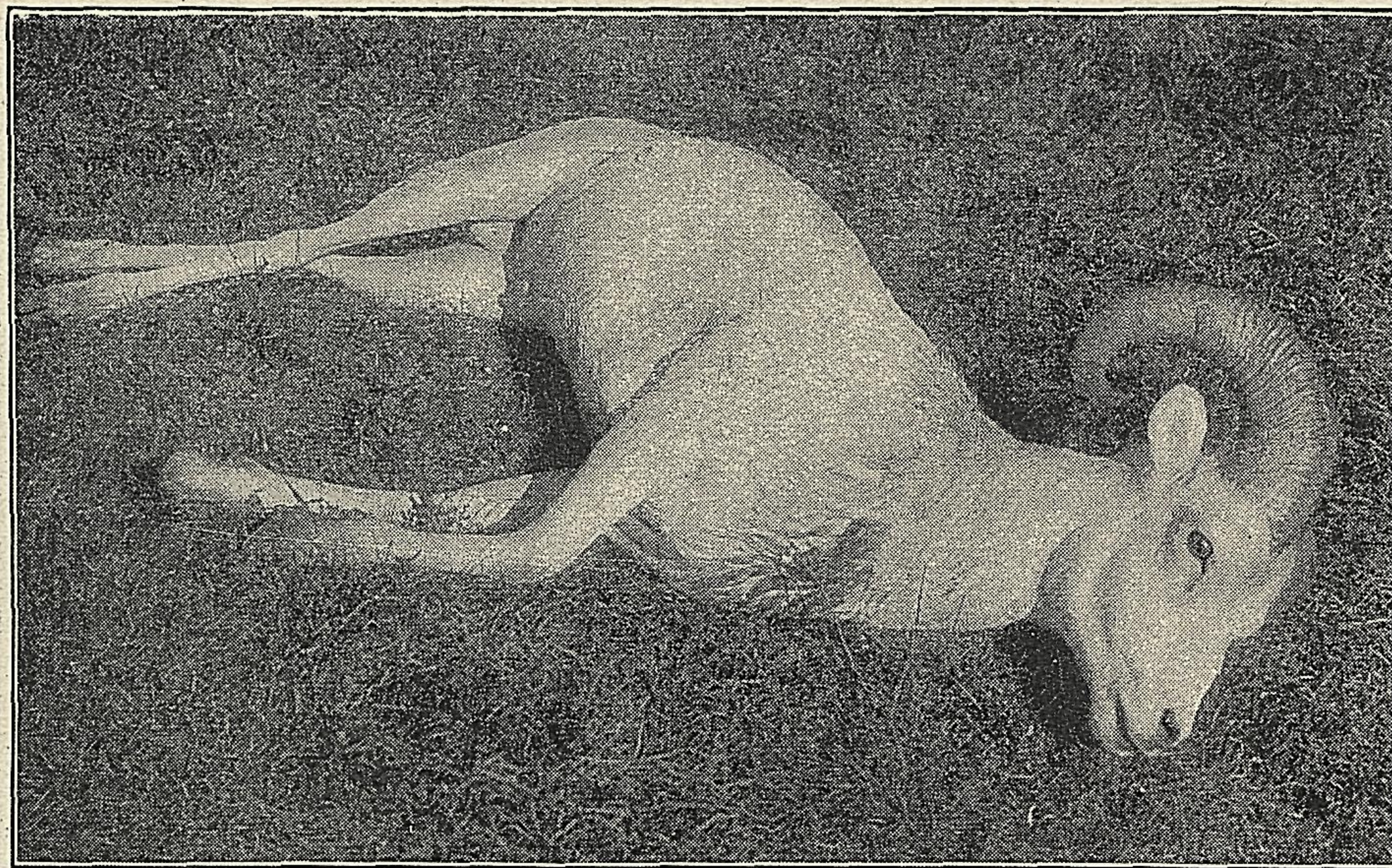


A SPLENDID RAM (*Ovis Dalli*).

Several days were occupied in reaching the foothills of the Walker Mountains, about seventy-five miles up the river.

Finally we pitched camp in a little belt of pines that skirted the river-bank. Looking up the river, the white, sharp ridges of the mountains rose high above the timber growth, while the hills on either side ascended from two to three thousand feet above the river. They

were more or less overgrown with small spruce, black pine, poplar, alder, and willow. About all this the snow lay deep; yet it was impossible to wear our snowshoes, so thick was the fallen timber.

Everywhere moose-tracks, fairly fresh, could be found, and Mr. Simpson (my companion) and I would follow them up day after day until dark, but without success. One

night we nearly lost our

bearings, the fog was so dense. Brush would strike us in the face, dead limbs and snags tore our clothing, and we were continually falling over logs and into holes. In one instance Mr. Simpson fell fully twenty feet into a ditch, and I on top of him. As we made the long descent of the steep hills our feet would often slip from under us, and we would dash down fifty yards or more, until forcibly stopped by a tree



BRINGING SPECIMENS DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.