

fallen timber than anything we had yet come to. By the time we reached the summit the golden sunlight was playing in level beams among the tall pines of the crest, and we knew it would be dark in little more than an hour. Pushing on through the forest, our guide kept more and more towards the right hand, away from the line which I felt sure was that of my bearings from the mountain. We should have reached our camp, or at least the valley leading to it, but there was no sign of either. Nothing all round us but a forest that was growing every minute darker and more hopeless. At last Dan, who would not admit that he had lost his way, consented, but with some show of reluctance, to wheel round to the left. Night was now descending fast. Here and there we emerged from the gloom of the pines into an open space where there had been a forest fire. Seen in the dim light of departing day, tall trunks blackened by the fire, others bleached white by the loss of their scorched barks, rose up like a company of spectres, swinging their gaunt arms against the sky as if to warn us not to pass them into the darkness beyond. After such opener intervals the forest, as we re-entered it, became more sombre than ever. The trees seemed to close all around and over us. The fallen timber increased in confusion, the horses stumbled on, and we could no longer see to guide them. Reaching at last a little glade above which we could see the stars, we resolved to pass the night there. Dan took charge of the horses, and we groped our way to where we hoped to find water. Our search proved successful, and as we were tired and thirsty we drank heartily from some pools which we could not see, and only discovered by getting into them. On our return we found that Dan had kindled a fire, which was blazing and crackling merrily. This was nearly all the comfort that could be had unde