

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The party at Endon Vale was breaking and left his wife to an uninterrupted comp. Lady Marion Alton on being informed of her niece's engagement had come to Endon Vale and carried her off that passed between them; he was far too to London, and thence to pay a visit to small-minded to be free from jealousy and Berkshire. Francis Clayton had left the suspicion. Fee was perfectly aware that day before for London. Miss Champion he was listening, so she dropped her had stayed on, in the hope of winning voice to a whisper, and firted away in back Lord Harold to his allegiance; but a very animated manner with Mr. Hastnow that she found each day attracting ings. Francis Clayton was gradually be-him more and more to her cousin, she could endure it no longer. The visit to Lady Grace, from which she had anticipated such great results, had been fraught with the most bitter mortification.

That same evening while Lady Grace

That same evening whi

was in her own little sanctum reading, so solicitous about me."
Winifred knocked at her door and, in answer to her "come in," the girl went in not choose my horses to be kept wait-

and shut the door.

Lady Grace looked up and smiled at her. kindly, and then she looked again. Winifred did not seem bright and beaming and his wife resumed her conversation as was her went-she was nervous, and with more snimation than ever.

there were tear stains on her face.

"What is it, my love? You have been ing impatiently.

"Me—coming?" returned Fee, nonchal"Me—coming?" returned Fee, nonchaltude in the tone that it was too much for antly, raising her eyebrows. "My dear the girl's overstrung nerves, and the tears Francis, what could put such an absurd idea into your head?"

"O Lady Grace, I am so grieved!" "Grieved, my child? You have not had do news from home?" to any man; but it made Mr. Clayton, bad news from home?"

to any man; but it made Mr. Clayton, "Oh, no, not that; but I am so afraid sulky and ill-tempered as he already was,

you will be angry with me and never for-give me. It is about Lord Harold Ers- "Marion, are you coming?" give me. It is about Lord Harold Erskine," Winifred said, nervously, and a sudden chill came into the heart of the elder lady, for she was very foud of her clearly for the was very found of her lady, for she was very for the lady of her lady, for she was very for the lady of her la

"About Harold, my dear?"
"Lord Harold asked—asked me to maras a high-spirited woman would be under the circumsthances; but she went on talkry him this morning; and, oh, Lady Grace, I am so sorry! "Sorry that he asked you to marry ing to her companion very fast, to conceal

m?" her annoyance. She was too proud ts make any allusion to her husband's treatdreamt of such a thing-I thought his ment of her; and Mr. Hastings appeared position made him so far beyond me. I not to have noticed it. But he felt for thought he was kind to me, just from her keenly. He did not quite justify her, generous-mindedness like you, that I or think she had behaved wisely, but he might not feel strange at coming into saw what the man was, and felt there

might not reel strange at coming into saw what the min was, and left there is so good and the left there is saw what the min was, as we want the min was, as we want the min was, as we want the min was, saw what the min was, saw what

"Then you have refused him?"
"I told him the truth-I could not de-

money doesn't bring happiness."

Mrs. Clayton remained until the fifth And then all of a sudden it flashed on Lady Grace Farquhar's mind that there was something noble and high-minded in left the box, and returned almost immedithis girl's refusing such a position and ately.
such wealth because she did not love the "My man. A more worldly minded woman would have held such romantic folly in contempt, and thought the girl a foot for her pains; but not so Lady Grace.

She thanked him; and he put her cloak carefully round her, and gave her his Still there was a momentary struggle in arm. her heart before she rose from her seat "G and kissed Winifred.

"My love," she said sweetly, "I think seated in the carriage. "Many thanks for your timely aid. Will you come and in your own mind that you cannot love him. But a seated in the carriage. "Many thanks for your timely aid. Will you come and see us to-morrow at our hotel?" him. But are you quite sure? Harold is kind and good; he is handsome, and is rich—ought you not to weigh everything in your mind thoroughly before you declared.

He promised; and at parting he held her hand longer than is strictly necessary in wishing good-by.

The day after their meeting at the opera Mr. Hastings called on Mrs. Claratery of the control of the con

ed. She had always liked him; now in her loneliness and misery she ranked him as a dear old friend. Her manner was all the more cordial because she wanted to annoy her husband.

