

care for any more bicycle riding to-day, and I'll go down with my father and mother if one of you will lead my wheel."

It was an enchanted journey for the old people to roll down the broad smooth boulevard in a real carriage, with Jack sitting in front of them and telling them all about the race. The President of the South Shore Club, the son of a man known and honored throughout Chicago, had asked to be presented, and said he hoped Jack's father would be willing to be his guest for the day.

"I told him father would be pleased," concluded Jack, "and he wanted mother too, but I said I guessed not, that I was going to have my little mother for my own guest."

At last, when the carriage stopped before an imposing brown-stone house, Jack helped them out and entered the

club with the shabby little brown figure on his arm. "Just wait here a few minutes," he said, "until I make myself presentable." He stationed them on a luxurious sofa and ran off to the dressing-rooms.

The old man looked after him fondly. "I didn't think Jack would be ashamed of us, mother," he said.

"No, father, and he ain't."

"My, ain't this a grand place!"

Half awed, they gazed at the rich furnishings in silence. "Seems like heaven, don't it?" he murmured.

"Makes me think more of the chapter in Solomon," she replied.

"How's that, mother?"

The little old lady looked up at him, her face shining with ineffable happiness, and repeated softly:

"He led me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."

SKIING TO DESOLATION LAKE.

BY W. H. ELMER.

THE date was January 6th, and five weeks, of walking and snow-shoeing was to be topped up with a ski run to Desolation Lake.

Heavy woolen underwear, a sweater, and Mackinaw pants and coat, with full-tufted German socks and three-button arctics over heavy wool socks, completed our make-up, to which was added leather top-coat and canvas overcoat for staging, of which we were to have forty-two miles *en route*.

We were two thoroughly roasted beings when we lit from the train at McEwenville, the terminus, and were bundled into the bob-sled stage, which was waiting, bound for Granite.

The exhilarating motion of the sleds on the splendid road, the fresh, keen air and scent from the pines soon dissipated the fog from my brain, and I began to feel the pleasure of living and moving in the glorious atmosphere.

A drive of four miles took us to Sumpster, on Powder River. "One and a half hours to the summit," said the driver. When that was reached a signboard designated that we were at the head of Buck Gulch and still nine miles from Granite. Over we went, and coats were again buttoned as the cold air from the Greenhorn reached us, and away we traveled down

the mountain, seldom slacking pace until we hauled up in front of the hotel with appetites keen for a good dinner.

The snow-shoes of this country are the regulation Norwegian ski, a four-inch strip of wood eight and one-half feet to ten feet in length, fir wood preferably, with one end shaved thin and turned up, a strap a little in front of center of shoe into which the rider or shoer pushes his toe, the hollow of the foot resting on a cleat, against which the heel of the shoe pushes, though, in some cases, the rider prefers the cleat so low that when the step is taken the heel rises above the cleat, letting the toe-strap take all the weight. The motion is almost entirely a sliding one, when snow is good and the country not too steep, and a man may have as narrow a tread as possible.

Supper over, we saved an eight-mile walk by riding horseback up to the Humpback mill, where we found mutual acquaintances who advised as to our trail or course for the following day.

We spent the evening listening to tales of wonderful snow-shoeing trips, feats of packing on shoes, and long walks, and then rolled into blankets on the hard floor and slept soundly in spite of the lack of springs.

Daylight found us walking up the ore

road with shoes on our shoulders and a substantial lunch for the noon meal, which we expected to eat at the lake. In country where I had hitherto done snow-shoeing, timber was exceedingly scarce, and the man who "straddled" his pole in descending a hill, no matter what its pitch, won disgrace forever in the eyes of the inhabitants. This summary treatment had made me willing to break my neck to equal the best, and as my one winter previous to the twenty days I had just spent on shoes made me feel old at it, I felt equal to the apparently easy task of riding down one and tacking up the next of the several mountains which lay before us, but alas, for my confidence! I had not reckoned on the timber, and if pride truly comes before all falls, much labor did I give pride to keep ahead of me that day before I reached Lightning Creek, a mile below where we left the ore road.

Feeling the assurance of the "old hand," I led

the way, for thirty seconds, down the thirty-five-degree hill, and then threw myself sideways in the snow with just bare time to miss what seemed an impassable barrier of small tamaracks. My shoes were of oak, and ran like things of life, giving me no more than time to get started again and make one turn when I was into a growth of slim pines standing as thick as the needles on a fir bough, where I flung myself again into the snow.

F—, riding his pole, let himself down gradually, and smiled a soft, insinuating

smile, that made my nerves tingle, and said: "Better ride your pole, old man." "Not in a century run," I replied, and boldly steered for a moderately open spot, which I struck all steam on, and crossed at express gait, smashing up hillocks and off the opposite side over logs that an ordinarily turned-up shoe would never have taken, through the tops of firs nearly buried by snowdrifts, banging along, missing this tree by an inch, grazing the next, but unwilling to bury myself in the snow again, until

finally the close growth was again ahead and my down tactics once more saved my shoes.

