

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The party at Endon Vale was breaking up. Lady Marion Alton on being informed of her niece's engagement, had come to Endon Vale and carried her off to London, and thence to pay a visit to Berkeley. Francis Clayton had left the day before for London. Miss Chapman had stayed on, in the hope of winning back Lord Harold to his allegiance; but now that she found each day attracting him more and more to her cousin, she could endure it no longer. The visit to Lady Grace, from which she had anticipated such great results, had been fraught with the most bitter mortification.

That same evening while Lady Grace was in her own little sanctum reading, Winifred knocked at her door and, in answer to her "come in," the girl went in and shut the door.

Lady Grace looked up and smiled kindly, and then she looked again. Winifred did not seem bright and happy, as was her wont, she was nervous, and there were tears in her face.

"What is it, my love? You have been crying?" There was such tender solicitude in the tone that it was too much for the girl's overstrung nerves, and the tears came thick and fast.

"O Lady Grace, I am so grieved!"

"Grieved, my child? You have not had bad news from home?"

"Oh, no, not that; but I am so afraid you will be angry with me and never forgive me. It is about Lord Harold."

"Winifred said, nervously, and a sudden chill came into the heart of the older lady, for she was very fond of her nephew.

"About Harold, my dear?"

"Lord Harold asked me to marry him this morning; and, oh, Lady Grace, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry that he asked you to marry him?"

"Because—indeed, Lady Grace, I never dreamt of such a thing—I thought his position made him so far beyond me. I thought he was kind to me, just from goodness—indeed, like you, that I might not feel strange at coming into society I was not used to."

"Then you do not love him?"

"I do like him very much—I could not help it, he is so good—but, oh, dear Lady Grace, I could not marry him, and the tears came down."

"Then you had refused him?"

"I told him the truth—I could not deceive him."

And then all of a sudden it flashed on Lady Grace Farquhar's mind that there was something noble and high minded in this girl's refusing such a position and such wealth because she did not love the man. A more worldly minded woman would have held such romantic folly in contempt, and thought the girl a fool for her pains; but not so Lady Grace. Still there was a momentary struggle in her heart before she rose from her seat and kissed Winifred.

"My love," she said sweetly, "I think you have done quite right, if you feel sure in your own mind that you cannot love him. But are you quite sure? Harold is kind and good; he is handsome, and is rich—might you not yet wish everything in your mind thoroughly before you decide?"

"I like him, I respect him; but I do not love him—I cannot marry him!" concluded Winifred, piteously.

"Very well, my dear, I will say no more. I am sorry, for my boy's sake, and I should have been well content to have you for a niece."

And then the kind-hearted woman took the sobbing girl in her arms and Winifred laid her head on the kind breast, and cried to her heart's content. There was a good deal more talk before the two parted, and it was settled that Winifred should go home the next day but one, and stay there a few weeks; and then she should pay Endon Vale another visit, when Lord Harold should have left. But Lord Harold left that very day, after seeing and confiding in his aunt. His parting words were:

"Aunt, do you think there is any hope that she will ever come to care for me?"

Lady Grace kissed his forehead and stroked his head very tenderly.

"I cannot tell, my boy, but I am afraid not."

CHAPTER X.

Seventeen months have elapsed since Errol Hastings had stood on the deck of the *Endon*, looking down into the Mediterranean, and thinking of the woman he loved so deeply. She was not a woman, though, like mother and daughter, young girl, and in her sweet, simple purity lay the charm she had for the man of the world.

He was staying for a month in Paris on the way home, and the brilliant society he mixed with was very pleasant after his long isolation.

To-night, too, he was to meet an old friend at the opera—a woman whom he had always liked, but who had never seemed so charming to him as she did now, with her pretty assumption of matronhood. Her husband was detestable, certainly, and she knew it. Surely the continuance of an old friendship must be grateful to one who could not be very happy. And with a strong interest, very keenly awakened, Mr. Hastings walked that evening into Mrs. Clayton's opera box.

The husband and wife were together alone. The former was gazing intently through his glass at a very showy looking supernumerary, the latter least back differently, with a strong expression of discontent and weariness on her pretty face. She was prettier, perhaps, than when we last saw her as *Fee* Alton; but sadder, more pensive, and her beauty was enhanced by the magnificence of her jewelry.

