

## THE OETZTHAL DISTRICT.

BY A. J. BUTLER.

(Read before the Alpine Club, April 2, 1889.)

WHEN I first received the Secretary's injunctions to read a paper on the Oetzthal district I was much disposed to cry off. It seemed probable that the Club, fresh from feasting on the wonders revealed by Caucasian explorers, would hardly be tempted by ordinary alpine fare; unless, indeed, it could be dressed with some unwontedly piquant sauce in the way of adventure; and that I was quite unable, consistent with the most elementary principles of veracity, to provide. However, my sense of discipline prevailed, and I undertook to do what I could. Fortunately, too, for me the paper read a month ago brought us back to something more like our accustomed diet. The transition, therefore, will not be so violent, and I shall not need to feel that from a hypsometrical point of view at any rate my paper is of the nature of a 'come-down.' Indeed, so far as that is concerned, it is something of a 'go-up'; for my district can show peaks overtopping by some 1,300 feet, according to the latest measurements, the highest point of that Dolomite group of which Dr. Scriven gave us such an interesting sketch. Further, though, no doubt, that region has peculiar beauties, and possesses a peculiar attraction for mountaineers in its blending of gymnastic and picturesque advantages, and should be visited by everyone who wants to see what can be done—'Quum voluit Natura jocari'—when Nature is going in for freaks, I for one should maintain that for scenery which is permanently satisfying, and to which one can return year after year with ever-increasing enjoyment, and also for variety in the forms of climbing which they offer, there is nothing like the crystallines, the gneiss and mica schist, of which your old-fashioned, steady-going peaks like Monte Rosa, and, indeed, most of those in the central chain of the Alps, are composed.

It is about a very marked division of the central chain that I have to talk this evening. Everyone who has paid any attention to the map of the Alps knows that from the point somewhere not very far from Nice where they begin to bear glaciers, to the other point not very far from Klagenfurt, where glaciers come to an end, there are only two important passes in which the main chain sinks to a height of less than 6,000 feet. These two passes, the Brenner and the

Reschenscheide, both under 4,600 feet in height, correspond to the two principal headwaters of the Etsch, and are, as the crow flies, very little more than 50 miles apart. Between them, and bounded to N. and S. by the valleys of the Inn and Etsch respectively, lies the largest glacier-covered area which is to be found east of the Simplon Pass. It is, no doubt, exceeded in height by several other groups of the eastern half of the Alps: the Bernina, the Ortler, and the Glockner groups can all show one or more summits which beat the giants of the Oetzthal, the Wildspitze and the Weisskugel, by several hundreds of feet. It has, indeed, been made a subject of complaint against this district that the glaciers are too big for the peaks. But the general elevation is quite equal to that of any of the groups mentioned. Mr. Ball\* informs us that, if the whole mass were rolled out flat, 'it would form a plateau 8,332 feet above the sea-level.' Some notion of the general configuration of the group may be obtained if we suppose the Oetzthal to represent the valley that goes up from Visp. The Nicolaithal will then be reproduced by the Fendertal, and the Saasthal by the Gurglerthal. The Pitzthal and Kaunserthal will correspond to the Val d'Anniviers and Val d'Hérens. We must suppose the head of the Val Anzasca carried far to the west in order to make it occupy the same position to the chief peaks of the Breithorn-Monte Rosa range, as the Schnalserthal does to the Weisskugel-Similaun chain; but the Brenner will very fairly match the Simplon, and the Stubai Alps, separated as they are from the main block by the only unglaciated pass which can be found over the watershed from the Reschenscheide to the Brenner, reproduce with considerable accuracy the Fletschhorn group in its position with regard to the main areas of Monte Rosa. I have gone at this length into topography because I believe the district in question is almost entirely unknown to the Club. Mr. Tuckett once swept like a meteor through the Alps of Central Tyrol, alighting on a peak here and there, and took the Oetzthal in his triumphant course. Mr. Starr wrote a paper in the Journal some eleven or twelve years ago; and a few scattered notices have from time to time appeared in the accounts of new expeditions; but it is only necessary to study the visitors' books at the principal centres—Fend, Gurgl, and Unser Frau—to see how completely this interesting country is *terra incognita* to the vast majority of English mountaineers. I

---

\* *Alpine Guide*, 'Eastern Alps,' § 48, p. 142 (first edition).

may add that, wishing to supplement the rather antiquated lot of photographs which I possess by something more up to modern requirements, I went to Mr. Spooner's in the Strand, and found that among a large stock of Tyrolese views there was not one from the Oetzthal group.

