

peared in the distance, remarked, "It is a good thing the mon lift as he did, fur I was detarmined to hev a sittlemint wid him fur the disrespietful manner he spoke ter me in yisterday night."

An hour later we broke camp, and started once again upon the road. After five days of tedious and uneventful journeying we at last reached the high swell of land that marks the descent to the valley of the Rio Bravo del Norte.\* Arriving upon the summit, we beheld spread out at our very feet the beautiful and fertile valley of the Bravo, with its broad and placid river rolling on and rolling ever, until it finds its final resting-place in the bosom of the vast Atlantic; its southerly course was plainly traceable for a score or more of miles, by the magnificent growth of verdure that skirted its banks, occasionally relieved by the sight of some of the many towns or villages peeping out from among the green foliage, until the whole finally melted away in the indistinguishable purple haze which veiled the dim distance.

Way to the other side of the river rose the lofty peaks of the Sierra Blanca, partially concealed by fleecy clouds, while far to the north were to be seen the twin peaks of the Santa Fé range, their tall white heads towering towards heaven, as though striving to pierce the blue canopy which

\*North of the 34th parallel N. Lat., the Rio Grande is called by all denizens of New Mexico the Rio Bravo del Norte, or, Brave River of the North.