BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

FLIP—A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

[Concluded.]

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

The long parched summer had drawn to its dusty close. Much of it was already blown abroad and dissipated on trail and turnpike, or crackled in harsh, unelastic fibres on hillside and meadow. Some of it had disappeared in the palpable smoke by day and fiery crests by night of burning forests. The besieging fogs on the Coast Range daily thinned their hosts, and at last vanished. The wind changed from northwest to southwest. The salt breath of the sea was on the summit. And then one day the staring, unchanged sky was faintly touched with remote mysterious clouds, and grew tremulous in expression. The next morning dawned upon a newer face in the heavens, on changed woods, on altered outlines, on vanished crests, on forgotten distances. It was raining!

Four weeks of this change, with broken spaces of sunlight and intense blue aerial islands, and then a storm set in. All day the summit pines and redwoods rocked in the blast. At times the onset of the rain seemed to be held back by the fury of the gale, or was visibly seen in sharp waves on the hillside. Unknown and concealed watercourses suddenly overflowed the trails, pools became lakes and brooks rivers. Hidden from the storm, the sylvan silence of sheltered valleys was broken by the impetuous rush of waters; even the tiny streamlet that traversed Flip's retreat in the Gin and Ginger Woods became a cascade.

The storm drove Fairley from his couch early. The falling of a large tree across the trail, and the sudden overflow of a small stream beside it, hastened his steps. But he was doomed to encounter what was to him a more disagreeable object—a human figure. By the bedraggled drapery that flapped and fluttered in the wind, by the long, unkempt hair that hid the face and eyes, and by the grotesquely misplaced bonnet, the old man recognized one of his old trespassers—an Indian squaw.

"Clear out 'er that! Come, make tracks, will ye?" the old man screamed; but here the wind stopped his voice, and drove him against a hazel bush.

"Me heap sick," answered the squaw, shivering through her muddy shawl.

"I'll make ye a heap sicker if ye don't vamose the ranch," continued Fairley, advancing.

"Me wantee Wangee girl. Wangee girl give me heap grub," said the squaw, without moving.

"You bet your life," groaned the old man to himself. Nevertheless an idea struck him. "Ye ain't brought no presents, hev ye?" he asked cautiously. "Ye ain't got no pooty things for poor Wangee girl?" he continued, insinuatingly.

"Me got heap *cache* nuts and berries," said the squaw.

"Oh, in course! in course! That's just it," screamed Fairley; "you've got 'em *cached* only two mile from yer, and you'll go and get 'em for a half dollar, cash down."

"Me bring Wangee girl to *cache*," replied the Indian, pointing to the wood. "Honest Injin."

Another bright idea struck Mr. Fairley. But it required some elaboration. Hurrying the squaw with him through the pelting rain, he reached the shelter of the corral. Vainly the shivering aborigine drew her tightly bandaged papoose closer to her square, flat breast, and looked longingly toward the cabin; the old man backed her against the palisade. Here he cautiously imparted his dark intentions to employ her to keep watch and ward over the rancho, and especially over its young mistress—"clear out all the tramps 'ceptin' yourself, and I'll keep ye in grub and rum." Many and deliberate repetitions of this offer in various forms at last seemed to affect the squaw; she nodded violently, and echoed the last word "rum." "Now," she added. The old man hesitated; she was in possession of his secret; he groaned, and, promising an immediate installment of liquor, led her to the cabin.

The door was so securely fastened against the impact of the storm that some moments elapsed before the bar was drawn, and the old man had become impatient and profane. When it was partly opened by Flip he hastily slipped in, dragging the squaw after him, and cast one single suspicious glance around the rude apartment which served as a sitting room. Flip had apparently been writing. A small inkstand was still on the board table, but her paper had evidently been concealed before she allowed them to enter. The squaw instantly squatted before the adobe hearth, warmed her bundled baby, and left the ceremony of introduction to her companion. Flip regarded the two with calm preoccupation and indifference. The only thing that touched her interest was the old squaw's draggled skirt and limp neckerchief. They were Flip's own, long since abandoned and cast off in the Gin and Ginger Woods. "Secrets again," whined Fairley, still eyeing Flip furtively. "Secrets again, in course—in course—jiss so. Secrets that must be kep from the ole man. Dark doin's by one's own flesh and blood. Go on! go on! Don't mind me." Flip did not reply. She had even lost the interest in her old dress. Perhaps it had only touched some note in unison with her revery.

"Can't ye get the poor critter some whiskey?" he queried, fretfully. "Ye used to be peart enuff before." As Flip turned to the corner to lift the demijohn, Fairley took occasion to kick the squaw with his foot, and indicate by extravagant pantomime that the bargain was not to be alluded to before the girl. Flip poured out some whiskey in a tin cup, and, approaching the squaw, handed it to her. "It's like ez not," continued Fairley to his daughter, but looking at the squaw, "that she'll be huntin' the woods off and on, and kinder looking after the last pit near the *Madroños*; ye'll give her grub and licker ez she likes. Well, d'ye hear, Flip? Are ye moonin' agin with yer secrets? What's gone with ye?"

If the child were dreaming, it was a delicious dream. Her magnetic eyes were suffused by a strange light, as though the eye itself had blushed; her full pulse showed itself more in the rounding outline of her cheek than in any deepening of color; indeed, if there was any heightening of tint, it was in her freckles, which fairly glistened like tiny spangles. Her eyes were downcast, her shoulders slightly bent, but her voice was low and clear and thoughtful as ever.

"One o' the big pines above the *Madroño* pit has blown over into the run," she said. "It's choked up the water, and it's risin' fast. Like ez not it's pourin' over into the pit by this time."

The old man rose with a fretful cry. "And why in blazes didn't you say so first?" he screamed, catching up his axe and rushing to the door.

"Ye didn't give me a chance," said Flip, raising her eyes for the first time. With an impatient imprecation, Fairley darted by her and rushed into the wood. In an instant she had shut the door and bolted it. In the same instant the squaw arose, dashed the long hair not only from her eyes, but from her head, tore away her shawl and blanket, and revealed the square shoulders of Lance Harriott! Flip remained leaning against the door; but the young man in rising dropped the bandaged papoose, which rolled from his lap into the fire. Flip, with a cry, sprang toward it; but Lance caught her by the waist with one arm, as with the other he dragged the bundle from the flames. "Don't be alarmed," he said, gayly, "it's only —"

"What?" said Flip, trying to disengage herself.

"My coat and trousers."

Flip laughed, which encouraged Lance to another attempt to kiss her. She evaded it by diving her head into his waistcoat, and saying, "There's father."

"But he's gone to clear away that tree?" suggested Lance.

One of Flip's significant silences followed.

"Oh, I see," he laughed. "That was a plant to get him away! Ah!" She had released herself.

"Why did you come like that?" she said, pointing to his wig and blanket.

"To see if you'd know me," he responded.

