

brown hills. I sat in the carriage, calmly waiting upon fate, and lo! as I waited, I beheld, away at my right, the long procession of pilgrims slowly filing over the foothills, evidently making no account of me or my fortunes. They were taking a short cut to Bear Creek Canon, and not coming through the old town at all. Then, for the first time, my courage failed me, and I talked of giving up; but my good driver cheered me by the assurance that if I could get my horse within half an hour, I could overtake them by riding hard.

"I resolved to ride hard, if so be that I could ride at all. In a very brief time we heard the clatter of hoofs, and on looking round, saw the stable-man coming like the wind, on a fiery compact little horse, the very animal for such an emergency. Never was pony more expeditiously saddled, bridled and mounted, my blankets were strapped on behind me, I took my waterproof before me, a kind woman came running out of a house near by with a cup of water and a 'good speed.' I called out my thanks and adieus, and was off—at first on a round trot, a good deal too round, then on a lope, then on a long swinging gallop, that rapidly devoured the distance. The mouth of the canon had ere this swallowed up the party I hoped to join, but I knew that by following the trail and keeping the telegraph poles in sight, I would have them at last. I was not destined to go far on the wild way alone. Seeing two horsemen riding hard behind me, I took them not for highwaymen, but for what they proved to be, friends and belated excursionists, and drew rein until they came up.