

in the cities of Italy, Germany, France, and England; but I came back to my prairie life, as the caged bird does to its freedom. I am happier here."

"Shall I be so?"

"I can't tell. We are rough—my men and table, and house rougher. If you are what I take you to be you will conquer your prejudices, and the time you pass here will be the happiest of your life."

"If I am not what you take me to be?"

"Then you have always the train that stops at the Mission; you can return to your boasted civilization. But we must be going; night falls quickly during the Indian summer, and we might lose the track."

It was all so pleasant by the side of the creek; lithe rabbits sunning themselves, and frisking by their warren; bright birds moving amongst the branches of the trees, and the woodpecker's bill tapping upon the tree trunks being the only audible sound, excepting the hum of insects, and their own (to them) interesting chat.

"Will you take one of the horses and ride over the creek, and then I will fetch the waggon?"

"No, Charley, let's go together."

And so they went. The water was high up the horses' knees, over the axle of the waggon wheels, and then they were mounting the perilous bank. Twice they essayed, and then, after such a piece of steep path as a European would have imagined horses could never surmount, with one of Charley's ringing cheers they were on the prairie once more.