"No," said Flip, dropping her eyes. "It was to keep other people from knowing you. You're hidin' agin."

"I am," returned Lance; "but," he interrupted, gayly, "it's only the same old thing."

"But you wrote from Monterey that it was all over," she persisted.

"So it would have been," he said gloomily, "but for some dog down here who is hunting up an old scent. I'll spot him yet, and—" He stopped suddenly, with such utter abstraction of hatred in his fixed and glittering eyes that she almost feared him. She laid her hand quite unconsciously on his arm. He grasped it—his face changed.

"I couldn't wait any longer to see you, Flip, so I came here anyway," he went on gayly. "I thought to hang round and get a chance to speak to you first, when I fell afoul of the old man. He didn't know me, and tumbled right in my little game. Why; do you believe he wants to hire me for my grub and liquor, to act as a sort of sentry over you and the ranch?" And here he related with great gusto the substance of his interview. "I reckon as he's that suspicious," he concluded. "I'd better play it out now as I've begun, only it's mighty hard I can't see you here before the fire in your fancy toggery, Flip, but must dodge in and out of the wet underbrush in these yer duds of yours that I picked up in the old place in the Gin and Ginger Woods."

"Then you came here just to see me?" asked Flip.

"I did."

"For only that?"

"Only that."

Flip dropped her eyes. Lance had got his other arm around her waist, but her resisting little hand was still potent.

"Listen," she said at last, without looking up, but apparently talking to the intruding arm, "when Dad comes I'll get him to send you to watch the diamond pit. It isn't far; it's warm, and—"

"What?"

"I'll come after a bit and see you. Quit foolin' now. If you'd only have come here like yourself—like—like—a white man."

"The old man," interrupted Lance, "would have just passed me on to the summit. I couldn't have played the lost fisherman on him at this time of year."

"Ye could have been stopped at the Crossing by high water, you silly," said the girl. "It was." This grammatical obscurity referred to the stage coach.

"Yes, but I might have been tracked to this cabin. And look here, Flip," he said, suddenly straightening himself, and lifting the girl's face to a level with his own, "I don't want you to lie any more for me. It ain't right."

"All right. Ye needn't go to the pit, then, and I won't come."

"Flip!"

"And here's Dad coming. Quick!"

Lance chose to put his own interpretation on this last adjuration. The resisting little hand was now lying quite limp on his shoulder. He drew her brown, bright face near his own, felt her spiced breath on his lips, his cheeks, his hot eyelids, his swimming eyes, kissed her, hurriedly replaced his wig and blanket, and dropped beside the fire with the tremulous laugh of youth and innocent first passion. Flip had withdrawn to the window, and was looking out upon the rocking pines.

"He don't seem to be coming," said Lance, with a half shy laugh.

"No," responded Flip demurely, pressing her hot oval cheek against the wet panes; "I reckon I was mistaken. You're sure," she added, looking resolutely another way, but still trembling like a magnetic needle toward Lance, as he moved slightly before the fire, "you're *sure* you'd like me to come to you?"

"Sure, Flip?"

"Hush!" said Flip, as this reassuring query of reproachful astonishment appeared about to be emphasized by a forward amatory dash of Lance's; "hush! he's coming this time, sure."

It was, indeed, Fairley, exceedingly wet, exceedingly bedraggled, exceedingly sponged out as to color, and exceedingly profane. It appeared that there was, indeed, a tree that had fallen in the "run," but that, far from diverting the overflow into the pit, it had established "back water," which had forced another outlet. All this might have been detected at once by any human intellect not distracted by correspondence with strangers, and enfeebled by habitually scorning the intellect of its own progenitor. This reckless selfishness had further only resulted in giving "rheumatics" to that progenitor, who now required the external administration of opodeldoc to his limbs, and the internal administration of whiskey. Having thus spoken, Mr. Fairley, with great promptitude and infantine simplicity, at once bared two legs of entirely different colors and mutely waited for his daughter to rub them. If Flip did this all unconsciously, and with the mechanical dexterity of previous habit, it was because she did not quite understand the savage eyes and impatient gestures of Lance in his encompassing wig and blanket, and because it helped her to voice her thought.

"Ye'll never be able to take yer watch at the diamond pit to-night, Dad," she said: "and I've been reck'nin' you might set the squaw there instead. I can show her what to do."

But to Flip's momentary discomfiture, her father promptly objected. "Mebbee I've got suthin' else for her to do. Mebbee I may have my secrets too—eh?" he said, with dark significance, at the same time administering a significant nudge to Lance, which kept up the young man's exasperation. "No, she'll rest yer a bit just now. I'll set her to watchin' suthin' else, like as not, when I want her." Flip fell into one of her suggestive silences. Lance watched her earnestly, mollified by a single furtive glance from her significant eyes; the rain dashed against the windows, and occasionally spattered and hissed in the hearth of the broad chimney, and Mr. David Fairley, somewhat assuaged by the internal administration of whiskey, grew more loquacious. The genius of incongruity and inconsistency which generally ruled his conduct came out with freshened vigor under the gentle stimulation of spirit. "On an evening like this," he began, comfortably settling himself on the floor beside the chimney, "ye might rig yerself out in them new duds and fancy fixin's that that Sacramento shrimp sent ye, and let your own flesh and blood see ye. If that's too much to do for your ole dad, ye might do it to please that digger squaw as a Christian act." Whether in the hidden depths of the old man's consciousness there was a feeling of paternal vanity in showing this wretched aborigine the value and importance of the treasure she was about to guard I cannot say. Flip darted an interrogatory look at Lance, who nodded a quiet assent, and she flew into the inner room. She did not linger on the details of her toilet, but reappeared almost the next moment in her new finery, buttoning the neck of her gown as she entered the room, and chastely stopping at the window to characteristically pull up her stocking. The peculiarity of her situation increased her usual shyness; she played with the black and gold beads of a handsome necklace—Lance's last gift—as the merest child might; her unbuckled shoe gave the squaw a natural opportunity of showing her admiration and devotion by insisting upon buckling it, and gave Lance under that disguise an opportunity of covertly kissing the little foot and ankle in the shadow of the chimney; an event which provoked slight hysterical symptoms in Flip, and caused her to sit suddenly down in spite of the remonstrances of her parent. "Ef you can't quit gigglin' and squirmin' like an Injin baby yourself, ye'd better git rid o' them duds," he ejaculated with peevish scorn.

