

who was almost as thin as her voice.

"Isn't he too skookum for that lady?" asked Una anxiously. But luckily the guide did not hear.

We started off, a procession of six, headed by an arrival of the night before, a horsewoman evidently, and the only one of us all who had brought her own riding skirt.

"It's too annoying that I didn't dream I should need my habit," complained Stovepipe's rider languidly, and both Una and I tried to look as if we also owned a riding habit and had neglected to bring it.

The pace of the ponies was easy to a degree, and as we walked them—I mean as they walked us slowly along the level drive, we all felt what an absurd fuss is made about horse-back riding. Anyone, we felt, could ride a horse!

It was a little different when the trail narrowed and the slope began to ascend, but still the main thing seemed to be to stick on. Una's brooding eyes were on Stovepipe.

"He doesn't *look* dangerous!" she murmured. But again luck was to vindicate my rendering of a foreign language, for at that moment Stovepipe stopped. Anyone who has been behind anything which abruptly stops in the middle of a narrow trail knows what happens.

"Keep back!" cried Stovepipe's rider needlessly.

"But I can't keep back! My pony won't stop. Whoa!" Una tugged wildly at the rein.

"And mine won't go. Guide!"

"Slap him," I suggested helpfully.

Una suppressed a shriek. "No, don't slap him. He may not know what you mean. He may go backwards. Guide!"

A shrill whistle sounded from the rear. A whistle which miraculously restored Stovepipe's powers of locomotion. Once more we began our slow ascent. But from that on some of us had our doubts about horses.

"If we were elephants," said Una, "I mean, if the horses were elephants, they could hang on to each other's

tails. It would feel safer. Do you suppose it's necessary for Bingo to walk right at the very edge and a little over? Does it make any difference to yours when you pull the rein to draw him in nearer?"

I tried and said that it didn't.

"They are creatures of experience," mused Una. "They don't want to scrape their sides against the rock. They have done it before and know that it is unpleasant. Their preference for the outside edge is based on ignorance. The experience of those who have fallen over," she added darkly, "is not available."

"Oh, *don't*," wailed the rider of Stovepipe. "I know it's perfectly safe. The guide said so. The ponies go up here twice a day every day all summer and never—oh, gracious heavens!"

The forward ponies had stopped again. This time they paused simultaneously because of a crook in the trail. Just ahead the narrow path grew suddenly steeper and turned upon itself as if wishing to look back to see how it was coming along.

The leading pony, after a moment of thoughtful contemplation, began to twist itself around this angle, while the other ponies waited. The wait gave their riders time to admire the view. Far, far below lay the lake, far—far—I tried my best to forget how far. I tried to think only of what a capable looking person Pedro was and of all the travellers, still living, who had daily come up this delightful (and perfectly safe) trail, also of the undeniable fact that no corpses lay in the blueness of that far-off lake or hung in festoons upon the foliage which clothed its picturesque (and somewhat precipitous) sides. If previous adventurers had been borne around that angle in safety, why not we? The deduction seemed reasonable and I clung to it, and also to the saddle, as my pony moved forward in its turn.

"Guide!" called the shrill-voiced one. "I want to get out, down, I mean, and walk."