling and sorrow plunged the land in walling and sorrow and for five whole days he was the only man in the Klondike. The saloons gave him the freedom of their burs. The coun-try gave him the best of its bed and board. Men sought him continuously. The high officials bowed down to him for fur-ther information, and he was feasted at the barracks by Constantine and his brother officers. And then one day Devereaux, the Government courier, halted his tired dogs before the gold commissioner's office. Dead? Who said so? Give him a moose steak and he'd show them how dend he was. Why, Governor Walsh was in camp on the Little Salmon, and O'Brien coming in on the first water. Dead? Citics him a money start water. coming in on the first water. Dead? Give him a moose steak and he'd show

And forthwith Dawson hummed. The burracks flag rose to the masthead, and Bettles' wife washed herself and put on clean raiment. The community subtly signified its desire that Montana Kid obliterate himself from the landsrape. And Montana Kid obliterated as usual, at the tail-end of some one else's dog team. Dawson rejoiced when he headed down the Yukon and wished him Godspeed to the philipsets designed. ultimate destination of hardened sinner. After that the owner of the dogs bestirred himself, made com-plaint to Constantine, and from him re-

celved the loan of a policeman. With Circle City in prospect and the last ice crumbling under his runners, Montana Kid took adventage of the lengthening days and traveled his dogs late and early. Further, he had but little doubt that the owner of the dogs in ques-tion had taken his trift, and he wished make American territory before the

Half a dozen sleds, evidently bound up-stream to Dawson, were splashing through the chill water to the tail of the island. Travel on the river was passing from the

river broke. But by the afternoon of the third day it became evident that he had lost in his race with Spring. The Yukon was growling and straining at its fetters. Long detours became necessary, for the trail had begun to fall through into the swift current beneath, while the ice, in constant unrest, was thundering apart in great garding fissures. Through apart in great gaping fissures. Through these and through countless airholes the water began to sweep across the surface of the los, and by the time he pulled into woodchopper's cabin on the point of an sland the dogs were being rushed off their feet and were swimming more often than not. He was greeted sourly by the two residents, but he unharnessed and proceeded to cook up.

looked about him dublously, and cast yearning glances at the distant bank, where the towering bluffs promised im-munity from all the ice of the northland.

After feeding himself and dogs he lighted his pipe and strolled out to get a better idea of the situation. The island,

like all its river brethren, stood higher at the upper end, and it was here that Donald and Davy had built their cabin and piled many cords of wood. The far

Donald and Davy were fair specimens of frontier inefficients. Canadian-born, city-bred Scots, in a foolish moment they had resigned counting-house desks, drawn upon their savings and gone Kiondyking. And now they were feeling the rough edge of the country. Grubless, spiritless, with a lust for home in their hearts, they had been staked by the P. C. Company to cut wood for its steamers, with the promise at the end of a pessage home. Disregarding the possibilities of the ice run they had fittingly demonstrated their inefficiency by their choice of the island on which they located. Montana Kid, though possessing little knowledge of the break-up of a great river, looked about him dublously, and cast "Hello! How's things up Dawson way" queried the foremost, passing his eye over Donald and Davy and settling it upon the

A first meeting in the wilderness is not characterized by formality. The talk quickly became general, and the news of quickly became general, and the news of the Upper and Lower Countries was swapped equitably back and forth. But the little the newcomers had was soon over with, for they had wintered at Mincok, a theusand miles below, where nothing was doing. Montana Kid, how-ever, was fresh from Salt Water, and they annexed him while they pitched camp, swamping him with questions con-cerning the outside, from which they had cerning the outside from which they had been cut off for a twelvemonth. A shricking split, suddenly lifting itself

A shrieking split, suddenly lifting itself above the general uproar of the river, drew everybody to the bank. The surface water had increased in depth, and the ice, assailed from above and below, was struggling to tear itself from the grip of the shores. Fissures reverberated into life before their eyes, and the air was filled with multitudinous crackling, crisp and sharp, like the sound that goes up on a clear day from the firing line.

From up the river two men were racing

and piled many cords of wood. The far shore was a full mile away, while between the island and the near shore lay a back channel perhaps a hundred yards across. At first sight of this Montans Kid was tempted to take his dogs and escape to the mainland, but on closer inspection be discovered a rapid current flooding on top. Below the river twisted From up the river two men were racing a dog team toward them on an uncovered stretch of ice. But even us they looked, the pair struck the water and began to flounder through. Behind, where their And we've

sharply to the west, and in this turn its breast was studded by a maze of tiny opening the river rushed out upon them to islands.

