

some fresh surprise awaiting us around the next bend. For half way it was a constant ascent until we reached an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, and then we descended again. Level road is a luxury almost unknown in the mountains; the traveller is either climbing up or climbing down, and of the two I prefer the former. Of all the foolish sensations I ever have—and I am not the one to say how few they may be—one of the silliest is produced by coming down a steep hill. Your body is set stiff as a bar of tempered steel, and as you step forward it is your heel that comes into requisition with an incessant hump, hump, until you fear your body must snap in two. Then every loose stone makes a specialty of getting in your way, and, under the impression that you want to go faster, helps you rapidly down for several yards before you can object. So I prefer *up* to *down*.

At one point on our journey a bialm in the hills to our right gave us a delightful view of the plains. I presume we were a thousand feet above them. They lay before us in panoramic beauty. They seemed like a vast carpet of brown, with tiny patterns of green inwrought here and there. I say *tiny*, for at that distance, whole ranches seemed but green spots, and the alfalfa fields only a few feet square, while the cottonwoods appeared as clumps of grass. Away beyond rolled clear to the horizon the vast prairie desert.

At Jintown we stopped for dinner. This is a lonely little hamlet, as all the mining camps are. A funny old Welshman keeps an inn here. When first introduced to Davis and informed of his reverend calling, he ejaculated, "Mine jiminy, gosh! I never would have thought it." It was while here that the rest claimed a joke on me. I scraped my memory for a few Welsh sentences that I had learned in my boyhood, and hurled them at the old man, to his great pleasure. He then told me that the only other Welshman in the camp was his nephew. At dinner there was a young man, who seemed so perfectly at home that in a moment of abstraction—for I was very hungry—I asked him if he was the nephew, and was surprised at the roars of laughter that he and Cassidy immediately gave vent to. He said "no," as the old man was Welsh but he himself was Irish. This did not help matters for me; and the rest only laughed the more, for alas, the fellow was a Jew !!!