

be in the right place, for there was no time to hunt for any other shelter.

“I had barely reached cover when the bounding rock struck with a crash by my side, and bounded clear over Spencer, who had run across the crevice and was stooping down and steadying himself with his rifle. A piece of the big rock that was shattered into fragments and thrown in all directions, struck his rifle out of his hands, and sent him whirling and clutching down a wall fifty feet. He lodged out of sight, where in going up we had kicked off our leathers. I thought he was killed, for he did not answer when I called, and I had no chance then to go to him, for a tremendous shower of stones came rushing by me. I expected he would be terribly mangled at first, but soon noticed that the swell in the trail caused the rocks to bound clear over him onto the rocks in the valley. I looked up to see where they came from just as an Indian stuck his head above a rock. My rifle came up of its own accord. It was a quick sight, but with me they are generally the best, and as I fired that Indian jumped into the air with a yell and fell back onto the ledge. He was hit, I know, and I reckon *he went west*. Every rock above was soon a yelling as if alive. As I expected another discharge from their stone artillery, I slid down the trail, picked up Spencer, and ‘vamoused the ranche,’ just as they fired another shot of rocks down after us. I did not stay to see where they struck after I was out of range, for my rifle and Spencer took about all of my attention until safely down over the rocks. While I was there resting for a moment, Fisher came up the trail. He heard me fire and had heard the rocks tumbling down the cliff. Thinking someone was in trouble, he was going to find out who it was.

“We concluded at first that Spencer was done for, for his heart beat very slow and he was quite dumpish. We