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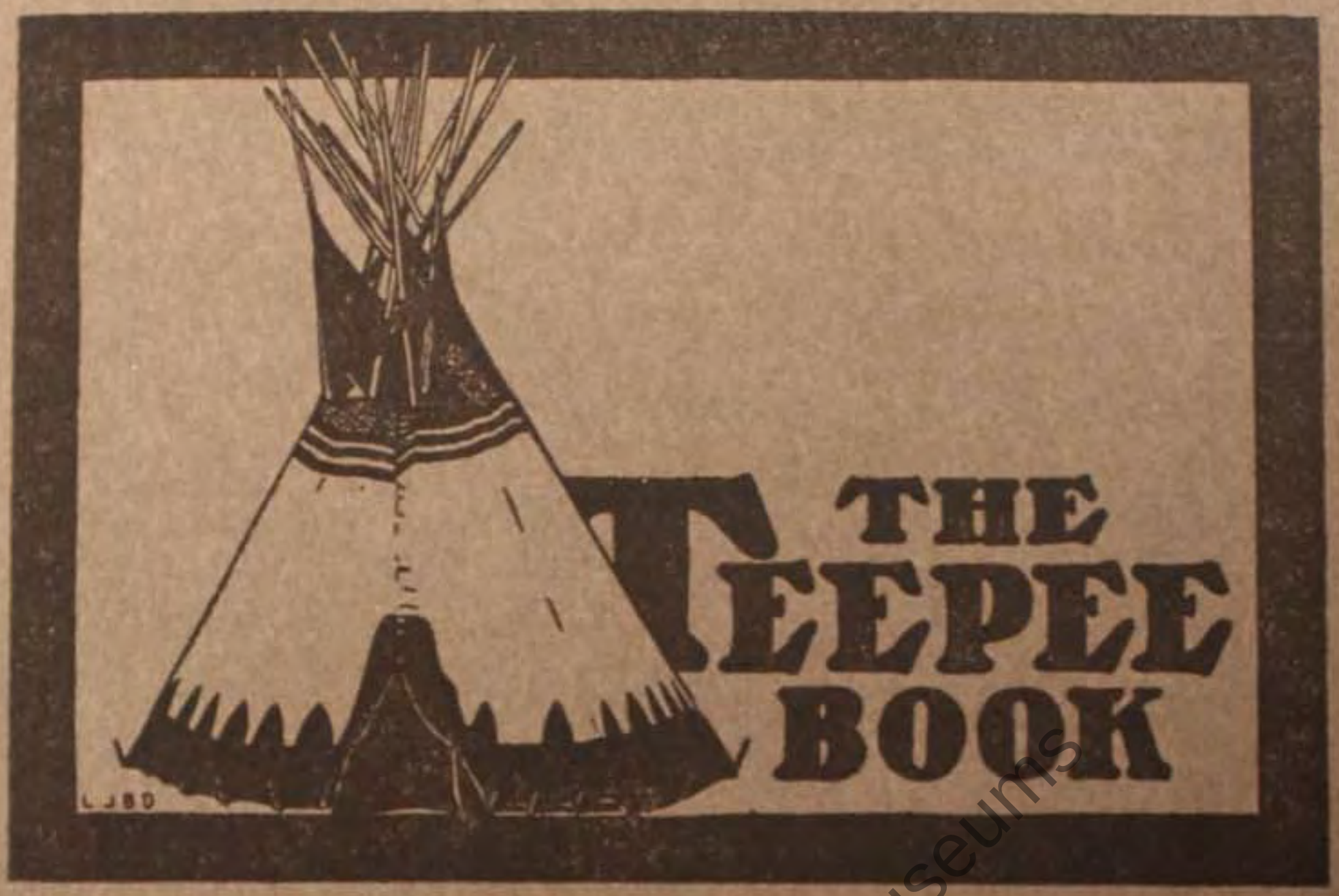


MARCH APRIL MAY
1915

RANCH RESORT NUMBER

IN THIS NUMBER

"THE TENDERFEET" ARTHUR CHAPMAN

COST FOUR BITS WORTH OF WORRY
BUT THE PRICE REMAINS ONE DIME

A Fine Specimen. Photo by Bonnish

PUBLISHED BY HERBERT COFFEEN
"AT THE SIGN OF THE TEEPEE"

