

and the man was terror-stricken to the point of idiocy. He stood trembling while Ernst put the ropes around the mule's body and helped to lift it over the obstructing stones as our men drew it slowly upward. The Mexican was left to make the ascent the best way he could. Nobody gave any thought to him. But by the time the wounds were dressed, and the beast was on its feet, the Mexican was there, ready to climb again into the saddle; and he was such a pitiable figure, that Ernst helped him a little, and put the reins in his hands. And so the two, the abused mule, and the abusive Mexican, went along up the trail, to take their places beside the carts, there to wait the passing of the caravan.

It was long and tedious work, to wheel all those carts up the hill, and those of us who were not actively employed were given a little holiday time, till the bugle should summon us back to the wagons again.

High above us was a most enticing spot, a peaked point of rock, the very topmost bit of solid earth, for miles around. John said I must not try to go up there, but Ernst said I might, so I did. Ernst expected that I would let him almost carry me, — he is strong enough, but I knew I was able to climb