

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

shore. The road did not descend abruptly, the sides of the gorge below being more precipitous than the steepest roof; it took a leisurely sweep, turned away to left, running at some places almost level, coasting the top of the cleft over which the aerial tramway was flung. As they came to the apex of the gulch, trudging on, Marsden spoke.

"The carpenters," he said, "that put up the towers, right on the tip there, surely needed to have clear heads."

"Um!" said Sam. "Look at the birds down there."

"And they're flying below the trams at that," replied Marsden. "Crows."

"There was one flew up the gulch as I crossed over," said Sam. "It passed right under me."

"Wanted to dive after it, did you?" asked Marsden.

"Uh-hu," said Sam.

"Uh-hu!" said Marsden.

A stone, spurned by his feet, bounced aside, seemed to leap, as with its own volition, out and down; and they paused to watch it. It was too small to note all the way, but a slight wave of a tree-top below showed where it had hit, and there rose up two ragged-winged birds, shrieking as though in vituperation, circling up and out of the gorge, sweeping up and up and then over them—birds that looked as though they had recently had a dispute, and plucked the feathers from each other's head.

"I guess the thud with which a man would go