Vol. I MARCH, APRIL, MAY Nos. III, IV, V

NO, gentle reader (we trust that you are gentle) we have not changed from a monthly to a quarterly tho "we offer you three gigantic and stupendous shows under one tent for the price of one admission." We're betting that you are not half so disappointed as we are about the March and April number not hatching out as expected. We set the incubator, all right, all right, but some way the transmission got into the carburettor and one of our "literary" workers had too many irons in the fire and couldn't keep the blaze hot enough, and some of our photographs were delayed and--hang it all--there simply was just nothin' doin', that's all. And if you don't believe *that*, we'll think up another. Anyway it didn't cost you nothin' and subscriptions won't count until next issue anyway, so there.

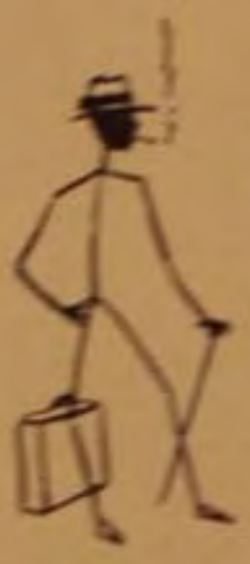
BEGINNING with the next number--June--we will establish a subscription price of one dollar for twelve numbers. If any of our friends think that is too modest they may raise the ante.

The Tenderfeet

By Arthur Chapman

Decorations by Gollings

Written especially for the Resort Number of The Teepee Book



From old New York we journeyed
Westward--
'Twas something like two weeks ago-
We both were armed with six-foot
tickets.
Which read for Sheridan, Wyo.:
When we arrived we bought sombreros
And I donned cowboy boots, well greased.
Yet people say, when'er they meet us,
"We see you folks are from the East."

We thought a few more things were needed
To make us fit the Western scene.
So chaps and spurs I quickly purchased--
Likewise a shirt of vivid green:
My wife is dressed like Annie Oakley--
She looks a movie queen at least--
Yet people say, when'er they greet us:
"We see you're just here from the East"

We've loaded up with deadly weapons,
We've raised our boot heels one inch more:
We're wearing hatbands made of snakeskin,
We've read up on wild western lore:
We talk of trappers, scouts and cow-
boys:
Each rides a livery stable beast:
But still we hear that hated greeting:
"We see you're not long from the
East."

Teepee Tours

Leon J. B. Dusseau

I WAS town-tired, city-sick. I realized what Hamlet meant when he said:

"to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

The garish ribaldry, the painted face of the bawdry town, the incessant strife, the sickening animosity, the contemptible gossip, had goaded my battered soul until I wanted to scream, like any woman, in sheer hysteria; to rush madly into the streets like a frantic madman and be born thru the air like a changeling spirited away by a witch, to be deposited with a plump in the solitude of some mountain fastness.

As I sat there in the clatter and hum of the metropolitan hotel-lobby, a largo refrain repeated itself automatically in my brain. "The Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming," it ran: slowly, and with a fullness and richness like the deep-throated tones of a cathedral organ. Repeat it over yourself, slowly and lingeringly, "The Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming." It falls naturally into poetic cadences.

I became alarmed. I had never heard of such a place. Whence had come this incessant iteration in my mind? My first thought was a nerve specialist, my second, a railway guide.

I acted on the second thought.

Yes, there was such a place after all as the "Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming." But where had my morbid mind registered the impression and what had set the disk of my mental phonograph to rotating that caused such a recurrent refrain to grind out?

In a moment of wanton irresponsibility I bought a ticket as long as the "homeward-bound" pennon of a ship and set out for--the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming.

Sheridan, the ticket said, was my destination. I could conjure nothing from the name (as I love to do) except memories of the doughty Phil and his memorable Winchester ride: but after traveling over the insufferable hot prairies of western Nebraska, past the charred Black Hills of South Dakota, up across the barren wastes of south-eastern Wyoming, it is refreshing to come into Sheridan.

It bursts upon you quite unexpectedly.

All around, you are hemmed in by low-lying, flat-topped buttes, when suddenly, as you come thru a cut in the hills, vivid green strikes your eye: cool, delectable green that soothes like balm.