My first acquaintance with the district was made in 1874. I approached it by the route which will always remain the most convenient for those who wish to come to terms as soon as possible with the highest peaks of the group—namely, by the Stubai thal from Innsbruck. About 12 hours' walking from the capital will bring you to the Dresdner Hütte, at the head of the valley I have named; and from the hut, without an inordinately early start, you can cross the Bildstöckl Joch, and reach Sölden in the forenoon; from which place to Fend or Gurgl—the Zermatt and Saas of the district—it is a comfortable afternoon's walk. Sölden is the last place in the valley where beer can be got. It also has an interest of a more melancholy kind for English travellers, for in the churchyard of it lies the victim of one of the earliest of those accidents which our Club seldom meets after the holidays without having to deplore afresh. Mr. Watson was crossing the Bildstöckl Joch in 1860 with a guide who, like most Tyrolese guides at that time, and not a few now, thought that his business was merely to show the way. There was, I believe, no rope; anyhow, it was not used. The glacier is small, but steep, and the crevasses not very numerous, but of some depth. Mr. Watson fell into one, and in due course his body was brought up from a depth of 90 feet. He now lies, as I have said, in the parish churchyard of Sölden; and it is a remarkable instance of the freedom from prejudice which characterises the Tyrolese clergy that his tombstone is allowed to bear the title '*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Sacerdos.*' This accident gave the Bildstöckl Joch a bad reputation, from which it had hardly recovered when I was first there. At all events, the guides refused to cross it except in pairs, on the plea that it was the first passage of the season, and I was forced to take two men for this very ordinary expedition. They are not so strict now—indeed, the next time I went that way, in 1880, my companion and I had no guide in particular, but depended on the good offices of one who was nominally attached to another party, but transferred himself and his rope to our service over the crevassed part of the route. Nowadays, a stream of tourists bound for this pass goes up the Stubai thal every fine day; and not long ago I heard of two who, being accused of some dishonesty in

the Stubaithal, were pursued by the gendarmes and brought back by that route. Probably there is no pass of the same height (10,250 feet) (except the St. Théodule) in the Alps which is so frequently traversed.

About an hour above Sölden the Oetzthal divides into its two main branches—the Gurglerthal to the S., the Fendertal to the S.W. Of the former I can say little. I have twice been at Gurgl, but have never been favoured by the weather. I can, however, assure any member who may visit the place that he will be made heartily welcome by the most jovial old parson, I should think, that ever owed allegiance to the see of Rome. He wears a long shaggy coat (whence probably his local name ‘*der Eisbär*’), long boots, and a long pipe; and though he is not, I believe, like some of his brethren who have had the cure of souls at Fend, a practical mountaineer himself, he has every sympathy with mountaineers, and does his best to make them comfortable.\* Gurgl Church is the highest, or nearly the highest, parish church in the Alps. It lies about 6,200 feet above the sea. Of the sister village of Fend I can speak from fuller knowledge. Though its actual position is less beautiful than that of Gurgl, scarcely any glacier or snow being visible from the village itself, it has the great advantage of lying right at the foot of the chief peak of the group. This, the Wildspitze (12,416 feet, according to the latest measurement), can be ascended from the parsonage of Fend comfortably in a little over five hours, including breakfast. Even this moderate amount of exertion is now lightened by the erection of a hut, known as the Breslauer Hütte, at a height of 9,500 feet, on the S. side of the mountain. This, however, did not exist when I started at 12.45 on July 6, 1874, with Herr Kuprian, the then *Curat*, a most indefatigable climber and chamois-hunter, and an elderly gentleman named Josef Scheiber, who in those days was the senior guide at Fend. We went by lantern-light, I remember, straight up the steep grass slopes to the W. of the village, reached the Rofenkar glacier about sunrise, breakfasted, and climbed a steep ridge of rather rotten rocks to the top. Just before we reached these rocks we were overtaken by the parson’s dog, who, as we found by a subsequent comparison of times

---

\* I regret to say that since this was written advancing years have rendered it necessary for Herr Gärber to accept a cure in a less rigorous climate. He is now at Elbigenalp in the Lechthal, and his cheery ‘*Gruss Gott*’ will no more be heard by visitors to Ober Gurgl.

