

yond, further still, the many canyons were conspicuous by the deep plum-colored shadows that marked the places where they break the range.

On the other side, to the west, the Big Horn Basin was again spread to view as from Bald Mountain. The distant peaks of the main range of the Rockies limned with pearl the turquoise sky. The barren wilderness again stretched away before us, but in an entirely different aspect. Before, what seemed miles upon miles of ashen grey, was now a faint sage green that vibrated in the blue heat waves.

I am not going to try telling you how we followed the sky-line trail that cleaves the divide, and went down on the other side to Adelaide Lake and Coffeen's camp.

After breakfast next morning, some of the party wanted to go to the fan shaped falls over on Shell Creek, while some of the hardier wanted to ascend Cloud Peak, the highest point in the range. Bill and I decided in favor of the peak.

We wound in and out and zig-zagged back and forth as we went up the timbered slopes. The air was heavy with the tang of pine. As we ascended, the trees on each terrace thinned out rapidly. Quite all of a sudden we emerged into a wind swept stretch across which a gale was blowing. Even on the quietest of days, I am told, the wind blows furiously and unabated along this tract of land. Very perceptibly the pines became smaller and, in the most curious manner, all leaned in the direction of the wind. On the lee side of the trees there are no branches and the trunks are as white as blanched bones.

Up we went; over rocks, between rocks, around rocks:



Gabriel's Ranch

ominous rocks beetling all about us, but ever up and up. The trees kept getting still smaller with every yard, and, as we approached timber line, they looked as if some one had taken their pigmy bodies, twisted and bent them in all conceivable shapes, then hit them a flattening blow that spread them out over the ground. "Wood in agony," Bill characterized them. The wonder is how this squat vegetation lives.

There is scarcely any bark on them and for the most part they look like drift wood on a barren beach.

Suddenly all tree life stopped and the dividing line was as true and distinct as if surveyed.

Up and up and up, always climbing; sometimes resting for a space to catch one's breath, then up and up again; ever up and up.

We crossed a smooth bed of igneous rock onto a deposit

of the fragmentary stones of a ground moraine, to the edge of a glacier buried in the hollows between two rows of peaks. Standing there, with winter on one hand and summer on the other, I threw a snow ball at Bill, at the same time picking a blue-eyed forget-me-not for a keep-sake.

We crossed the packed snow and ice of several glaciers and edging the saw-tooth sky-line, reached the very summit. The sun was dazzling bright and below us seemed to lay a thousand mirrors as the waters of the myriad lakes sent back the face of the sun. The trees below us were lined in serried ranks. "It looks like shells bursting in the midst of marching troops," Bill said, but to me it seemed more like a spangled tapestry.

We did not linger long on this apex of the Big Horns for there was still a long journey before us and the descent is as arduous as the ascent.

That night we camped on the fir-fringed shores of Lake Geneva and in the morning "hit out" for Tepee Lodge.

We had not traveled very far before we came to masses of rock streaked in its fissures with black molten rock "like marble cake," this from the omniverous Bill. "Dikes" they are called, and here they tell me, platinum has been found. Even the government men who made the topographical survey here say these black dikes more nearly resemble the platinum mines of the Ural Mountains than any known locality in America.

But we were not prospecting and the air and scenery was as full as hidden wealth as the arcania chambers of the imperturable granite and so we kept on toward Tepee.

As we approached we could see the cabins and the houses cuddling peacefully in the clearing and thin blue smoke

floating lazily in spiral curves to the upper air. "Incense rising from the altar of the hearth." Bill is as much of an artist in words as he is in paint.

Just as the sun was bathing all the west in red and filtering thru the filigree of black pines in lambent flames, we came upon the lodge.

Mr. Evans greeted us as if we were a cavalcade of king's messengers and made us as welcome as emissaries from an emperor. Before the long hand of the clock had made one circuit on its dial we were calling him Mike--partly because that is his name and everyone calls him by it, but more particularly because he is a jolly, generous Englishman with a prevailing emanation of hospitality and good cheer that makes the intimacy of calling him by his given name the only fit expression of one's regard for him. Bill and I remarked to each other with a most gratifying sense of satisfaction that it seemed as if we were guests at a nobleman's shooting box.