And then the kind-hearted woman took the sobbing girl in her arms and Winfred laid her head on the kind breast, and aried to her heart's content. There and cried to her heart's content. There was a good deal more talk before the two "I must ask first after my old friend, parted, and it was settled that Winifred Lady Marion," he answered. "I cannot should go home the next day but one, forgive myself for my remissness in not doing so last night." ahe should pay Endon Vale snother visit, "Aunt is very well, thank you. I heard when Lord Harold should have left, But from her this morning. She says she is Lord Harold left that very day, after see-ing and confiding in his aunt. His part-ing words were:

from her this morning. She says she is dreadfully dull without me, and is longing to see us back again."

often think how she must miss you.

"Aunt, do you think there is any hope that she will ever come to care for me?"

Lady Grace kissed his forehead and "So she would, gladly, but Mr. Clayton Lady Grace kissed his forehead and stroked his head very tenderly.
"I cannot tell, my boy, but I am afraid difference of opinion she takes my part,

CHAPTER X.

Seventeen months have elapsed since
Errol Hustings had stood on the deck of
the Enone, looking down into the Mediterranean, and thinking of the woman
leaved so dearly. She woman he loved so deeply. She was not a wom-mercial speculation," rejoined Fee, with a an, though, then—she was only a fresh, delightful smile, "you can't, of course, young girl; and in her sweet, simple take more than you bargain for—can you, purity lay the charm she had for the man Mr. Hastings?"

He was staying for a month in Paris ing made a third party to matrimonial on the way home, and the brilliant so-clety he mixed with was very pleasant the conversation. fter his long isolation.

"Have you seen anything of Lady
To-night, too, he was to meet an old Grace Farquhar lately, Mrs. Clayton?"

friend at the opera-a woman whom he he asked.

"She was here not a month ago; and seemed so charming to him as she did now, with her pretty assumption of matronhood. Her husband was detest-ter; and even that selfish old bookworm, able, certainly, and she knew it. Surely the continuance of an old friendship must be grateful to one who could not be very happy. And with a strong interest, very keenly awakened, Mr. Hastings walked that evening into Mrs. Clayton's epera box.

The husband and miss acceptance of the continuance of an old friendship must be grateful to one who could not be know you would have been in love with her."

"I thought Mr. Hastings knew Miss Eyre," interposed Francis Clayton. "At all events, I recollect hearing their names connected in some story should be converted." able, certainly, and she knew it. Surely

The husband and wife were together alone. The former was gazing intently through his glass at a very showy looking supernumerary, the latter leant back indifferently, with a strong evpression of discontent and weariness on her pretty face. She was prettier, perhaps, than when we last saw her as Fee Alton; but sadder, more pensive, and her beauty was enhanced by the magnificence of her jew-elry.

all events, I recollect hearing their names connected in some story about meeting in a wood."

Errol started slightly, and it might have been fancy, but Fee certainly thought a deeper color came into his bronzed face. Mr. Clayton seemed to think the same, for he proceeded in his usual amiable manner:

"She and Erskine were awfully sweet on each other when we were staying at the vale. I dare say that will be a

elry.

"I am so glad you have come!" Mrs. match. Lady Grace seems quite agree-Clayton said, smiling up in Errol's face, able to it; but of course it's a shocking and yielding her hand to his gentle pressure—"I was so dull. None of my friends "Francis," exclaimed his wife, "how has been up to see me, and Mr. Clayton is so fascinated by some lovely creature on the stage that he has no eyes for anyone else. Francis," she continued, touching her husband—"Francis, Mr. Hastings her an offer, and that she refused him. He never will meet her if he can help it."

ing her husband—"Francis, Mr. Hastings He never will meet her if he can help it."

Mr. Clayton looked savagely at her, and then he gave a surly recognition to Mr. Hastings.

"I hardly expected to see you here this seening." he said.

"You know, Francis, I told you I asked Mr. Hastings to come," said Fee, maliciously. "Your memory is not usually so defective."

Madame was not in the best of tempers—constant contact with a man like her subband had not tended to increase the unlability of her disposition.

He never will meet her if he can help it."

"Did you say that Lady Grace had adopted her, Mrs. Clayton?"

