

Vermillion River to get a better view of the country. Now, fording rivers is not to my taste. I have tried it once or twice without any serious mishap, but still the sight of the water with no solid bridge intervening fills me with apprehension. This time my apprehensions were well founded. We drove down to the ford and drove in. The river is narrow, and by the time we were in mid-stream the water was rushing into the buggy and in another moment my suit case was floating gracefully down stream. With one or two plunges we landed on the further bank, very wet and uncomfortable. My escort had to wade in nearly up to his waist to get the suit case, and when finally it was brought to land, there we were, ten or twelve miles from anywhere, with a bright sun, truly, but a keen wind blowing. However, we were not drowned, which was something. After wringing our garments to the best of our ability and emptying the water out of suit case, we proceeded on our journey.

I could see that my escort was most unhappy in his mind. He had visions of the guying that awaited him when the truth leaked out, that he, a land guide, forsooth, should have happened with such an accident. I suggested that we make for the nearest hotel, get our things dried and say nothing about it. His look of relief was instant, but, alas for the best laid schemes! He had with him a leather case with entry papers, and this was not opened until he entered the room at Manville