Mike must have bribed a government agent to have gotten such a place as he has. It is positively ideal in its location. Right in the heart of cloisteral pines, it is perched like a cottage on the air, on a table-land of granite. The mountains seem to rise abruptly out of the plain below and one imagines himself a bird on the wing or an aviator soaring in his airship. Looking off to the south, sleepy meadowland lies, languorous and voluptuous, like a Venus fatigued from excess of love. Checkerboard patches of dark green indicate the irrigated tracts of land. "Jeweled ornaments of jade," said Bill with his irrepressible metaphors. Winding along the meandering creeks, the mournful grace of weeping willows trace an ochre of witch-like enchantment.



Tepee Lodge

Looking back over the way we had come, an arm-like ridge seems to enfold this sylvan sanctuary in a loving and protecting embrace.

Spilling out of the shaggy spruce comes Tepee Creek, a gentler, more coy little streamlet, than some of her more hoydenish neighbors, but still playful and babbling, and, as it nears its accipient, the Little Goose, almost turbulent.

One day we packed a lunch and picnicked over on Little Goose. This is

another boiling, moiling, frenzied stream that fights every inch of its way with the rocks for the possession of its bed. It tumbles and tosses and rumbles and whirls leaping in cascades and cataracts, or seeping thru the pinioned debris washed down with the spring freshets.

And what trout!

You stand in the shadow of an overhanging tree and cast your line into the ice-water at the foot of an elfin waterfall. The shimmering gourmand leaps high out of the water to take your fly then darts away with a dash that makes the reel sing. Slowly, carefully, patiently, dexter-

ously you play with him and finally in an exultant moment, triumphantly land him in your net.

When we had packed our wicker baskets of sweet smelling grasses with the refulgent fish we built a roaring fire and cooked them. Our feast was spread at the mouth of a Stygian cavern curtained with fecund ferns and velvety mosses.

There are a number of these caves hereabout, and your imagination peoples them with all manner of frightful things, nor is it all imagination; bob-cats, lynx, mountain lions and bears are often shot here.

Every day we rode a different trail into the evergreen wold and the irresistible charm of this mountain home wormed into our hearts with such an ineffable sweetness that the thought of leaving gripped us with a heart-aching nostalgia.

How keenly I recall the morning of our departure. The mount that had been mine during the stay winnied from the corral at the sight of me and as I swung into the saddle I patted his glossy neck for the last time as we set our faces to the glory of the diurnal god.

At the meridian we clattered up to Hilman's, a big, white, imposing structure planted where the range-land meets the mountains. The ground about was broken with rolling hills, each "draw" marked with massed green foliage where the tops of trees reared their leafy heads.

Off in one direction the unlimited panorama of the plain danced in variegated chiffon to meet the vibrant horizon, while on the other hand the stately headlands of the canyon flanked their majestic bulk.



Hilman's Ranch

The ambient atmosphere was pregnant with the sweet smelling odors, the earthy essence, associated with the farm, and an air of domestic tranquility pervaded the pastoral scene. Everything was so neat, so clean, so trim that one felt with a tingling sense of pleasure that here, of all places, was a haven of rest--quiet, undisturbed rest. And so it was. Each day was a succession of lazy desuetude.

Then one day this rustic simplicity was rudely dissipated by the announcement of some polo games to be played on a neighboring ranch. Very patronizingly I agreed to be a witness, and in a most superior way, smiled amusedly at the prospect of plow horses, or at best cow ponies, burlesquing the strenuous game of polo, but I was given the astonishment of my life to find three big ranches devoted to the breeding and training of the fleet, iron-winded, little animals whose intelligence have so much to do with winning the game. And to further humble my pride I found that these very same ponies were much in demand, not only in the wealthy

fashion-centers, but even in England as well--their sturdy soundness and great lung capacity being products of the altitude and atmosphere.

From here we went thru the little village of Big Horn and into Sheridan.

We stopped at the up-town hotel, The Western, and it took on an enveloping sanctity when I learned that Fred Remington, only two months before he died, sat on the side porch in a tilted chair and told what he intended to do in the years to come. But, quite apart from its associations, the hostelry has every merit in itself to recommend it.

But as I had come to the Big Horns to escape the ferment of the city I flew back to the respite of the emollient mountains.

We left by automobile late in the afternoon.

When we came to the open country the mighty primordial elevation was before us in an unobstructed view. That radiant vapor made of filtered sunshine that fills the air on a bright day, enveloped the silver blue of the mountains which were only a shade darker than the dazzling splendor of the sky. Fleecy white clouds sailed in the cerulean blue like argosies standing out to sea.

