

The riders started on the lead, their merry voices echoing through the valley.

After about an hour's ride, when cautiously passing along a narrow bit of trail, they discovered a vehicle, bottom upwards, about twenty feet below the trail, supported by the top branches of green fir trees growing against the mountain side. An attempt was made to discover the extent of this disaster, but the declivity where the waggon had overturned was too steep to venture. The waggon alone was a disturbing sight, and suggested a calamity of a very serious nature, which had rather a depressing effect on the spirits of the hitherto jovial party as they rode on to Lee's ranch, by the charming lake of the same name. The two waggons came up shortly after, and all encamped for the night.

Here we met Mr. B——, a tourist, and his companion, who were the owners of the waggon on the tree tops. Mr. B—— related how the misfortune happened. While making their way through the pass to the Crow's Nest, they suddenly encountered the storm of rain and hail, facing it where the trail barely allowed room for a vehicle to pass.

They could not go forward. They could not stand still. There was no room for turning or manoeuvre, and while extricating the horses from the waggon they forced the waggon backward over the side of the mountain, just as the last trace was released. Men and horses escaped without injury. A camera, with the complete photographing outfit, was also rescued, and all returned to Lee's ranch.