with those below, must have given us nearly three hours' start, and caught us in little more than an hour. He showed excellent climbing powers, and we all reached the top at 5.55. The view was very fine; we could just make out the Bernese Oberland. The summit of the Wildspitze is a sharp ridge of snow, about 50 yards in length, and the N. end is usually given as some five or six mètres higher than the S. German tourists, I observe, are always careful to mention that they have ascended the Nördliche Wildspitze. When I was there, however, there was certainly no perceptible difference, and it was not till long afterwards that I learnt that one end was supposed to be higher than the other. From the point we reached the view was quite unbroken all round. Probably, like most snow summits, the top of the Wildspitze varies in configuration according to the direction of the wind at the time of the last snowfall.

Of the second peak in the group, the Weisskugel, I can tell very little. By some curious and obscure nexus of cause and effect, whenever I go near that mountain it snows. This phenomenon has been noticed by J. Spechtenhauser as well as by myself. Thrice have we been defrauded in this way of a projected ascent; and on the one occasion, when we did reach the top, virtue had to be its own reward, for no view did we get save of the icicles in each other's beard. Mr. Tuckett, I believe, says that the view is the finest in the Alps, but that must be under more favourable atmospheric conditions. Even in bad weather, however, it is a nice straightforward climb; the only difficulty being caused by a wire rope, which of late years has been fixed along the *Grat*, and which keeps getting between your legs in the narrow places. It is quite unnecessary, and, perhaps, when some one has broken his neck by reason of it, it will be removed.

The Weisskugel is, as Mr. Ball points out in the preface to his section on this group, the true central point from which its main ridges radiate. The watershed between the Inn and the Etsch—that is, between the Black Sea and the Adriatic—runs for a while due E., and so at right angles to the general direction of the Oetzthal, which it closes to the S., while on its southern side it forms the N. boundary of the upper Schnalser Thal. Consequently, while all its great glaciers stream down to the N. it falls away to the S. in precipices and steep slopes for some 6,000 feet. This I had a good opportunity of verifying on one occasion. I had reached the top of the Similaun with old Josef Scheiber. The usual way to ascend this peak is by easy and very

moderately steep snowslopes from the Niederjoch. Scheiber, however, had taken me by what he was pleased to call a short cut—namely, along the ridge known as the Marzoll Hügel, stretching N.W. from the peak. It was not difficult, but rather nasty going, being composed of rotten rocks covered with loose snow, and, I believe, had taken just as long as the regular way; so I had been rather looking forward to the easy descent. But when it was time to start downwards my guide turned to me with the abrupt question, ‘Sind Sie schwindlich?’ I said I did not know, but I was willing to try. So he suggested that, instead of going round by the Niederjoch, we should descend straight upon Unser Frau. There was the further inducement that no one was known to have passed by that way before. We started accordingly, at first down a steep rock-*Grat*, then down snowslopes too steep and too soft for a standing glissade, where it was necessary to toboggan with no appliances beyond what Nature had furnished us with, and, lastly, over *Geröll* and grass. We reached Unser Frau in about one-half of the statutory time; and the route was obviously so much the most convenient for able-bodied people that I could hardly believe it had not been previously taken. However, Josef Spechtenhauser has often assured me that such was the case; and, moreover, that to the best of his knowledge no one has ever been that way since. ‘In fact,’ said he to me only last summer, ‘old Scheiber said afterwards that his sole reason for taking you that way was that you walked too fast for him, and he thought he would take it out of you; and he was much disgusted at finding that you were as fresh as ever next morning.’ (It must be remembered that this was fifteen years ago.) Probably a little later in the season it would be a very rough route, but never impracticable.

