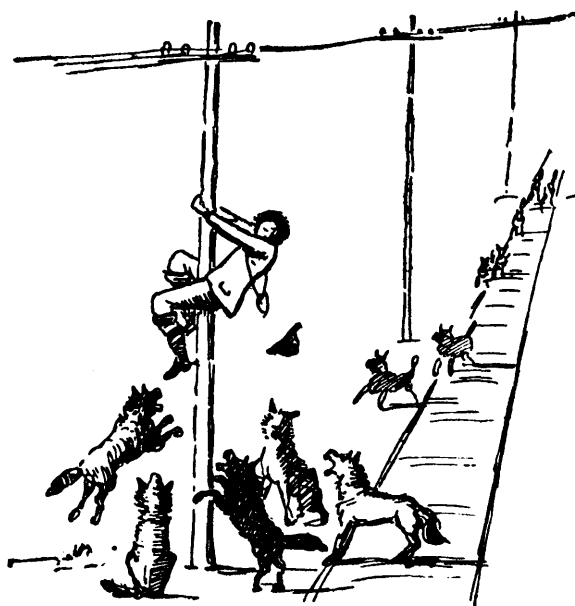


So on the morning after the dances last described, I started to return eastward. Oliver brought round the mules at 9 a.m., and we started off. Our party was increased by two. The two travelling gentlemen who were with me at the Zuni dance, had been waiting some days for a chance to get to Manuelito and take the train. We had pity on them and took them along; they sat on their blankets up behind us. It was rather hard on the two poor mules, but Oliver put an extra \$8 into his pocket, which I suppose was the main thing. Oliver entertained us with more stories on the way back. "There was a gentleman," he said, "last summer came out from England, and he was going through this canon shooting bears. He told me he was 'steal-shooting;' and he seemed a kind of a greenhorn. I told him there were mountain lions about, and he asked me if they were dangerous, and if they would attack one. Well, I told him there was one thing about the mountain lion which it was well for every huntsman to know, and that was that it could only see straight ahead of it, it couldn't see to the side; and so if ever he chanced to see a mountain lion coming towards him, all he had got to do was to step behind a tree till the beast passed him, and then go at it with a club and hit it behind its ears. He thanked me for telling him, and I expect he will be trying the game on; I only wish I could be there to see it."



UP A POLE.

Another great story of Oliver's was about his being pursued by a pack of wolves and coyotes, and having to take refuge up a telegraph pole, using his spurs as climbers.

It was dark when we reached the Puerco river, and Oliver was afraid we would not be able to cross it; the centre of the stream, it appears, is quicksand covered

with a thin layer of clay, and after several teams have crossed over, the crust of clay gets broken, and those that follow are liable to stick in the