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themselves, but sang really very fairly, and gave us some airs from the "Mikado" without any trace of shyness.

The play itself, which seemed to be an emblem of eternity (having no perceptible beginning or ending), dragged its weary length along for some two hours, much to the satisfaction of the children themselves and their respective parents no doubt.

The rest, by far the larger portion of the company, looked intensely bored as time went on, but submitted to the infliction with a very good grace, and applauded with a vehement good nature.

A day or two at such a place is quite enough for people who are happily independent of any medical necessity for staying there, and on the third day we had cheerfully decided to push on to Santa Fé, having literally "reckoned without our host." On applying to him for some detail of the journey, we heard to our horror that the river, which had been steadily rising for the last few days, had washed away some half-dozen bridges between Las Vegas and Santa Fé, and also the railway bridge between the Hot Spring and Las Vegas itself.

We had a glimmering hope that the story might be untrue, or at least exaggerated; but next morning, alas!