

Ten miles is a wide stretch to cross and re-cross, unless you have nothing else to do. But we wanted to move forward as rapidly as possible. At about twelve o'clock noon I left the caravan, which was near the middle of the valley, agreeing with Anginieur that he should keep the march headed on a selected peak far in front of us, while I sought for water near the foot of one of our bounding ranges. At about four o'clock, finding none, I turned to rejoin the caravan, and soon reached the line of the front-and-rear peaks agreed on in the morning.

The caravan was not seen, nor the trail. For a time we kept on the supposed line of march, but when no trail was found and the sun sank low both horse and I were troubled. Finally, quite against his will, I turned the animal square across the valley, determined thus to find the trail before dark, or prove that the caravan had not gone so far. The poor beast flagged now; he thought I was wrong and he knew he was tired. But when the tracks were seen, what an intelligent leap he made! Turning freely to follow, now forward, he again tried to gallop. But the fire was gone. Thus we passed on, hoping every moment to see the caravan in motion or the tent set for a cheerless night. Then came a stony stretch, the moon sank in clouds, the trail was gone.

It was no longer possible to make out anything in the dark. Just what to do was a puzzle. I must not stop too long, as that meant sleeping and freezing, but I was very tired; hence I concluded to lie down for a while, keeping the bridle on my arm.