comes out very much like the diamond, it is not necessary to go into its details.

When the mules are all loaded the bell-boy rides off in the lead, the train following in single file. One packer brings up in the rear, while the other rides along in the middle of the train, the two hurrying the loafers along with shouts, whistling, and effective use of the whip. This last is a sort of "cat-o'-nine-tails," fastened to the blind which is thrown over the mule's eyes while being loaded. The packers usually have also braided reins, which end in a stout lash, capable of doing good service. The train moves along at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, till about noontime. Then, if a good camping-place is reached, the train goes no farther that day; the mules are relieved of their burdens, and after all have had a roll, lose sight of their hard lot among the luscious wild sunflower and nutritious bunch grass, which abounds everywhere. The bell-boy immediately sets to work and prepares the dinner, which usually consists of fried bacon, coffee without milk or sugar, and baking-powder bread baked in the frying-pan, bacon grease doing service as butter. When nature has been satisfied in this direction, the men doze off in shady places, or perhaps read, if lucky enough to have a book or newspaper. An hour or so before the sun says goodnight from behind the western hills, the bell-boy shoulders his rifle and marches off in search of game. Deer are ordinarily very plentiful, and grouse, jackass-rabbits, gray and "digger" squirrels, swarm like bees. If better game fails, there are always trout in the streams waiting to pounce on an unsuspecting hook.

The life of the packer is by no means an easy one. The packing of the mules, the slow riding along, and the enforced idleness of half the day, become very monotonous when the novelty has worn off the occupation. When the train is moving, the packer must be always on the watch, for the mules are very prone to lie down when they think they have gone far enough, at the risk of breaking their legs and injuring the packs, besides the trouble to the packers of repacking. But there is a bright side, as well, to this lonely life. As the men gather around the camp-fire at night, pleasant stories come from the lips of all, laughable incidents constantly occur along the trail, and pleasant company often tarries with them. Most of them are perfectly content with their lives, for they love the wild country and their obstinate mules, and, above all, they know no better life.

I very distinctly remember a few of the nights I have spent with pack trains, my experiences being associated more with the mules than with the packers. Upon one occasion a fellow-camper and I took two riding-mules out of the train for the purpose of hunting that evening, and did not return till midnight. We passed by the bell-mare when within a mile of camp, and the mules without doubt heard the bell, though it was too dark to see far. Thinking that the mules would remember where the bell-mare was, we turned them lose when we got into camp; but, alas! instead of going directly to the bell, they ran around as if bereft of reason, braying most fiendishly. For two whole hours this chorus continued without signs of stopping, and ended only when we guilty ones were pulled out of our blankets by the other campers and made to lead our long-eared friends back to the object of their noisy search. Another time, we same two rode a couple of mules to a ranch where we expected to stay over night, and arriving at our destination, turned them loose into a large pasture strongly fenced. When we were ready to return on the following morning we searched for those mules time and time again, but in vain. They couldn't get out of the pasture, none of the fence was broken, so we concluded they must be hid in the brush, just from meanness, and sought accordingly. Finally we gave up the search, and sadly walked back toward camp, wondering where those mules could be, for they could not evaporate. Imagine our astonishment when we came suddenly on the bell-mare with all her mules around her, even the two rascals we had ridden the previous evening. They all looked up as we passed by on foot, laughing, I am sure, at the neat joke two of their number had played us.