"That's where she'll jam," he remarked ing the dogs off at right angles in a drowning tangle. But the men stopped their flight to give the animals a fighting ream to Dawson, were splashing through chance, and they groped hurriedly in the cold confusion, slashing at the detaining travel on the river was passing from the traces with their sheath knives. Then they fought their way to the bank through swirling water and grinding ice, where, foremost in leaping to the rescue among the jarring fragments, was the Kid. "Why, blame me, if it ain't Montana Kid." exclaimed one of the men whom the Kid was just placing upon his feet at the top of the bank. He wore the scarlet tunic of the mounted police and jocularly rulsed his right hand in salute. precarious to the impossible, and it was nip and tuck with them till they gained the island and came up the path of the woodchoppers toward the cabin One of them, snowblind, towed helplessly at the

rear of the sled. Husky young fellows they were, rough-garmented and trail-worn, yet Montana Kid had met the breed before and knew at once that it larly raised his right hand in salute "Got a warrant for you, Kid," he con-tinued, drawing a bedraggied paper from his breast pocket, "an' I 'ope you'll come

Montana Kid looked at the chaotic river

and shrugged his shoulders, and the police-man, following his glance, smiled.

"Where are the dogs?" his companion asked. "Gentlemen," interrupted the policeman,

"this 'ere mate 'o mine is Jack Suther-land, owner of Twenty-two Eldorado—"
"Not Sutherland of '27" broke in the snow-blinded Minook man, groping feebly toward him.

toward him. "The same." Sutherland gripped his hand. "And you?"
"Oh, I'm after your time, but I remember you in my freshman year. You were doing G. P. work then. Boys." he called, turning half about. "this is Sutherland, Jack Sutherland, erstwhile fullback on the varsity. Come up. you gold chasers, and fall upon him! Sutherland, this is Greenwich—played quarter two seasons back." -played quarter two seasons back." "Yes, I read of the game." Sutherland said, shaking hands. "And I remember that big run of yours for the first touch-

down. Greenwich flushed darkly under his tanned skin and awkwardly made room

"And here's Matthews-Berkeley man. And we've got some Eastern cracks knocking about too Comeup, you Prince-

won't be 'ard on you.'

Not so fast." The Kid smiled curiously.
"We sin't under way yet. When I go I'm
going down river, and I guess the chances

are you'll go along."
"Not if I know myself—"
"Come on outside and I'll show you,
then. These damn fools," thrusting a
thumb over his shoulder at the two Scots, "played smash when they located here. Fill your pipe first—this is a pretty good plug—and enjoy yourself while you can. You haven't many smokes before you."

The policeman went with him wonderingly, while Donald and Davy dropped their cards, and followed. The Minock men noticed Montana Kid pointing now up the river, now down, and came over. "What's up?" Sutherland demanded. "Nothing much." Nonchalance sat well upon the Kid. Just a case of raising hell and putting a chunk under. See that bend down there? That's where she'll jam millions of tons of ice. Then she'll jam in the ions of tons of ice. Then she'll jam in the bends up above, millions of tone. Upper jam breaks first, lower jam holds, pouf!" He dramatically swept the island with his "Millions of tone," he added reflectively.

"And what of the woodpiles?" Davy The Kid repeated his sweeping gesture

doot not it's a jowk. Ay, say that it is," But when the Kid laughed harshly and turned on his heel, Davy flung himself

bilind Minook man began to sing, and the rest joined in with-

Wonder if it's true?

"It's ay sinfu"." Davy moaned, lifting his head and watching them dance in the sianting rays of the sun. "And my guid wood a-going to waste."

Oh, I wonder if it's true? was flaunted back.

The noise of the river ceased suddenly.

A strange calm wrapped about them. The ice had ripped from the shores and was floating higher on the surface of the rivfloating higher on the surface or the river, which was rising. Up it came, swift and silent, for 20 feet, till the huge cakes rubbed softly against the crest of the bank. The tail of the island, being lower, was overrun. Then, without effort, the white flood started down stream. But the sound increased with the momentum and soon the whole island was shaking

and quivering with the shock of the grind ing bergs. Under pressure the mighty cakes, weighing hundreds of tons, were shot into the air like peas. The frigid anarchy increased its riot, and the men had to shout into one another's ears to be heard. Occasionally the racket from the back channel could be heard above. the back channel could be heard above the tumult. The island shuddered with the impact of an enormous cake which drove in squarely upon its point. It ripped a score of pines out by the roots, then, swinging around and over, lifted its muddy base from the bottom of the river and bore down upon the cabin, slicing the bank and trees away like a gi-gantic knife. It seemed barely to graze the corner of the cabin, but the cribbed logs tilted up like matches, and the struc-

The labor of months! The labor of frozen hell.

ture, like a toy house, fell backward in

Jack Sutherland."