"Yes, more than a year ago; indeed, before I was married. She was in such said trouble, poor girl. She was very fond of her father, and he was killed suddenly in a very shocking way. His horse ran away with him, and he was thrown out of the dogeart and killed on the spot. They thought she never would get over it, and Lady Grace took her home and nursed her as if she had been her own child. Old Sir Howard Cham-epicameter.

fused to go near them, because they would not acknowledge her father. She has promised to come and stay with me when we get back to town. You must come and meet her."
"I shall be-very-happy," stammered CHAPTER XL

Errol Hastings, riding toward the Bols de Boulogne, pendering much on what he had heard. He was surprised he tried to believe he was pleased; but somehow or other his satisfaction was not very genuine. Miss Eyre had certainly made a fortunate step in life; true she had lost a father whom she had loved, but then she had gained a friend, in Lady Grace Farquhar. She would get introduced into good society, and perhaps, but that was not a train of thought he cared to fol-low. Had not Erskine airendy been at

Mr. Hastings' sollloquy was cut short by seeing Col. d'Aguilar walking leisurely along the Champs Elysees. He drew rein instantly. "D'Aguilar!" he cried.

"Hastings!" exclaimed the other, and they shook hands warmly.

"I thought you were back with your regiment," said Errol. "I have a month more leave, and my brother asked me to join him here, and

so I came." A great many questions came late Erhead that he would have liked to sation is neither easy nor agreeable when when your steed is restive and impatient.

"Come up to my hotel to-night, d'Agul-lar, will you?" Mr. Hastings said. "Very well; I suppose you are going to the ball at the Embassy?" "Yes: but not before twelve."

"Then I'll look in about ten,"
And the two men parted just as Mrs. riage, drawn by high-stopping horses. She looked like a lovely little Esquimaux en-

To be treated with indifference, and,

Mrs. Clayton was as bitter and angry

say she has found out by this time that

"Good-night," she said, when she was

"I often think how she must miss you.

and he says something rude to her, and she is offended. Is it not so, Francis?"

Errol was by no means pleased at be-

Sixteen months had passed since the stern chase. events, it did not seem so in the momentary glance he had caught of her smiling face. Was she then utterly heartless? Could she have lived all these months with such a hateful, contemptible wretch as Clayton, and still go on smiling and flirting, and give no sign? Col. d'Aguilar knew none of the particulars of the marringe; he had not even heard that she was happy; he had but met her once, and the surplus acres have been sold

Mr. Clayton, as well as his wife, was profoundly ignorant of Col. d'Aguilar's arrival in Paris, or he would as soon Jardin des Plantes.

(To be continued.) MISS COSTON IN BUSINESS.

"My brougham is at your disposal, Mrs. he Is Now Active Head of Company

that Makes the Coston Signals. In 1840, when Benjamin Franklin Coston was 19 years old and was in the Washington navy yard, he had many talks with Commodores Stockton and Stewart about night signals at sea. The result was that he fitted up a laboratory and set about the work of making what are now known as the Coston sig-He promised; and at parting he held nals, which are in use pretty much all over the world and are not confined to the sea and lakes alone, but are utilized in your mind thoroughly before you decide?"

"I like him, I respect him, but I do not love him—I cannot marry him?" concluded Winifred, piteously.

"Yery well, my dear, I will say no by railroads, telegraph companies and other concerns for purposes that were

old, leaving his inventions not fully developed, and his wife, knowing his formulae and plans, continued where he left off and in turn transmitted the F. Coston, who carried on the business daughter, Miss Aline H. Coston, who

is 21 years old. Miss Costen was at first disposed to sell out her interests in their entirety, but being a spirited young woman she took a second thought on the matter, with the result that she reached the conclusion that there was no reason why she should not carry on the bustness herself. To this end she organized a stock company recently, and with several members of her family as shareholders and corporate officers is conducting the business herself, coming regularly to her office in New York and maintaining a general oversight of the

works and laboratory on Staten Island. The principle of the Coston signal is series of different colored lights, burned in succession from the same cartridge. The different alternate combinations of color correspond to num bers in a code book, and different code books are made for commercial and naval ships, for railroads, for telegraph lines, for the life-saving service, for the lake marine, for different yacht clubs, for the regular army, the National

Guard, and so forth. Miss Coston, like other members of the family, has been brought up to know the business thoroughly and in studying it has become somewhat expert as a chemist.-New York Sun.

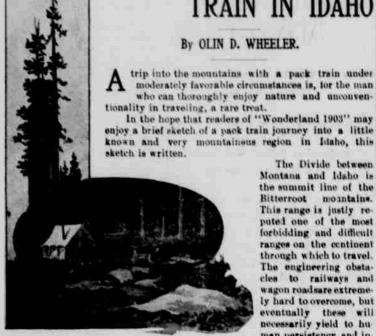
Devices to Prevent Collisions

In an English watering town, where the streets are narrow in some quarters, a highly novel expedient has been devised to avoid accidents due to collisions of teams and cyclers at such yard square each, are attached to a lamp post at points where a narrow street runs at right angles into the main thoroughfare. These are so placsee what is moving along the other respect. street before reaching the corner, There risk of collision might be utilized with advantage.