"I am so glad you have come!" Mrs. Clayton said, smiling up in Errol's face, and yielding her hand to his gentle pressure—"I was so dull. None of my friends has been up to see me, and Mr. Clayton is so fascinated by some lovely creature on the stage that he has no eyes for anything else. Francis," she continued, turning her husband—"Francis, Mr. Hastings is here."

Mr. Clayton looked savagely at her, and then he gave a surly recognition to Mr. Hastings.

"I hardly expected to see you here this evening," he said.

"You know, Francis, I told you I asked Mr. Hastings to come," said *Fee*, maliciously. "Your memory is not usually so defective."

Mañana was not in the best of temper—constant contact with a man like her husband had not tended to increase the amiability of her disposition.

Mr. Clayton turned away to the stage, and left his wife to an uninterrupted conversation with her friend. For all that, he was trying to hear every word that passed between them; he was far too much minded to be free from jealousy and suspicion. *Fee* was perfectly aware that he was listening, so she dropped her voice to a whisper, and flitted away in a very animated manner with her friend. Mr. Hastings was gradually becoming furious. At the end of the third act he arose.

"It is time to put on your cloak," he said in a harsh and unpleasant voice.

"Why, dear?" asked *Fee*, looking up with languid innocence, "are you not usually so solicitous about me?"

"I ordered the carriage early, and I do not choose my horses to be kept waiting," he replied, scarcely deigning to look at her.

Mr. Clayton moved toward the door, and his wife resumed her conversation with more animation than ever.

"Are you coming?" he exclaimed, turning impatiently.

"Me—coming?" returned *Fee*, nonchalantly, raising her eyebrows. "My dear Francis, what could put such an absurd idea into your head?"

To be treated with indifference, and, worse, ridicule, is naturally disagreeable to any man; but it made Mr. Clayton, sulky and ill-tempered as he already was, perfectly aflame with rage.

"Marion, are you coming?"

"Then I shall go alone. Henry can get you a fiasco when you feel disposed to follow me." And the amiable husband left the box.

Mrs. Clayton was as bitter and angry as a high-spirited woman would be in the circumstances; but she went on talking to her companion very fast, to conceal her annoyance. She was too proud to make any allusion to her husband's treatment of her; and Mr. Hastings appeared not to have noticed it. But he felt for her keenly. He did not quite justify her, or think she had behaved wisely, but he saw what the man was, and felt there must have been some strong undercurrent of bitterness to change the bright, good-tempered, sunny, little fairy he had known formerly to the indifferent, provoking woman of to-night. "Poor little girl!" he thought to himself. "I dare say she has found out by this time that money doesn't bring happiness."

Mrs. Clayton remained until the fifth act was half over, then she asked Errol to see if her servant was in the hall. He left the box, and returned almost immediately.

"My brougham is at your disposal, Mrs. Clayton, and your servant is just calling it up."

She thanked him; and he put her cloak carefully round her, and gave her his arm.

"Good-night," she said, when she was seated in the carriage. Many thanks for your timely aid. Will you come and see us to-morrow at our hotel?"

He promised; and at parting he held her hand longer than was strictly necessary in wishing good-bye.

The day after their meeting at the opera Mr. Hastings called on Mrs. Clayton; and Mr. Clayton, suspecting the visit, was purposely at home. *Fee* brightened when Mr. Hastings was announced. She had always liked him; now in her loneliness and misery she ranked him as a dear old friend. Her manner was all the more cordial because she wanted to annoy her husband.

"Mr. Hastings, I am delighted to see you; I was just feeling so frightfully bored and dull. I hope you bring a whole budget of news."

"I must ask first after my old friend, Lady Marion," he answered. "I cannot forgive myself for my remissness in not doing so last night."

"Aunt is very well, thank you. I heard from her this morning. She says she is dreadfully dull without me, and is longing to see us back again."

"I often think how she must miss you. I almost wonder she does not remain with you."

"So she would, gladly, but Mr. Clayton won't let her. Of course, if we have a difference of opinion she takes my part, and he says something rude to her, and she is offended. Is it not so, Francis?"

Mr. Clayton muttered something about a mother-in-law being bad enough, but an aunt-in-law was more than anybody bargained for.

"And as matrimony is altogether a commercial speculation," rejoined *Fee*, with a delightful smile, "you can't, of course, take more than you bargain for—can you, Mr. Hastings?"

