

THE PASS

level of the grasses. We were surprised to note that the round lake, which from above seemed directly adjacent to the meadow, was nowhere to be seen. Evidently it lay beyond the low stone rim down the cañon.

We rode out through the rich grasses, belly high to the horses. No animal grazed there, except the deer. The stream divided below the plunge from above to meander in a dozen sod-banked creeks here and there through the meadow, only to reunite where the lip of the cup was riven.

We rode to the top of the rock rim. The lake was indeed just beyond, but at least five hundred feet lower. We looked over a sheer precipice, which, nevertheless, had remained quite invisible from our side hill camp. This was serious. We hitched the horses in some lodgepole pines, and separated to explore.