Digital church spires lift their heads thru the leafy verdure; nearer at hand, scattered houses dot the landscape, while off at a distance rises the semicircle of the mountains, silver and blue with snowcapped peaks, dazzling in the brilliant sunshine

As the train rounds a curve a sparkling stream snuggles close to the embankment, then loses itself down a vista of tree lined banks. Mills, foundries, ware-houses and all the signs of commercial civilazation line the tracks. As the train pulls into the station a field of billowy alfalfa is on one side and a geometrical group of cottonwoods on the other--a joyously delightful sight after the parched brown and gray of the desert.

I was dissapointed.

There were no Indians dancing pow-wows; no cowboys shooting up the town; no long line of "prairie-schooners" starting overland.

The station is as well designed and as elegant as railroads know how to make them. Around at the far side is concrete evidence of the pride the citizens have taken in making the wilderness a Paradise. A well kept lawn, sturdy elms with whitewashed trunks, a simple and dignified fence, reminded me of Spotless Town.

Across the street is a quaint old English inn, such as one pictures in his dreams of romance. The high pitched roof is studded with a double row of dormer windows clinging like swallow's nests to the side of a hill; or, as another traveler said, "like dove-cotes in Arcady."

A prodigally wide verandah--one might almost call it a pavillion-- runs across the entire front and on each side. Luxuriant vines cling with loving tendrils to the supporting pillars and climb heedlessly over the roof. Gaily colored flowers bloom in abundance in the porch-boxes and tubs that line the entire length. The spacious lawn is broken by bushes that bloom in unending succession thruout all the golden summer.

Inside are marks of its frontier construction--adz-hewn beams, field-stone fireplaces--and yet, not at all incongruously, all the conveniences of modern luxury.

Once upon a time this was Buffalo Bill's hostelry and the registers still record the names of many famous men.

That night,sitting before the grate fire--it is cold enough of nights even in Juue to permit of a fire--I met an artist--a western artist who hides his identity under a pony's hoof. You will say that it is a rather small identity that can hide itself under such a small area, especially as a bushel basket is the standard of measurement. What I mean, though, is that

he signs his pictures with a counterfeit of the track made by a pony's hoof in the sand.

With the consumption of many cigarettes he told me about the wonders of this favored country. His tales of its unending variety and never failing appeal fired me with enthusiasm. 'In the morning,' he said, 'he was going to a ranch resort called Hiltons' and would I like to go along?' Would I? I jumped at the chance like a man chasing his hat down Broadway--at the Flatiron Building, you know.

Early in the morning we engaged an automobile, piled our belongings and ourselves into it and chugged away.

I think when Lowell wrote his panegyric to the rare day in June he had in mind this very day.

As we bowled merrily along, the towering mountains were ever in view. This morning they were all lavander and mauve and pink, touched at the tips with silver and gold, while deep in the shadows at the base, imperial purple sat enthroned. All in between a silken gauze, woven of langourous sunshine, clothed the land. The meadowlands were the tender green that comes with the first faint flush of summer; the lush weeds that fringed the margin of the creeks, swayed gently to the kisses of caressing zephyrs.

We passed coal-camp after coal-camp, and no wonder, for, "they say," here is the largest deposit of semi-bituminous coal in the world. In some places the coal had poked its black head out to the daylight--"out-cropping" they call it--which shows how near the surface this gigantic deposit lies.

"Isn't there a lot out doors here in the West?" Bill jokingly asked; and yet, somehow, it seemed exactly to express the wide expanse of land and sky. Such a sky! The much

We passed coal-camp after coal-camp

sung Italian sky is not a deeper, clearer blue; and the salacious sense of freedom is excruciatingly exhilarating. You breathe from your toes up, every inch of you. I know now what Francis Scott Key meant when he wrote, "Sweet land of Liberty"--he had Wyoming in mind.

At one place we went past the site where General P. C. Connor, in 1865, put to rout a band of Arapahoe Indians. A gently undulating field of sleepy gray-green wheat now marks the spot; nothing remains to remind one of the tomahawk and tom-tom, the bullet and the bugle. The Great Mother has taken her savage sons to her breast and lulls them to peaceful rest with the soft songs of sighing grasses.

At another place we crossed the old Bozeman Trail, that highway of forts that led to the gold fields of Montana.

