

THE PASS

find them. This was plain hard work, at which we sweated and toiled until we had moved a few tons of granite. Then we chinked our stone bridge with smaller splinters until we considered it safe.

On the way home we paused at the log to throw sods in the crack between it and the granite apron. This was not for greater solidity, but merely to reassure our horses somewhat by making it look more like a trail.

We arrived in camp after sundown dead weary, but rejoiced to find that Billy had cooked us a good supper. The evening was a short one, and almost before the frozen monster had blended with the night, we crawled between the blankets.

Sun-up found Wes and me seran a thousand feet above camp, shortwinded, breakfastless and disgruntled. Of course, the horses had strayed—they always do when you have a particularly hard day be-