

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

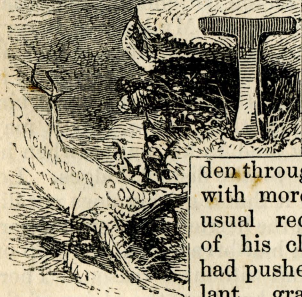
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THE TRAIL, THE TRACE, AND THE WAGON-ROAD;
BEING SKETCHES OF WILD LIFE WEST OF THE MISSOURI.



KAYA AND THE TRAVELERS.



HE half-breed had ridden through the day with more than the usual recklessness of his class. He had pushed his gallant gray horse down the slopes of steep ravines, and urged him against the steep hillsides of the winding trail, until the less vigorous animals of the travelers were beaten to a walk.

VOL. IX.—29

The tall pine-trees threw long shadows across the narrow mountain path, when Kaya suddenly reined up: "Behold the first water of the western slope," he said; "have I kept my faith?" "What does the wild man mean?" cried Wilson. "You are thoroughly versed in the eccentricities of these worthy savages; it is still a long way to the Mission; ask him to explain himself." Thus addressed, the New Englander turned to their guide, and requested him to tell them why he had halted. "It is not night," he said;