

"You mean miles from that Mormon settlement?  
Look here, you treat your guide with due respect  
If you don't want to spend the night outdoors.  
I vow we must be near the place from where  
The two converging slides, the avalanches,  
On Marshall, look like donkey's ears.  
We may as well see that and save the day."

"Don't donkey's ears suggest we shake our own?"

"For God's sake, aren't you fond of viewing nature?  
You don't like nature. All you like is books.  
What signify a donkey's ears and bottle,  
However natural? Give you your books!  
Well then, right here is where I show you books.  
Come straight down off this mountain just as fast  
As we can fall and keep a-bouncing on our feet.  
It's hell for knees unless done hell-for-leather."

Be ready, I thought, for almost anything.

We struck a road I didn't recognize,  
But welcomed for the chance to lave my shoes  
In dust once more. We followed this a mile,  
Perhaps, to where it ended at a house  
I didn't know was there. It was the kind  
To bring me to for broad-board paneling.  
I never saw so good a house deserted.

"Excuse me if I ask you in a window  
That happens to be broken, Davis said.  
"The outside doors as yet have held against us.  
I want to introduce you to the people  
Who used to live here. They were Robinsons.  
You must have heard of Clara Robinson,  
The poetess who wrote the book of verses  
And had it published. It was all about