

be a ball which one of them let drop. And see the huge pudding-bowl—surely Mrs. Giant may have stirred her porridge there, ages and years ago.”

“Not so long, either,” mused Una, “for one has left a footprint. Don’t you see it there, high up, that foot-shaped hollow, big enough to hide a city? But how bare it all is—how stark. There is no ‘Injun smoke’ here. The giants have stamped all the camp fires out and scattered the embers.”

But Ma Smith was nothing if not practical. “It isn’t as barren as it looks,” she told us. “There are orchards and fruit farms down in there, irrigated fruit; and the country around is fine for grazing. We will soon be into Kamloops. Don’t tell me,” sternly, “that you don’t know anything about Kamloops.”

It would have taken someone braver than Una to admit ignorance.

“It’s a grand place for lungers,” went on Ma Smith cheerfully. “Mr. Smith’s second cousin on his mother’s side got better here. The air’s so dry and pure it tingles in your fingers.”

“How high is it?” asked Una, and as the train stopped just at that moment, her voice was audible through the car.

“Now you’ve done it!” I muttered.

For immediately the Obliging Traveller looked up from his annotated guide and prepared to diffuse knowledge.

“This city,” he said, with unctious, “is just 1,151 feet above the sea. It is the most important city in the Valley of the Thompson. Its population is approximately 5,250—”

“Did you say ‘and fifty’?” asked Una, as if sincerely anxious about the odd number. “Thanks so much.”

The thanks sounded final, so final that the Obliging Traveller, looking slightly dazed, moved on. And we turned our attention to the busy little station, with its masses of autumn flowers, until the train followed his example. It was getting towards sunset now. The shadows of the giants’ hills fell sharp and dark. The broad, beautiful

Thompson lay like an anklet of gold about their feet. The mountain air blew cool and sweet; and soon, almost startlingly soon, the long stretch of shining track behind us vanished into the blues and the grays of evening.

“We’ll not see much more to-night,” said Ma Smith regretfully. “But here is your knitting quite put to rights. You’ll get on nicely now until you strike the heel.”

“‘Strike’ is good,” said Una, laughing, “but it does seem a shame to go to bed. I shall simply lie awake and think of what we’re missing.”

“Only scenery,” I hinted slyly, “my scenery which you weren’t going to look at.”

In the offended pause which followed, the nervous lady from farther down the car passed by us again, and again she asked Una’s eyeglasses for information.

“I suppose,” she observed, tentatively, “it isn’t quite as dangerous as it looks?”

But Ma Smith was not going to let Una prove a broken reed a second time.

“Don’t you get to thinking of danger, my dear,” she told the nervous one. “It’s the dangerous places that are the safest always. This track is watched like a week-old baby. It’s the places so safe that no one thinks of them where the accidents are. Mr. Smith’s first cousin was like that,” she confided to us, “terrible nervous. The time she came to visit us through the mountains she wouldn’t look out of the window, just missed it all. And she sat up all night so as to be ready.”

Una laughed. “It isn’t because I’m afraid of dying in my nightie that I don’t sleep,” she said. “But did you ever notice how uncannily clever railroads are in arranging stops at night? It could only be done by experts, specialists who understand the laws governing sleep and know to a moment when the normal mind becomes dangerously drowsy and can put their finger unerringly on that magic interval between first and second sleep and that illusive second when the sleep