East of the Similaun lies what is, I think, quite the finest pass in this district, known as the Similaun Joch. It is somewhat curious that this pass should have attracted so few tourists, for, though masked from the S., it is quite apparent to anyone following the much frequented road to the Niederjoch from Fend. From this side it bears a certain resemblance to the Eiger Joch, as represented in the illustration to Mr. Stephen’s ‘Playground of Europe.’ There is the same thickly crevassed glacier, in this case the Marzoll Ferner, and at the head of it a beautiful curtain of snow, joining the Similaun with the Marzoll Spitze. Six or seven years ago Spechtenhauser told me that he felt sure a pass

was to be made that way, but weather prevented our attempting it then. In the following year he succeeded in crossing it with a Herr Reitzenstein, though they did not complete the descent of the glacier on the N. side, but on reaching the head of it turned off to the E., and ascended the Hintere Schwärze and another smaller peak, returning to Unser Frau—a very good day's work. From that time he believes that the pass remained untraversed till he took me over it last year. Some account of it will be found in the Journal for November last (p. 161). I need only add here that I should advise anyone who may be tempted to visit those parts to take it from the N. side. The snow curtain on that side is about 600 feet high, and extremely steep. We found it in very good condition, so that we were able to come down, after a short bit of step-cutting, with our faces to the snow, sticking on with our axes, and kicking our toes in—at least Josef kicked his toes in, and I put mine into the holes; but if it was either very hard or very soft it might be awkward. Also the view to the S. is much the finer, and it must burst with wonderful effect upon anyone who has reached the pass from the N. side.

We slept that night at the Sanmoar Hütte, close to the foot of the Marzoll Ferner. This is a hut of a highly developed kind. There are four sleeping-rooms, with accommodation for at least twenty persons, besides the guides' room, a sitting-room, and a kitchen. It is a speculation of a Sölden innkeeper. Three active and friendly young women keep house, do the cooking, and make visitors as comfortable as circumstances will allow. We were a company of some half-dozen tourists, and after supper one of the party, who had found out the capabilities of the establishment, announced that two of our hostesses, if I may so call them, could sing. So they were invited in, and for an hour and a half they sang to us in admirable style and with perfect taste one after another of the regular repertory of Tyrolese songs, the guides now and then joining in. Meantime, of course, we drank a good many *Viertels* of wine, so that the exercise of their talents tended very directly to 'the good of the house.'\*

---

\* I have since slept at the Sanmoar Hütte as one of a company of twenty-five 'Herrschaften' and ten guides. On this occasion it was no doubt a little crowded; and we were not much surprised to hear subsequently from a party who had passed the following night there that they had found nothing to eat or drink. But it was worth while

The next morning I went with Spechtenhauser up the Hintere Schwärze, the fourth, or, if we omit the Prochkogel, which is a mere buttress of the Wildspitze, the third, in height of the peaks of this group. It is a beautiful snow-peak on this side, rising from the eastern branch of the *névé* of the Marzoll Ferner. On the S. side it falls in precipices, which would probably afford a fine opportunity to those who like to try new routes, toward the Pfossen Thal, a side glen of the Schnalser Thal. On the N. side it presents no difficulty, but requires a good deal of step-cutting, the snow being about as steep as snow is made. On the occasion of the first ascent, as I was told by one who was of the party, Dr. Petersen measured the slope at  $63^{\circ}$ , and they went part of the way with one arm over the *Grat*. It was certainly not so steep at this last year, but I think that in some places it must have been very near  $60^{\circ}$ . The view from the summit is magnificent, being interrupted only by the Weisskugel, nine miles distant; and this is so conveniently placed that it cuts off nothing but the part of the Silvretta group which lies between Piz Linard and the Fluchthorn. The Dolomites, in particular, show very finely under the morning sun. The Hintere Schwärze is 11,900 feet high, and is reached from the Sanmoar Hütte in something less than three hours.

Before concluding this rather fragmentary paper, which I am afraid will have struck you as being little more than diluted guide-book, I would point out that there is still a little bit of almost unexplored country in this group. The short ridge which runs W. from the Weisskugel soon takes a sharp turn to S.W., and divides into two branches. Between these branches lies a glen called, from the village at its mouth, the Planail Thal. Its waters flow into the Etsch a little above Mals. I was in this valley last year, and, so far as local report went (confirmed, I may add, by Spechtenhauser's inquiries), no record of any visitors could be found other than 'zwei Herren,' who were said to have been there many years ago, and who were probably connected with the Government Survey. There are some fine peaks about 11,000 feet in height around the head of the valley, and I have little doubt that an interesting route to the Weisskugel

---

being there to see the wonderful intelligence and good temper with which the attendant damsels supplied everybody's requirements. No one was kept waiting beyond a reasonable time, and no one got what had been ordered by some one else. They even found time to sing!

could be made by going up the Planail Ferner, and along the above-mentioned W. ridge. The final ascent of the peak would correspond with that made by Herr Meurer from Langtaufers, of which a notice appeared in these pages in 1881.\* I commend this to the notice of members in search of new expeditions.