Up hill and down, over stream after stream, or perhaps following the course of one for a distance, past ranch-house and truck garden we sped, getting nearer and nearer all the while to the mountains. Then we started to climb, up and

up and up--I never believed a machine could do it--and yet it didn't seem steep--but just the steady climb. There are no interminable miles of foot-hills here as there are in our eastern mountains. Here the giant upheaval rises gradually in a gentle incline as if going modestly to meet the mountains.

For some time we had been following the Little Big Horn River--that stream that witnessed the Custer Massacre in the Centennial year. In and out, the road ran thru clumps of bushes and trees, then over flat open country: then more bushes and trees: then the land became quite barren again as we approached the gateway of the canyon. Thru two sheer portals we shot with the rushing river below us and perpendicular walls hemmed us in on the other side. The road hugged the mural rocks and no little thrill came from the potential disaster in a careless bit of driving. Two miles or more of this and then we came into an open space where a great log house reared its shaggy bulk. About it, like the huts one sees huddled around the feudal castles in medieval European towns, were a number of small log cabins. A wide verandah ran across the entire front. These Westerners, it seems, are such lovers of the big out doors that they build veritable rooms of porches. It was between one and two in the afternoon when we arrived and I wondered with many misgivings if we would have to wait until the evening meal to appease our ravishing hunger. But welcome! It would be a pleasure to be a motto door-mat at this place. You would have thought that we were highly honored and eagerly expected friends, and the most heavenly words I ever heard was the voluntary information that luncheon--get that luncheon--would be ready for us in twenty minutes.

The porch at Hiltons

As we were being led to the spacious lounging room to wait until called, I speculated, somewhat puzzled, on that "luncheon" 'way out in the heart of the Rockies. The enigma was only heightened when, on the reading table, I noted the latest magazines and newspapers. The feminine curiosity that lurks in every man had to be satisfied. Then I found out. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton are city folks--from Zin-zin-naddi where my funny fat friend Jess Dandy, the Prince of Pilsen, comes from. But don't infer that the Hiltons are not ranchers for they are, only they just must have all the necessities of the city--even to bath tubs--way up 4528 feet above sea level.

After luncheon we explored the canyon to some extent, had an early dinner and then I did a very unsanitary thing. --I went to bed with the chickens.

In the morning I was awakened by the musical purling of the river.

Everything and everybody was up and stirring as if eager to meet the glorious day.

The day's outing, it seemed, was an expedition to Bald Mountain, Medicine Mountain and the Falls of the Porcupine in Devil's Canyon.

After breakfast we set out on horseback. We followed the scarcely marked trail along the Little Big Horn. For a distance of several miles the frowning walls seemed ready to fall on us, so closely they hemmed us in. Every half mile or so for a distance of perhaps four miles, the walls seemed to split their sides and a laughing little streamlet swept out to join the gay dance of her sisters.

Then the canyon seemed to expand like a lazy man stretching himself. Next the trail turned into a still more open country, but instead of following the course of its trend we breasted the escarpment. 7,000 feet, 7,500, 8,000 feet, 8,500; a rise of 500 feet every half mile. We crossed several more carolling currents and finally came to the deserted gold camp at the base of Bald Mountain.

A dozen decaying log cabins are lined up on either side of a clearing among the sparcely scattered spruce--a pathetic pretense at a street.

"The abandoned altars of the great Moloch, Gold," Bill entitled the picture, which is fair, fair, for a painter.

Here we performed a very solemn and ceremonious rite, to-wit: Lunch. Some vertebratel aquatic animals with gills from a nearby stream were the sacrificial victims. After the ritualism we prostrated ourselves in thankfulness and burned

incense from our pieces of pipes. Lying thus lazily on our backs, we looked at Bald Mountain.

It is quite unlike the other mountains of the Big Horn Range. It rises leisurely out of its own surrounding country. Tho even its apex does not approach timber line, yet its sides are entirely treeless. Like pigs, it is well named; for the yellowish, dead, grass that covers its nob surely resembles a tonsured poll: no jagged rocks, no deep declivities, no conglomerated mass of carelessly heaped up rocks.

After we knocked the ashes from our pipes we started to make the easy ascent of the mountain.

