

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

again that all he had to do was to sit tight, to imitate a roll of blankets, or a sack of potatoes, and forget all misleading perspective. Away he soared, and experienced a certain thrill on the crest as he found himself (instead of brained against the face of the hill) level with the lower tree-tops. He sat looking towards the east, and could thus see the streets of Kootenay laid out like a plan, or like a model city at an exposition—with only the difference that the men and vehicles moved. There suddenly came to him a tremendous impulse to perform what are called stunts. He wanted to screw his neck round, to discover if he could glimpse the Chinese farms from here among the last trees ; but the bucket gently and admonitorily swayed. So he renounced that curiosity, and found himself now in the slit of avenue that had been cut for the tram through the belt of woods—swam out of that cleft, and saw the twist in the road coming up from the bend at which one turned off (or rather did not turn off) to the Pest House. Trestle by trestle he put chin on chest at the requisite intervals, kept it so the requisite length of time, even got this periodic bowing down to a system—counting ten from the moment he lowered till the moment he raised his head. It was methodical as a military salute—three paces before, and sustained till three paces past, so that there could be no doubt of its performance. He had not seen this upper spreading and falling valley, into which he now floated bird-like, since the day when he first encountered Marsden. And there, indeed, might be the spot