

you ain't jest used to these animule's gait. They're kind of uneven. That's all," he added, soothingly.

Jack and I saw it, and we would have told father of Pete's joke if we hadn't made a rule never to tell on Pete,—and if we had liked the stranger a little better.

We were almost exhausted when we reached the mouth of the Pit. It is about three miles in length and we had to make half that distance, at least, to pitch our tents in a sheltered spot—and the sun was getting low.

All around us the walls of Pike's Peak rose up a thousand feet or more, like the sides of a tumbler and almost as perpendicular, were it not for irregular little ridges which ran brokenly around the whole. Not a bit of vegetation or green or any sort, appeared on the vast expanses of solid rock, except an occasional stunted evergreen, which seemed strangely out of place. The smooth surface of the rocks glistened here and there as the last rays of the sun struck the water trickling over the sun struck the water trickling over them.

We were all so tired that even Mr. Benton's guest had no breath or vocabulary with which to praise the grandeur and the beauty of this little spot, with its shrub oaks and juniper bushes. We had all tumbled off our burros, and were lying flat on our backs, camper's fashion, with arms outstretched.

French Creek, as Pete called the three-foot wide brook, glided quietly through the Pit basin, but here at the mouth it took a header over the rocks and was transformed into a torrent of spray and whirlpools.

Under the overhanging rocks on its banks we always found the most beautifully tinted blue and pink forget-me-nots, on beds of green moss. In the fall, when the ice gathers on the edge of the stream we have often had to break the ice to get at them.

The professor had nothing to say of these delicate little flowers—he had even forgotten the botanical name, which all goes to show how tired and hungry he was, as were all the rest of us now.

Pete had gone on ahead, and when our bedraggled party finally followed we found a blazing fire ready and Pete bending over something which smelled very much like toasting bacon.

It seemed to us that things had never tasted so good as on that night. We all ate ravenously and in spite of the fact that Professor McCall said he had never tasted mince pie before, he ate two pieces just the same.

Night soon came on, black and starless. We had all wrapped ourselves in blankets and were lying before the fire when some one suggested the "Ghost."

"That's right," said Pete, jumping up and standing between the fire and the black wall of the Pit. "He'd orter perform all right tonight. It's a plenty dark enough. Oh, there's the old boy," he exclaimed and disappeared in the

tent to reach for his field-glasses. When he had found them he offered them to the guest of honor.

About half-way up the mountainside a little light gleamed faintly against the dense black background, and through the field glasses the light could be seen to move steadily from one end of a ledge, apparently, to the other, swinging back and forth like a pendulum all the while.

We had all seen it before, but as we stood spell-bound watching the light in its changing positions, the uncanniness and weirdness seemed to fill us all—except the Professor, who presently broke the silence, remarking coolly:

"Wonderful phenomena, that," and he thought deeply, with his arms folded, and his eyes still on the light. "Must be phosphorescent."

"Aw," broke in Pete, disgustedly. "Tain't no sich thing."

We didn't just exactly know what the scientist meant, but Pete knew he was trying to dispute the authenticity of the ghost.

"That man was Andy Petersen, an old pal of mine. Maybe I don't know him," said Pete, and he shook his head and sighed. "He was a regular shark at poker. Well, it was ten years ago, come next month, that we fellers from Judge William's mine down Bear Creek, 'Golden Eggs,' clum up to the peak to see the sunrise. Andy was night watchman there, but he got a lay-off that night. We kind of lost the way—that was when he was all new in these parts—and Andy had the lantern and had gone on a tour of investigation to try to find the trail. Suddenly he yelled, and the light disappeared. There we were without a light, and Andy—the Lord knew where. We crept over in the direction we seen him last, on our hands and knees.

"Lord!" groaned Fordyce, he had been up there before, "he's fallen in the pit," and he went into a perfect spasm of howls—throwing his arms around and yelling Andy's name at the top of his voice. We fellers didn't understand till morning came and we looked over the edge. Maybe I didn't get cold when I seen where I had sat for two hours. If I'd moved a foot farther I'd never known what teched me off.

"As soon as it was light Fordyce went up Summit House for rope, leaving me behind to mark the place. When he came back he had a couple of men with him, who used to live at the mines but wuz keeping a restaurant on the summit, making a fortune off in every sandwich they sold. They both knew Andy, and we four had a reg'ler scrap as to who was go' down. Finally being the lightest, they sent me down. I must have dropped 400 feet, but we couldn't find him nowhere's. I wanted to go further, but the rope must have give out, for they began to pull me up. That was the only time I ever had the sense knocked out of me. I hit my head on a ledge going up and didn't know beans for a week.

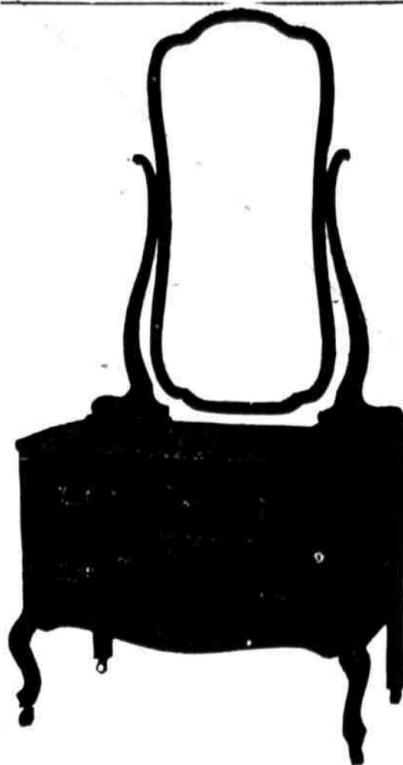
"Well, the fellers got some more rope the next week—Fordyce walked clean to Cripple Creek for it, and sent another man down. He dropped all the way down to the Pit, but he couldn't make a find, so we gave it up—and Andy's still keeping watch. It's ten year now," and Pete sighed and went back to the fire.

When the fire died out we all repaired to the tents, for wild cats are thick in the Pit and they stay away only as long as the fire lasts.

It must have been about 2 o'clock when I awoke with a start. I thought at first it was a wild cat or some other

(Continued on page 6.)

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