We reached the top--10,029 feet.

It is a magnificent sight from here. Beneath you lies the sage brush flat of the Big Horn Basin unrolling its gray canvas for miles. Nearer at hand runs the silver Big Horn River with its numberless tributaries; a little further and the thread of the Greybull wends its way to join the larger river; and yet further the faint line of the Shoshone can be traced; and away off, as far as the eye can reach, the distant peaks of Yellowstone Park are discernable. Think of it, this whole broad landscape to the distance of 300 miles lay before us! It takes a sight like this to make us realize our insignificence; and yet, paradoxical enough, it makes a person grow bigger too. All the puny, insignificant, "little" things seem to fall away and there you stand bared to your soul--that is if you have one big enough to stand this immensity of land and sky. Some people, they tell me, shrink from this sublime sight; they seem to shudder at its vastness and want to get down to where they are more encompassed, feel more protected. Others look at this magnificent expanse and say, "Ain't it cute?"

More around to the north of us, probably three miles across a scooped out valley and a little lower than we were, could be seen the top of Medicine Mountain. A "saddle" they call this concavity between two peaks. We picked our way across the hollow of this "saddle" of which Medicine Mountain might be likened to the pommel; especially as the top is quite flat. On this flat space, like brass nails studded on the pommel of a cowboy's saddle, is a great stone wheel: the hub is a stone hut probably six feet in diameter; in every direction radiate stone spokes, at the end of each is a smaller stone hut. It is supposed that the Indians made this many centuries ago for religious purposes. There is only one other like it known to exist and that is in Mexico. Now, of course, this curiosity has fallen in to a state of dilapidation. Some day I am going to find out about this adoriginal ruin and tell you about it.

We camped here for the night and in the morning set out for the Falls of the Porcupine. The country was more or less flat, a plateau the geography men would probably have called it. We were ambling leisurely along when suddenly my horse, in advance, stopped with a suddeness that would have thrown me had the gait been any faster. I looked for the cause and quite startlingly before us was a slit as if an earthquake had ripped open the world. We dismounted and approached the opening. Lying flat--faces downward--we peered over the edge. There, quite a distance below us, was the guttering Porcupine hewing a groove thru a perfect box canyon that no man has ever traversed, and at one place tumbling over the precipice to fall, sheer 185 feet into the boiling pool below. A few sticklike pines that might be the quills

on a porcupine's back, find miraculous lodgement in the crevices in the walls. They grow straight as a plummet, proudly erect, at their ability to find sustenance from the barren rocks. In the chasm at the foot of the falls, the pines grow thicker and I was told that cattle grazed in this Devil's Canyon, the fodder for them being raised on the plateau above. When in need of feed, the hay is brought to the edge of this huge fissure and just tumbled over. "I ha' ma doots aboot this, however," as my Scotch friend says, and I'll not vouch for it.

We retraced our way, following along the edge of the cranny as closely as possible, like saints on the verge of temptation.

When old Sol Bloom was in his zenith we came upon the site of the decaying Fortunatus Mill. Many years ago some adventurous Jasons had risked with reckless abandon a hundred thousad dollars in their search for the Golden Fleece; but like many another quest and cruise, the Epernay grape had filled the cargo-hold--that is, if we could judge from the monumental pile of empty wine bottles we found. The machinery itself was impracticable enough, but combined with alcohol, had made results impossible. Fermented grape juice never yet developed a gold-mine--tho the inverse ratio holds good: gold can produce champagne.

Here the trail divides and we did the garden-gate scene with Mr. Hilton; he going back to his ranch and Bill and I to follow the open road over the Tongue River trail. At every mile the basin of this river grows wider,and after we had traveled perhaps five miles, it opened out into a broad, park-like country quite devoid of trees.

"As if the roof of the forest had dropped out," Bill said.

Here and there in little pockets, like oases in a desert, were clumps of quaking aspen. Presently the trail shunted away from the stream, but thru the screen of willows along the banks we could see the flashing of the water as it ran its snake-like course. Then we crossed the river and left it altogether.

At one place we passed some potential nickle mines--where the 5c pieces come from, as Charley's Aunt would say.

Then we struck a blazed trail thru the dense pine forest and after traveling thru what seemed endless days of wood-land twilight, we came upon a saw mill and a few scattered shacks in a clearing--known as Woodrock.

