

came. It ceased unexpectedly. When the wind changes in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from a velocity of fifty to sixty miles an hour into an absolute calm, one almost feels a need of something to "brace up" against.

While Bear Paw and his assistants were preparing the noonday meal, the botanists, with Olney and Brant, made a closer inspection of the falls, which were admired and compared with other falls and other scenery.

"I won't attempt to offer any more adjectives," said C—. "I have worn out my stock on the mountain scenery, positive, comparative, and superlative. There is only silent admiration from now to the end of our journey."

"Do say something," replied her sister, M—, or we will say 'Per-fect-ly lovely,' and then you will—"

The signal for dinner prevented us hearing what the result would be.

After dinner Olney said, "Our journey this afternoon will be south-east across the prairie, until we strike the trail leading to Pincher Creek, and from there homeward by the trail that brought us in."

To record the journey homeward would be monotonous and uninteresting.

We arrived at our ranch on Willow Creek on October 5th, 1886, after an absence of three weeks, when a pleasant pilgrimage was brought to a close with an evening very pleasantly spent, music from piano and violin accompanying good voices. Bear