The sun was fast journeying to the west and long, phantom shadows marched across the upland lawn. The ruggedness of the mountain-side was softened by long curved duskieness until it looked like the folding and unfolding of velvet. Where the direct rays of the orb struck the peaks they were transmuted into virgin gold; the reflected light steeped the crowns in an aura of old rose and the foot hills trailed off into a haze of pale amethyst. Lower and lower

the sun sank, changing quickly into vermillion flame, and, reflecting on the clouds, imparted to them the look of firey chariots. Then the color changes came so quickly as to be kaleidoscopic. The mountains were now a monotone violet like card-board "set-rocks," while the sky took on a deep salmon tint, only a thin band of gold edged the sky-line, delineating the serrated peaks in bold relief. The clouds took on an ultimarine somberness except on their undersides, which were a riot of mahogany-red, filling the heavens, like an inverted sea, with wild waves of blood. Next the sky became a brilliant jonquil, against which the range was silhouetted in deepest viridescent navy.

Then the long afterglow set in and a celestial benediction stole over the land.

By this time we were a thousand feet higher than Sheridan and with a final climb around the brow of Tunnel Hill and over a gurgling streamlet, we were in the pungent pines. Following the labyrinthine roadway we came upon Ladore Ranch where we had our evening meal.

Immediately after the meal and while there was still a faint twilight, we motored past Storey Lodge the short distance to Piney Inn.

Piney is another of those roomy, white habitations crouched at the base of a ridge like a ship riding at anchor in the lee of a jetty.

On Piney's land four quarreling streams contend for the wayfarer's admiration, but as our stay was limited to one day we chose the stream that gives Piney its name--Piney Creek.

So early we were up that we brushed the dew from

the sleeping lea, but Piney was up and dressed for us and seemed to be running gaily to meet us. At first the pellucid waters darted in and out of the shadows 'neath brambles and brakes; then it came pouring with foam and froth between the dividing stones. At each rod it became wilder and with leaps and darts pattered, flute-like in rollicking rapids. The gorge became more craggy and at one place a splashing fall staggered headlong over a brae in a showering mist. At another place there is a white gash in the hill side like a vivid scar on a tanned cheek--it is a talc cliff. (Mennen and Colgate, hands off.) As our noses were shiny we rubbed them against the soapstone and felt as presentable as any woman with her ever-in-evidence chamois.

The next day, with light hearts, we were "pounding the road" again.

A little way out we came upon the clearing that marks the site of the Wagon Box Fight. Here thirty-two dauntless men, with only the boxes of fourteen wagons for protection, stood off a force of 3,000 Indian warriors, killing nearly half that number and losing only five or six of their own number. The tale is almost incredible and some day--

But we must needs keep going. We proceeded over the winding road that "follows the line of least resistance" among the hummocky hills and along the bank of appropriately named Rock Creek. At the end of the road, as if here indeed was the only logical end of a journey, was Horton's--the HF Bar Ranch. Seeming to grow right out of the ground, so indigenous is the place, was the enormous house with its many out buildings and cabins set in the midst of encompassing orchards and gardens, while off on the rock-



Horton's H F Bar Ranch

ribbed, saffron hills, piebald Holsteins contentedly ruminated. Rising beyond is the first range of the mountains with its nap of purple green pines. Here, indeed, is the frontier--the boundary between civilization and primitive, untouched nature.

We arrived, as we always aimed to do, at meal time. After washing we went to the attractive and commodious dining-room. We were a little late and the guests were all seated. One look and I exclaimed, "University Club," for the assemblage had the indubitable appearance of college people. The breed is distinct and not to be mistaken, nor was I. The introductions bristled with Prof. This and Dr. That and the younger element all wore frat or sorority pins.

And meals!

Each and every morsel was an apostrophe to Epicurus.



Paradise Ranch

In the morning a party of us set out for Horton's mountain-top cabins, Trail Lodge. Our way lay up Rock Creek Canyon, and so narrow is it in places that progress could be made only by wading the stream. In the direction we took--up stream--Rock Creek is a querulous mountain torrent that fumes and frets impatiently at the smothering rocks that strew its shallow bed. Up seven miles of this sputtering stream we went and in that distance was 4,000 feet nearer Heaven than when we started.

The Lodge is made up of several cabins set in the tonic pines, and there, for the balance of the day, we recuperated from the strenuous climb.

After several days spent among the icebergs of the frozen lakes the party broke up.

