

It was water. We drank and drank again. How sweet, how delicious! We drank until it began to taste greasy, warm, putrid; then we flung ourselves into it, clothed as we

our horses picked up their strength a bit, and we camped for a day, boiling the water, and mixing wood ashes with it, for there was driftwood in the river bed. We filled our water-bags and then moved on again, and



"WE DRANK UNTIL IT BEGAN TO TASTE GREASY, WARM, PUTRID—THEN WE FLUNG OURSELVES INTO IT, CLOTHED AS WE WERE, AND THE WATER SEEMED TO SOAK THROUGH THE PORES OF OUR SKIN."

the pores of our skin. We revelled in that pool, then turned sick at the thought of drinking it, at the horrible smell of it, it was rotten with stagnation.

There was salt bush on the river flats, and

struck the ranges in an easy day's march. We crossed a rocky saddle, and then descended into Paradise. There was water clear and cool beneath arches of fair green foliage. There was feed in abundance for