

here were surprised to learn that a few miles below them the rain was still descending in torrents.

We now decided to stay by the train and not visit Boulder Springs. It was well we came to this decision, for no second train came up from Boulder that day. The rain was well spent when we reached its vicinity again, although it still sprinkled a little; but it had done its work in our absence. Indeed, we soon found that we had escaped the limits of it, for after a few miles we were stopped by a bridge partly washed away. So great had been the rush of water here, that the river bed was changed; the stream had altered its course. After an hour and a-half's hard work by the section men, we passed safely over, only, however, to be soon stopped again by a pile of sand washed on to the track. Presently the conductor suggested that, if we wished to reach Boulder that night, we had better walk. He seemed especially mad at us, for the poor fellow was hungry and wanted to get home, and savagely told the section men that had it not been for "them two bally Baptist preachers, the thing would never have happened." We mildly suggested that, since they had to send Baptist preachers up into the hills after a shower when they needed it, they ought to be fervently grateful to us, and we had some thought of sending in our bill to the city fathers; but, alas! such soothing talk had no melting effect upon the conductor's hard heart, which was evidently still yearning for that dinner he did not get. Such is human nature—so unappreciative of noble and unselfish acts.

So we decided to walk. It was only about four miles to Boulder from where the imprisoned train stood, and we soon covered the distance. On the way we saw just cause for leaving the train. Huge masses of sand and rock covered the track at intervals, to the depth in some places of six feet. By-and-by we met a gang working up to the imprisoned train, and just as we entered the city another gang were leaving for the scene. We reached town without any mishap, and the train, as I learned afterwards, arrived about seven in the evening.

So ended our trip up Boulder Cañon. Our plans had been frustrated, but the experience we did have was pleasanter to us than if we had carried them out to the letter. For once, fate gave us a better pic-nic than we had planned for ourselves.