Long before we reached the scene of these logging activities, we could hear the ring of flying axes and the crash of falling trees reverberate thru the forest. The drowsy hum of the crooning saw came over the wind to us like the whirr and buzz of busy insects operating the industries of their microcosmic communities.

The tough, well knit fiber of the Big Horn pine, it seems, makes an ideal railroad tie.

After the business-like steel teeth have trimmed the primeval logs (like a fashionable female finishing school is supposed to remove the rough places from your eldest daughter) they are rolled into a "V" shaped, trough-like arrangement that disappears among the trees. This is half-filled with water and it develops that the "arrangement" is a flume and that the ties are floated down this for a ride of 25 miles to Ranchester, the company's headquarters.

We followed this flume for a great distance. It is like

a huge, Mesozoic reptile crawling over the land. Only it has been necessary to maintain a constant decline. Some places, where it spans a valley, it is built on trestles like a Roman viaduct. At another place it burrows, like a mole, into the solid granite to come spilling out the other side like Jonah vomiting the whale.

Sometimes, they tell me, the men ride these logs down the flume. They wanted me to try it but I thought of my family when I saw the express train speed that was developed and the narrowness of the conduit.

And so we did not take the "Flume Route" but instead made a detour to the north, following the scarcely discernible trail over which Phil Sheridan and a reconnoitering party passed in 1881, and came by way of the hamlet of Dayton.

Here we were met by Mr. Milward, an English gentleman, who receives you as one of his own kind. He reminded us instinctively of the country squire one reads about in English books.

"We will go to the I. X. L.," he said.

I. X. L.

That sounded splendid.

It seemed like an old family slogan that must be lived up to--a motto to be kept shining before the eyes of one's ambition. I afterwards learned that I. X. L. was the insigna of the crack English horse troop, the 9th Lancers, but nevertheless it fulfilled its promise of excelling.

Over a winding road that twisted among the trees and around giant boulders, we came to the substantial stone ranch house. This structure is built of field stones, dressed. The proverbial propriety of the Briton would not permit

Back of I. X. L., looking toward the canyon

even the stones to go undressed. The broad verandah--baliconied on the second story--and the broader terrace, runs along two sides of the house and faces a big hill that marks the entrance to the red-rocked canyon. Off to the right a magnificent clump of trees edges the water, abruptly bringing up the lawn. Tucked among these trees were a number of little cottages, just large enough for a single person, or at most, a newly-married couple. "Spoon holders," flippantly remarked Bill.

This big, open-armed place was the fitting end of a happy, tho tired, day. A right royal welcome and a hearty meal awaited us and afterward a social, satisfying smoke, a kind good-night and sure sleep in a snowy bed, your luxuriously aching body lulled to slumber by the cheery chirrup of crickets and the doleful serenade of frogs.

Morning!

The lustral light of dawn flooded my chamber.

Going to the window I looked out at the pink hill that

Points of interest—strange formations

lifted to the opal sky. The fairy sprites were dancing on the dew-drenched lawn and over in the trees the sunlit incense drifted langourously to the Throne. The wild birds were greeting the morning with singing hearts and the brook seemed bathed in dreams.

With a hasty plunge and dressing finished on the run, I got out into the air to fill my lungs with deep draughts of intoxicating oxygen.

I climbed to the sun-kissed brow of the slope to the little belvidere that overhangs its crest like a shrine, there to offer my matin adoration to the sun. Bill, the color-loving pagan, was there already, wringing his hands because he was "resting" and had positively refused to bring even a pencil along. From here we could see the morning unfurl her banners to the breeze as the shafts of her heliograph revealed hidden nooks in rapid succession.

Then we heard the breakfast horn and swept down the hill like a storming party of charging Bedouins. Thus, under the salubrious influence of pure ozone do aesthetes rudely break off their contemplation of the beautiful to answer the call of the material.

But only long enough to eat did we put in abatement our insatiable capacity for the wonders of the Great Temple.

Over a path between tangled brambles and jaunty weeds we found the river and its attendant flume. At one side of the causeway was a foot-way of a single plank. Up this we walked and walked and walked.