Yet under this perfunctory rebuke his weak vanity could not be hidden, and he enjoyed the evident admiration of a creature whom he believed to be half-witted and degraded all the more keenly because it did not make him jealous. She could not take Flip from him. Rendered garrulous by liquor, he went to voice his contempt for those who might attempt it. Taking advantage of his daughter's absence to resume her homely garments, he whispered confidentially to Lance:

"Ye see these yer fine dresses, ye might think is presents. Pr'aps Flip lets on they are? Pr'aps she don't know any better. But they ain't presents. They're only samples o' dressmaking and jewelry that a vain, conceited shrimp of a feller up in Sacramento sends down here to get customers for. In course I'm to pay for 'em. In course he reckons I'm to do it. In course, I calkilate to do it; but he needn't try to play 'em off as presents. He talks suthin' o' coming down here, sportin' hisself off on Flip as a fancy buck! Not ez long ez the old man's here—you bet." Thoroughly carried away by his fancied wrongs, it was perhaps fortunate that he did not observe the flashing eyes of Lance behind his lank and lustreless wig; but seeing only the figure of Lance as he had conjured him, he went on: "That's why I want you to hang around her. Hang around her until my boy—him that's comin' home on a visit—gets here, and I reckon he'll clear out that yar Sacramento counter jumper. Only let me get a sight o' him afore Flip does. Eh? D'ye hear? Dog my skin if I don't believe the d——d Injin's drunk." It was fortunate that at that moment Flip reappeared, and, dropping on the hearth between her father and the infuriated Lance, let her hand slip in his with a warning pressure. The light touch momentarily recalled him to himself and her, but not until the quick-witted girl had had revealed to her in one startled wave of consciousness the full extent of Lance's infirmity of temper. With the instinct of awakened tenderness came a sense of responsibility and a vague premonition of danger. The coy blossom of her heart was scarce unfolded before it was chilled by approaching shadows. Fearful of she knew not what, she hesitated. Every moment of Lance's stay was imperilled by a single word that might spring from his suppressed white lips; beyond and above the suspicions his sudden withdrawal might awaken in her father's breast, she was dimly conscious of some mysterious terror without that awaited him. She listened to the furious onslaught of the wind upon the sycamores beside their cabin, and thought she heard it there; she listened to the sharp fusillade of rain upon roof and pane, and the turbulent roar and rush of leaping mountain torrents at their very feet, and fancied it was there. She suddenly sprang to the window, and, pressing her eyes to the pane, saw through the misty turmoil of tossing boughs and swaying branches the scintillating intermittent flames of torches moving on the trail above, and *knew* it was there!

In an instant she was collected and calm. "Dad," she said, in her ordinary indifferent tone, "there's torches movin' up toward the diamond pit. Likely it's tramps. I'll take the squaw and see." And before the old man could stagger to his feet she had dragged Lance with her into the road.

CHAPTER VI.

The wind charged down upon them, slamming the door at their backs, extinguishing the broad shaft of light that had momentarily shot out into the darkness, and swept them a dozen yards away. Gaining the lee of a madrono tree, Lance opened his blanketed arms, enfolded the girl, and felt her for one brief moment tremble and nestle in his bosom like some frightened animal. "Well," he said, gayly, "what next?" Flip recovered herself. "You're safe now anywhere outside the house. But did you expect them to-night?" Lance shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?" "Hush!" returned the girl; "they're coming this way."

The four flickering, scattered lights presently dropped into line. The trail had been found; they were coming nearer. Flip breathed quickly; the spiced aroma of her presence filled the blanket as he drew her tightly beside him. He had forgotten the storm that raged around them, the mysterious foe that was approaching, until Flip caught his sleeve with a slight laugh. "Why, its Kennedy and Bijah?" "Who's Kennedy and Bijah?" asked Lance, curtly. "Kennedy's the Postmaster and Bijah's the butcher." "What do they want?" continued Lance. "Me," said Flip, coyly. "You?" "Yes; let's run away."

Half leading, half dragging her friend, Flip made her way with unerring woodcraft down the ravine. The sound of voices and even the tumult of the storm became fainter, an acrid smell of burning green wood smarted Lance's lips and eyes; in the midst of the darkness beneath him gradually a faint, gigantic nimbus like a lurid eye glowed and sank, quivered and faded with the spent breath of the gale as it penetrated their retreat. "The pit," whispered Flip; "it's safe on the other side," she added, cautiously skirting the orbit of the great eye, and leading him to a sheltered nest of bark and sawdust. It was warm and odorous. Nevertheless, they both deemed it necessary to enwrap themselves in the single blanket. The eye beamed fitfully upon them, occasionally a wave of lambent tremulousness passed across it; its weirdness was an excuse for their drawing nearer each other in playful terror.

"Flip."

"Well?"

"What did the other two want? To see you, *too*?"

"Likely," said Flip, without the least trace of coquetry. "There's been a lot of strangers yer, off and on."

"Perhaps you'd like to go back and see them?"

"Do you want me to?"

Lance's reply was a kiss. Nevertheless he was vaguely uneasy. "Looks a little as if I were running away, don't it?" he suggested.

"No," said Flip, "they think you're only a squaw; it's me they're after." Lance smarted a little at this infelicitous speech. A strange and irritating sensation had been creeping over him—it was his first experience of shame and remorse. "I reckon I'll go back and see," he said, rising abruptly.

Flip was silent. She was thinking. Believing that the men were seeking her only, she knew that their attention would be directed from her companion when it was found out he was no longer with her, and she dreaded to meet them in his irritable presence.

"Go," she said, "tell Dad something's gone wrong in the diamond pit, and say I'm watching it for him here."

"And you?"

"I'll go there and wait for him. If he can't get rid of them, and they follow him there, I'll come back here and meet you. Anyhow, I'll manage to have Dad wait there a spell."

She took his hand and led him back by a different path to the trail. He was surprised to find that the cabin, its window glowing from the fire, was only a hundred yards away. "Go in the back way, by the shed. Don't go in the room, nor near the light if you can. Don't talk inside, but call or beckon to Dad. Remember," she said with a laugh, "you're keeping watch of me for him. Pull your hair down on your eyes, so." This operation, like most feminine embellishments of the masculine toilet was, attended by a kiss, and Flip, stepping back into the shadow, vanished in the storm.

Lance's first movements were inconsistent with his assumed sex. He picked up his draggled skirt, and drew a bowie knife from his boot. From his bosom he took a revolver, turning the chambers noiselessly as he felt the caps. He then crept toward the cabin softly and gained the shed. It was quite dark but for a pencil of light piercing a crack of the rude ill-fitting door that opened on the sitting room. A single voice not unfamiliar to him, raised in half brutal triumph, greeted his ears. A name was mentioned—his own! His angry hand was on the latch. One moment more and he would have burst the door, but in that instant another name was uttered—a name that dropped his hand from the latch and the blood from his cheeks. He staggered backward, passed his hand swiftly across his forehead, recovered himself with a gesture of mingled rage and despair, and sinking on his knees beside the door pressed his hot temples against the crack.

"Do I know Lance Harriott?" said the voice. "Do I know the d——d ruffian? Didn't I hunt him a year ago into the brush three miles from the Crossing? Didn't we lose sight of him the very day he turned up yer at this ranch, and got smuggled over into Monterey? Ain't it the same man as killed Arkansaw Bob—Bob Ridley—the name he went by in Sonora? And who was Bob Ridley, eh? Who? Why you d——d old fool, it was Bob Fairley—YOUR SON!"