F— was soon up with me, and, with all pride humbled, I meekly asked him how he did it. Thereupon I straddled my pole and made moderate time, accentuated at regular intervals by falls that were more in the line of instruction than of grace.

Crossing Lightning Creek, we took an old roadway, and on three and a half feet of snow moved on

our way with the happy consciousness that one-eighth of our distance was traversed, so we thought. A steep hill to climb, then down, and my friend lost his bearings, so that our next efforts were directed to a steep and high hill, which was apparently where we had been told to find the pass over the first divide. Our shoes were sticking by this time, owing to heat from the sun, and soon we were carry in double weight on our feet. For "dope" we had but ordinary soap, which from time to time we rubbed on



CONFIDENCE.

the bottoms of the shoes, thus making progress easier for a limited time, seldom greater than ten minutes, that is, until friction had rubbed the soap off.

Once I stopped, and, kneeling on one shoe, was soaping the other. I was in the shade of a large fir, and the snow was light. Losing my balance I dropped down into the snow to my waist, and, after regaining my feet, measured the depth of the snow with my pole, and found it to be five feet and not a drift.

Tacking back and forth on this hillside, looking for some blaze or sign, kept us until 10:30, when F— decided

a ridge
t h r e e -
fourths of a
mile south
of us was
surely the
point where
the old road
crossed.
Again we
started,
traveling
very slowly.
We finally
reached it,
then stopped
again to soap
our shoes,
meanwhile
lamenting
the lack of
water,
which is
the bane of
a snow-
shoer's life
on a long
tramp. No

signs of a road yet, but F— was still confident, and led the way still south, where, at the end of a quarter, we were rewarded by sight of a clean line twenty feet wide, showing the snow exposed as if a giant had cut a swath.

Our road from this point ran through heavy timber. The snow was of less depth, so that after we had gone beyond the clear stretch and the roadway was lost in many turns, we could follow the blazes, the tops of which could easily be seen, and, in some places, the bark rubbed off by the single-trees of the summer tourist.

Two miles and a half from the point where we reached the road, F—blazed a place on a crooked pine, which jutted out over the roadway, and there recorded the date and altitude which his aneroid registered as being 6,275 feet above sea level. Another half-mile took us to the summit, and our watches told us the time was 3:40 P. M.

A recently built road had been cut out, which took a course down the ridge on which we were standing at nearly a right angle to the trail (reaching the lake in a roundabout way), which went down a steep hill by direct route, reach-

ing the lake
just one
mile from
where we
stood, making
the prescribed
eight miles
supposed to
be the distance
from Lightning
Creek to the
lake, if the
road were
followed to
this point.

As we had
taken no food
since before
daylight, and
had gone no
small distance
out of our
way in
reaching

our present position even, I was strongly in favor of leaving the wagon road unexplored and trusting to the old trail to lead us to camp in time for wood getting, etc. In fact, I was afraid of the roundabout way, but F— said many trees had blown down during the last season, so he feared we could not go down with shoes, or without them, for that matter. This decided our course, so, sitting down on an upturned root, we used the last of our soap on the shoes and took our way down the hill, on the road, at a better gait than we had known since morning.



A CROPPER.

This, however, we were not fated to enjoy long, for soon the roadway verged into nothing and we were forced to trust to the blazes, and, as our unknown predecessor had seen fit to blaze but one side of his signal trees, this was no snap. Finally, these ceased entirely, and we, supposing that the scarcity of trees and openness of the country had made it unnecessary for the summer wayfarer, merely followed the backbone down for nearly three-fourths of a mile farther to the thick timber, where we found neither sign of road nor a blaze, so turned to our left and hit off through the country, thinking to strike the road again at some point where it ran parallel to the ridge down which we had come. In a short time we reached a creek so hidden by fallen timber as to well deserve its name, which F— was confident was Lost Creek, and down which we steered fully three-fourths of a mile, hoping to cross the course of the road, which we now felt assured was below us, in spite of our former conjecture.

Stopping, F— beat down the four-foot snowbank of creek until he had a shelf for his shoe, then took the other shoe and pole and placed them for his hands, making a support of a kind so that, by aid of a little performance in the contortionist line, he was enabled to drink. I followed suit, and never appreciated water more.

F— was getting very weary and a little uneasy. Fortunately, his shoes were of light pine, or his lack of training would have told on him more severely than it did. His summer muscles stood him in fine stead, however, and right sturdily he led away again. As for myself, the greater length and weight of my hardwood shoes made my progress in the sticking snow a real labor and kept me warm standing up to F—'s pace.