Errol was by no means pleased at being made a third party to matrimonial differences, and made an effort to change the conversation.

"Have you seen anything of Lady Grace Farquhar lately, Mrs. Clayton?" he asked.

"She was here not a month ago; and she has adopted such a sweet, charming girl. They are like mother and daughter; and even that selfish old bookworm, Sir Clayton, seems quite taken with her. I wish you had been here sooner. I know you would have been in love with her."

"I thought Mr. Hastings knew Miss *Fee*," interposed Francis Clayton. "At all events, I recollect hearing their names connected in some story about meeting in a wood."

Errol started slightly, and it might have been fancy, but *Fee* certainly thought a deeper color came into his bronzed face. Mr. Clayton seemed to think the same, for he proceeded in his usual amiable manner:

"She and Erskine were awfully sweet on each other when we were staying at the vale. I dare say that will be a match. Lady Grace seems quite agreeable to it; but of course it's a shocking bad one for him."

"Francis," exclaimed his wife, "how you exaggerate! You know Winifred never cared for Lord Harold. She won't confess it, but I am quite sure he made her an offer, and that she refused him. He never will meet her if he can help it."

"Did you say that Lady Grace had adopted her, Mrs. Clayton?"

"Yes, more than a year ago; indeed, before I was married. She was in such sad trouble, poor girl. She was very fond of her father, and he was killed suddenly by a very shocking way. His horse ran away with him, and he was thrown out of the dogcart and killed on the spot. They thought she never would get over it, and Lady Grace took her home and nursed her as if she had been her own child. Old Sir Howard Chapman would have taken her, but she re-

fused to go near them, because they would not acknowledge her father. She has promised to come and stay with me when we get back to town. You must come and meet her."

"I shall be—very—happy," stammered Errol.

CHAPTER XI.

Errol Hastings, riding toward the Bois de Boulogne, pondering much on what he had heard. He was surprised—he tried to believe he was pleased; but somehow or other his satisfaction was not very genuine. Miss *Fee* had certainly made a fortunate step in life; true she had lost a father whom she had loved; but then she had gained a friend, in Lady Grace Farquhar. She would get introduced into good society, and perhaps, but that was not a train of thought he came to follow. Had not Erskine already been at her feet?

Mr. Hastings' soliloquy was cut short by seeing Col. d'Aguiar walking leisurely along the Champs Elysees. He drew rein instantly.

"d'Aguiar!" he cried.

"Hastings!" exclaimed the other, and they shook hands warmly.

"I thought you were back with your regiment," said Errol.

"I have a month more leave, and my brother asked me to join him here, and so I came."

A great many questions came into Errol's head that he would have liked to ask Col. d'Aguiar at once; but conversation is neither easy nor agreeable when carried on with a pedestrian from the altitude of a horse's back, particularly when your steed is restive and impatient.

"Come up to my hotel to-night, d'Aguiar, will you?" Mr. Hastings said.

"Very well; I suppose you are going to the ball at the Embassy?"

"Yes; but not before twelve."

"Then I'll look in about ten."

And the two men parted just as Mrs. Clayton called out to her from some carriage drawn by high-stepping horses. She looked like a lovely little Esquimaux enveloped in her soft white furs, and she gave Mr. Hastings a bright smile, and the wave of a delicately gloved little hand. She had not observed Col. d'Aguiar.

Sixteen months had passed since the day when they had ridden together down the avenue of broad-leaved chestnuts at Endon Vale. She was not altered—at all events, it did not seem so in the momentary glance he had caught of her smiling face. Was she then utterly heartless? Could she have lived all these months with such a hateful, contemptible wretch as Clayton, and still go on smiling and flirting, and give no sign? Col. d'Aguiar knew none of the particulars of the marriage; he had not even heard that she was happy; he had but met her once, and then she had left him at her husband's command, with a smile on her lips. He turned and walked back unhappy and resentful.

Mr. Clayton, as well as his wife, was profoundly ignorant of Col. d'Aguiar's arrival in Paris, or he would as soon have trusted his wife alone in that line as he would have walked willingly himself into the cage of the lion in the Jardin des Plantes.

(To be continued.)

MISS COSTON IN BUSINESS.

She is now Active Head of Company that Makes the Coston Signal.

