

most singular and stupendous of her many eccentric architectural designs.

Rousing myself by an effort from the dreamy, unconscious state in which I was lying, I was soon aware that it was the form of Mr. Stewart, sitting bare-headed and in his shirt-sleeves, and looking, in the pale morning light, far more wan and sad than ever before, as he vainly strove to obtain some heat from the warm ashes over which he was bending.

Knowing that exposure to the damp, chill air of the early morning would be anything but beneficial to him in his weak physical and mental condition, I quietly rose, and while replenishing the fire, ventured to suggest that he should try and obtain a little more rest, as we were intending to start in a few hours for the Rio Grande, and the fatigue incident to the journey might prove too much for him without a proper amount of sleep.

‘Journey? journey?’ said the old man, looking up in a bewildered manner; ‘they have gone on a long journey, and they sleep, but I can’t.’ Taking from his pocket the little box he had brought with him from the valley of the Chiquito, he said, as he opened it, ‘Can you see there a wife and eight children? Yet they are all there; to me they look like desolation.’

I endeavored to cheer him by assuring him that he was among friends who would see that he was comfortably provided for, and who would not leave him until they