

## THE PASS

covered that the human skin is tougher, although by the end of the morning the ends of my fingers were wearing pretty thin. The round stones rolled off with a prodigious bounce and crash and smell of fire. When they reached the edge they seemed fairly to spring out into the air. After that we knew no more of them, not even by the sound of their hitting, although we listened intently. I suppose the overhang of the cliff threw the sound outward, and then, too, it was a long distance to the bottom. The large flat slabs gave way with a grumbling, slid and slithered sullenly to the edge, and plumped over in a dogged fashion. There were a great many of these, and the trouble was that though they were all solid enough in appearance, most would give way under pressure.

"This trail is a good trail, provided the horses behave," remarked Wes, "but," he