

CHAPTER XXXI.



THE next morning, just as the glorious beams of the rising sun were gilding the lofty turrets of El Moro, we resumed our journey towards La Mesilla.

Emerging from its beautiful valley, we commenced the slow and laborious ascent of the western slope of the Sierra Madre range. For miles our road lay through a thick growth of stunted pines and cedars, until we finally reached the summit of the mountain range. Here we could but pause for a few minutes, to view the magnificent prospect presented from the lofty elevation of the Navajoe Pass; and then, urging our animals rapidly forward, we commenced the descent of the eastern slope, in hopes to reach the cool,