In 1840, when Benjamin Franklin Coston was 19 years old and was in the Washington navy yard, he had many talks with Commodore Stockton and Stewart about night signals at sea.

The result was that he fitted up a laboratory and set about the work of making what are now known as the Coston Signals.

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WITH A PACK TRAIN IN IDAHO.

By OLIN D. WHEELER.



A trip into the mountains with a pack train under moderately favorable circumstances is, for the man who can thoroughly enjoy nature and unconventionality in traveling, a rare treat.

In the hope that readers of "Wonderland 1903" may enjoy a brief sketch of a pack train journey into a little known and very mountainous region in Idaho, this sketch is written.

The Divide between Montana and Idaho is the summit line of the Bitterroot mountains. This range is justly reputed one of the most forbidding and difficult ranges on the continent through which to travel. The engineering obstacles to railways and wagon roads are extremely hard to overcome, but eventually these will necessarily yield to human persistence and ingenuity.

Until then the trail and pack train is the only practicable way of traversing these grand and lofty defiles, where the forests bend, the rocks are washed out by the clouds, the mountain streams roar their way into the sea, and the fish and game thrive in seclusion.

Stretching across this region of tremendous distances, high elevations, and abrupt declivities, runs an old Indian trail of historic renown. It was originally known as the Nez Perce Indian trail, in contradistinction to the southern Nez Perce trail farther south. It is now and has long been known as the Lolo trail, and it extends from a point about eleven miles south from Missoula, Mont., westward to the Clearwater river in Idaho. It was over the western part of this well-worn trail that the writer essayed to make his way in the summer of 1902, having been previously over the eastern portion.

I have said that this trail is historic. In a general way it is the route used by Lewis and Clark in crossing the watershed between the Bitterroot and Clearwater rivers—both being branches of the Columbia—in 1805 and 1806, and the story of their experiences there reads like fiction. In 1877 Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians, after beginning the well-known war of that year in Idaho, retreated across this trail into Montana, followed by General Howard and the United States troops in a long and for that part of the army, a fruitless stern chase.

Mr. W. H. Wright, a thorough mountaineer with whom I had before campaigned had provided for our trip a pack train, outfit, and cook, which were rendezvoused at Kamiah, Idaho, on the Clearwater Short Line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Kamiah is in one of the most attractive valleys I have ever seen. The valley is fertile circular and oblong in shape, has a delightful climate and is surrounded by high, most gracefully carved and grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fertile plains of Camas prairie. Here live the Nez Perce Indians and, sandwiched among them, many white settlers.

The Indians have taken up the old lands of their reservation in severity, and the surplus acres have been sold to the whites. The Indians have fine farms along the Clearwater and even high up among the hills, and both red and white appear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, cherries, peaches, and other fruits find a natural soil and a congenial climate that cannot be surpassed.

Through this valley, its mountain walls mottled by the grain fields of the Indian farms in varying degrees of ripeness, flows the Clearwater river, fresh from the junction of the south and middle forks, and a rapid and clear-water stream indeed.

Up a long, brown slope from the stream, and just across from a fine ferry owned and managed by an Indian, wound the trail we were to take, and a mile down stream was the spot where Lewis and Clark camped for some time in 1806, when on their return from Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia river.

There were four of us: Wright, whose detailed knowledge of the region was most thorough; Casteele, the cook and a master of his craft; Mr. De Camp, a painter and photographer of Helena, Mont., and the writer. We left Kamiah at 9:00 o'clock one morning, crossed the river on the ferry and started up the trail. In packing the horses some time was lost in adjusting packs, and two or three animals had to be blindfolded while packing them. One horse, buckskin, developed great disinclination to thus being made a beast of burden, and was disposed of to cavort around and "buck."