The old man's voice rose querulous and indistinct.

"What are ye talkin' about?" interrupted the first speaker. "I tell you I *know*. Look at these pictures, I found 'em on his body. Look at 'em. Pictures of you and your girl. Pr'aps you'll deny them. Pr'aps you'll tell me I lie when I tell you *he* told me he was your son; told me how he ran away from you, how you were livin' somewhere in the mountains makin' gold or suthin' else outer charcoal. He told me who he was as a secret. He never let on he told it to any one else. And when I found that the man who killed him, Lance Harriott, had been hidin' here, had been sendin' spies all around to find out all about your son, had been foolin' you and tryin' to ruin your gal as he had killed your boy, I knew that *he* knew it too."

"LIAR!"

The door fell in with a crash. There was the sudden apparition of a demoniac face, still half hidden by the long trailing black locks of hair that curled like Medusa's around it. A cry of terror filled the room. Three of the men dashed from the door and fled precipitately. The man who had spoken sprang toward his rifle in the chimney corner. But the movement was his last; a blinding flash and shattering report interposed between him and his weapon. The impulse carried him forward headlong into the fire, that hissed and spluttered with his blood, and Lance Harriott, with his smoking pistol, strode past him to the door. Already far down the trail there were hurried voices, the crack and crackling of impending branches growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Lance turned back to the solitary living figure—the old man.

Yet he might have been dead too, he sat so rigid and motionless, his fixed eyes staring vacantly at the body on the hearth. Before him on the table lay the cheap photographs, one evidently of himself, taken in some remote epoch of complexion, one of a child which Lance recognized as Flip.

"Tell me," said Lance hoarsely, laying his quivering hand on the table, "was Bob Ridley your son?"

"My son," echoed the old man in a strange, far-off voice, without turning his eyes from the corpse—"My son—is—is there!" pointing to the dead man. "Hush! Didn't he tell you so? Didn't you hear him say it? Dead—dead—shot—shot!"

"Silence! are you crazy, man?" repeated Lance, tremblingly; "that is not Bob Ridley, but a dog, a coward, a liar gone to his reckoning. Hear me! If your son *was* Bob Ridley, I swear to God I never knew it, now or—or—*then*. Do you hear me? Tell me! Do you believe me? Speak! You shall speak."

He laid his hand almost menacingly on the old man's shoulder. Fairley slowly raised his head. Lance fell back with a groan of horror. The weak lips were wreathed with a feeble imploring smile, but the eyes wherein the fretful, peevish, suspicious spirit had dwelt were blank and tenantless; the flickering intellect that had lit them was blown out and vanished.

Lance walked toward the door and remained motionless for a moment, gazing into the night. When he turned back again toward the fire his face was as colorless as the dead man's on the hearth; the fire of passion was gone from his beaten eyes; his step was hesitating and slow. He went up to the table.

"I say, old man," he said with a strange smile and an odd, premature suggestion of the infinite weariness of death in his voice, "you wouldn't mind giving me this, would you?" and he took up the picture of Flip. The old man nodded repeatedly. "Thank you," said Lance. He went to the door, paused a moment, and returned. "Good-by, old man," he said, holding out his hand. Fairley took it with a childish smile. "He's dead," said the old man softly, holding Lance's hand, but pointing to the hearth. "Yes," said Lance, with the faintest of smiles on the palest of faces. "You feel sorry for any one that's dead, don't you?" Fairley nodded again. Lance looked at him with eyes as remote as his own, shook his head, and turned away. When he reached the door he laid his revolver carefully, and, indeed, somewhat ostentatiously, upon a chair. But when he stepped from the threshold he stopped a moment in the light of the open door to examine the lock of a small derringer which he drew from his pocket. He then shut the door carefully, and with the same slow, hesitating step felt his way into the night.

He had but one idea in his mind—to find some lonely spot; some spot where the footsteps of man would never penetrate, some spot that would yield him rest, sleep, obliteration, forgetfulness—and, above all, where *he* would be forgotten. He had seen such places—surely there were many—where bones were picked up of dead men who had faded from the earth and had left no other record. If he could only keep his senses now he might find such a spot, but he must be careful, for her little feet went everywhere, and she must never see him again alive or dead. And in the midst of his thoughts, and the darkness, and the storm, he heard a voice at his side—"Lance, how long you have been!"

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Left to himself, the old man again fell into a vacant contemplation of the dead body before him, until a stronger blast swept down like an avalanche upon the cabin, burst through the ill-fastened door and broken chimney, and, dashing the ashes and living embers over the floor, filled the room with blinding smoke and flame. Fairley rose with a feeble cry, and then, as if acted upon by some dominant memory, groped under the bed until he found his buckskin bag and his precious crystal, and fled precipitately from the room. Lifted by this second shock from his apathy, he returned to the fixed idea of his life—the discovery and creation of the diamond—and forgot all else. The feeble grasp that his shaken intellect kept of the events of the night relaxed, the disguised Lance, the story of his son, the murder, slipped into nothingness; there remained only the one idea—his nightly watch by the diamond pit. The instinct of long habit was stronger than the darkness or the onset of the storm, and he kept his tottering way over stream and fallen timber until he reached the spot. A sudden tremor seemed to shake the lambent flame that had lured him on. He thought he heard the sound of voices; there were signs of recent disturbance—footprints in the sawdust! With a cry of rage and suspicion, Fairley slipped into the pit and sprang toward the nearest opening. To his frenzied fancy it had been tampered with, his secret discovered, the fruit of his long labors stolen from him that very night. With superhuman strength he began to open the pit, scattering the half-charred logs right and left, and giving free vent to the suffocating gases that rose from the now incandescent charcoal. At times the fury of the gale would drive it back and hold it against the sides of the pit, leaving the opening free; at times, following the blind instinct of habit, the demented man would fall upon his face and bury his nose and mouth in the wet bark and sawdust. At last, the paroxysm past, he sank back again in his old apathetic attitude of watching, the attitude he had so often kept beside his sylvan crucible. In this attitude and in silence he waited for the dawn.

It came with a hush in the storm; it came with blue openings in the broken up and tumbled heavens; it came with stars that glistened first, and then paled, and at last sank drowning in those deep cerulean lakes; it came with those cerulean lakes broadening into vaster seas, whose shores expanded at last into one illimitable ocean, cerulean no more, but flecked with crimson and opal dyes; it came with the lightly lifted misty curtain of the day, torn and rent on crag and pine top, but always lifting, lifting. It came with the sparkle of emerald in the grasses, and the flash of diamonds in every spray, with a whisper in the awakening woods, and voices in the travelled roads and trails.