Down another mile to the junction with a second creek, and the leader was much relieved, feeling assured that this was Lake Creek, and our destination but one mile up its course. Darkness was now coming on, and there was still no change in the temperature, so that our way up the creek bottom was made more than difficult, the snow being damper from moisture of creek; still, on we toiled until darkness had been down for an hour, when F— said:

"I'm done for. Let's find a good tree and camp."

By the marsh signs and lessened grade of the creek I was assured we were on Lake Creek, and that we could be but a short distance from its source. After scraping the bottom of my shoes for the purpose of freeing them from snow crystals, I pushed ahead, and after twenty minutes more of steady effort, saw through the trees a white expanse, which soon resolved itself into Desolation or Olive Lake, and well it deserved its first name, for a more desolate, though to us cheering, sight I never saw.

We made the echoes ring a merrier sound than the old lake had ever heard in January, as we crunched across its neck and up the opposite side, where in three hundred yards we found the cabin. Into this we staggered, having been on skis twelve hours, during which time not a morsel had passed our lips. The one window of the cabin was a wreck, but F—, with his belt axe, soon converted a ten-foot board into a shutter, and the draught was thus stopped, while I scraped and shoveled out the snow from a pile of stone in the corner, which was to do duty as a fireplace, and breaking up a pole bunk we soon had a cheerful though limited blaze going.

Then we sat down and realized our weariness. My frequent falls during the early part of the day had converted our substantial lunch, which we were to have eaten here at noon, into a shapeless mass of bread crumbs, pickles and boiled beef, but, ye gods, how it tasted!—that is, one half of it, that being all we tried. Then F— passed me a bottle, the contents of which, taken as prescribed and at such a time, do cheer and strengthen.

After splitting up the remainder of the poles from the first bunk, F— lay down to stretch himself, as he said. In thirty seconds he was playing all the important instruments of a successful snore, and I, not having the heart to waken him, threw my Mackinaw coat over his shoulders, and, breaking the legs off the table, propped up the top, and, leaning my back against it, fed the fire until nine o'clock, when, fearing that F— would suffer from the reaction if he were allowed to remain asleep, I wakened him and we alternately fed the fire and cat-napped until 4 A. M.

I awakened from a heavier doze than usual to find my friend busily engaged in smearing tallow on our shoes by the firelight, using a candle, which he would melt and rub on the shoe, afterwards standing the shoe up as near the blaze as possible, in order that the wood might absorb as much as possible of the grease. Thus we occupied our time until nearly daylight, when we quickly attended to the water-right affairs, the object of F——'s trip, and after eating the remaining few bites of our lunch, mounted shoes and took our way down the creek on a well-defined roadway which turned up the ridge, and we crossed our trail of the day before at a point where the blazes had ceased, reaching the summit and place of intersection of the old trail and road in one hour and a half.

Our greatest error had been in following the ridge instead of turning at a sharp angle where blazes had ceased to be in evidence. From the summit of Lightning Creek was a delightful spin, which we finished ere the sun had grown hot enough to cause the shoes to stick. Then came the toil up to our starting point, tacking back and forth to the top, and, faint as we were from lack of food and

loss of sleep, it was the most painful and laborious of our hard trip, until we reached the summit, when schoolboy spirits again obtained, and down we went like streaks to the boarding house and the fat, jolly cook, who fixed us a meal as good and comforting as himself. This we sat down to at 2:30 P. M., having been out thirty-two hours with but his lunch of the day before. My blessing on all jolly cooks; may they cook long and well!

The next sunrise saw us making the pace back to Granite for two choppers who were said to be crack shoers, but whom we lost after the first four miles and who were not again in evidence until an hour after we reached Granite.

The morning was cold to the extent that when we reached Red Boy at 8:30 our coats and beards were covered with hoar frost, and the mercury registered 10° below zero, a marked difference from the preceding morning. At Granite our trip ended, and two fellows of good physique have good reason to appreciate their staying power, while both joined in praise for the good people and a jolly cook in a little mining camp on the Greenhorn.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A SPRAY of trailing arbutus
 To see, to scent, to touch,
 None of these senses three are satisfied,
 Till all have feasted much.

For who can see this fairy wand
 Of rich, sweet, pink, white gems,
 And stay the nose from nectarland
 Down in their leafy stems?

To see—
 What scenes are pictured to the mind,
 The quiet woods and hills of long ago.
 Green pastures where these pearls we'd surely find,
 And favorite knolls wherein they'd richer grow.

To scent—
 Again the freshness of the new-clothed fields we see,
 The very breath of nature sweet returns.
 Its perfume pure we scent with ecstasy
 While every blade and flower its incense burns.

To touch—
 Once more we stretch upon a mossy mound,
 Once more we pluck the trailing, leafy shoot
 And press its beauty with a sense profound,
 Then raise the soul in praises full, though mute.

C. G. LA CRAS.