The river came racing down with a magnificent rush, breaking madly against boulders, rounding curves, rippling in little rapids, stealing from out the shadows of trees, or spreading over the grass-grown flats. Ever and anon an exuberant trout leaped in the sunlight.

Only a day or two ago we were "on top" at the headwaters of this stream and here we were again where it was 4,000 feet lower and so different.

Just as we approached Castle Rock-- an embattled turret commanding a high promontory--we met a tie-hacker coming down the walk, and, as is natural in these isolated regions when one sees a fellow human, we entered into conversation with him.

"Why do they call this Tongue River?" I asked him.

"Waal, y' see, it is from Longfeller's pome, Pocahontas, where he says, 'She speaks to him a various langwage.' Y' see this 'ere river speaks a various langwage to him as love's her, hense, Tongue River."

We had hardly expected so much poetry from this man of the mountain and was doubly astonished at such scholarly erudition.

The next day we set out, cross-country, for Eatons, with only the contour of the range-base for our guide. The upheaval that stood the earth's crust on end has fashioned

Eaton's

many a curious formation. At one point we passed "Elephant Foot" for all the world like a mammoth elephant's foot pointing skyward.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Eaton's and the long evening shadows of the range were lingering lovingly over the scene.

Set in the valley, crowning a long slope that leads into the canyon, stands the big stone house with a grizzled row of hills for a background. Many trees are planted about, blending and softening the austerity of the landscape.

We were hungry as bears--as usual--and after a refreshing bath (there are baths on both floors and in every cabin) we went into the spacious dining room. Perhaps there were 75 or 80 people seated at the little tables--or I should say personages in distinction from mere people, as every one had the unmistakable mark of breeding and culture.

As hungry as we were anything would have tasted good, but the quality of the food, the variety and the service made an impression that will not soon be forgotten. Right here I want to say that if there is any essential that remains for a guest's comfort the Eatons haven't heard of it. The "boys" they tell me were the first, only and original "dude" ranchers. Yeh, they called me a dude too. Any tenderfoot is a "dood."

'Bout twenty years ago the Eatons started getting a reputation. Old friends "from back in Pittsburgh" came out to see Howard and Alden and Willis and when they went back raved to their friends about the bully good time they had had. Next "the boys" began receiving letters from total strangers begging to be accepted as guests and for the ranchers to set their own price. They usually mentioned the name of some common friend and the big hearted westerners hadn't the heart to refuse. Like a snow ball going down hill the requests began to accumulate year after year until--well here it is, the biggest, best organized ranch resort in the world.

The evening meal over we were given a little cabin, one of many in a row called "The Pike," and reserved for unencumbered gentlemen. Across from "The Pike" and at some little distance, were a number of cottages for unattached ladies. Under the fragrant trees of the orchard could be seen the gleaming white of sporadic tents.

The next morning I was awakened by the 'gentle lowing of kine' being milked in the dairy-yard. With a hasty plunge and a brisk rub down I jumped into my clothes and made for breakfast. Uncle Billy was contentedly scattering grain to his clucking White Orpingtons. In the corral the

horses were pawing and snorting, while others, to be used for the day's riding, were champing and chafing at their bits where they were tied to the hitching-rack.

Breakfast over, a party of us started for the canyon--Wolf Creek Canyon.

The house stands at the head of this defile like a block-house guarding a pass. I could imagine myself on that other and distant morning, one of the Sibley Scout that went up this very canyon looking for the red-skins that had massacred Custer and his lads.

For some time we followed the path on horse, but before long the way became too steep and narrow and so we tethered the quadrupeds and proceeded on foot. First on one side of the creek, then over it and onto the other side, back and forth as it wound its tortuous way. Sometimes the blank walls rose sheer above us for a thousand feet; at others, we were high above the singing stream as if perched in mid-air. A prospectus writer would call this beauty-spot "exceedingly picturesque." The limpid water finds its faint incipiency from its home in the melting snows, to gather size as it is joined by many other trickling rivulets. At one place it slips from between two massive rocks; at another it steals quietly from the shade of overhanging trees and rambling vines, or perhaps, rushes insanely over abrupt shelves; or again, dashes wantonly in dazzling spray against magnificent boulders, only to find lodgement in an eddying pool and then to glide smoothly over long table-slabs, until at last it flows gently thru the meadows not a stone's throw from the ranch house.