Bill and I, instead of going back to Horton's, took a devious way that followed Clear Creek and made for Paradise. We crossed the divide between Clear Creek and French Creek and as we came over the top, there below us

lay Meldrum's. Surrounded by reisenous pines, it occupies the center of a wide natural amphitheatre--"a gem in the hollow of a giant's hand," was Bill's description, and a gem it is--a paradise. The story goes that every one who ever came to Meldrum's exclaimed spontaneously, "This is paradise!" and soon the name became a fixture.

Mrs. Meldrum has a little verse that seems to give a better idea of her ranch than the most ardent enthusiast could pen, and I give it here to you:

If it seems to you you'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
If you'd like to rest or "laze" about,
Or gently "toy" some wily trout,
Or if snow-capped peaks you'd like to scale
Or follow out some mountain trail,
If the "wild" calls strong within your heart,
Then pack your fishing rod and start
-- For Paradise.

Our stay, full of pleasure tho it was, was cut short by the announcement of Fair Day at Buffalo, and so thither we hilariously motored.

Buffalo proudly claims the distinction of being the largest town in the United States not on a railroad. It is the one link between yesterday and today--one of the few surviving cow-towns--a true center of the cattle industry. Many blood-curdling tales are told of the wars between the sheep and cattle men and to me it was these tales of hot-headed hate and daring raids that gave the town its greatest interest--that, and the fact that here was the "stamping ground" of "The Virginian," "Lin McLean," and "Cavanaugh, Forest Ranger."

The fair over, with hearts as fickle as a flirt's, we turned our backs upon Buffalo and the Occidental Hotel and set our eyes toward Sheridan.

The white ribbon of a road paying out before and behind us mile after mile; past fields of ripening grain, past a succession of spick and span ranch houses that bespoke abundance and prosperity, or by pastures full of feeding stock. At one place we ran upon a herd of sheep that seemed endless. We accosted one of the herders and inquired as to the number of animals in the band and our credulity was strained when he informed us that the number was 15,000.

We sped merrily along speculating upon things we knew nothing of until we came upon a large sheet of water -- Lake De Smet.

As we skirted the shore the chauffer told us many things about this body of water that was named in honor of the old French missionary. Many strange legends are rife about this "dead" inland sea, but the most persistent of all is one to the effect that sea-serpents inhabit its depths. The lake has no outlet and the day that we saw it, it was a gun-metal blue--and it seemed possible, in this land of fossil remains, that some pre-historic monsters may have survived. I was tempted to give it a modicum of credence, as some of the most reliable people--people who once had been the most sceptical scoffers--now tell with blanched faces of really having seen the Paleozoic monsters.

One fact beyond all dispute is, that here in this home of unsurpassed hunting, is the acme of all duck shooting.

Before long we came upon old Fort Phil Kearney, where so much Indian fighting was waged a half century

ago. Kearney Inn keeps fresh the memory of the old post but some day the reputation of the Inn will overshadow the historic interest and it will be because Noyces serve the most, and best-cooked, chicken anywhere in the world.

Five miles out we came to Massacre Hill, where the pugnacious Fetterman and his impulsive band of 83 men were wiped out completely. A monument made of cobble-stones, picked up right on the battlefield, marks the place. "It looks like a cob of corn," facetiously remarked a fellow-passenger but he was promptly and properly rebuked for his levity by a white-haired veteran who told us the grewsome story of annihilation that shook the country at the time and even yet stands only second in the annals of Indian warfare to the other butchery that took place not far away--the Custer Fight.

By now we had crossed the last divide and were rapidly approaching Sheridan, the protecting Big Horns still tenderly guarding the garden of a valley.

Oh, these wonderful mountains! Ever near, ever present! Under how many different aspects I have seen them; from how many different angles, and each time they seemed different.

Sometimes they are pink and wine and maroon with the foothills fading away in cerise. Oftenest they are blue--sometimes as light as the fringed genetian, at others as dark as indigo. Many times they have been hyacinth and plum, occasionally leaden gray; frequently yellow and brown and once they were an ember black, like lava beds leading to the doors of Hell. Always they are beautiful, majestic, grand.

I should have felt sad coming back to the hurly-burly



Alderson's Ranch

of life but for the fact that on the morrow we were going to start for that home of Southern hospitality, the Alderson's of Virginia, sah, and their ranch that adjoins the Crow and Cheyenne Reservations.

