

THE LEDGE

until at last the very accumulation would bring them up. Then they would take another step. None but horses raised to the business could have done it. They straddled thin ledges, stepped tentatively, kept their wits about them. After a long time we found ourselves among big, rugged cliff débris. We looked up to discover what in the absorption of the ascent we had not realized—that we had reached the bottom.

With one accord we turned in our saddles. The ledge showed as a slender filament of green threading the gray of the mountain.

With some pains we made way through the fringe of jagged rock, and so came to the meadow. It was nearly circular in shape, comprised perhaps two hundred acres, and lay in a cup of granite. The cup was lipped at the lower end, but even there the rock rose considerably above the