The sound of these voices stopped before the pit, and seemed to interrogate the old man. He came, and, putting his finger on his lips, made a sign of caution. When three or four men had descended he bade them follow him, saying, weakly and disjointedly, but persistently: "My boy . . . my son Robert . . . came home . . . came home at last . . . here with Flip . . . both of them . . . Come and see!"

He had reached a little niche or nest in the hillside, and stopped and suddenly drew aside a blanket. Beneath it, side by side, lay Flip and Lance, dead, with their cold hands clasped in each other's.

"Suffocated!" said two or three, turning with horror toward the broken up and still smouldering pit.

"Asleep!" said the old man. "Asleep! I've seen 'em lying that way when they were babies together. Don't tell me! Don't say I don't know my own flesh and blood! So! so! So, my pretty ones!" He stooped and kissed them. Then, drawing the blanket over them gently, he rose and said softly, "Good night!"

MAY, 1882. BRET HARTE.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Ah, Lucky Lovers!

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Two lovers watched the sunset die
In happy clouds that floated west;
His lips caressed her silken hair,
Her head lay nestling on his breast.

"Ah, Love," he said, "I see that men
Should make no count of hours and days;
They live most when their sleepy hearts
Do leap like mine in proud amaze."

"Yes, yes," she whispered; "all in vain
I hear the bells of hollow towers;
But your heart swiftly beating here
Tells all too well the flying hours."

Deserted.

From Good Words.

Bright sea, far flooding all the pebbled sand,
Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone;
Thy lullaby, low murmured to the strand,
Sounds like a lover's tone;
And yet I know, elsewhere,
Some other shore, as fair,
Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.

Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
Tracing the shadow of an ivy spray,
How tenderly thy golden touches fall
On common things to-day!
Yet, beneath other skies
Some land benighted lies,
Deserted by thy glory, cold and gray.

Blithe bird, loud-warbling underneath the eaves
An eager love song passionate and shrill,
My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
With sweet responsive thrill;
Yet far away, dear guest,
There is an empty nest
Which thou hast left forsaken, void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
I too may lose the tide, the light, the lay;
Others may win the kisses that were mine,
My night may be their day;
Yet, though the soul may sigh
For precious things gone by,
I shall have had my rapture, come what may!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

Rondeau.

From the Boston Transcript.

When I am dead, and all my heart's distress
Lies in the sweet earth's green forgetfulness,
I care not, love, if all the world go by
My quiet grave without a word or sigh,
If thou but think of me with gentleness.

World's praise or blame is nothing; hit or miss,
Love is alone the measure of our bliss,
And safe within love's heart my name will lie
When I am dead.

To thee, my darling, all will seem amiss,
Till gentle time shall help thee to dismiss
Death's gloom; for that, too, hath its time to die,
And sorrow's thought grows hallowed by and by.
Take courage, then, dear suffering heart: Read this
When I am dead.

College Memories and Hopes.

Read to the Alumni of the Northwestern University, at Chicago, June 21.

Sweet as the notes of convent bells that fall
From distant towers at eventide, and call
To vesper song; and clear as those that swell
On summer winds across the sea, to tell
A waking world that a new day is born,
So sweet and clear to us this summer morn
The voices of the past that called us here,
Where every sight and sound which we held dear
In vanished years has now that glad surprise,
For our astonished ears and raptured eyes,
Which only those can feel who seek anew
And find some treasure long since lost to view.

No veil of years can ever blind our sight
To the new beauties and the fresh delight
Of scenes on which in youth our love has set
The seal of memory and fond regret.
Ye ancient oaks, beneath whose favoring shade
Ambitious hopes were born, and fancy played
Her gladdest harmonies on golden strings,
To-day the music of your branches sings
The sweet enchantment of a happy youth,
When ignorance of vice and love of truth
Gave to our hopes an ever brightening hue,
Which later sorrows only half subdue.
And ye, familiar halls where learning lent
Her charm of meditative, calm content,
To eager minds, with joy again we view
The old accustomed places which we knew.

But there were faces once familiar here
Which we have lost, and they will not appear
Amid these scenes to-day. We search in vain
For some we loved, but shall not see again,
And yet the beauty of their well-spent lives
Fresh in our memory through the years survives.

Two I remember well, by all revered,
Who by their noble influence were endeared
To most of us—Haven and Noyes. What praise
Can speak the value of their fruitful days?

To-day with glad delight we hear once more
The music of the waves upon the shore;
What pleasant stories does that music tell
Of happy summer days remembered well,
How sweet the memory of a happy past—
Our earliest pleasures are the ones that last;
Our oldest friends the ones we cling to most
When many friends fall from us and are lost.

Oh, charm of memory, the power to bring
A cup of sweet refreshment from the spring
Of our departed joys, making more bright
Our present pleasures with an old delight.
So we have cause for joy who gather here
With friends and hopes and memories ever dear.
Our college prospers and her sons increase,
And all our land is blest with happy peace.

While other lands are vexed with war's alarms,
In strength of intellect, not strength of arms,
Our nation glories, and from sea to sea
On every hand the jocund minstrelsy
Of joyful peace and well-rewarded toil
Delights the owners of our fruitful soil.

A warrior chief who was about to die
Cried to his barons who were standing by:
"Put on my armor, raise me to the door,
Let me die standing!" Thereupon, once more
Clad in full armor, springing from his bed,
He stood a moment and then fell back dead;
And that brave cry became the motto bold
Of chiefs as fearless as their sire of old.

May this same spirit all our minds inflame
To guard the treasure of our country's fame.
Ours is the glad inheritance of peace;
Be our's the pride that heritage to increase,
That we may hear these words on every side:
"A nation's scholars are the nation's pride."

H. SHERMAN BOUTELL.

A Song from de Ole Quarter.

From the Chicago Express.

Adam en' Eve in de appul tree,
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
Ole Eve got stung by a bummel eye bee!
Honor de dyin' lam'!
Chorus—Holy! Honor de lam'!
Oh, holy, holy, honor de dyin' lam'!

Debble he chase me roun' dem stump!
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
He giv me a cut fur ev'ry jump!
Honor de dyin' lam'!

Bake dem batter cakes brown en' brown,
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
Turn dem johnny cakes roun' en' roun'!
Honor de dyin' lam'!

Heah I stan' wid a Bible in my han',
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
Ef I don't preach I'se gwineter be dam',
Honor de dyin' lam'!

Ef you git ter heaven 'fo' I do,
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
Tell my Lawd I'm comin' too,
Honor de dyin' lam'!

I'se gotter new kervat, an' I'm gwineter put it on!
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
Want ter go to heaven wid my fine cloze on,
Honor de dyin' lam'!

I'm gwineter put on my golden shoes,
Honor de lam', oh, honor de lam'!
I want ter go to heaven to tell de news,
Honor de dyin' lam'!
Chorus—Holy! Honor de lam'!
Oh, holy, holy, honor de dyin' lam'!

