

admiring audience, Eaton applied the spur to Jeff Davis with the vigor of an old cavalier. The beast halted so suddenly that the rider had nearly gone over his head. Pointing his ponderous ears skyward till he looked like a church with two steeples, he executed a bray so heart-rending and far-resounding that the whole cavalcade apparently stopped to listen to it. Tom, exasperated, renewed the experiment of the spur, whereupon the graceless rebel, with a hideous squeal and backward plunge, deposited Thomas Eaton, Esq., in a most untender and dangerous manner, between the fore-feet of Jenny Lind. Jenny had kicked him before, and, reversing her strategy, she bit him behind. Seizing in her teeth a promiscuous mass of material, of which a part was mere army-blue and shoddy, but the rest, alas! had all the sensitiveness pertaining to the physical person of Thomas Eaton, Esq., she shook him peremptorily to and fro, and then unkindly immersed him in a pool, which, if it had any healing qualities, did not make them immediately felt. Mr. Eaton had no reason, perhaps, to fear drowning, but was not equally safe against strangling. All the mules in line now became entangled, and kicked and brayed furiously. Two of the leaders cleared their harness and clattered fiercely up the street. A consultation became necessary, and, as the result, the America Mining Company forthwith engaged muleteers, not only to drive across the plains, but to conduct the plunging and offended steeds back to their stables.

"By the way," said Harry to Vincent, after returning to the hotel, "you did not answer whether you knew Adderly. He seems to be a stranger to all save Churchill."

Rollin's features suddenly fell into a sad and weary expression. Shadowed by the curtains at the window, Fairleigh failed to observe the ghastly face of his friend.

The question was repeated after a pause. Vincent answered, "Yes."

### III.—THE WAGON-MASTER'S STORY.

To the reader who has never taken passage on a mule-train, it may or may not be necessary to remark that each wagon is usually drawn by three span of mules, of which the lighter and forward pair are leaders, the next pair "swingers," and the rear or heaviest pair are wheelers. The driver rides the nigh-wheeler, and guides the whole team with a single rein, whereon a long pull means "haw," and a short jerk is "gee." The most interesting figure connected with the train now came up—the wagon-master, Sam Hallett, a sort of "old salt" of the plains, now over sixty years of age, straight as an arrow, eyes black and piercing, long, gray hair thrown back of his ears, and falling in profuse waving ringlets on his shoulders; wearing a low broad-brimmed felt hat, an army blouse, a red-flannel shirt open at the neck, around which a red silk handkerchief was loosely tied; buckskin pants, fringed at the seams in Mexican style, handsome moccasins, and long Spanish spurs, of which the little steel pendants twinkled as he rode. He was mounted on a gigantic black mule. A blanket was neatly folded under his saddle, which was of the light kind, known as the California tree. A pair of revolvers, in holsters, were fastened to the horn of the saddle, and a girth of Mexican grass passed twice under the mule, and fastened to a ring on the left side. The broad wooden stirrup was hooded with leather. Every thing being found on examination to be ready, the wagon-master issued to the driver of the forward wagon the laconic order,

"Git, Jim."

In Western parlance the word "up" has been discarded by drivers as superfluous. The train moved on, into a lovely country, the very France of America. Our soldiers felt once more the stir, exhilaration, and enthusiasm of their recent camp-life. That night they halted, packed their wagons, turned out their horses on the prairies, got out their tents and pitched them, divided the