Then they fell upon him heavily, carried him into camp and supplied him with dry clothos and numerous mugs of black tea.

Donald and Davy, overlooked, had retired to their nightly game of crib. Montana Kid followed them with the policeman.

"Here, set into some dry togs," he said, pulling them from out his scanty kit, "Guess you'll have to bunk with me, too."

"Well, I say, you're a good 'un." the policeman remarked as he pulled on the other man's socka "Sorry I've got to take you back to Dawson, but I only 'ope they won't be 'ard on you."

"Not so fast," The Kid smiled curiously. "We sin't under way yet. When I so I'm."

Then men before the cabin heard the bank.

"Lend a hand, Donald:" he cried. "Can you'll 'ave plenty o' hopportunity all in good time for yer passage 'ome." the policeman growled, clouting him along shock him, but he tore free. "Did ye no hear, man? Milloms of tons and the island shall be sweplt clean."

"Straighten yersel' up. man," said Donald. "It's a bit fashed ye no hear, man? Milloms of tons and the island should be safety.

"Straighten yersel' up. man," said Donald. from the top of the pine, saw the devastating berg sweep away the cordwood and disappear down stream. As though satinfied with this damage, the ice flood quickly dropped to its level and began frantically to toss the cordwood back from the bank.

"Lend a hand, Donald!" he cried. "Can you'll 'ave plenty o' hopportunity all in good time for yer passage 'ome." "You'll 'ave plenty o' hopportunity all in good time for yer passage one." "You'll 'ave plenty o' hopportunity all in good time for yer passage one."

"Straighten yersel' up. man," said Donald. from the top of the pine, saw the devastating berg sweep away' the cordwood and disappear down stream. As though satisfied with this damage, the ice flood quickly dropped to its level and began to sleeke head and sending him flying into safety.

But Davis II all the policeman growled, clouting him dying into safety.

"Straighten yersel' up. man," said Donald. The pline towered above its fellows.

The men before the cabin heard the ringing of his ax and smiled. Greenwich returned from across the island with the word that they were penned in. It was impossible to cross the back channel. The blind Minook man began to sing, and the rest joined in with—

in the men before the cabin heard the look down stream. As forecast, the jam had come among the islands in the bend, and the see was piling up in a great barrier which stretched from shore to shore. The river came to a standstill and the water, finding no outlet, began to rise. It rushed up till the island was awash, the men solushing around the same and the second the stream of the stands and the second the stream of the stream of the stream. the men splashing around up to their knees, and the dogs swimming to the rulns of the cabin. At this stage it abruptly became stationary, with no percentible rise or fall ceptible rise or fall.

Montana Kid shook his head. "It's jammed above, and no more's com down.

"And the gamble is, which jam will break first." Sotherland added. "Exactly," the Kid affirmed. "If the upper jam breaks first, we haven't a chance. Nothing will stand before it."

The Minook men turned away in silence, but soon "Rumsky Ho" floated upon the quiet air, followed by "The Orange and the Black." Room was made in the circle for Montana Kid and the policeman, and they quickly caught the ringing rhythm of the choruses as they drifted from song

song.
"Oh, Donald, will ye no lend a hand?" Davy sobbed at the foot of the tree into which his comrade had climbed. "Oh, Donald, man, will ye no lend a hand?" he sobbed again, his hands bleeding from vain attempts to scale the slippery trunk. But Donald had fixed his gaze up river, and now his voice rang out, vibrant with

fear: "God Almighty, here she comes!" Standing knee-deep in the icy water, the Minook man, with Montana Kid and the policeman, gripped hands and raised their voices in the terrible "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But the words were drowned

in the advancing roar.

And to Donald was vouchsafed a sight such as no man can see and live. A great wall of white flung itself upon the island. Trees, dogs, men, were blotted out as though the hand of God had wiped the face of nature clean. This much he saw, then swayed an instant longer in his lofty perch and hurtled far out into the

