

THE LEDGE

solid boulder. The thing seemed instinct with malicious life. When, finally, we would get it bedded down against some resting place, we would remove our hats and wipe the sweat from our brows and look about us with a certain astonishment that the landscape was still in place. We would eye that log a little malevolently, and we would be extremely reluctant to wake the resting devil into further movement. But as further movement was necessary, we always had to do it.

And when, finally, we had dragged our huge captive to the notch on the ledge, its disposition abruptly changed. It became sullen. We had to urge it forward an inch or so at a time, by mighty heaves. Its front end gouged down into the soil as though trying to bury itself; it butted against rocks and corners; it hung back like a reluctant dog. And whenever it thought our attention was dis-