I have been told that this paper was too short. With the view (among other things) of remedying this defect, I went again to the Oetzthal last summer. My plan was to see as much as possible of those lateral valleys which I had not already visited. On Monday, July 29, I slept at the parsonage of Niederthei, near Umhausen. I had passed that way two days before, and had consulted the parson about a guide. Regular guides there were none; but he promised to look me out a trustworthy 'Bursch.' Accordingly on the morning of the 30th I started with an active young man, who carried a rifle on his back and a weapon something like a boathook in his hand, with the intention, if weather permitted, of making an attempt on the Strahlkogel,† and, 'weather or no,' crossing the Breiter Grieskogel to Gries and Längenfeld. We went up the Grasstaller Thal (or Grasthal) till we were under the former peak, when it became clear that nothing was to be done in that direction, for snow-squalls were driving persistently about its top, and new snow lay on all its ledges. At this point a large herd of 'Gemsens' came into view, crossing the northern ridge of the mountain. Mercifully they were far out of shot, or we should hardly have reached our destination that day. As it was, I was not allowed to stir while one of the wretched animals was in sight. The comparative frequency of the chamois in Tyrol is a serious impediment to progress in a

---

\* *Alpine Journal*, vol. x. p. 361.

† The Strahlkogel (circa 10,700 feet) was ascended for the first and, I believe, hitherto only time, by Herren Purtscheller and Drasch on August 28, 1887 (*Oest. Alpen-Zeitung*, No. 234, pp. 314, 316). Both the former and Herr Hess, in his new Guide to the Oetzthal, have, I think, rather overestimated the height of this peak. They give it at only 9 mètres less than the Grieskogel; but as far as I could judge from occasional glimpses when the clouds broke, there cannot be much less than 100 feet difference between the two. The Strahlkogel, though by far the more imposing peak, was very perceptibly below us. The height given in the Government map, however, is certainly too low, and belongs to another peak. It is clear that the ascent from the Grasstaller Ferner would offer no serious difficulty.

physical sense. However, at last they disappeared, and we proceeded. A little tarn lay below us to our right; and to the left we were just abreast of a steep 'Kamin,' in which the new snow lay thickly. I drew my guide's attention to the place. He promptly remarked, 'Es sieht a bissl hübsch aus,' and went straight up it! It was not precisely nice climbing, as wherever there was not soft new snow there was a skin of ice; but he went like a squirrel, and I availed myself once or twice of the aid afforded by the boathook, hooking my axe into that implement while he pulled; and so we arrived happily on the Grasstaller Ferner, having, I imagine, saved a little time by taking what I believe to have been a purely fancy route. After this it was a mere snow trudge of more or less steepness to the summit of the Grieskogel (10,785 feet). There was no view, for the N.W. wind kept driving cold clouds across, and at times, I think, it snowed a little. My beard was frozen stiff, also; so there was every inducement to get on. At this point my guide incidentally remarked that he had never been there before. He had once started with a Herr who had got 'schwindlich' (where, I cannot imagine) before they reached the top, so they had gone back. Also he hated what he would call 'Gletschner.' 'I would rather go up three peaks,' said he, 'than cross one glacier.' That, of course, is the regular view of the unregenerate 'Gemsjäger.' But I expounded to him the virtues of Manilla hemp, and fortified by that prophylactic we started downwards in the direction of the Winnebach Thal. My guide's mountain instinct enabled him to take a very good line, and when we got below the cloud, we were just where we ought to have been. Presently the track of another 'Gems' appeared on the snow, and caused a slight return of excitement. 'I am not in my own district,' he said, 'but if I get a chance, *ich thue Schiessen* all the same.' Happily he did not get the chance, which would have involved also the chance of our having a bullet sent after us, if any local 'Jäger' happened to be in the neighbourhood; and shortly after he sat down and took the lock out of his rifle, as the etiquette is when you are in somebody else's 'Gebiet.' We reached Gries in due time, and parted. If any member of the Club thinks of investigating the wild and beautiful region which lies between the lower Oetzthal and the upper Stubai Thal, and wants a cheery and active companion, he cannot do better than go to Niederthei and engage Johann Georg Leiter; but I should not recommend him just at present to a novice.