Late in the afternoon an occurrence took place that is unusual for Wyoming.

An unnatural darkness stole down the glen and overhead the clouds were accumulating in masses of slate-blue somberness. A flash of lurid lightning split the murky air and a clap of deafening thunder--hurled at our very heads--went booming down the corridors of the canyon. We scampered back to the house in the gathering gloom as fast as legs and horses could take us, and drew up, all lather and foam-flecked, just as the first silvery drops came pattering down.

It rained all the next day--a warm, smoking mist that kept us indoors. Then it was that I wished that it would rain for many days so I could read all the good books in the library--"as full of good books," Bill said, "as the brook is full of trout."

But the next day dawned bright and clear and we went out to see some of the practical work of ranching. We saw them "cutting out" the calves from the cows; the roping; the branding; eating from the chuck-wagon and all the thousand and one other things incident to ranch life. Here it was that I learned more about horse breeding than I ever knew before.

We did not stay here as long as we could have wished (a lifetime spent here would not be long enough for that matter) but we must needs travel the Romany road again.

Over the rolling prairies we went, past the summer home of Cameron Forbes, ex-Governor of the Philippines and thru the little trading center of Beckton. Gabriel's ranch was our objective point--Absaraka Park it used to be called. They tell me that Gabriel has just taken over Absaraka, but if this is so no one would ever know it for

everything went as smooth as a baby's cheek. Gabriel, himself, they tell me, is an old wild-west show man and I can well believe it, with his genial, generous ways--the typical show-man that makes big-heartedness his religion. It needs a show-man to do his ranch justice, too, for he has one of the real show places of the Big Horns. It is "up the Big Goose," one of the justly renowned streams of the section. Just over the bridge, a hundred yards from the house and its cabins, is the primeveal canyon. In this rugged gorge it seems to me that Jove must have hurled his biggest thunderbolts, for the rocks have been split into more and larger boulders than I have seen anywhere. Here again, as in other canyons, the water comes down in an angry rush, tearing over terraced rocks, smashing savagely against immovable stone, swirling amidst the piled up jumbles of torrent tossed logs, washing over jagged strata, occasionally eddying in a quiet pool only to go plunging on, like frightened wild horses.

We were up at cock-crow in the morning to see the sun chase the night out of the canyon. First, Apollo drove his steeds over the ridges, then struck lower down among the pines, and last, the lurking darkness down under the jutting granite was put to rout and the joyous stream danced and laughed to the god's warm morning greeting. When that other Gabriel blows his horn, it is here the deserving will be sent, I know.

Up the Big Goose we went until we came upon the "intake," where the crystal pure ice water from the virgin mountain snows is imprisoned to slake the throats of thirsty Sheridan. Such water you have never tasted in all your life. Oh, I know, we were taught in chemistry that water

was "tasteless, odorless, colorless," but once you drink the waters of the Big Horns no other water will ever seem the same. The natives tell me that the very shortest distance they travel away from Sheridan--or the farthest and all the way between for that matter--the first thing they miss is this wonderful water. Before long we came to an almost impenetrable "box-canyon" so we scrambled up the face of the cliff and made a wide and sinuous deviation around the barrier striking the river again higher up.

At one sharp turn of the road we came upon a place where the floor of the earth had been pushed up and left, thus tilted, cracked and broken. From a crevice o'erhung with ferns and moss and lichen, a sparkling fountain gushed forth, gurgling liquid notes of enchanting melody. "The Pyrian Springs," Bill exclaimed in rapture and I half believe he really thought so. It was a probable mistake for I thought so myself. Yes I did, truly, for I heard the poetry bubbling from the fairy fount as I stooped to drink.

Tho the distance we traveled that day was not far in actual "map-miles", yet the way was so salebrous that it was nearly night fall when we reached Twin Lakes where we made camp.

The next day we followed the path that ran along past Crescent Lake, Heart Lake, Geddes Lake and a string of lakes all hung on the silver thread of a connecting stream. To the very head-waters we went and on and up further still topping the divide at Elk Peak.

Away off to the south we could see Sheridan nestling in the valley like a gem on the bosom of a queen. A little further off could be seen the oval of Ft. Mackenzie; and be-