All Actors Want It. "There's a man out in the waiting room," said the great man's secretary. 'I think he's a bum actor."

"Why do you think so?" "He says he's anxious to get an audience."-Philadelphia Press

ever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.-Colton. WITH A PACK TRAIN IN IDAHO



The Divide between Montana and Idaho is the summit line of the Bitterroot mountains. This range is justly reputed one of the most forbidding and difficult ranges on the centinent through which to travel. The engineering obstacles to railways and wagon roadsare extremely hard to overcome, but eventually these will man persistency and in

ask Col. d'Aguilar at once; but conver genuity. Until then the trail and pack train is the only practicable way of traversing these grand and lofty defiles, where the forests bend, the rocks are sation is hetter easy nor agreeable when carried on with a pedestrian from the stitude of a horse's back, particularly and the fish and game thrive in seclusion.

Stretching across this region of tremendous distances, high elevations, and abrupt declivities, runs an old Indian trail of historic renown. It was originally known as the northern Nez Perce Indian trail, in contradiatinction to the southern Nez Perce trail farther south. It is now and has long been known as the Lolo trail, and it extends from a point about eleven miles south from Missoula, Moat., westward to the Clearwater river in Idaho. It was over the western part of this well-worn trail that the writer essayed to make his way in the

summer of 1902, having been previously over the eastern portion.

I have said that this trail is historic. In a general way it is the route used by Lewis and Clark in crossing the watershed between the Bitter-root and veloped in her soft white furs, and she Clearwater rivers—both being branches of the Columbia—in 1805 and 1806, solitule reigned supreme. There were no bottom lands, no grazing, but the gave Mr. Hastings a bright smile, and and the story of their experiences there reads like fiction. In 1877 Chief Josthe wave of a delicately gloved. Bittle eph and the Nez Perce Indians, after beginning the well-known war of that year stream, and we had brought along oats for the dumb brutes who were necessari-hand. She had not observed Col. d'Agui- in Idaho, retreated across this trail into Montane, followed by General Howard by tied up during the night. Roan and Buckskin had evidently never acquired and the United States troops in a long and for that part of the army, a fruitless a taste for oats, for they refused to eat them and seemed suspicious as to our

day when they had ridden together down the avenue of broad-leaved chestnuts at Endon Vale. She was not altered—at all

Kamiah is in one of the most attractive valleys I have ever seen. The valis rather circular and oblong in shape, has a delightful climate and is surrounded by high, most gracefully carved and grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fe tile plains of Camas prairie. Here live the Nez Perce Indians and, sandwiched among them, many white set-

The Indians have taken up the old lands of their reservation in severalty,

then she had left him at her husband's to the whites. The Indians have fine command, with a smile on her lips. He farms along the Clearwater and even turned and walked back unhappy and high up among the hills, and both reds high up among the hills, and both reds and whites appear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, have trusted his wife alone in that fine city, as he would have walked willingly himself into the cage of the lion in the

Through this valley, its mountain walls mottled by the grain fields of the Indian farms in varying degrees of ripeness, flows the Clearwater river, fresh from the junction of the south and middle forks, and a rapid and clear-



Pack Hone Ready For Packing.

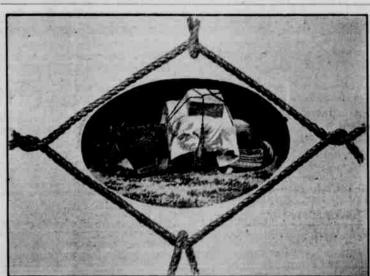
water stream indeed. Up a long, brown slope from the stream, and just across from a fine ferry owned and managed by an Indian, wound the trail we were to take, and a mile down stream was the spot where Lewis and Clark camped for some time in

There were four of us: Wright, whose detailed knowledge of the region was most thorough; Casteel, the cook and a master of his craft; Mr. De Camp. a painter and photographer of Helena, Mont., and the writer. We left Kamiah at 9:00 o'clock one morning, crossed the river on the ferry and started up the trail. In packing the horses some time was lost in adjusting packs, and two or developed great disinclination to thus being made a beast of burden, and was disposed of to cavort around and "buck."

