

ing out profuse thanks, and we left him beaming with pleasure.

Even ten cents gave great satisfaction to a poor old blind Indian, who sat in the court outside, and seemed almost too old and infirm for "filthy lucre."

The day had clouded over as we drove back, and the view was less beautiful in consequence. Our driver amused us *en route* with stories of wild Western life, and seemed amused to find that I was quite up in the history of "Billy the Kid," a young New Mexican desperado who was shot five years ago, after murdering nineteen men at various times in his short life of twenty-one years. Our driver declared that "the Kid" had some very fine qualities, an opinion which has been endorsed by others who knew him.

Our great ambition, since planning this Western trip, had been to include in it a visit to the Grand Cañon of Colorado.

This name is very misleading to the uninitiated. It suggests at once the neighbourhood of Denver and Colorado springs, whereas this famous cañon is in reality many hundreds of miles from either one or other, and is situated to the south of Arizona, between New Mexico and South California.

The great difficulty lay in the utter impossibility of