

April 18, 1906.

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follows:

He was then down where the canopened into Death valley, 480 feet being the level of the sea-perhaps the lowest point on the face of the

ALMOST DIED OF THIRST.

"He had searched in vain over the Funeral range for water, and he decid-ef that the only way for rescue was to the Panamint mountains on ther side of Death valley. But between him and the Panamints, in the bottom of the valley, was the terrible Death valley sink, five or six miles vide, where the Amargosa river dwins away. It is a vile, brackish stream liquid poison, whose waters are ck with soda and borax and mud. The sink is nothing but a marshy death trap, with here and there little ufis of refuse where the soda and the borax have become semi-solidified.

human being ever crossed that ink except Gen. Frederick Funston, who, while on a government expedition with a party of engineers, traversed t in pontoons years ago.

"And yet Boyer struck out across that slough of despair, and all that and until the next day he waded foundered and leaped onward, in most dreadful and unequal contest h nature that Lever heard of. From e little hummock of borax and sait would leap to another, and if he used his footing he held his leather oat spread out before him and would ight upon it in the marsh as a sort of buoy until he could clamber on to the nearest hummock in that death trap.

BECAME DEMENTED.

How he ever got across there I can never guess, but somehow he managed to reach the Panamints on the other side. Still he was without water, for the range was as barren as the Funeral mountains.

"By that time he was getting de-mented, and in his fever racked image ination he saw always a great lake of crystal clear water far up on the mountain sides, and when he would climb up there for a drink, the lake would disappear into a glare of torrid sun-baked clay. sur-baked clay.

"Once he struck Bennett's Wells, and his hopes mounted high, but in-tead of drinkable water, he found a brackish, salty slime that even in his desperation he could not swallow.

"He hay down in it and slept for three or four hours. When he awoke, he had barely strength enough to tot-ter on his final advance along the val-

At 8 o'clock that night the foreman of Borax Smith's Death Valley ranch saw him wandering aimless and purpossices, through the evening gloom. The foreman took him to the ranch house and the crew set themselves to bork to save the breath of life that Il remained. It would have been fato give him more than a few drops water, and it was hours before the reachers would let him alone even for a moment. In his delirious ravings he id have rushed to water like a wild beast

ALWAYS ONWARD.

When Boyer was in shape to talk, he told the rancher his name. The rancher, who had seen him when he went into the Kunzle camp, a few days before for the poor fellow had lost 22 pounds in three days, and was emaci-ated to a mere dry parched sheet of parchment, tight-stretched over his boney frame. He was quite unrecog-

"It was several days before he was strong enough to start for Salt Lake in the company of Clarence Lamb and Ed Donnelly, brother of the Donnelly of Snowstorm fame in the Coeu d'Alenes. They were mining down that way. way.

"I fear that he will never be the same again. When the news of his being lost