A pack saddle is much like an old fashioned saw buck. Overthe horns side ropes are swung, with large loops hanging down the sides. With these, side nacks always-are fastened securely all down on the horse sides, and above and between the saddle horns and over the horse's back the top and lighter packs are placed. The whole is then covered with a heavy canvass pack cover and lashed on with a pack rope in a form known as a diamond hitch, from the diamond shape formed by the tightened rope over the top of the inventions to her son, the late William pack. A regulation pack rope with broad canvass cinch is thirty-two feet in length. Two men are required to pack a horse or mule, but one can do it when

until August last, when he died as the result of an explosion in his laboratory on Staten Island. Mr. Coston transmitted the formulae and patents to his places the wise climber and trailsman climbs afoot and relieves his horse. This we did as much as possible, but two of us were fresh from offices and had to be gradually broken in. The legs of Wright and Casteel might as well have been of wood or steel so far as any feeling of fatigue went. Wright was not in the saddle once during the trip, and this is his usual way of doing; he loves walk ing and appears tireless.

After reaching the summit we traveled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree divide, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began



Pack Horse Lying Down, Showing Method of Tying on Pack.

the descent to the crossing of Lolo creek, flowing into the Clearwater and, unfortunately, a duplicate in name of another creek on the eastern slope of the same range. Heretofore the old trail and modern wagon road had been more or less commingled, but now the road disappeared and the trail became one of those fine old Indian trails, wide, plain and deep, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp zigzag fashion. At last we reached the Lolo, a clear rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee deep, in a wild, secluded spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine looking Nez Perce street corners. Two mirrors, about a Indian; his comely squaw and her mother, perhaps; a black headed, black eyed youngster, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny miss clad in a very dirty calico shift, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noonday meal. To the young squaw's credit, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the st eam before beginning her culinary duties. This is ed that the users of the roadway can not strange, however, for the Nez Perces are a superior tribe of Indians in al

Afer some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out o are many localities in large cities the canyon, over a hard, tiresome trail, and then, down a gentle grade through this ingenious expedient of minimizing the deep cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe (wee-ipe) prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forly-acre pasture

and near people who know how to treat travelers in a hospitable manner.

We made our first camp at 4: 0 p. m., very tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since our 6 o'clock breakfast. The benefits of a good cook were now We slept in the open air, and how I did rejoice in it!

Our next day's journey followed a wagon road for most of the way and about at right angles to our first day's course. The country, level at first, cumstances. It illustrates, too, how much hardship and exposure one unused soon became undulating, and finally we jumped fairly into the mountains.

The Weippe prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by Jim Ford

creek, which flows north and west into the main Clearwater river. Grain, in-was wet to the ekin, and with no other unpleasant consequences than extreme cluding winter wheat, and the hardier vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but mel-but healthy fatigue. ons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated. The nights are

seldom drops below zero, but there is a good fall of snow, and live stock mu t be fed for several months. The stock throughout this locality were of good blood, fat and sleek.

Timber and fuel are found in inexhaustible quantities. The country is

quite well settled and the people seem satisfied and contented. We had given the animals all the timothy hay they could eat during the night, and when we came to pack them, Buckskin was very toplottical and imagined his neck was clothed with thunder and that he breathed fire from his postrils; Roan was in a mood to climb trees and play a tattoo with his heels, but the others were very well behaved, and submitted to packing with good grace and the inevitable groanings characteristic of old-time camp meetings and tight cinchings. Old White and Sorrel were old timers as pack horses, were thin as rails, unweildy and awkward as a pair of cows, but tough as mules, as steady as old maids, old as Methusaleh, and of a sternly moral cast of counte-



Camp at Wetppe Prairie

nance. In trailing, Wright led the way, leading Roan; one of us followed, and then the other horres were divided as well as possible between us, so as to keep them well up in line on the trail.

Up and down we went, passing three small creeks trilling their way amid the dense timber, and we haited for the night at the forks of Lolo creck where spot was otherwise suitable for a night's camp, and beside a beautiful trout motives in offering them.