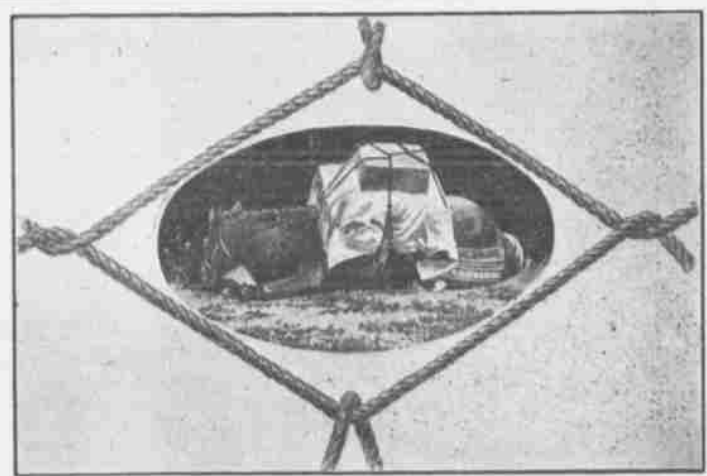
A pack saddle is much like an old-fashioned saw buck. Over the horns side ropes are swung, with large loops hanging down the sides. With these, side packs—the heavier packs always—are fastened securely well down on the horse's sides, and above and between the saddle horns and over the horse's back the top and lighter packs are placed. The whole is then covered with a heavy canvas pack cover and lashed on with a pack rope in a form known as a diamond hitch, from the diamond shape formed by the tightened rope over the top of the pack. A regulation pack rope with broad canvas cinch is thirty-two feet in length. Two men are required to pack a horse or mule, but one can do it when necessary if the animal be tractable.

Our route was up an unshaded slope in the blazing sun until we had climbed 1,000 feet, and the latter part of the way was very steep. At such places the wise climber and trailman climbs afoot and relieves his horse. This we did as much as possible, but two of us were fresh from office and had to be gradually broken in. The legs of Wright and Casteele might as well have been of wood or steel so far as any feeling of fatigue went. Wright was not in the saddle once during the trip, and this is his usual way of doing; he loves walking and appears tireless.

After reaching the summit we traveled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree divide, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began



PACK HORSE READY FOR PACKING.



PACK HORSE LYING DOWN, SHOWING METHOD OF TYING ON PACK.

the descent to the crossing of Lolo creek, flowing into the Clearwater and, unfortunately, a duplicate in name of another creek on the eastern slope of the same range. Heretofore the old trail and modern wagon road had been more or less conjoined, but now the road disappeared and the trail became one of those fine old Indian trails, wide, plain and deep, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp zigzag fashion. At last we reached the Lolo, a clear rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee deep, in a wild, secluded spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine looking Nez Perce Indian, a comely squaw and her mother, perhaps, a black headed, black eyed woman, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny misshapen child in a very dirty calico shirt, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noonday meal. To the young squaw's credit, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the stream before beginning her culinary duties. This is not strange, however, for the Nez Perces are a superior tribe of Indians in all respects.

After some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out of the canyon, over a hard, tiresome trail, and then, down a gentle grade toward the deep cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe (wee-pee) prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forty-acre pasture and near people who know how to treat travelers in a hospitable manner.

We made our first camp at 4:30 p. m., very tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since our 6 o'clock breakfast. The benefits of a good cook were soon manifested.

We slept in the open air, and how I did rejoice in it!

Our next day's journey followed a wagon road for most of the way and about at right angles to our first day's course. The country, level at first, soon became undulating, and finally we jumped fairly into the mountains.

The Weippe prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by Jim Ford creek, which flows north and west into the main Clearwater river. Grain, including winter wheat, and the harder vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but melons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated. The nights are cold, heavy dew fall, and frost is quite common. In winter the thermometer

seldom drops below zero, but there is a good fall of snow, and live stock must be fed for several months. The stock throughout this locality were of good blood, fat and sleek.

Timber and fuel are found in inexhaustible quantities. The country is quite well settled and the people seem satisfied and contented.

We had given the animals all the timothy hay they could eat during the night, and when we came to pack them, buckskin was very capricious and imagined his neck was clothed with thunder and that he breathed fire from his nostrils; Roan was in a mood to climb trees and play a tattoo with his heels, but the others were very well behaved, and submitted to packing with good grace and the inevitable growlings characteristic of old-time camp meetings and tight cinchings. Old White and Sorrel were old timers as pack horses, were thin as rails, unweildy and awkward as a pair of cows, but tough as mules, as steady as old mules, old as Methuselah, and of a sterner moral cast of countenance.



CAMP AT WEIPPE PRAIRIE.

In trailing, Wright led the way, leading Roan; one of us followed, and then the other horses were divided as well as possible between us, so as to keep them well up in line on the trail.

Up and down we went, passing three small creeks trilling their way amid the dense timber, and we halted for the night at the forks of Lolo creek where solstice reigned supreme. There were no