TWAS out in the gloaming, way out in Wyoming. A maiden sat combing her golden hair; when heated with roaming, all panting and foaming, there came up and squeezed her, a big grizzly bear. It did not affright her--the bear did not bite her; she lay back and murmured, "Still tighter, dear!" This broke up old bruin; he left off all woin, sneaked back to the mountains and hid a whole year.--Sports Afield.

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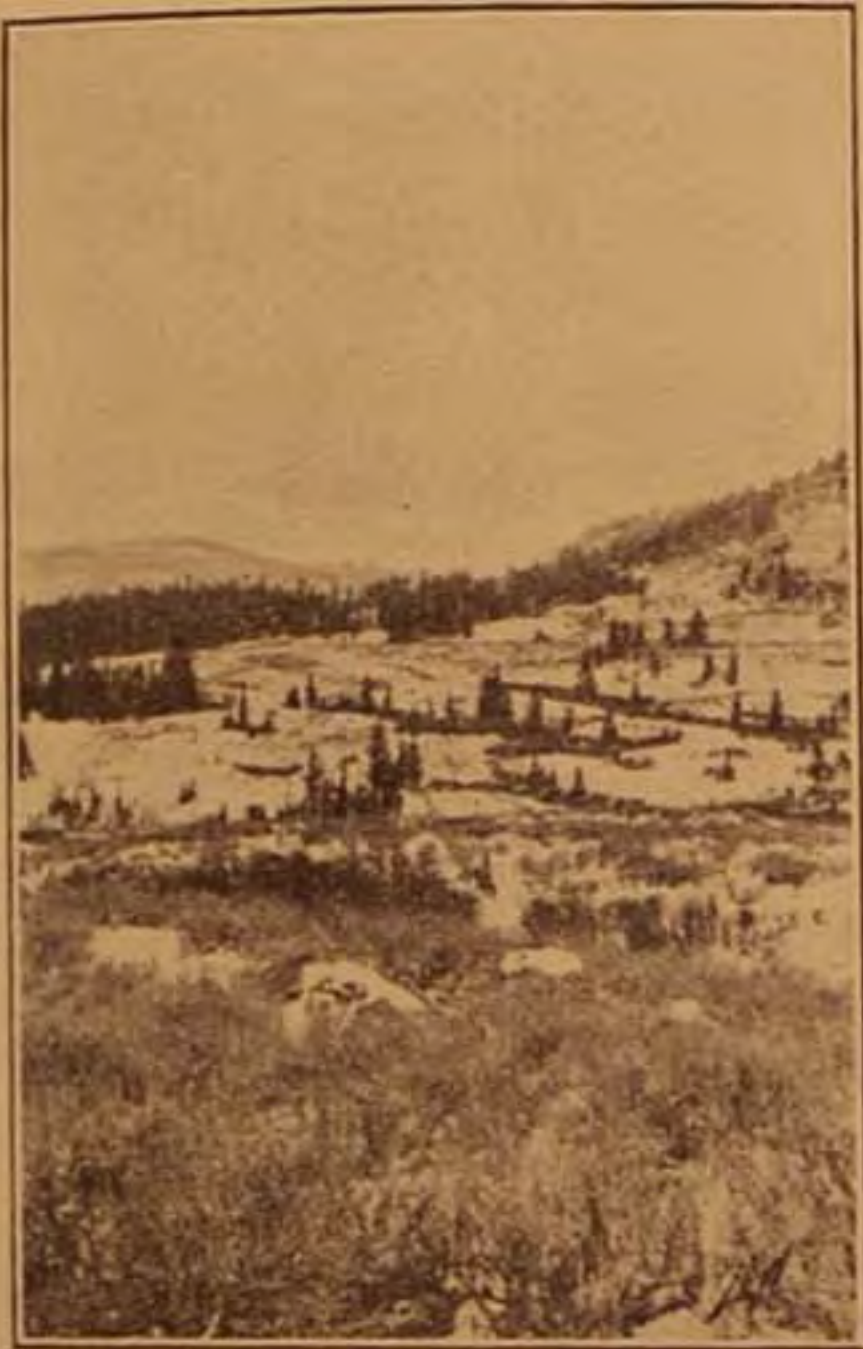
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A song of the Western plain;
Blow me a breeze from the
mountain top
And send me the Western
rain;
Mine be the light of the
Western stars,
My breath of the fir and pine,
When youth and life and
love come back
Like the taste of a rare old wine.

Here's to the song of the mountain stream,
To the shrill of the coyote's cry;
And may I wake in the Western land
'Stead of Heaven when I die.

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