DISCOVERY OF CRATER LAKE

AN OREGON PIONEER TELLS HOW HE FOUND AND NAMED IT WHILE HUNTING FOR GOLD

OPE VILLA, La., May 21 -(To the | we had no time to lose, and after roll-HOPE VILLA, I.a., May II.—(To the we had no time to lose, and after roll-Editor.)—In your Sunday issue of ing some boulders down the side of the resident of Southern Oregon in the early rim as possible, past the butte, looking 60s claims to have been with the party to see an outlet for the lake, but we that discovered Crater Lake. Mr. Clark | could find none. dates his supposed discovery many years I was very anxious to find a way to

too late. of prospectors from California came to of the Californians had become discour-Rogue River Valley, stopped a day or aged, we decided to return to camp, but two, laid in a supply of provisions, and | not before we discussed what name we then left the valley, as they supposed, secretly, and without having betrayed the names suggested, but Mysterious Lake object of their visit; but while making and Deep Blue Lake were most favorably their purchases, one of the party drank, and talked enough to cause some of my was chosen for a name. friends to repeat and speculate upon the object of their mission, which was soon size of a walking cane, and with a knife the Lost Cabin mine. If I remember was torn from a memorandum book our rightly, there were il members of the names written on it, the paper stuck in of Oregon prospectors was formed to follow them, and if the mine was redis- the future Crater Lake of Oregon. follow.

At this late date I cannot recall the arations, got some provisions together, who soon discovered we were on their the subject completely. trail; and then it was a game of hide- A few months after our return, war and-seek, until rations on both sides began to get low. The Californians would and in September of the same year I push through the brush, scatter, double | was shot while in camp on Evans Creek, backwards on their trail, and then camp in the most inaccessible places to be found, and it sometimes puzzled us to known California fighter when locate and camp near enough to watch them. One day while thus engaged, and when provisions had run very low, each party scattered out to look for anything in the shape of game that could be found. On my return from an unsuccessful hunt I passed close to the camp of the Callfornians. Up to this time neither party had spoken to one of the others, but seeing a young fellow in camp. I bade him good-day, and got in conversation with him. He asked me what our object was in the mountains, and why we have so J. W. HILLMAN. had spoken to one of the others, but seein the mountains, and why we hung so close on their trail.

I frankly told him we believed their leader had certain landmarks, which, if found, would enable them to locate the "Lost Cabin," and as we were all pretty good prospectors and hunters, we in tended to stay with them until the mine was found or starvation drove us back to the valley. After this a truce was declared, and we worked and hunted in One day just before deciding mountains with our very limited supply of food and no game to be found, we camped on the side of a mountain, and after consultation it was decided that a I am an old-fashioned woman, and I never few of each party should take what provisions could be spared and for a couple of days longer hunt for landmarks which the leader of the California party was in changing scenes, are thrown into post-search of; of that party I was one. Loudon dld not go with us, and who else did or did not go I cannot remember. on the evening of our first day, while riding up a long, sloping mountain, we suddenly came in sight of water and were very much surprised, as we did not they have to do what, as it seems to me. expect to see any lakes, and did not know is not good for them, and possibly not but what we had come in sight of and good for others. I find that it disturbs close to Klamath Lake, and not until my me more than the old-fashioned ballet—dancing used to I don't say that this feeling does not show "my limitations," but rim of Crater Lake did I look down, and ing does not show "my limitations," but I had been riding a blind mule I firm-

May 10, 1900, I see that a former lake, we rode to the left, as near the

the water, which was immediately vetoed Just 50 years ago this Summer a party by the whole party, and as the leader should give the lake. There were many received, and on a vote, Deep Blue Lake

We secured a small stick about the declared to be the old familiar hunt for made a slit in one end, a piece of paper California party, and just as soon as the slit, and the stick propped up in the their object became known another party ground to the best of our ability. We then reluctantly turned our backs upon covered, to share in the fruits of the finding of Crater Lake was an accident, fabulous wealth that were supposed to as we were not looking for lakes, but the fact of my being first upon its banks was due to the fact that I was riding names of the party formed to follow the the best saddle mule in Southern Oregon, California prospectors. I think our par- the property of Jimmy Dobson, a miner ty consisted of 11-just the same number and packer, with headquarters at Jackas the party we were to follow. I think sonville, who had furnished me the mule Henry Klippell, J. L. Loudon, Pat Me- in consideration of a claim to be taken Manus, a Mr. Little, and myself were in his name should we be successful. part of the number. I know Loudon was Stranger to me than our discovery was there; I am almost sure Klippell and the fact that after our return I could get Little were there, and I am sure I was no acknowledgment from any Indian, one of the number. We made quick prep- buck or squaw, old or young, that any such lake existed; each and every or and started after the California mineral denied any knowledge of it, or ignored