Our day's trailing had been longer than anticipated and two of us at least

ing the creek and whipping the rapids, and he secured a mess of trout for breakfast. I bath d my fevered feet in the cold stream, changed my shoes, and,

We erected, usually, only the ccok's tent, our canvas bedcovers being all needed protection except in case of a

heavy rain. Towards morning, of this night, it began to rain and by the time we were packed and ready to start the rain was steadily falling, and as we got well into the forest the trees dripped moisture, the bushes alongs de the trail deluged our

legs and feet with crystal drops beautiful but coldly wet, and in the open spots the mists floated, baptizing us plentifully as we rode along and hiding from view the country about us. On this day, too, one of the riding horses, apparently in fair condition, gave

completely out and had to be left behind. Our erstwhile bucking friend, put under a pack for the first time, lost all interest in our proceedings, and was driven into camp long after the others reached there, almost exhausted. Our camp was at a clearing in the mountains shown on the maps as Wei-

tus meadows. It is a fresh, green bit of mountain meadow-land in the depths of the range, a fine camping spot where clear, pure water, green grass, and fuel are more than abundant. The meadows, while being much higher than Kamiah, so much so that the change in temperature was easily noticeable, were 1806, when on their return from Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia yet at the base of the highest parts of the range, and were twenty-five miles from the next camping ground.

The special object of the expedition was thoroughly accomplished despite our forced delay, and on the third day we again gathered the horses, placed the packs upon their backs after some snorting and cavorting, and started to re-trace our steps. Buckskin pulled up his picket pin and led Wright a long chase through the swamp and wet grass, but was finally coralled, thrown, and blindthree animals had to be blindfolded while packing them. One horse, buckskin, folded, and, once finally packed, tradged along like a good and subordinate sol-

dier, occasionally lying down in the vain hope of being released from his pack. The rain ceased long enough to enable us to get our packs on without getting everything wet, and then began



Buckskin

again in an aimless fashion, but finally we rode out of it entirely. But the mists and clouds remained about Weltus for a week afterwards. The first six hours' travel were through dripping foliage, and we became thoroughly wet. From the higher divides we now obtained glimpsesof the region around us. Ridge after ridge, heavily timbered, extended from east to west, with deep, yawning ravines and canons between. To the north the north fork of the Clearwater could be traced, with white, heavily massed clouds lying motionless in the depressions, a most beautiful sight. We were now reduced to one riding

horse for four men. By noontime our equine friend with the bucking propensities, again laboring under a pack, gave evidences of nervous or other sort of prostration, and his pack was transferred to the one remaining saddle horse who as umed the burden like the trump that

he was. Later in the day the "bucker" gave out entirely, and we abandoned him. Every man must needs make the entire distance to Kamiah afoot, and the

"tenderfeet"-in more senses than one-faced the alternative with the best grace possible. The day's tramp was a hard one, truly, and we reached the forks of the

Lolo once more, very tired and hungry. Just before reaching there, old Sorrel, who at times was the embodiment of

awkwardness, slipped at a bad point in the trail and rolled over and over in picturesque fashion down the steep mountain-side. His pack saved him from injury, but it required fifteen minutes to work him back to the trail, for it was an awkward place for such a mishap. Sorrel cut an interesting figure as he lay sprawled on his back for a time, his feet pawing the air in an effort to right himself.

Lewis and Clark had passed along here a century before, and we were bivouacked at the forks of the Collins creek.

Our last day's tramp into Kamiah began early and was ended by three o'clock. It was absolutely a pleasurable one. Through the cool forest we trudged, gradually ascending, the day clear and balmy, crossed the divide and descended to Lolo creek, where we took the packs from the pack animals and gave them a three-hours' rest, and ate our luncheon. Not a horse raised a serious objection to the work demanded. Even Buckskin was less obstreperous, and they all followed the trail in better fashion. We forded Lolo creek, which was knee deep, and the cold rushing current

was most grateful in its cooling effects, and then began our last upward climb. We stopped at intervals of about 200 feet vertical advance and rested the horses. It was the easiest, most enjoyable climb of the sort I ever saw made, and it was almost astonishing the ease with which our nondescript outfit did it. The heavy timber shielded us from the hot sun and we were refreshed by distant views of Rock ridge over which the clouds still hung.

With a little more time and a little less rain this jaunt would have been thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. As it was, it is a good illustration of what may result, in such an enterprise, from a slight derangement of plans or incompleteness in preparation, whether by neglect cr forced by cir-



Packing Up

to it may endure without serious results ensuing. Fresh from an office and without any preliminary practice, I lunged into mountain travel, for two days

First published in "Wonderland" for 1903, copyrighted by Chas. S. Fee cold, heavy dews fall, and frost is quite common. In winter the thermometer general passenger agent Northern Pacific Railway.