Two days after this, in pursuance of my plan for seeing the less frequented side valleys, I left Huben about 6 A.M., accompanied by Alois Gstrein, and went up the Polles Thal to the joch of the same name (*circa* 9,900 feet), which looks down upon Mittelberg, and up the lovely Mittelberg Ferner to the Wildspitze. From this point the peak is exceedingly beautiful. The ridge which forms its top, being seen end-on, appears as a sharp point, and the general outline of the mountain is not wholly unlike that of the Monte Rosa from the Riffel—of course on a reduced scale. An easy walk of a few hundred yards over loose rocks, to the southward, brought us to the Pitzthal Jöchl (9,941 feet), whence we descended the Rettenbach glacier and valley, reaching Sölden about 3. Actual walking, I think, about 7 hours. In the following week I left Sölden, in company with Messrs. A. M. and A. E. Balfour, respectively of Trinity Hall and Trinity College, Cambridge, and went up to the Ramolhaus, a small inn which an enterprising guide and innkeeper of Obergurgl has erected at a height of 10,100 feet above the sea, just below the much-frequented Ramoljoch. The next morning we crossed the Schalfkogel (11,600 feet) to the Sanmoar Hütte, and on over the Niederjoch to Unser Frau. In fine weather, this would be a charming expedition, but we were not very fortunate. Indeed, one of the party had a very narrow escape from frost-bite.

The next morning was spent in loafing, and deciphering the legends of the curious old pictures which are preserved in the church of Unser Frau. They represent the building of the church in 1304, but are themselves of much later date, probably the 17th century. The story, as told by them, is that on the hillock where the church now stands a little image of Our Lady was found by some pilgrims. Thereupon the people set to work to build, but down below by the riverside. A series of disasters (most graphically depicted) warned them off from this site; and the church was placed on the hill, where it is to this day. The image, which has in its day worked miracles, is still shown to the faithful. In the afternoon we walked down to Carthaus, a village built within the *enceinte* of a former Carthusian monastery. Many of the houses stand over the cloister, which still preserves its general appearance, and some remains of moulding and tracery. Thence a steep descent to the valley floor, and an equally steep ascent on the other side, brought us into the Pfossen Thal, the wildest and most solitary of all the glens in this region. How rarely it is visited is proved by the fact

that for some distance edelweiss grows abundantly by the roadside. Four or five farmhouses are sufficient to contain all its population. It was at the highest of these, and indeed the highest in Tyrol—appropriately named Eishof (6,770 feet)—that we hoped to find a night's lodging. The house lies in a green basin of hayfields, walled round by peaks over 11,000 feet in height. When we first reached it, the haymakers had just knocked off work, and were coming in for their evening meal; but as soon as this business was despatched, we were hospitably greeted. Two roomy beds and any amount of 'Heulager' were put at our disposal; the establishment provided excellent milk and butter, and tolerable wine; white bread and meat we had brought with us. So we supped and slept well. We were up long before the sun; but the preparation of coffee took so long, that it was nearly 6 before we got off. We went rapidly to the Eisjöchl (9,470 feet), and, turning to the left, climbed the rocky *Grat* which extends thence to the summit of the Hohe Wilde. This is, I believe, not the orthodox route, though Messrs. Craven and Moseley descended by it in 1876. The rocks, though fairly steep, are everywhere good, and about 1½ hour sufficed to reach the top (11,410 feet). Clouds were sweeping up from the S.E., and all view on that side was shut out; but the Ortler showed well. Our descent was along the northern *Grat* to the Langthaler Joch. The snow was not in very good order, and some caution was required; especially at one point, where it was necessary to pass from the W. to the E. side of the ridge. We reached, however, the névé of the Langthaler Ferner without serious difficulty; made our way without any material check through its big crevasses; got to Gurgl about 3.45, and refreshed copiously; and arrived at Sölden at 7 precisely.

---

#### THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE PUNTA DEL BROGLIO.

BY FREDERICK GARDINER.

SOME years ago a frank-spoken Yankee met me at the door of the hôtel at Visp. I had been three months among the mountains, working most of the time, and in consequence both my clothes and myself were in a rather dilapidated condition. After inspecting me for a short time he observed, 'Wal, I guess you'd have thought it mighty hard lines if you had had to do it,' which was quite a new light on mountaineering, and one in which I had not hitherto re-