The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railroad.

From the Denver Tribune.

A little double iron track,
A station here, a station there,
A locomotive, tender, tank,
A coach with patent swinging chair;
A postal car and baggage, too,
A platform of the Miller make,
With buffer, duffer, chain, and spike,
And nobby automatic brake;
Such is the pride of Orient hordes,
And Syria's brightest modern gem,
The railroad train that snails along
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Beware, O sacred Mooley cow,
The engine when it rings its bell!
Beware, O camel, when you hear
The whistle's sharp and warning swell!
And, native of the Holy Land,
Unused to modern travel's snare
And soothed by guileful taffy talk,
The awful peanut boy beware!
Else, trusting to his words and wares
Thou may'st have reason to condemn
The style of traffic that prevails
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem!

And when, ah! when the bonds fall due,
How vexed and wroth will wax the state;
From Nebo's mound to Nazareth
The cry will sound, "Repudiate!"
From Hebron to Tiberius,
From Jordan's banks unto the sea,
Will swell the chorus, loud and long,
Against that "—— monopoly."
The horny-handed shepherd swain,
Oppressed by bonded stratagem,
Will curse that corporation line
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

A Sad View of Kansas.

From the Chicago Times.

Oh, Kansas is an awful place!
Its miseries are known
To only those who visit it,
To those, and those alone.

The rattlesnakes run after you,
The sun doth scorch your head,
And you can feel the sand to grit
Whene'er you eat your bread.

The fleas and the mosquitoes,
The ants, and gnats and flies—
They almost do devour you,
And get in your bread and pies.

The wind, it keeps a blowing,
And takes you off your legs;
The chickens have the cholera,
So you've hardly any eggs.

And stuffing cornstalks steadily,
Job's patience would tire out;
Since that's the only way to do,
I think he'd let the fire go out.

It seems as if there was never
A thing half fit to eat;
You go a mile or two for milk,
And have only pork for meat.

The prairie fires come raging round
Right in the dead of night;
And, even if you're not burned out,
You get an awful fright.

Your eyes are blinded by the sand;
There's not a tree in sight;
Your house is built of blocks of sod,
And nothing seems just right.

EMMA R. SHANNON.

THE REVENGE OF THE JEWS.

The Way Russia has been Made to Suffer for the Anti-Jewish Riots.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 28.—Jewish persecution in Russia is, for the time being, at an end. Now some of the Russians are trying to calculate the results of the whole movement, and they come to a very startling conclusion. The Czar's country counts its population at one hundred millions, and there are but three million Jews in Russia all told. It would appear, then, that against every three Jews there were a hundred Russians. But it would be unfair to say that all the Russians are Judophobes. There are millions of Russians well disposed to the Jews. Among the Russian journals and magazines there are many decidedly Judophile in tone; for instance, the *Golos*, the *Poriadok* (Order), the *European Messenger*, and the *National Notes*. And there are still more Russians who are indifferent in regard to the Jews. When the Jews came in conflict with the orthodox Russians as to who should have a few crumbs and crusts of bread not yet eaten up, and a few copecks not yet pocketed, it was very plain at once that the Jews had no choice but to run for their lives. The infuriated mob of the peasantry burned and destroyed a score of villages and towns which were largely populated by Jews. Thousands of Jews were driven abroad. The loss of property sustained by the Jews amounts to millions of roubles. Yet at the end the victors were the main losers.

The Russian importing and exporting merchants were the first to realize that Russian credit abroad had fallen lower than ever before. This was due to the influence of Jewish bankers. Then it was reported that the great banking houses of the Rothschilds at London, Paris, and Naples had sworn to make the Czar feel their power in the financial world. The Jews here whispered to one another, "The Nihilists are bold enough to drive the Czar into a hole, and the Rothschilds are powerful enough to starve him to death when he is in." The Jewish capitalists in Russia began to operate according to the instructions received by them from the Rothschilds. Mr. Poliakoff, the head of many Russian railroad companies; Baron Hintzburg, the richest banker in this city, and Mr. Brodsky, the richest banker at Kieff and Odessa, united their efforts with those of their patrons in reducing the Russian rouble to its minimum value. A few years ago the rouble was worth over seventy cents, and now it can be bought for fifty cents.

Odessa, the Russian Chicago, is in a state of great depression. It must be recollected that more than half of all the Russian grain and other products sent abroad goes through Odessa, and that the majority of the agents and consignees in that city are Jews. As these are now gone, trade has become disorganized and depressed. Even Moscow, the chief centre of the home trade, is alarmed. Lately fifty of the richest Russian merchants in Moscow petitioned the Minister of Finance thus:

> We deeply deplore the anti-Jewish movement, for it has undermined the interests not only of the Jewish merchants, but also of the Russian merchants, throughout the country. Order and peace are essential for the prosperity of our country and for the development of our trade. The order forbidding Jews to reside and conduct business in both capitals may cause serious disorganization of our trade. Our city of Moscow will lose greatly if the Jews are driven away. Therefore, we pray that the Government will allow Jews to reside and conduct business in our city as formerly.

This petition has enkindled a bitter feud between the Russian Judophile and Judophobe journals, and the Moscow merchants are reproached as "traitors to their country," which is the greatest possible offence in the eyes of the Muscovites, who believe that there are no patriots in Russia outside the walls of the sacred city of Moscow. The *Novoe Vremia*, the leading Judophobe journal, says:

> The fifty Moscow merchants who petitioned that the Jews be permitted to reside in Moscow were surely hooked by some smart Jew, else we cannot account for such a signal lack of common sense and patriotism. If that request should be granted, we wonder what kind of petition the children of these petitioners would be forced to draw. In Moscow there are now about 20,000 Jews, and in twenty years there surely will be 100,000 of them. We earnestly advise the petitioners to read the fable of the frogs that had a stork for their king.

It was the Jewish question that proved a stumbling block for the late Minister of the Interior, and the new Minister, though he is ultra-orthodox, is bound to heal the Jewish wounds caused by his predecessor's policy. No Russian would even have dreamed a short time ago that Count Tolstoy would ever be forced to reward Russian priests for protecting Jews against the infuriated mob of the orthodox peasants, and yet now he has done it.

By its treacherous dealings with the question of the anti-Jewish riots the Czar's Government has undermined still further its authority with the people. The peasants at first believed that the Czar would not protect the Jews. Now they perceive that he could not do it, and so they have decided that they can do as they please themselves. Yesterday they mobbed with impunity the Jewish usurers; to-day they may mob the usurers of their own race, and to-morrow they may mob the Government officials. At least that is what is said here now.

The Jews ridicule both the late and the present Minister of the Interior for their Jewish policy. Gen. Ignatieff said to a Jewish deputation: "Our frontier is open for you. Good-by." Now Count Tolstoy says to the same Jews: "Our frontier is open for you. Welcome."