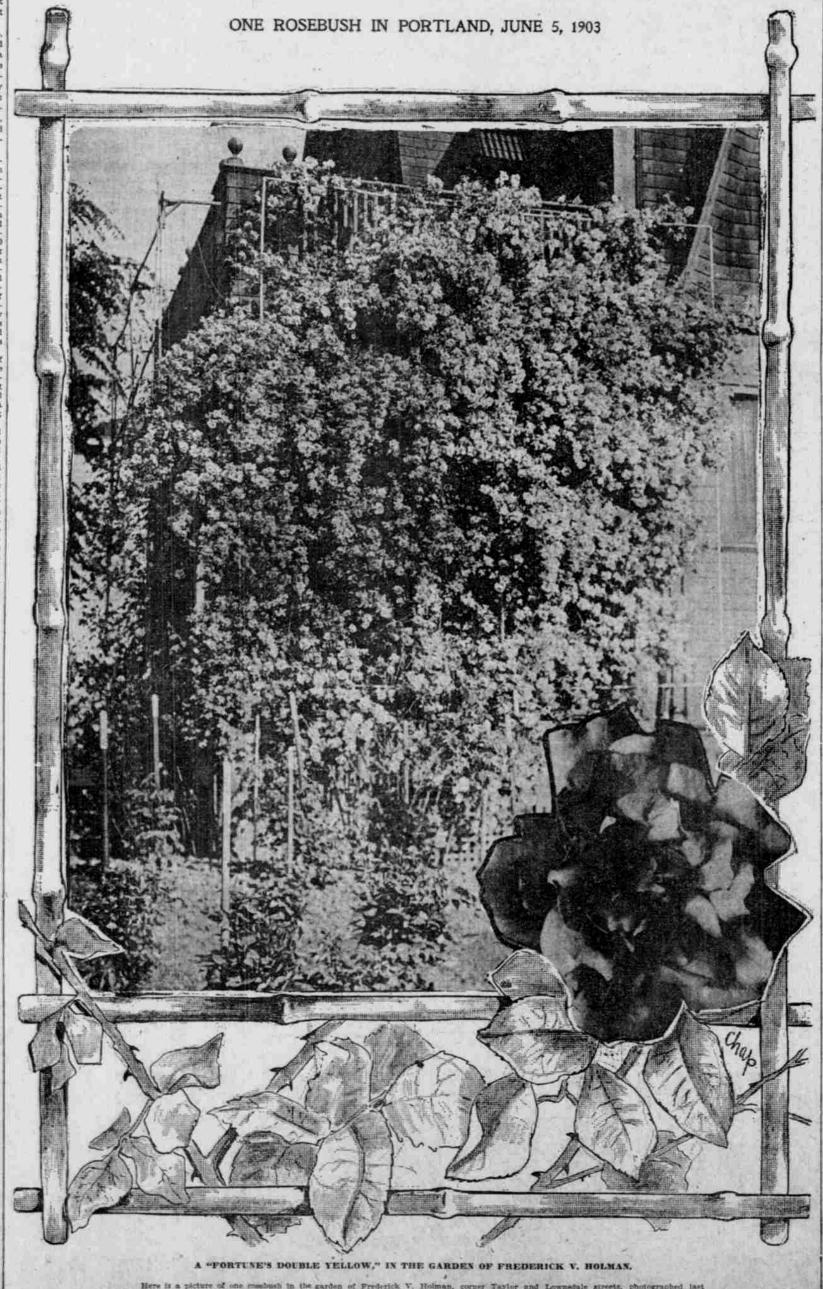
> broke out between whites and Indians, where several Californians were killed, among them being old "Grizzly." a wellteers were called for. And while the subject of Indian wars. I would like to know if the particulars of the siege of Galice Creek were ever published, and has the story of the killing of Mrs. Wagoner and her child, and the noble defense of Mrs. Harris in protecting herself and child, after the killing of her husband, ever found its way into print? A nobler, oner and he noble defense

PROTEST AGAINST MODERN COMIC OPERA

An Old-Fashioned Woman's Comment on the Costuming.

A BOSTON lady, writing to a friend in Portland, among other things, told of seeing a new comic opera, and she that it was no longer safe to stay in the made this comment, which is well worth reading:

"Peggy from Paris" is a comic operabright and witty, and pretty in costumes and scenes, light and glitter. You know, entirely like these spectacles where half of the women are clad in picturesque costume as men, and in the marching and miscuous audience. Although skirt-dance ing and high kicking are very pretty and If I had been riding a blind mule I firmly believe I would have ridden over the edge to death and destruction. We came to the lake a very little to the right of a small sloping butte or mountain, situated in the lake, with a top somewhat flattened. Every man of the party gazed with wonder at the sight before him, and each in his own peculiar way gave expression to the thoughts within him, but



Here is a picture of one meabush in the garden of Prederick V. Holman, corner Taylor and Lownsdale atreets, photographed last Friday, It is a Furture's Double Yellow, also known as the Gold of Ophir, and covers a space nearly 20 feet square. So thick are the

cases that ther almost hide the folinge. They have bloomed literally by the thousands.