Isid"or on one of the highest trails in this part of the mountains where a misstep by one pack horse might pull all the rest into a tumble a few thousand feet down the slope, when Isid"or turned in his saddle and called: Mac, if we was to roll this packstring right about here, the bastards'd roll until they stunk.

Since the lookout gear and our food only amounted to a load for one horse it hadn't been necessary to hire Isid"or for this counting
so I chimed in: Counting starts tomorrow, Alec. Dad and I'll be up there a couple three days. Remember that time you and I were along with him and Spencer's herder's dog Moxie got full of porcupine quills and we both--