TIPS ON THE RACES.

The Busy Gentlemen who Sell Prophecy Dirt Cheap for Cash.

"Selections, gentlemen; every day this month I've beaten the horses" called out a rather shrewd looking young man on Pier 8, North River, Wednesday morning. He held in his right hand a bundle of sealed envelopes, which he shuffled over and spread out as if they were a pack of cards.

"Sure thing," he continued; "gives you the name of the winning horse in each race. Who'll have a selection. Best on the track. Gives you all horses to win for both first and second places."

Walking up and down the pier, he accosted each group of men as they came up to the gangplank of the Jesse Hoyt.

"How much for 'em?" asked a countryman, who seemed to have come out of New Jersey.

"Twenty-five cents."

"Gives names of winning horses?"

"Yes—every one—never fails. Have one?"

"Wa-al, yes, I guess I'll take one."

The selection seller pocketed the quarter, and as he turned away the countryman said:

"Say, there. If this ain't right, do I get my money back?"

"Yes—to-night in Central Park. Don't fail to meet me."

The countryman presently discovered that in order to win any money by the "selections" he would have to put money on the horses. This he had not bargained for, and he was last seen trying to get his quarter back.

Several men bought envelopes, and all did so in a laughing, half-ashamed way, as if they were willing for the fun of the thing to try it just once.

"Do you sell many selections?" asked a reporter of the man.

"No—not many; poor business."

The selection man evidently regarded his interrogator as a possible rival in the business. The reporter bought an envelope. Within was a long, narrow strip of paper. On it were printed the numbers of the races, with spaces for the first and second horses. For Wednesday's races at Monmouth Park it gave the winners as Parole, Pizarro, Amazon, Fair Count, Itaska, and Frank Short. The first two were the only hits, so that one who had impartially followed the selections would have lost money.

Sometimes the selections have excellent luck. One day last week the six oldest man in the business named the six winning horses, and the next day named five out of six. It is said that he was once rich, and lost all his money on the English turf. He sold tips while in England, and is now to be found busy at every important meeting in this country. He advertises his business, and furnishes distant subscribers with tips at fifty cents a day or $5 a week. He has an office in New York, where his wife sells the envelopes. He is always around the track and stables, and is said to have a tout who times the horses at exercise. His success has stimulated imitation.

"Are you generally correct in your selections?" asked the reporter of this dealer out of fortunes at twenty-five cents each.

"If I wasn't," he replied, "I would soon lose all my custom. Of course I make mistakes. A horse may suddenly get out of condition, and there are a thousand mishaps on a racecourse. I only claim to name the horses that ought to win if they have a fair chance."

At the entrance of the Monmouth Park racecourse a shabbily dressed man offered selections for sale. The first thought on seeing him was that if he was able to pick out winning horses he was able to buy better clothes. Apparently he did some business at the gate, for he was afterward seen on the grand stand wearing a badge. The man from the pier also reappeared and continued his sales. When the first two races had been run the selection sellers went about calling:

"Selections, gentlemen; names all the winning horses. Named the first and second winners already."

This was true, and business became brisk. The next race upset the selection men, and their voices were stilled. Suddenly they reappeared with pocketbooks loaded down with bank bills, and announced that they would cash running tickets on Turco at a slight reduction. This is called scalping. It was not confined to the selection men, but a dozen others were in the field. They scalped from ten cents to one dollar from the winning tickets, but the great competition kept the margin down pretty low. The scalpers had hovered around the French pool booths until the value of the winning ticket was posted and then rushed into the crowd shouting: "Cash Turco, $12.50; worth $12.75." As cashing tickets at the booths often involves a tedious delay many men were willing to pay 25 cents to get their money without trouble.

"How much do you make a day?" asked a reporter of a scalper.

"From $5 to $10 on a good day. It pays our expenses and gives us a little something over to bet on the races."

Every racecourse now has its selection men and scalpers. They often travel around from meeting to meeting. The principal selection seller is now at Saratoga, where he is said to be doing a poor business, because people there do not understand it.

THE HETCH-HETCHY.

A Valley Rivalling the Yosemite in Beauty—Towering Precipices and Rocks of Peculiar Formation—Magnificent Waterfalls.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

HETCH-HETCHY, June 20.—The Hetch-Hetchy Valley is situated on the main Tuolumne River, about twenty-five miles west of the crest of the Sierras, and sixteen in an air line northwest of Yosemite. Like that valley, it is but a widening of the bottom of the river cañon from the common "V" shape to that of a "U," and the substitution of nearly vertical solid granite cliffs for the ordinary slanting earth-covered sides of the California cañon. These two valleys are the only examples of this rock formation to be found in the Sierras, and, in fact, exceed in height of walls, size, natural wonders, and effect upon the observer any similar formation yet discovered in either hemisphere. Volumes have been written descriptive of Yosemite, but of her sister valley, equally beautiful, and in some respects even more remarkable, our public prints, our books of travel, and, with one exception, even our guide books are silent.

Hetch-Hetchy is reached from Colfax Springs, a small hotel at the tollgate on the Big Oak Flat road to Yosemite, thirteen miles east of Garrote. This is a wild spot, being the junction of the middle and south forks of the Tuolumne with the main river. Half a mile west of the hotel the road winds along the cañon 2,000 feet above the river, and in view of cascades on the south fork, and a vertical fall on the middle fork 200 feet in height. Further east I crept down a bluff at the junction of the two forks, and from a perpendicular precipice 1,200 feet in height had a fine view of the middle-fork cascades directly opposite. The stream here falls fully 1,000 feet in a half mile. From a rocky bluff a half-mile down the cañon Hetch-Hetchy comes first into open view. It is a surprise. The panorama is a noble one, embracing in one vast amphitheatre all the most notable objects of interest of the valley. Yosemite cannot produce its equal. It is as if El Capitan, the South Dome, Sentinel Rock, and the Yosemite and Nevada falls were brought together into one picture. And then we must borrow Hetch-Hetchy's broad green meadows to equal the panorama presented from the rock on which I now sit. The meadows, level as a floor, traversed by the river, now swollen by melted snows, but smooth and placid, and fringed by noble trees, form the foreground of the picture. Now, imagine this scene enclosed on three sides by nearly vertical walls of solid granite, rising from 2,000 feet, on the extreme left and right, to a grand culminating dome in the centre of the picture, springing 3,200 feet above the level of the valley. Paint these cliffs a velvety gray, relieved by patches of white, red, yellow, brown, and vertical bands of jet black. Then throw over the foreground of these cliffs two of Yosemite's best falls. Add California sunlight and sky and the remembrance that you are miles away from the principal objects which form this gigantic amphitheatre of nature, and you have in your mind's eye the first view of Hetch-Hetchy. The valley is about four miles in length, and varies in width from 150 yards in the centre to about half a mile midway of either end. It is much smaller than Yosemite, and, unlike that valley, its attractions are so grouped that nearly all may be seen in one panorama.

