

wheels and others picketed near by, grazing. At intervals loomed the black bulk of rude log buildings, their windows and doors gleaming faintly with the weak rays of candle-light—so faintly that it seemed no more than the phosphorescent shining of ghostly eyes staring unwinking into the darkness. Between the buildings and all around, filling every space, tents were pitched for temporary shelter, and in the open places beyond were a hundred white-covered emigrant waggons, holding crowded loads of men, women, and children. The flickering flames of myriad tiny campfires pricked the dusk with sharp stabs of light; the warm air was heavy with the pungent odor of wood-smoke.

Now and again belated waggons came creaking in, by twos and threes, over the eastern trail, and found camping grounds; then the rich scents of boiling coffee and frying bacon would be thickly mingled with the drifting smoke. There was everywhere a lusty clamour of hoarse shouts and hoarser laughter, from the