

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.