The majestic cliffs of the upper valley are the highest, yet less remarkable than those of the lower, being more slanting and less peculiar in shape. The highest I have named the "Great Eastern," owing to its remarkable resemblance to a mammoth ocean steamship in full sail. Its height above the valley is upward of 4,000 feet. Just below is another cliff of nearly equal height, known as "Chimney Rock." Directly opposite is another cliff of fully equal height.

We have now approached the central and narrow portion of the valley. Here, with bases but 150 yards apart and heads separated by scarcely more than a quarter of a mile of air, tower two cliffs. On the south, and pushing its almost vertical front boldly out into the valley, rises a monument of solid granite 2,400 feet in height. It springs directly from the valley, without débris worthy the name, and impresses the beholder as does no other cliff about the valley. This is known by the Indians as Ko-lo-nah Rock, and is the most prominent and wonderful feature of Hetch-Hetchy. It slightly resembles, in position and contour, Sentinel Rock in Yosemite, but is a far more wonderful formation. Opposite Kolonah a sloping cliff rises 2,000 feet, from the summit of which springs upward a smooth granite dome, lifting its hoary head 3,200 feet above the meadow and river below.

Its waterfalls are three in number, besides numerous ephemeral torrents which slide and leap down the cliffs in the early spring or after heavy showers. At the upper end of the valley the cañon divides, as in Yosemite, the Tuolumne coming down the right fork. Here enters what is known as Rancheree Creek. Both river and creek are crossed by narrow sheep bridges, and we set out on a half-mile scramble up the rocks overlooking the Rancheree Cascades. Any one wishing to gain a clear and perfect idea of pandemonium should visit these falls. The Rancheree Creek, a stream forty feet in width, enters a narrow gorge, with vertical walls from 75 to 175 feet in height. Down this gorge it plunges for nearly half a mile, making five distinct falls, its entire descent being nearly 600 feet. In this passage the stream everywhere fills its narrow cañon, which, with its straight-cut, smooth granite walls, would appear to have been rent asunder by some terrific action of nature. Such another battle of the waters against rock can, perhaps, be nowhere witnessed from so good a vantage ground. The cliff sides being perfectly upright, with clean-cut edges, allow one to walk with safety along the very verge, and look down into the foam-lashed waters which fill the gorge below and roar like a lion in maddening pain. At the foot of every fall clouds of smoke-like spray fill the gorge, in which form miniature rainbows wherever the sunlight finds an entrance to the scene. The wild beauty of these walled cascades I have never seen equalled anywhere in the Sierra, and the ease with which they may be viewed, even by ladies unused to fatigue, is not the least of their attractions. Below the gorge the creek spreads out upon a broad table of granite, and takes its final spring into the valley in a broad, fanlike cascade, in which may be seen spray effects of great beauty.

From the summit of Gardiner Rock, about midway of the north side of the valley, leaps Tu-ee-u-la-lah, one of the most beautiful waterfalls to be found in the entire range of the Sierras. It is at the lip about thirty feet in width, and makes a clear jump of from 800 to 1,000 feet. Here it strikes the cliff, and, dividing into smaller streams, finds its way down the sloping débris pile to the valley below. As it leaves the cliff it is clean cut and darts downward a few hundred feet completely intact—a snow-white ribbon of foam. Then it separates into watery rockets, which run a mad race, as if in haste to dash against the rocks below. These in turn are resolved into a beautiful, lace-like drapery of mist and spray—the sport of every passing breeze. In a fresh wind it sways back and forth a hundred feet across the face of the cliff. Tu-ee-u-la-lah is higher than Bridal Veil, possesses more than the beauty of that fall, and far more of grandeur. Just east of Gardiner Rock, and but half a mile east of Tu-ee-u-la-lah is Hetch-Hetchy, or Wapama fall, both being in plain view from all parts of the central portion of the valley. Hetch-Hetchy can scarcely be called a waterfall, being little more than a grand cascade or water chute. But as a cascade it exceeds anything of the kind I ever saw. Its height has been variously estimated at from 1,000 to 1,800 feet. Its position renders calculation by triangulation extremely difficult. My computations by that method and observations with the aneroid barometer place the fall to the débris pile at 1,500 feet. There are two nearly vertical falls, the rapids between deflecting at an angle of about thirty degrees. The fall is walled on one side by the vertical face of Gardiner Rock, but on the other is open, thus affording a view of its full length from the upper end of the valley. The stream forming Hetch-Hetchy is fully seventy-five feet in width, and carries nearly double as much water as Yosemite Creek. Its descent is ponderous, grand, awe-inspiring, and in marked contrast to that of Tu-ee-u-la-lah, which is lightness and fairy-like grace itself. Hetch-Hetchy fills its gorge-like confines with smoke-like spray, and its roar is heard for miles up and down the valley. It is a milk white mass of foam showing no color, as do some of the Yosemite falls. Viewed from a central point in the valley Hetch-Hetchy has the appearance of one unbroken vertical fall, and from that standpoint is a grand spectacle. Thus viewed it exceeds all other Sierra waterfalls, except Yosemite, in height, and even that fall in amount of water. No greater contrast in waterfalls can well be imagined than is presented in Tu-ee-u-la-lah and Hetch-Hetchy, and we doubt if such another is anywhere else presented on one granite wall.

The valley is 3,450 feet above the sea. Snow falls heavily in winter, and no one has ever passed the entire year here. There is a large variety of timber, oak, pine, cedar and soft maple being the predominant growths. The flora is varied, flowers and grasses growing on the north side of the river to the height of a man's shoulders. The game consists principally of ducks, doves, gray squirrels, and bears. We name the bear last because it is the last game the average tourist wants to meet. They abound among the adjacent cliffs in large numbers, and descend to the valley, where they are often seen. Mr. Screech kills a dozen or more every season, shooting a large one near his camp the day of my arrival. They will molest no one, however, unless first attacked, and need not be feared. They are of the black, brown, and cinnamon varieties, no grizzlies ever entering the valley. Other game, such as mountain quail, grouse, and deer are numerous on the mountains surrounding the valley. The river was stocked with trout a couple of years since, but angling will not be good for some time to come.

The road and trail to Hetch-Hetchy are free to all. Feed is abundant. Parties can drive to Hog Ranch, but ten miles from the valley, where there are excellent facilities for camping, and ride in on horseback next day. There is a small store at Colfax Springs, twenty-five miles distant, and larger ones at Garrote, thirteen miles further away. All provisions but meat should be brought. Mutton can be bought in the valley, and game is plenty. For a most enjoyable trip, particularly those [illegible] to trail riding and parties limited as to time, I would recommend Hetch-Hetchy. Less than the famous Yosemite, it has yet its own distinctive charms which grow upon the visitor every day he lingers within its [illegible] depths.

W. T. H.